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JULY, 1950

Ladies' Home JOURNAL

25 CENTS

The Magazine Women Believe In

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Undiscovered

AMERICAN BEAUTIES

GLORIA McGOUGH

Beverly Hills, California

Gloria with dog

Melody — Condensed Novel Complete in this Issue — *Elswyth Thane*

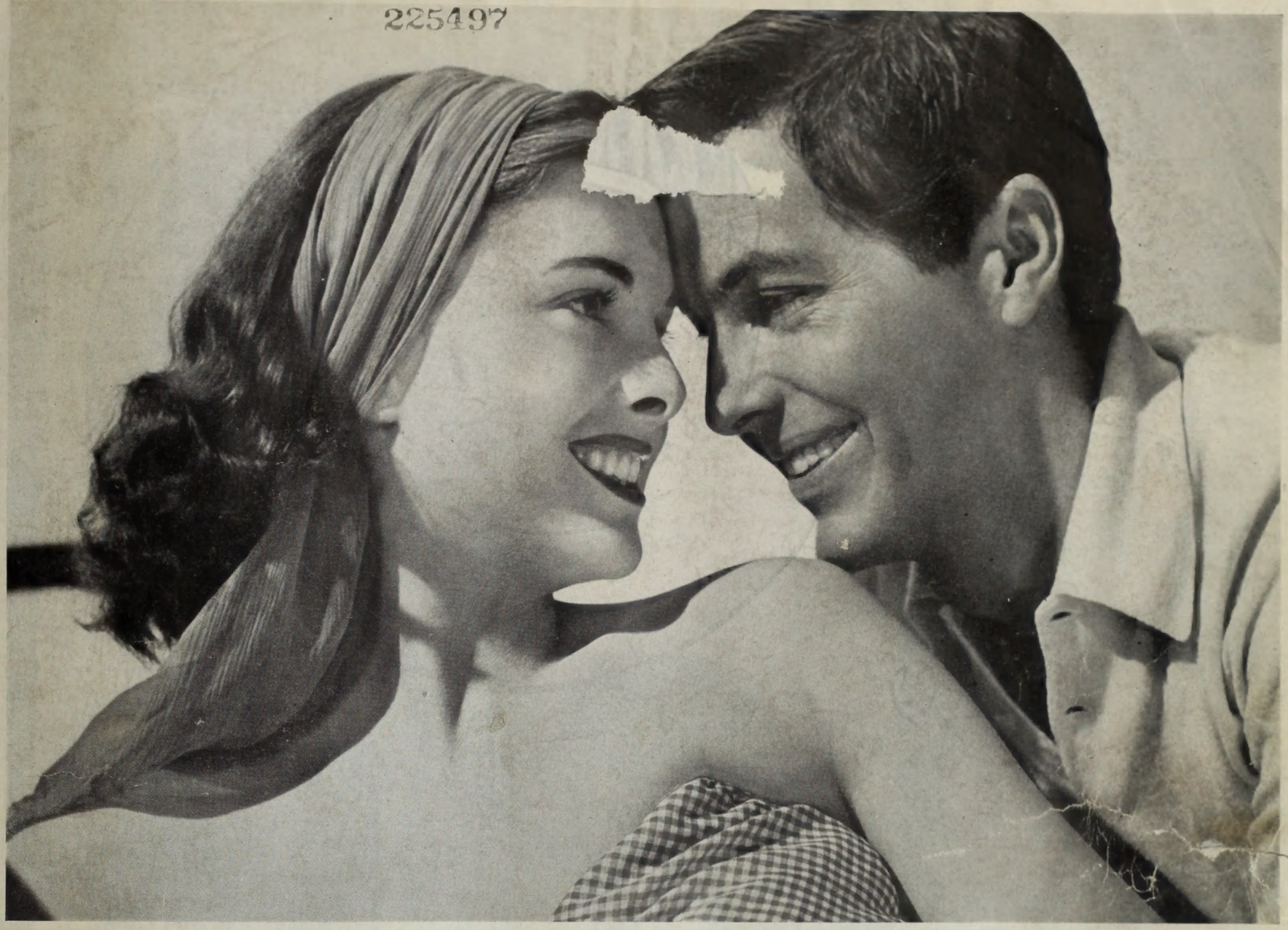
The Harrison Case — The Story of How Syphilis Spreads

"We Knew What We Wanted" — **How America Lives**

The Little Princesses — Elizabeth Chooses Ph

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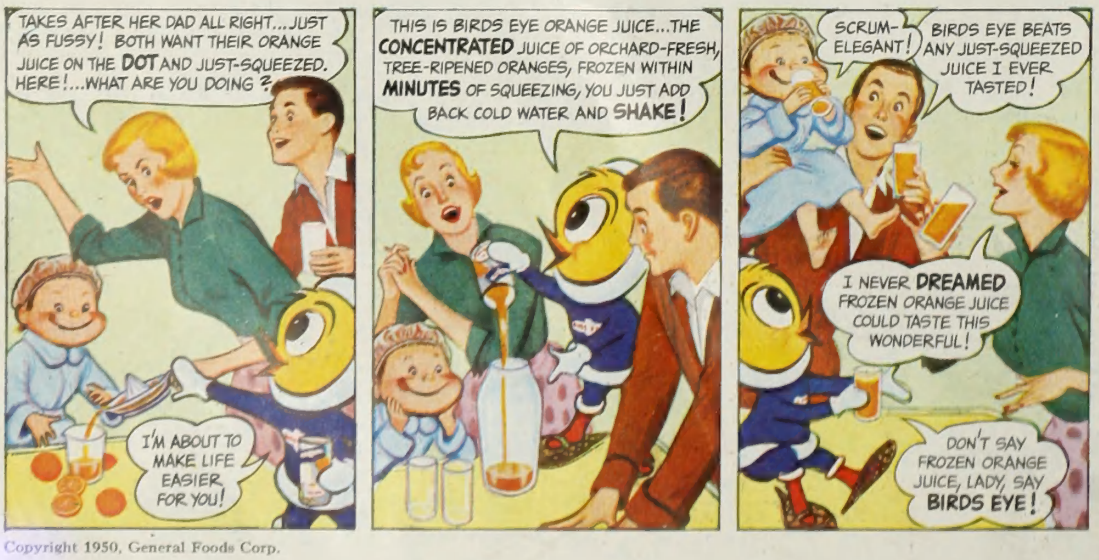
IPANA

For healthier teeth, healthier gums

If you'd like a color reprint of this Birds Eye Youngster, and pictures *of 3 others in the series*, send 25¢—to cover mailing—and your name and address to Birds Eye, Dept. J, P. O. Box 84, Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

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BIRDS EYE – BOUND TO BE BETTER!

JOURNAL
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JULY, 1950
Vol. LXVII, No. 7

PHOTOGRAPH BY BERNARD OF HOLLYWOOD



Sic transit Gloria.

From time to time the JOURNAL *cover features an Undiscovered American Beauty—a girl who has never previously modeled for money. Nominations are submitted by photographers throughout the country.*

Gloria McGough, of Beverly Hills, California, has a weakness for double hamburgers and thick milk shakes, and that partially explains her appearance as the Undiscovered American Beauty on this month's cover. Gloria was indulging this weakness one afternoon at a drive-in on Sunset Boulevard (above) when a Hollywood photographer spotted her as a good bet for the JOURNAL cover. We were only too glad to agree with him.

Just out of high school, Gloria hopes to go on to UCLA or Stanford to study drama. Her love of stage and movies dates from the time when she was a sidewalk autograph hunter in school plays (below). She has been an angel (silent) and recently played a movie star in a musical comedy. She is studying hard at tap and ballet, and also rides, swims and skates.

Gloria is our best-traveled Beauty to date. She has lived in five states and visited twenty-three others. It is our pleasure to introduce her to the remaining twenty. And it is quite an introduction: JOURNAL cover girls have received proposals from almost every state in the Union—and Texas.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BERNARD OF HOLLYWOOD



Schoolgirl actress

Gloria at home.



PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB LANDRY

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We have an idea!

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We have an idea that people like fun better than gloom, laughter better than trouble, and happiness better than anything.

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That's why we're so pleased to bring you the news about "The Happy Years".

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M's wonderful new Technicolor hit is full of fun and laughter and heaped high with happiness.



It has the gay, gladsome qualities of "Meet Me In St. Louis" and "The Green Years".

★ ★ ★ ★

It goes straight to the heart and the funnybone of anyone who has ever been young—and we presume that includes you.

★ ★ ★ ★

Those of you who are Owen Johnson fans will remember its amazingly colorful characters, Tennessee Shad, Coffee-Colored Angel, White Mountain Canary and all the personnel of Lawrenceville School.

★ ★ ★ ★

Youthful Dean Stockwell is seen as Dink Stover. Whether he's making friends the hard way—by fighting every boy in school—or learning the meaning of sportsmanship, he is as convincing as a real boy should be.

★ ★ ★ ★

Darryl Hickman and Scotty Beckett shine as Dink's cohorts. And Leon Ames and Margalo Gillmore are excellent as the parents baffled by their own offspring.

★ ★ ★ ★

Director William A. Wellman of "Battleground" fame—and himself father of six youngsters—was a logical choice to handle "The Happy Years". Producer Carey Wilson shares the honors as does Harry Ruskin who wrote a screenplay that's a joy.

★ ★ ★ ★

"The Happy Years" is a Technicolor tapestry woven from the richest and fullest experiences of youth.

★ ★ ★ ★

Take it from us—"The Happy Years" is a happy hit.

—Leo





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Our Readers Write us

Kings Have No Fourth of July

Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

Dear Editors: In the article in the May JOURNAL, which tried to justify the English attitude toward royalty, the author did not recognize the monstrous selfishness of the British in taking over the lives of human beings for their own gratification and pleasure. They make royalty a toy, a whipping boy for their own frustrations and a substitute for real patriotism—destroying the freedom of human beings who should have the same rights to be themselves they have. Who gave the British the right to enjoy secondhand pleasures at the expense of helpless human beings unlucky enough to be born royalty? Poor, rich little princesses, who do not know the meaning of the word "freedom"! Selfishness and cruelty of people take many forms. Perpetuation of English royalty is one of them.

Sincerely,
BERNICE L. WING.

Southerner's Viewpoint

New Market, Alabama.

Dear Mr. Gould: A year or so ago you asked me to explain, if possible, the Southerner's objection to abolishing segregation. I quote from a newspaper clipping what I believe is a fine example of clear thinking by a member of the Negro race:

> Dr. J. A. Long, Jr., of Palatka, Florida, said Negroes have a long way to go before "we get our goal." Some things the Negro in the Deep South must do, he said, is this:
>
> "We must stop loafing and swearing on the streets. We must stop throwing weekly wages away, stop talking loud and telling our secrets, stop wearing dirty clothes for evening dress, stop letting our children go dingy and dirty and stop insulting unescorted women.
>
> "Our children should not be neglected because they are Negroes. Our women should not be untidy just because they are colored and no man should be dumb just because he is dark. . . ."

There are many Negroes, and Doctor Long very probably is one, who are sober, industrious, quiet and keep up property, but the majority of them are happy-go-lucky and live on the doctrine of come day, go day, God send Sunday. If this Doctor Long can make the younger ones realize civilization is a matter of growth, not veneer, and help them to really grow, he will be a great benefactor, and have done much to help find a solution for this most painful situation—brought about by Yankee slave traders!

Yours very truly,
KATHLEEN PAUL JONES.

People Better Than Books

Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Miss Daly: The mail I've been getting about my profile (City Girl, March) from Catholic people is amazing. They are all writing to tell me how sorry they are that I didn't get in a Catholic high school and assuring me that everyone isn't prejudiced. I didn't think the article implied that I thought everyone was prejudiced.

One Catholic college in Rhode Island invited me to come there. I received a letter from one of the faculty to write and invite me to turn my attention toward that school. It is now definitely settled that next September I'm going to Michigan State in East Lansing.

So many things have happened because of the article, such wonderful things that I never dreamed would happen. I really do enjoy school more than I did before. It is an interesting place and you can learn a lot there—but not just from schoolbooks.

Sincerely,
MYRDICE THORNTON.

Double Value



Plainfield, New Jersey.

Dear Editors: I enclose a picture of Susan and Jean Huie, 9-month-old twins, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Huie, of Plainfield, New Jersey. I wonder if these twins might not qualify for your Undiscovered American Beauties.

MARGARET DEMLER.

Thinks It's Neat

Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Sirs: My grandmother and mother think your series, Tell Me Doctor, is awful. They are shocked, but I think it's neat. Thanks. I can't sign my name, because they read your letters column.

MARY JANE *(Age 14).*

Momo-Ringo

New York City.

Dear Editor: Momo-Ringo is our baby, born last year. She was given the name "Momoko" by homesick parents who hoped her to be like the fragrant peach blossoms of their native land. Ringo is the blooming apple of the American late spring.

For ten years, including wartime, we were art students with temporary dwelling in America, parents who missed the only son left at home with his grandparents. When I began to expect Momoko I felt very helpless, not only because it was fifteen years since my last confinement but also because my mother would not be with us.

The prelude to this confinement was a course at Bellevue Hospital. When I was three months pregnant and started visiting the prenatal clinic, I heard lectures on the wondrous development and problems of a human being from the embryo to the fifteen-year-old child. The lecture, given by an optimistic, gray-haired old nurse, was to clear the way and build confidence that an easy delivery and easy bringing up are most true to nature. I began to wait for the baby with a feeling of freedom from ignorance and helplessness.

My confinement was so easy that I didn't even need to smell the drug. After about twenty-four hours until I really



Japanese baby at home in America.

woke up I was roused many times according to the schedule of meals, medicine and toilet. Every time I marveled that the



"Exciting! Gives sparkling new brightness to your fine washables!"
says McMULLEN
famous New York maker of smartly styled cottons

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IVORY FLAKES
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Longer wear for nylons! Change from strong soaps to gentle, nightly care with Ivory Flakes, and keep stockings looking fresh up to twice as long. Get a box of *new* Ivory Flakes today—it's America's largest selling flake soap! *The only flake soap with the famous Ivory name!*

P.S. Ivory Flakes are perfect for dishes, and so very kind to hands!



If it's lovely to wear...it's worth Ivory Flakes care
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THIS MONTH HOT WEATHER Steps Up Germ Danger



MRS. CHARLES SCHUH, JR., Bellerose, N. Y., playing with her son Charles. Her daily motherly care includes disinfecting against fly-borne disease germs while cleaning.

Mother "Extra Fussy" Now While Cleaning



"EVERY FLOOR can hold infection risks. So I always use 'Lysol' when mopping the kitchen and bathroom floors. Our garbage pail gets regular 'Lysol' disinfection, too."

"I'M ALWAYS AWARE of the danger of disease germs in house dust," says this attractive mother. "And of course with children in the house, one can't be too careful. That's why I depend on potent 'Lysol' brand disinfectant, in all my daily cleaning, to fight germs and help guard my whole family's health.

"IN SUMMER, PARTICULARLY—with the house all open, and flies getting in to deposit literally millions of germs—I'm *extra* fussy about disinfecting with 'Lysol,' as I clean. It's no extra *work*, though. I just add 2½ tablespoons of 'Lysol' to each gallon of cleaning water. It's so easy! And economical, too!"



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HELP GUARD YOUR FAMILY this summer—and year 'round—against fly-borne disease germs in your home. Get powerful "Lysol" into the cleaning water every single time!

pain was stopping and energy was coming back. I slept on, feeling a smile growing up from inside me.

Every four hours a crowd of babies was brought from the other room to be fed. Like Kurimanju (pastry) in a box, they rode in pushcars and came crying like locusts in midsummer. As soon as the mothers got the right babies, wearing necklaces with their names, they became absorbed. Hurrying to please the little lives that screamed at the top of their lungs as they were held, they struggled with necks bent as far as possible toward their breast which gave too much or too little milk. The nurses ran around to help them. When the busy moments had passed, the satisfied babies fell into quiet sleep. Then came the mothers' time. To the last one, they unwrapped the white clothing of the babies. They counted the fingers and toes, taking a long time.

These scenes gave me the impression of a hundred Madonnas, sitting on a hundred beds. Every mother was fascinatingly beautiful. When I realized this was a fact in real life my heart was filled with joy that made me want to cry out.

Since the baby came home, friends had been visiting us one after the other with presents. There were people whom we hadn't considered close to us. In the blood of the American colonists there must have been a spirit of mutual aid which was built up in the struggle against hunger and sickness, far from parents and home. It was in this inherited spirit that I was treated, not as a thin-nosed, intellectual foreign student, but as a new immigrant, a person, a woman, and was helped to be a mother.

Very sincerely,
MITSU YASHIMA.

Parents' First Year

Sargent, Nebraska.

Dear Editors: The JOURNAL has long been on my list of favorites, and now Wayne Miller's pictures of Baby's First Year put it right on top. Just as this series started in the March issue, our baby (the first), arrived on March 10 and his father and I eagerly turn to see how our boy's progress compares with Dana's and what to expect in the next month. To a pair of inexperienced, but delighted, parents this feature is a real joy. Sincerely,

DOROTHY POINTER.

All This, and Fiction Too

Blythe, California.

Ladies and Gentlemen: You pay a great compliment to American women by giving us interesting, authoritative matter on current problems which vitally concern us. You present it without bias. And you don't talk down to us like so many magazines. As though that weren't enough, you include a generous helping of excellent fiction.

Yours very truly,
ALICE MICALIZIO.

Evaluating Life

Kingsport, Tennessee.

Dear Editors: When a member of my "flock" calls my attention to something he feels is mentally and ethically stimulating, I am all ears and eyes! When I was visiting in the home of one of the new families of my church, the husband read a quotation from Goethe in the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

I write this because I feel that those little quotations of wisdom help us to a better evaluation of life; secondly, because I wish to call attention to the fact that not a few men get ideas from this women's magazine; thirdly, because indirectly a minister is helped when the fertile seeds of good thoughts enter the minds of his people.

Sincerely,
L. MORROW WITHERSPOON.

Ever Hear of Poppy Fricassee?

Athens, Greece.

Dear Mrs. Taber: If a similarity of tastes has anything to do with it, then I can safely say that I may be considered one of your oldest and best friends. I love the country and all animals and things that grow. During the war we lived near Athens and managed to pull through because we grew most of our own food in our garden and kept chickens and rabbits.

Greece is a lovely country in spite of the marks left on it by war. Above the ugly ruins rise the lovely ones of the Acropolis,

(Continued on Page 8)

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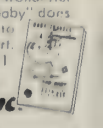


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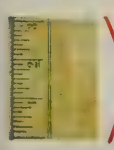
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Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

(Continued from Page 6)

and above all we have our beautiful sky and climate, the wonderful Mediterranean and the peaceful countryside with its wild flowers, olive trees and almond blossoms. We have gone through much that was terrible but we never lost hope; in a country as beautiful as ours it is hard to lose hope.

My dream has always been a rambling old-fashioned house (with new-fashioned gadgets) in the country where one can have plenty of dogs and cats and grow things, both flowers and vegetables. As for recipes, I could even provide some special ones for famine areas—they are leftovers from the time we had to improvise on nothing but a few handfuls of greens. Have you ever heard of poppy fricassee? It sounds quite imposing and it is made of



Modern fairy tale in ancient Greece.

poppy leaves (not the flowers), a little corn meal and a lemon!

I send a snapshot of Nina, my little girl, and her pet goat. Yours sincerely,

LISA DELLAPORTA.

No End to War?

The Duke's Cottage, Rudgwick, England.

Darling June: I wonder if you remember eleven years ago? It seems a long time and it was lovely weather, I remember; we packed up a supper picnic and built a fire in Knightons Woods, in the same old place where Jock and you all made a sort of shelter of tree branches and built a stove out of stones.

And the next thing I knew, there you and Mary both were in blue uniforms dressed as air women, wearing those odd caps that always looked far too small for you, and you complaining bitterly that the female form was so constituted that if a tunic sat well behind it bulged in front, and vice versa! I minded you both going far more than you ever knew. One has always faced the fact that one has to part with one's sons—but to take the daughters too seemed pretty unbearable.

After you had all gone, I was alone in the cottage with Mary's temperamental Siamese cat, Buna. Down the garden the two geese I was preparing for Christmas dinner did not wait till the bombers crossed the Channel to give a warning. They began as the things cranked up in Berlin. I remember listening to the bombs falling all around, and wondering, if I had a leg blown off, whether I could get to the telephone to call for assistance. However, all that went was a good bit of glass and some of the roof.

And now eleven years have passed, and people are talking about war all over again. I was counting up the other day all the wars I remember, beginning with a very antique nurse we had as children, who used to tell us about waiting for Napoleon to come. Next, my father escaped as a schoolboy from Germany, where *his* father was chaplain to Princess Alice at Darmstadt—when the Franco-Prussian War broke out. Next, the South African War, and Aunt Elsa, who taught us as children, weeping into her tea-cup because her beau had gone off to fight. Next, the War to End All Wars, when I was a schoolgirl in the Isle of Man.

Well, I am sure it's a great life if you don't weaken, but the older I grow, the less I think of the Works of the Lord as arranged by the Man in the Street!

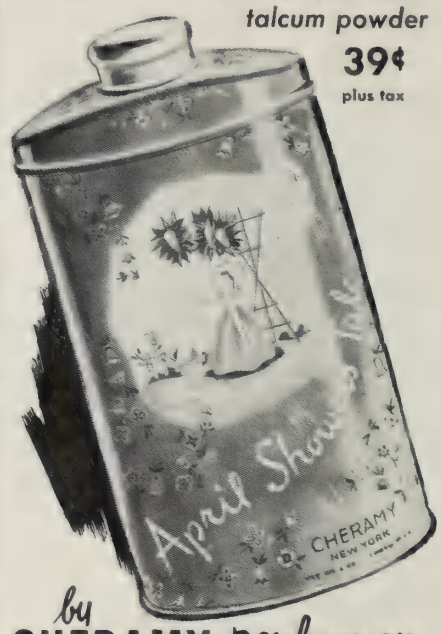
MOTHER
(Dorothy Black)



April Showers

Finest imported talcum powder

39¢ plus tax



by CHERAMY perfumer

DON'T LET WEATHER *ruin your hair*



PREVENT wind and dampness from disturbing the smooth set of your hairdo, causing straggly ends and droopy curls. A Venida net makes your hair behave under *all* atmospheric conditions.

For every season, every occasion, every hair style . . . there's a Venida Human Hair Net made by hand especially *for you*. And only YOU know you're wearing one!

Colors 20c 12 for $2.25 | single or double mesh | Grey, white 25c 12 for $2.75

Exactly matching shades

VENIDA *The Guaranteed* HAIR NET *rules the waves*

Stuck!



The No. 1 catch of the town, hers for a whole evening on their first big date. She dreams this is to be the beginning of a real romance. But how wrong can a girl be? What an awful awakening she's in for! Because, once he gets her back on her own doorstep, he'll never darken it again...and she won't know why. It could happen to any girl... even to you...if you're careless about one little matter.*

How's your breath today?

Never take it for granted. Never risk offending others, needlessly. Halitosis (unpleasant breath)* is the fault unpardonable. It may be absent one day and present the next . . . without your realizing it. That's the insidious thing about it.

Play smart. Rinse your mouth with Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and especially before any date when you want to be at your best. It's the *extra-careful* precaution against offending that fastidious people never omit.

To be extra-attractive be extra-careful

Listerine Antiseptic is the *extra-careful* precaution because it freshens the breath . . . not for mere seconds or minutes . . . but for hours, usually. Popular people, attractive people consider it almost a passport to popularity.

*While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

BEFORE ANY DATE ... **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**



.... IT'S BREATH-TAKING!

Mild as Moonlight for a Lovelier You!

Bathe your way to beauty with mild Camay and the daily Camay Beauty Bath! Use the big, economical "Beauty-Bath" cake of Camay, and give all your skin the finest kind of complexion care. Camay's lather is so quick and creamy, and it's gentle as a caress. Why, you'll rise from your bath lovelier from head to toes—touched with a perfume no other soap has ever quite captured—the flattering fragrance of Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women!

CAMAY MEANS MILDNESS TO ME!

PLUNGE INTO A CAMAY BEAUTY BATH TODAY!

BE DAINTIER FROM TIP TO TOES!

FIRST ONE IN WINS A LOVELIER SKIN!

SUCH A FLATTERING SCENT—AND IT'S CAMAY'S ALONE!

LOLL IN CAMAY'S LAVISH LATHER!

CAMAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

the "Beauty-Bath" size

Bath-Size Camay for your CAMAY BEAUTY BATH!

JOURNAL

Bruce Gould and
Beatrice Blackmar Gould
Editors

CHILDREN

By Roderick L. Haig-Brown

I SOMETIMES think the only crime a parent can commit, short of not loving a child, is to try to force it into the realization of his own half-forgotten dreams. There is no reason why the child of any parent should excel, or even want to excel, no reason why it should ever be urged to strive and fight beyond its strength.

A child, and the man or woman after the child, must strive within its strength, up to its own full realization. It must learn to feel and know the world about it, advance the world, if it will, use the world so far as it must, understand the world as it can. Fulfillment may be in driving trucks as well as in signing treaties, in lying in the leaves as surely as in painting pictures.

Let children only become themselves, using eyes and minds and senses, feeling and enjoying as men and women do, searching into the meaning beyond meaning if they aspire to, accepting the truth in light and color and movement before their eyes if that is more natural to them. Let them only be true to themselves, so that they have true selves to give. Let them be sure in this, feeling the strength of their sureness within themselves, not in relation to or in competition with other men and women, but in relation to an absolute standard their own hearts know.

This I wish for my children, not honors or rewards or riches, not the satisfactions of success or even of creation, but only this sureness, truly and solidly based, that makes them human beings, capable of sympathy, understanding and tolerance. It is in them now and growing within them. They see things with their eyes, interpret them in their minds, understand them in their hearts and often show them again to Ann and myself with the impress of fresh thought upon them. They reach beyond us more and more boldly to touch the world and give themselves to it. I wish the world joy of them. And I wish them a world no more difficult and dangerous than man has always found it.

The Crisis in American Education

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

FROM many quarters, though chiefly in books and articles written and read by few besides scholars and educators, comes a persistent criticism of American education. American life, at its present moment, seems to justify the criticism. Furthermore, there is universal acceptance of the fact, at least in theory, that for a country which is a democracy—that is to say, a society where the will, and tastes, of the majority prevail—the measure and quality of their education is the key to their survival. And at this stage of our history, when destiny has appointed the United States to lead and protect what is left of western civilization, the survival of what has until now been, perhaps, the greatest culture the world has ever known also depends upon the condition of American education.

As far as quantity is concerned, there is little wrong with it. "Statistically" speaking, we are the most "educated" people in the world, and numerous Government programs contemplate an extension of the figures. At the present moment, one fifth of the entire American people are going to school. Education is the largest American industry. It employs a million and a quarter teachers for over 32 million students. A larger percentage of our youth obtain college or university degrees than those of any other country.

But what, exactly, do they learn?

Canon Bernard Iddings Bell, lately of the graduate faculty of Columbia University, reports in The Crisis in Education, published last year—a book I strongly recommend—that some four years ago an analysis was made of the knowledge of freshmen entering one of our *better* state universities. Remember that these young people had already had twelve years of schooling—mostly at the public expense. Yet 40 per cent of them had had no mathematics beyond arithmetic, and many of these could not do a problem in long division. One third had had no training at all in grammar—even in English grammar. Less than half could spell many words in common English usage. Four out of ten could not read quickly or accurately—to say nothing of being able to write correctly—a single paragraph of coherent prose.

Recently a national magazine offered readers a vocabulary test of 20 words. These were put in affirmative sentences, as part of a supposititious conversation, and the reader was asked to test his knowledge of the word by checking against one of several answers or remarks that the word might reasonably elicit. The editor said that if a reader showed knowledge of 19 of the 20 words he was "superb"; if he

Executive Editor, Mary Bass • *Managing Editor*, Laura Lou Brookman • *Associate Editors*
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W

"A tasteful meat so good to eat"



ROASTED MOR DINNER

Score 2 WILSON'S MOR PORK*. Top with sirup made from ⅓ C. brown sugar, 2 tsp. flour, ⅔ tsp. each dry mustard and grated lemon rind, ⅓ C. water and 1 tbsp. each lemon juice and vinegar. Bake at 350° F., 20 minutes, basting several times with sirup. Serve with vegetables to 6.

*If MOR Beef, omit sirup glaze and top with equal parts of finely minced onion and brown sugar.



Brimming over with flavor—that's Wilson's MOR. In a matter of minutes, with a few vegetables added, it becomes a delicious, taste-satisfying "roast" of beef or pork.

Cold or hot, sliced, fried, or baked, versatile MOR will save many a meal-time "situation" in your home. And, because it's all good, nourishing meat, Wilson's MOR saves money, too. No waste. Get several cans of Wilson's MOR at your favorite food store today.

WILSON & CO. INC.

Buy WILSON'S MOR

You just can't beat a Wilson canned meat.

It's Wilson Label protects your table

knew 17, he was "just wonderful"; if he knew 14, he was "average plus."

Yet with the possible exception of three, each of these words is in common English usage at the newspaper or business level. I knew them all, and my vocabulary is by no means "superb," nor is it "just wonderful." I am sure, for instance, that it is a fifth less than the vocabularies of my friends Rebecca West and Vincent Sheean.

A few months ago Doctor Gallup took a sampling poll in six democracies—England, Norway, Canada, Australia, Sweden and the United States—on the simple question: Are you now reading a book, or books? The United States ranked way below the five other countries. England was at the top, with 55 to our 21.

Now, it may be argued that Americans read more newspapers and magazines than the British, but that, too, is dubious. Immense numbers of publications to suit every variety of taste appear in England, with large circulations. By and large, also, and of course with exceptions, books which survive more transitory publications are on a higher literary level. It may be British reading habits as well as a far more demanding education that account for the richer vocabulary and superior spelling accuracy of the English with twelve years of schooling—as anyone who has ever employed a British stenographer for more than hack work has had an opportunity to observe.

The New York Times has been promoting the study of American history in our colleges and universities. In 1942 it found that only 18 per cent of American *colleges* required American history as an undergraduate course. Last April the Times, making another survey, rejoiced that now 34 per cent of institutions of "higher learning" require it. But that leaves 66 per cent of our *college* students who never study one word about the ideas, men, events and developments that have made this nation. Yet we are supposed to be conducting an "ideological war."

It is nature's rule, that as we sow, we shall reap; she recognizes no good intentions, and pardons no errors.
—BUDDHIST SAYING.

And if they *do* study American history, do they learn much, or anything, about political philosophy? Can they make accurate, or even approximate, comparisons between the ideas that animated the building of the United States and those of other nations and civilizations, past and present?

We are greatly concerned about "foreign ideologies" creeping into our schools and colleges, and in self-defense "loyalty" tests are instituted, and "communists" are smoked out. Now, I have no inherent prejudice against ideas because they did not originate in America. But how can anyone intelligently resist, accept or modify any idea except as he can measure it against another? "Intelligence" is simply the capacity to exercise judgment by choosing between alternatives. The word actually comes from the Latin: *inter* and *legere*—to judge between.

In my own view, the study of history is, of all single activities of the mind, the greatest necessity for those who would exercise policy-making leadership. Goethe correctly said, "He who cannot give an account of two thousand years [of the life of mankind] lives in darkest inexperience and from day to day."

It is, to my mind, unthinkable that any leadership which possessed the vicarious experience of the human race as recorded in history would have lightly made the agreements, open and secret, of Yalta and Potsdam. The great question of the educated man is always: Why? And the educated man always asks, "What, in the light of logic and the previous experience of the race, is likely to be the result of this or that policy?" Had historically educated minds been operating at the various conferences that brought such disasters—rather than experts, who are the very persons who often, perhaps oftenest, fail to ask themselves the right questions—they would not have to have inquired whether the chief political adviser at Yalta, Mr. Alger Hiss, was a communist (which has not been proved), to have suspected that the policies there formulated would have most unfortunate results for the west. It is now rumored that the German policy embodied in the "Morgenthau Plan" was formed by a Treasury official, since deceased, who was a communist. But it was not necessary to be concerned about the personality or political associations of the possible author to be convinced that the plan was an economic monstrosity that could be carried through only by conducting a permanent war! The great danger in assessing guilt by association is that by providing a scapegoat, another excuse is furnished for policies that are essentially due to failure to think clearly and logically, rather than the result of some "plot."

The mind is trained only by *effort*. A person endowed with very low native intelligence—a low I.Q.—will never become educated in the higher levels, which require capacity for abstract thought. But the greatest gifts of native intelligence cannot come to fruition without the sort of intellectual training which develops powers of discrimination, logic and *precision* of thought. Brilliant half-educated persons have been the threat of every social order since the days of that Roman "subversive" named Catiline.

Our education—and I am speaking here of the so-called higher education—has been steadily eliminating from college curricula all the studies which require concentrated effort for their mastery. The declined languages, ancient and modern, compel the student to make an effort. One cannot learn Latin or Greek by listening to a lecture. Nor can one master mathematics by hearsay—or pass a course in it by a brilliant argument. The answer is either right or wrong—not approximate. We are training excellent technicians in our engineering schools, who *do* have mathematical comprehension because they have to. But the mental discipline, exercise and effort which the subject requires are given only to those who intend to specialize in a field where the knowledge is *practically* applicable. To have a well-trained mind does not, of itself, appear to be "useful."

When I was a university student in the second decade of this century, I attended a college which did not then rank among the first educational institutions of the country. But in order to get a bachelor of arts degree—and although I was an English major—I was compelled to pass courses in solid geometry, advanced algebra, trigonometry and simple calculus. I intensely disliked mathematics, but there was no escape! Counting high school, four or six years of Latin or Greek were required, and at least two years of one modern language. As a history minor, I had to be able to give a reasonably coherent account of the life of western man from the ancient Greeks to modern times. And as an English major, to read with comprehension the major works of English literature from Beowulf to H. G. Wells, and pass pretty comprehensive examinations in them all—which were not alternate-answer quizzes, which a clever student can often pass by eliminating obvious absurdities and by guesswork.

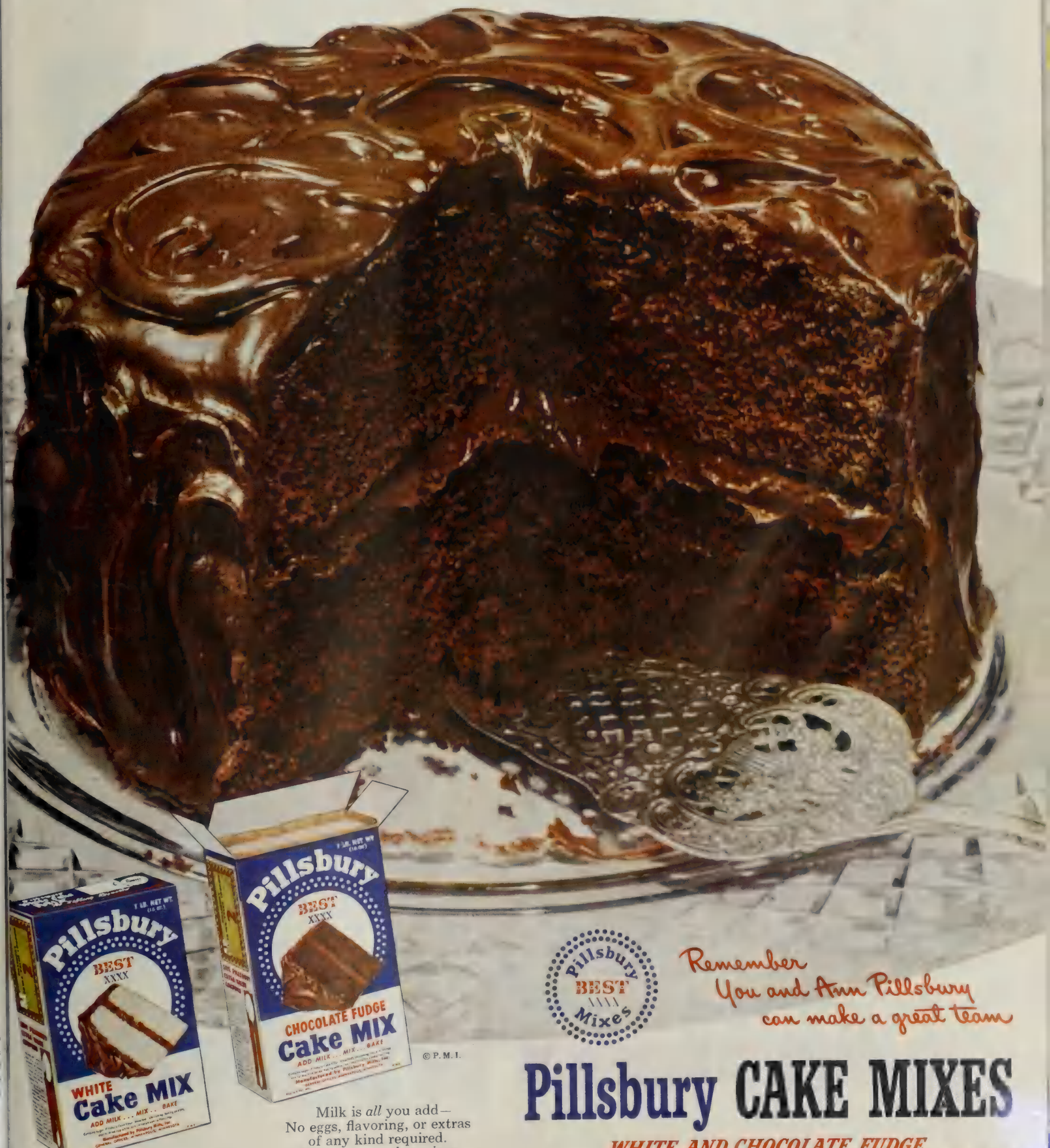
Now what "good" did all that do me? I was a good Latin student, but I have largely forgotten Latin, and was piqued the other day to find that I needed a dictionary to reread Horace, large parts of which I had once translated into English verse to scan with the Latin. We had to do that too! I never got more than a C in mathematics, and though I retain some useful knowledge of geometry which has helped me since in building plans and

(Continued on Page 122)

Who...Me?

Yes, Madam, you can make a cake of the very same lush, well-turned-out appearance as the cake you see here. And you do it without raising a single bead on your pretty brow. How do you do it?...

By merely adding milk to either of the two new Pillsbury Mixes... you triumph, you please, you make everybody very, very happy. How about a Pillsbury Mix Cake tonight? How about...YOU?



Milk is *all* you add—
No eggs, flavoring, or extras
of any kind required.
These are *complete* mixes.

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Pillsbury BEST XXXX Mixes

Remember
You and Ann Pillsbury
can make a great team

Pillsbury CAKE MIXES

WHITE AND CHOCOLATE FUDGE



Paper Maids Save Time—Save Work

Shelf Papers • Freezer Papers • Heavy and Fancy Waxed • KVP and Mrs. Hayward's Dusting Papers • Pie Tape • Baking Cups • Place Mats • Cookery Parchment • Pressing Parchment • Kalacloths.

Your Guarantee of Quality

Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Co. Parchment, Michigan

Relieve Pain Instantly Combat Infection from minor Cuts

WITH SOOTHING CAMPHO-PHENIQUE





Use this modern stainless antiseptic for relief of all minor Cuts, Burns, Scratches, Skin Abrasions, Pimples*



Avoid nasty infections from little skin injuries. Quick! Apply soothing CAMPHO-PHENIQUE. It *stops pain—instantly. Kills many germs on contact. Aids healing* by combating infection. Use CAMPHO-PHENIQUE also to relieve cold sores, fever blisters, itchy insect bites, pimples.* Many doctors, dentists, nurses prefer this colorless liquid antiseptic. Doesn't stain the skin. Children like it, too. It's soothing, doesn't smart like ordinary antiseptics. Recommended over 50 years. Get it today!

*Due to external causes.

CAMPHO-PHENIQUE

(PRONOUNCED CAM-FO-FIN-EEK)

THE ANTISEPTIC THAT RELIEVES PAIN INSTANTLY

Under-Cover Stuff

By BERNARDINE KIELTY

PHOTOGRAPH BY BROWN BROTHERS



Motoring was a serious adventure in the age of indiscretion.

"OUR own period is one of decline; . . . the standards of culture are lower than they were fifty years ago; and the evidences of this decline are visible in every department of human activity." So says the Anglicized American T. S. Eliot (born in Missouri).

"I say anyone who would trade 1950 for 1900," says American Clyde Brion Davis (also a Missouri boy), "would trade a brand-new Cadillac for a second-hand velocipede. . . . T. S. Eliot has become the unofficial leader of a cult of reactionary esthetes which is making its influence felt in important quarters, particularly in the field of education.... It is the fashion for intellectuals to poke sneers at modern man. They are always sure of publicity if they can think of a sufficiently extravagant exaggeration."

"There may be some significance," says Davis, "in the fact that among the retrogressionists who long to go back to the good old days you don't find many middle-aged women."

In his new book, THE AGE OF INDISCRETION, ***Clyde Brion Davis*** describes his own boyhood in Chillicothe, Missouri, and an uproarious hell-bent-for-mischief boyhood it was. Then by way of contrast he tells about the schools in Chillicothe today, and the boys' clubs, and the much better relationships between boys and parents.

The "he-man" who used to be the American ideal is now replaced by the "good joe." The pompous, swaggering, patronizing he-man with hairy chest and flashing eye has given over to the Will Rogers type of good joe, personally unassuming, considerate of others, with a laconic good humor which cannot be shaken, sane, shyly self-possessed, genial and unexcited. Bing Crosby is the type.

•

Paris has not changed, says ***Elliot Paul*** in SPRINGTIME IN PARIS (sequel to THE LAST TIME I SAW PARIS). After ten years' absence he finds that the French are still charmingly inefficient. Whatever is easy is made difficult.

Huge trucks still bumble through the city traffic with five-pound loads, while pushcarts break down under tons of junk. When a little Geugeot, "which could not win a butting contest with a healthy Billy goat," loses a spark plug, eight full-grown volunteer mechanics gather around, while if an autobus stalls, the chauffeur is left to potter around alone in the middle of

(Continued on Page 16)

PHOTOGRAPH BY EARL LEAF FROM RAPHO-GUILLUMETTE



Paris fishermen still whip the Seine.

Calm & Cool Breakfasts!

Skip out of the kitchen fast these hot mornings! Yet *treat* your family to the freshest of all Corn Flakes—Kellogg's. Delicious *breakfast main dish* . . . the "power" of corn and its whole-kernel richness in iron, niacin, vitamin B_1!

Frosted Honey 'n' Milk Surprise: Beat ¼ cup honey with 1 pint milk. Freeze in ice tray. That's all! Super with crisp Kellogg's Corn Flakes and milk. Pretty, too—see cereal bowl picture!



Good for John! "For bedtime snacks, my young John surely loves Kellogg's Corn Flakes. And it's good nourishment a growing child needs!" writes Mrs. Edwin Mayfield of Hickman, Ky.



Fruity Rainbow Pie in Dainty Corn Flakes Crust. *For crust:* Crush 4 cups of Kellogg's Corn Flakes in a folded towel, then crush fine with rolling pin. Add 2 tablespoons sugar, ¼ cup melted butter or margarine. Mix well. Press into 9" pie pan. Chill, or bake in mod. oven (350°F.) about 10 minutes. *For rainbow filling:* Drain syrup from No. 2½ can of canned Fruit Cocktail. To ½ cup of syrup, add 1 envelope of plain gelatine. Heat remaining 1 cup syrup to boiling point; add gelatine mixture, stir till dissolved. Cool till thick and syrupy. Fold in drained fruit and juice of 1 lemon. Fill crust, top with whipped cream. Chill well.



"Watching your weight?" asks Betty Betz, famous newspaper columnist for teen-agers. "Then, note—students in a well-known university discovered that a *good* breakfast made them feel better than a 'just coffee breakfast' *yet added no weight.* You see, in the morning it's natural *to use* food-energy, not to store it! Enjoy your fruit and nourishing Kellogg's Corn Flakes . . . and feel fitter!"



Open! Open! "My three enjoy opening *their own* packages in Kellogg's VARIETY. A different breakfast every day!" finds Mrs. James F. Kelly, Jr. of Bethesda, Md. Yes, 10 choices of 7 famous favorites. And most every box is a Kel-Bowl-Pac . . . eat right out of it! Handy for motor trips, dandy for camping!



Initialed! "Words can't describe the thrill of getting Kellogg's initialed *Signature* Silverware. I'm adding pieces constantly!" writes Mrs. W. T. Coleman of Roanoke, Va. Yes, start with 4 lovely *Signature* teaspoons—only 75¢ with the white-star end from Kellogg's VARIETY. See package. Begin a beautiful set!

NO FOOLING, SO COOLING!

Fresh as a breeze—served in a shake—and so nourishing!





From mountains to seashore—
Wherever we may roam,
Here's 10 cooling favorites
That taste just like home!

10-box choice of 7 cereal favorites

Kellogg's
Mother Knows Best!

"CALORIC IS
The Cookingest cleanest range
I'VE EVER USED"



So says one Texas homemaker. And thousands of women throughout the country are proving every day that the smart, streamlined Caloric is the "cookingest, cleanest range" they've ever used. See "America's Easiest Ranges to Keep Clean" at your dealer (listed in your Classified Telephone Book). Caloric has every feature you want and need for quicker, easier, cleaner, cooler, automatic cooking. Caloric Stove Corporation, Widener Building, Philadelphia 7, Penna.

1 Flavor-Saver Dual Burners—give any degree of heat instantly. Save gas, hold flavor. Replacement guaranteed for life of range.

2 Hold-Heat Oven with exclusive seal. Fully insulated to keep your kitchen cooler. Automatic Oven Time Control on "CP" Models.

3 Veri-Clean Broiler with smokeless Hi-Lo Rack and Pan. Completely removable. Washes like a dish.

SEE THESE EASY-CLEAN FEATURES

Porcelain enamel inside and out—all white parts triple-coated, acid-resisting.

Seamless Oven, Broiler, Burner Box, all with rounded corners—no crevices to hold dirt.

All models specially engineered for "Pyrofax" Bottled Gas and other LP-Gases.

ULTRAMATIC
Caloric GAS RANGES
AMERICA'S EASIEST RANGES TO KEEP CLEAN

(Continued from Page 14)

the *place*, obstructing traffic for sometimes two or three days and nights. Nine times out of ten it takes longer to put up stagings on buildings (and these stagings are everywhere!) than to do the repair work. "All in all," he tells us, "the French still firmly believe that inefficiency is the law and ordinance of human nature and that, without it, they would become a nation of automatons."

Paris is a city of firetraps, but nothing ever burns. Electric wiring is done by amateurs, gas fittings have not been replaced or repaired since the outbreak of war in 1939, and still no buildings burn. Now and then, Mr. Paul says, a curtain is ignited, whereupon the Paris firemen inundate a whole apartment house with water and chemicals and chop down a dozen antique oak doors.

You may think that Elliot Paul is fussing. But he is not. He loves Paris just because she is that way.

•

Very, very few Americans have found the little island of Grenada (pronounced to rhyme with the girl's name, Ada). It is in the British West Indies, modest, demure, inconspicuous, self-sufficient, and the most beautiful—so all travelers say—of the islands of the Caribbean Sea. It is made of volcano peaks rising out of the blue-green ocean. Unlike the other islands, it has never been swept by hurricanes or suffered a great fire. Georgian brick houses dating from the late eighteenth century circle the harbor, where slender sloops ride at anchor, and on the surrounding hills stand the old stone forts of the French. Grenada is one of the few truly prosperous spots in the West Indies.

Grenada's people—about 70,000—are Negroes. These are the merchants, the lawyers, the doctors, the teachers, the bankers. The feeling between the white British settlers and the native blacks is warm and friendly.

Though at present there are few tourists, the Grenadians greet those who do come with open arms.

•

Those New Jersey colleges are always taking statistics. Now John Marshall

REPRINTED COURTESY OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"Henry! Stop guffawing!"

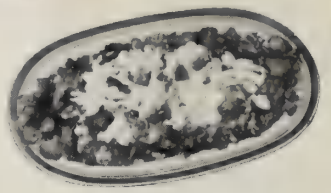
(all-male) College has found what its students want in the way of a wife. They want a woman who is well groomed, a good conversationalist, sincere, honest and intelligent, with an attractive face and figure and good disposition. Only 15 per cent mentioned anything about cooking.

•

With all the appeals for contributions that come to us these days, the decision as to which to help has to be made not only among the kinds of work accomplished by the soliciting organizations, but also between large and small organizations. The Near East Foundation is one of the small

(Continued on Page 18)

ANGLO
CORNED BEE

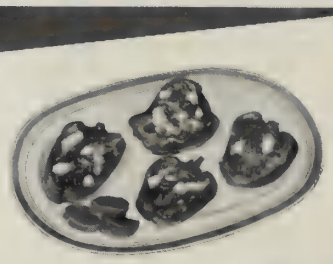


QUICK-TO-FIX
Corned Beef
Egg Scramble

Rim platter with corned beef, piping hot; then scramble eggs in the savory drippings.

ANGLO CORNED BEEF IS ALL SOLID, LEAN MEAT—NO BONE, GRISTLE OR EXCESS FAT. A "MEAL-IN-A-TIN."

ANGLO
ROAST BEE



SUPPER QUICKIE
Beef in
Pepper Cases

Cube the meat, 2 cooked potatoes, 1 onion. Heat. Fill 4 cooked peppers. Bake ½ hour.

ANGLO ROAST BEEF ALSO MAKES TASTY MEAT PIES, STEWS, HASH AND RAGOUTS. UNSURPASSED IN QUALITY.



Ask for Anglo Corned Beef and Ang
Roast Beef *today!* Always keep sever
tins on hand for emergencies. You ca
put your wholehearted trust in *Angl*

ON SALE AT ALL GOOD GROCER

Dessert is a "breeze" with any of these!

(TEMPTING FAMILY TREATS IN ALL 5 SURPRISE PACKAGES!)



1.

OLD FASHIONED FLAVOR—NEW FANGLED EASE!

Now homemade ice cream almost makes itself! Just add milk and cream to "JUNKET" FREEZING MIX and pop it in the refrigerator tray—*no stirring* while it's freezing! Makes wonderful frozen desserts with evaporated milk, too! 4 flavors . . . sundae-super with "JUNKET" QUICK FUDGE sauce!



2.

FUDGE IS SLICK—AND OH-SO QUICK!

In a class with the *best* homemade! Only 4 minutes to make—*no beating*—using "JUNKET" QUICK FUDGE MIX with butter and water . . . the only *pre-cooked* mix! For sauce or frosting, too! Chocolate and penuche flavors.

3.-4.

BE AN ARTIST WITH RENNET DESSERT!

Good as it looks—lemon rennet dessert with nuts! *Easy* to make, easy to digest—this milk dessert's better than milk alone for children! 6 "JUNKET" RENNET POWDER flavors or use unflavored "JUNKET" RENNET TABLETS.

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THIS DANISH DELIGHT IS SUMMER-RIGHT!

Cool currant-raspberry flavor in a new-style pudding that "hits the spot" when the weather's hot! *Easy*—boil "JUNKET" DANISH DESSERT one minute with water, then chill. Serve it plain or with cream or fruit!

. . . . . *for dessert variety use* **"JUNKET" BRAND FOODS** *all different! all easy, quick! all delicious!*

"JUNKET" is the trade-mark of Chr. Hansen's Laboratory, Inc., for its rennet and other food products.

National Cherry Pie Champion Wins with Armour Star Lard!



Indiana High School Girl Reveals Secret Of Her Success

When Jacqueline Hanneman, 17, of Indianapolis won the National Cherry Pie Baking Contest in Chicago this year, it was proof again that Armour Star Lard is the Magic Ingredient of pie champions everywhere.
Here is the prize-winning recipe for

JACKY'S CHERRY PIE CRUST:

1½ cups sifted all-purpose flour
½ cup Armour lard **¾ teaspoon salt**
¼ cup cold milk

Sift flour and salt. Cut in half the lard to consistency of cornmeal. Cut in remaining half to size of peas. Work in milk with a fork. Roll half at a time to make two crusts.

FILLING:

3 cups frozen cherries
1 cup granulated sugar
5 tablespoons pastry flour
¼ teaspoon salt **¼ teaspoon almond extract**
1 teaspoon butter

Thaw cherries almost completely. Drain. If thawed completely, use ¼ cup cherry juice. Mix sugar, flour and salt. Add to cherries. Add extract. Pour into pastry-lined pan. Dot with butter. Cover with top crust, slit. Bake 45 to 50 minutes at 400° F.

Miss Hanneman, who has won several other contests and first prize at last year's Indiana State Fair, uses Armour Star Lard regularly. She says: "It takes *lard* to make a pie crust really tender and flaky and it's the *crust* that makes the pie!"

Yes, *lard* is the Magic Ingredient of the champions. And the champion of all lards is *Armour*—America's leading lard—America's *perfect* pie lard. This finer lard blends faster and easier than any other—and works wonders with hot breads and fried foods, as well as pies.

Furthermore, every ingredient in Armour Lard is U. S. Government Inspected. So take a tip from the experts, and make your pies, hot breads, and fried foods doubly delicious with *Armour* Lard. Look for Armour Pure Lard, in the self-measuring green-and-white carton, in your grocer's shortening section today!

For a free booklet of MARIE GIFFORD'S choice baking recipes using lard, write Dept. 435, Box 2053, Armour and Company, Chicago 9, Illinois.

ARMOUR Star Lard

. . . the pure lard that stays fresh without refrigeration

MARIE GIFFORD'S famous 5-minute pie-crust RECIPE ON THE PACKAGE



(Continued from Page 16)

ones. It has a compact personnel which works with great efficiency. We have seen it at work in Greece. We saw Marathon, for instance, the little town on the edge of the ancient battle plain. It was riddled with malaria and its people were poverty-stricken.

Then the Near East went to work. They put one nurse in charge, and with the help of a single Greek boy she cleaned up the area. The boy dug ditches and the nurse poured in the oil that killed the mosquitoes. In less than a season there were no malarial mosquitoes. She then set about rehabilitating the town. The Near East principle is to help people to help themselves. Heretofore the women of Marathon had gone with their husbands to work in the fields. They worked in desultory fashion and accomplished very little. Now they were advised to stay at home, not only to keep their houses clean (and clean they were when we saw them) but to learn to weave and to make decent clothes for themselves and their families. The nurse brought in healthy geese for them to raise—creatures of great productive virtues in the way of feathers, fat, food—and she organized a nursery school with a Greek girl trained by the Near East as teacher.

But the significant thing—as far as we are concerned over here—was that each loom for weaving was the gift of an individual American, and each original pair of geese. This is only a sample—one that we happen to have seen. In another part of Greece where thyme is abundant and honey of the choicest, the Near East have made bee-raising a thriving industry—single Americans giving single hives. Your money goes a long way under that kind of management, and you get regular, definite reports on work done. All told, it is a most satisfactory organization, and greatly beloved by the people of Greece, Syria, Iran and Lebanon.

•

So much interest was shown by readers of this column in the pamphlet, **UNDERSTANDING SEX**, that we here make note of a somewhat similar book on the same subject: **HUMAN GROWTH**, by ***Dr. Lester F. Beck***, associate professor of psychology at the University of Oregon, who was also the guid-

COLLIER'S



"What's cooking, pop?"

ing spirit behind the film of the same title. Like the film, the book is designed as a decent, honest description of the true facts of life, told in terms that adolescent children can understand. (Harcourt, Brace and Co., 383 Madison Ave., N. Y. 17. $2.00.)

•

A wonderful kind of vacation if you're a writer or plan to be one is to attend one of the many Summer Writers' Conferences. At most of these conferences the student has an opportunity to have his own work criticized, and to hear the latest word on the literary market from writers, agents, editors and publishers.

(Continued on Page 21)

America's favorite

Try it! See if it isn't your favorite, too!



NOTE: If you like a french French Dressing, with just a hint of garlic, try Miracle French, by Kraft.

He'll Say Hamburgers taste better with

A·1 Sauce — the dash that makes the dish!



Ask for A.1. when dining out, too.

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FROZEN ORANGE JUICE PIE

with new "no weep" meringue

(THIS PIE RECIPE DEVELOPED FOR USE WITH GOLD MEDAL FLOUR ONLY)

No grating of oranges. No squeezing juice. Has the tangy, delicate flavor that comes from *fresh* oranges.

Make . . . . . **8-in. Pie Shell** (*recipe at right*)

Mix in saucepan . { **1 cup sugar**; **3½ tbsp. cornstarch**

Stir in gradually . { ***1⅓ cups orange juice (use frozen concentrated orange juice diluted according to directions on can)**

Cook over moderate heat, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens and boils. Boil 1 minute. Remove from heat.

Beat a little of the hot mixture into **2 large egg yolks,** slightly beaten.

Then beat into remaining hot mixture. Return to heat and boil 1 minute, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Continue stirring until smooth.

Blend in . . **2 tbsp. butter**

Pour into baked pie shell. Cover with Meringue (*recipe at right*). Bake *8 to 10 minutes* in *moderately hot oven* (*400°*) until delicately browned. Let cool at room temperature away from drafts. Serve as soon as cool.

*For a stronger flavor, dilute concentrated orange juice using only ½ as much water as called for on the can.

8-IN. PIE SHELL

Sift together . { **1 cup *sifted* GOLD MEDAL *"Kitchen-tested"* Enriched Flour**; ****½ tsp. salt**

Cut in with pastry blender or 2 knives . . { **⅓ cup shortening . . . first cutting in half of it until mixture looks like "meal" . . . then cutting in the rest until particles are the size of giant peas**

Sprinkle over mixture . . { **3 tbsp. water . . . mixing with fork to make dough stay together**

Round up into ball and roll out on lightly floured cloth-covered board 1½-in. larger than inverted 8-in. pie pan. Trim evenly. Place loosely in pie pan. Fold edge under or over to make stand-up collar. Prick thoroughly with fork to prevent puffing. Bake *8 to 10 minutes* in *very hot oven* (*475°*).

MERINGUE . . . Beat until frothy 2 egg whites, ¼ tsp. cream of tartar. Gradually beat in 4 tbsp. sugar and beat until mixture is stiff and glossy.

MERINGUE SUCCESS TIPS— 1. Add sugar gradually when egg whites are frothy rather than when they form stiff peaks. It dissolves more completely and helps prevent weeping. 2. For tender meringues that cut easily, you'll note that this recipe requires a shorter baking period at a higher temperature. 3. To help prevent shrinkage, spread meringue to edge of pastry so it has something to cling to.

**When using Gold Medal Self-Rising Flour (sold in parts of South) omit salt.

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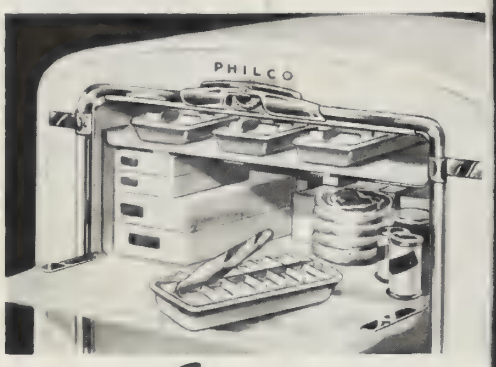
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See and Compare the great new 1950 Philco refrigerators with any other—at any price! In efficiency... in economy... in fast freezing... in luxury and convenience features that every woman wants... these truly magnificent Philcos challenge all comparison. We believe—once you see and examine them—you'll agree that here indeed are the finest refrigerators—finest in quality, finest in performance—that have ever been built!



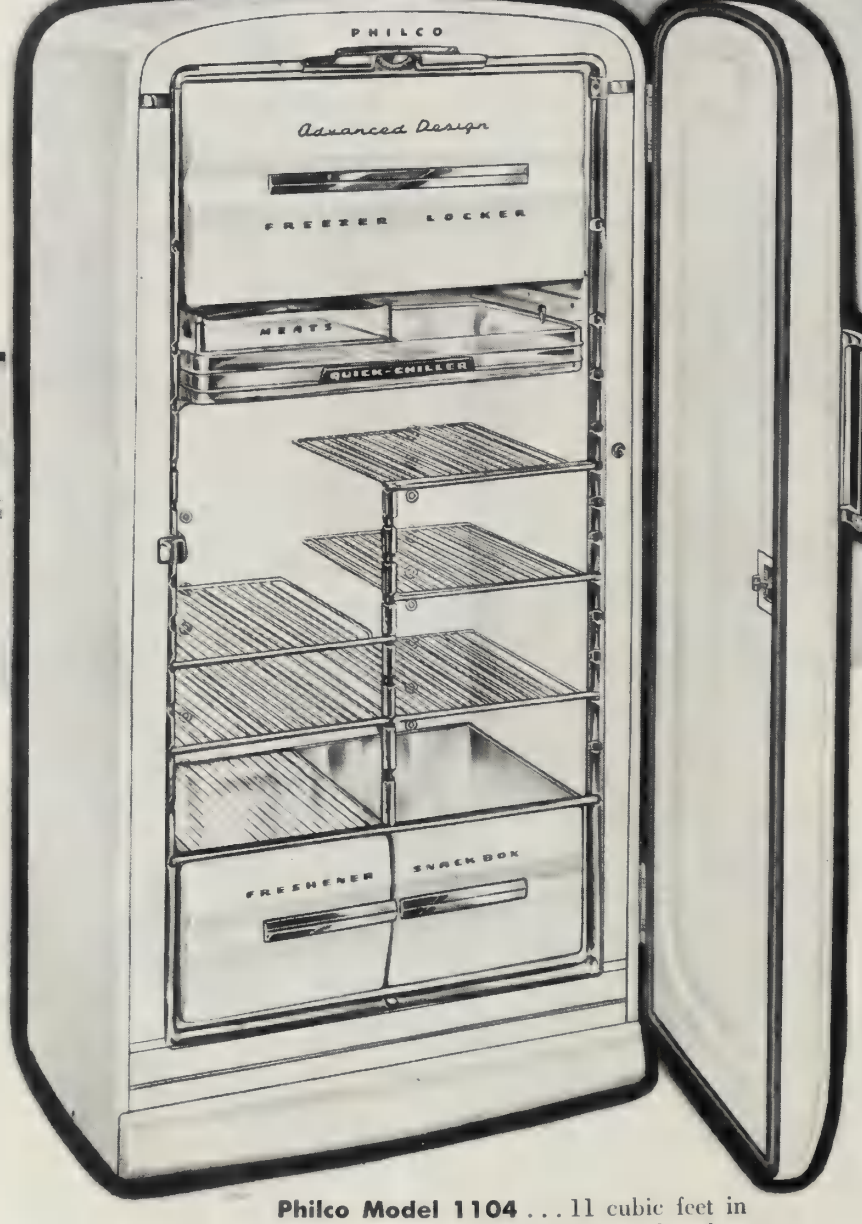
Super Size Built-in Freezer

Huge 2 cubic foot freezer holds full 70 lbs. of frozen foods. It's full-width, fully enclosed by its own insulated door. True zero-zone temperatures with a separate shelf for extra-fast freezing of ice cubes.



New! Quick Chiller

Extra cold zone—7° to 15° colder than main food compartment. Ideal for meats, salads, jellied dishes.



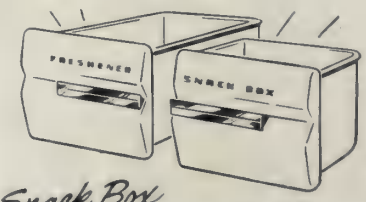
Philco Model 1104 . . . 11 cubic feet in floor space of an 8—actually costs *less* than last year's "10". See it, compare it at your Philco dealer's now.





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Move the shelves anywhere to store foods of any size or shape. You arrange *your* refrigerator to suit *you*.



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Oversize drawers keep fruits and vegetables fresh and crisp. Exclusive Snack Box for cheese, spreads or butter.



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No Smoke! No Soot! No Stain! Revolutionary new Philco Range gives you, at last, true smokeless broiling. Amazing improvement in flavor—far less shrinkage. Nine beautiful one and two oven models as low as $129.95.



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Here's a fine serrated stainless steel knife that never needs sharpening.

Handle is of imported rosewood with brass rivets. Send yellow band from can of VANiSH, the double action toilet bowl cleaner, with name, address and 25¢, to VANiSH, P. O. Box 1110, New York 46, N.Y.

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(Continued from Page 18)

Probably the best known are the Breadloaf Writers' Conference (Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont) in the East, and Boulder (University of Colorado) in the West. But there are many more: the Writers' Conferences of the University of New Hampshire, Durham, New Hampshire; of the Universities of Wisconsin, at Madison, Wisconsin; of Kansas City, at Kansas City, Missouri; of Indiana, at Bloomington, Indiana; of Washington, at Seattle; of Utah, at Salt Lake City; of Oklahoma, at Norman; of Omaha, Nebraska; of Fordham University, New York City. (Please write direct to the colleges, as information is not available in this office.)

●

Every cloud has you know what kind of lining. And even diseased trees have their virtues. In a very pleasant nature book, A SAND COUNTY ALMANAC, *Aldo Leopold*, the author-naturalist, tells us that "dead trees are transmuted into living animals." Wood ducks nest in diseased hollow trees; squirrels depend for their permanent homes on a delicate equilibrium between a rotting cavity and the scar tissue with which the tree tries to close its wound; barred owls manage to escape the crows and jays by getting into the hollow of an old basswood; pileated woodpeckers chisel living pines in order to extract fat grubs from the diseased heartwood; and the prothonotary warbler nests in a dead snag overhanging water. According to Mr. Leopold, tree diseases have made of his wood lot a mighty fortress.

●

We just learned what the Goddess of Liberty holds in her *other* hand. The upraised one, as we all know, holds a torch, but the other hand holds the Declaration of Independence, and at her feet lie the broken chains of tyranny.

●

Long-winded telephone conversations on suburban party lines are doomed, we hear. In a certain region of enterprising Ohio, an automatic cutoff

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"And that's only the half of it. Wait till you hear this . . ."

will deaden the line when six minutes are up. But does anyone, not on a pulpit, talk six minutes at a stretch?

●

We hear that Olney, Illinois, is the home of the white squirrel. Olney is one of the only three known habitats of this "albinistic" variety—a pure white creature that must look particularly attractive frisking over the green lawns and through the dark oak leaves. . . . And did you know about the African leaf-nose bat, the upper half of whose nose is the shape of a leaf and the lower half like a horseshoe?

SEE IT... TRY IT... and you, too, will say:

"It's the Most Amazing STEAM OR DRY Iron Ever Invented!"



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Iron with ease... Press when you please...

From the pioneers of steam controlled home appliances comes the new, remarkable PRESTO VAPOR-STEAM IRON. No other iron at any price gives you all these advantages:

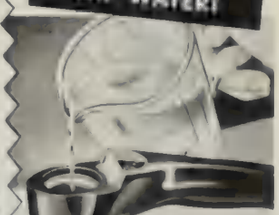
- Vapor-Steam irons up to 1½ hours on 6 ounces of ordinary tap water.
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- Irons most clothes without sprinkling. No pressing cloths needed. No drops, no spots.
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PRESTO VAPOR-STEAM IRONS are available wherever quality housewares are sold. See it . . . try it, today!

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USES ORDINARY TAP WATER... No distilled water needed. 6-ounce filling steams up to 1½ hours. Wide spout, fills and drains in seconds.



TRUE-IRONING HEAT INDICATOR . . . Shows at a glance exact soleplate temperature at all times. Stops guesswork and helps prevent scorching.



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Fresh Lemonade

THE PUNGENT FRAGRANCE of fresh lemon greets you as you lift the glass. You take a long, cold swallow—and the delicious tang of fresh lemon cuts right into your thirst!

You relax, drink deep, let it cool you through and through. And you realize again that lemonade refreshes more thoroughly than any other summer drink, offers more real relief from heat and fatigue.

But remember—only *fresh* lemonade can give this satisfaction. Freshly squeezed lemon juice contains vitamins that actually relieve fatigue. And only the fresh fruit provides the true lemon flavor and aroma.

Drink *fresh* lemonade this summer made with Sunkist Lemons, finest from 14,500 cooperating California-Arizona citrus growers.

Children need lemonade

Youngsters play so hard in hot weather! Fresh lemonade, with its quick replacement of vitamin C, helps prevent overfatigue. Give them plenty!



Everybody wants lemon with iced tea!
Provide plenty of lemon with iced tea this summer—for added flavor! Instead of flat slices, serve generous *wedges*, easy to squeeze.

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WORLD'S FINEST FRESH LEMONS

CHILDREN'S MUSEUM...

More Work for Volunteers

By MARGARET HICKEY

MUSEUMS for children offer two valuable opportunities available in few other institutions: education is presented in a delightfully sugar-coated form, and the way is paved for development of permanent hobbies and skills. The first children's museum opened in Brooklyn, New York, about fifty years ago. Today twenty-five children's museums operate in their own buildings and have their own boards of trustees. More than two hundred others operate as departments of adult institutions or under boards of education. Art or natural science is the basis for the majority of exhibits.

Civic and Service Groups Back the Programs

All the centers have been backed by local civic and service organizations such as the Junior League, Kiwanis and Rotary clubs, Junior Chamber of Commerce, Parent-Teacher Association. The American Association of University Women, long interested in the establishment of children's museums, has distributed a pamphlet to its local groups and others telling how to start one. Since 1939, the William T. Hornaday Memorial Foundation has helped seventeen children's museums get under way. It is now sponsoring six and giving technical assistance to four others.

Junior Leagues are helping in children's museums in 50 cities. In several communities local leagues sponsor art or nature museums as demonstration projects. The one at Pasadena, California, is operated almost entirely by volunteers. In addition to its regular program of exhibits, entertainment, arts and crafts, the museum has a summer workshop that emphasizes training in creative expression. Children work in water color, pastel, charcoal, pen and pencil, wood, clay.

School classes come daily to hear discussions on social science and history at the Children's Museum in Jacksonville, Florida. Craft groups meet after school. Activities include toy making, and particularly popular is a fix-it shop. After-school programs are open also to children of Durham, North Carolina, where the Children's Museum was launched in 1946 through efforts of the Hornaday Foundation and the city recreation department. The museum is one of many which emphasize service to blind and other handicapped children. At the Children's Museum in Hartford, Connecticut, some of the volunteer workers themselves are handicapped. They catalogue, paint backgrounds for case displays, keep exhibits arranged and perform many other tasks.

Traveling Exhibits are Effective

In many cities traveling exhibits are employed effectively. In Long Beach, California, the Junior League uses a trailer for its art demonstration project. When the Children's Museum of Washington, D. C., was evicted from its spacious quarters five years ago, the director, Miss Matilda Young, put the museum on wheels. Now a trailer coach takes exhibits to the schools four days a week. From Saturday through Monday it sits on a parking lot and receives visitors.

Parents and other volunteers who have worked closely with these programs have discovered that the appeal is not exclusive to youngsters. In fact, working in children's museums has proved to be one of the most satisfying and rewarding of volunteer services.

THE END

In Fort Worth, Texas

BENNY BOB, in a red-plaid shirt, new Levis and miniature cowboy boots, clicked across the mellow parquet floor of the Fort Worth Children's Museum. The room was filled with cages, bird perches and large tanks of tropical fish. Benny Bob was in a hurry, for he was taking part in a treasure hunt in a new kind of museum where there are few "DON'T TOUCH" precautions, and not a "QUIET PLEASE" sign in the place.

Benny Bob and sixteen other youngsters were tracking down clues in the museum's regular Saturday-morning hunt. Teen-ager Jack, with the rolling gait of a Texas cowboy, was hot on the trail of a six-foot indigo snake, which slept peacefully through the hubbub. Anne Louise, a ten-year-old with bobbing blond curls, found a coyote family mounted against a lifelike backdrop of Texas sage and blue sky. Billy Smith raced through the Indian Gallery to a screened-in outdoor aviary, and back to the front porch where a clue was pinned to a stuffed buffalo.

There were no long faces at the end of the contest. In this game, everybody gets a prize, digging for it in a model Treasure Island of sand and evergreen. Buried there are cornhusk dolls, fossils for embryo collections, even neckties made from real rattlesnake's skin. And each prize has its own story of American history or natural science. The children can go to any one of the museum's three young curators for the "story" of their prize, or read about it in the museum's pleasant library. The insatiable curiosity of the youngsters about the world around them was the cornerstone of the first children's museum of natural history in Texas.

The idea developed in the Fort Worth schools, where understanding teachers like Miss Hue Leanna Murphy encouraged her second-graders to find out, "Why does a beetle shed his skin?" or, "How did the picture of a shell get on this rock?" The Administrative Women in Education (an organization of women serving the school system in executive offices) were quick to recognize the value of some permanent center where children could study and play to their hearts' content. They first (Continued on Page 146)



Introductions to animal friends are informal at the Fort Worth Children's Museum, where nothing is under lock and key. With this stuffed pelican, a toddler may be beginning a lifelong interest in birds and animals.





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This perfect starch evenly penetrates fabrics... lets irons glide... keeps cottons crisp and new-looking between washings. You'll avoid laundry greyness with LINIT, *too, because dirt floats out on these "wash-out" starch particles.* LINIT *is so easy to use. Merely mix* LINIT *with cold water, add boiling water, dilute and use.*

LINIT ***adds the "finishing touch"*** *to dresses, blouses, children's clothes, housecoats, men's shirts, curtains, bed and table linens. Directions on every* **LINIT** *package. All grocers sell* **LINIT.**

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B R E C K



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Hair is either dry, oily, or normal. One Breck Shampoo is used for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is used for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is used for normal hair. Whenever you buy a Breck Shampoo mention whether your hair is dry, oily, or normal and you will be given the correct Breck Shampoo for your hair condition. All three Breck Shampoos are gentle and thorough in action, leaving your hair clean, fragrant and lustrous. The Breck Shampoos are produced for those who want the best.

Breck pH8 Lather Oil Shampoo is for dry hair. Breck Lacene is for oily hair. Breck Regular is for normal hair The Three Breck Shampoos are available at Beauty Shops and wherever cosmetics are sold. Look for the gold foil box

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Making Marriage Work

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS
Ph.D., Pennsylvania State College
Department of Psychology

Why doesn't he ask for that date? College men give reasons any girl can change.

If You Don't Get Dates

WHY don't some girls get dates? In any group there are conspicuously popular girls who never find dating a problem; to them, meeting new men means more dates, and every eligible male acquaintance is a potential "steady." While the average girl may worry occasionally about a suitable bid for the next dance, she takes for granted a few faithful escorts, an occasional new admirer, and enough masculine attention to make life interesting.

But some girls, however many men they meet, simply don't get dates. Perhaps they don't date at all, or perhaps they have an occasional date—but seldom two with the same man. The reasons why are often fairly obvious to everybody but the unhappy girl, and the chances are good that she can improve her situation.

First, however, she must realize that she, and she alone, can solve her problem. It's no use blaming her plight on male stupidity, or taking a sour-grapes attitude toward popular girls' "lack of dignity," or consoling herself with blind dates arranged by friends. Her only hope of a normal social life and ultimate romance and marriage is to arouse and hold a man's interest herself.

On a college campus, we asked hundreds of single men what factors prevented them from asking for a first date, and why, after one engagement, they often lost interest. Their replies are listed below in order of mention; in them, the dateless girl may find clues to her problem, and suggestions for its solution.

Why Girls Don't Get First Dates: Careless grooming, unsuitable clothes • Social awkwardness (can't make conversation, poor dancer, lacks poise, doesn't know how to do anything) • Unapproachable manner (snobbish, cold, indifferent, too sophisticated) • Aggressive behavior • Unattractive face, figure.

Why Girls Don't Get Repeat Dates: • Immaturity • Superiority • Unresponsiveness • "Gold-digger" • Aggressiveness.

Translated into positive terms, these factors can be stated as two basic principles for the girl who doesn't have dates. Like most programs of self-improvement, they are more easily preached than practiced—but the lonely girl will find the effort worth while.

1. The first, and most obvious, is to learn to attract the favorable attention of the men you meet. To do so, you need not be either a beauty or a fashion model, but you do need to make the most of your looks, as does every woman. For, in cultivating her assets (by a clever scarf, a new hair arrangement), a girl is doing more than enhancing her own looks. She is also subtly complimenting the people she meets, by letting them know she wants to look her best—for them! And note that men rank grooming and tasteful dress far ahead of natural beauty as a factor in getting dates! This should be consolation and challenge to the girl who feels her unattractive face or figure prevents her getting dates.

Your appearance may attract a man's attention, but it is your personality that will hold it. Cultivate an easy, friendly manner; act interested and "approachable" without showing off or behaving "aggressively." And never give a man the idea you are running after him.

2. The second is to learn to be good company; easier said than done—but the first step is to realize that you, as well as the man, are responsible for making your time together pleasant for both.

Learn to talk about things which interest men, as well as your own hobbies. Develop skill in current amusements, whether they be dancing, canasta or bowling. Be responsive, but not aggressive; be lively, but act your age; and show that you value companionship more than expensive entertainment.

And never attempt, as many girls do, to hide your self-consciousness behind a superior attitude. The best remedy for shyness is self-forgetfulness. Concentrate on your companion's feelings instead of your own, and you will both have a better time. In fact, this single suggestion is itself a pretty good rule for getting dates—or keeping a husband happy!

Why Do We Quarrel?

NO marriage is continuously serene. Uninterrupted harmony between husband and wife is impossible, since no two personalities are identical. Minor differences, if properly handled, lend spice to life, and major ones may be peacefully resolved by discussion and compromise or, if one is willing to accept the other's leadership, by persuasion.

But too often these techniques are not used, and trivial differences become sources of conflict and tension. Disagreement becomes argument, and every quarrel creates bitterness, hostility and resentment. This is especially serious among couples whose physical relationship is unsatisfactory.

Sexual maladjustment, in fact, is a common consequence of quarreling, for it is difficult to attain physical harmony in an atmosphere of mental and spiritual discord. At the same time, an unsatisfactory physical relationship is a frequent cause of quarrels for, if either partner feels tense or resentful, a trivial incident can precipitate a major crisis. So quarreling and sexual maladjustment are intricately related in an unhappy cycle.

Another common and easily remediable cause of quarreling is lack of sleep. Many couples, trying to stretch the day to accommodate too many activities, sacrifice rest to do it. Having stayed up too late at night, they sleep till the last possible minute in the morning. The day is off to a hectic start: a scanty breakfast, a dash for work, a daylong scramble to catch up with the clock, an errand overlooked on the trip home—after such a sequence, the smallest incident can start fireworks.

How can quarrels be prevented? Sometimes both spouses are emotionally immature, and so unable to face any problem rationally; then quarrels are almost inevitable. But if only one spouse is of this type, the other can often relieve the situation by adopting a program of prevention.

If there are too many quarrels in your home—and every one weakens your marriage—these suggestions may help you as they have helped others.

- Make sure you both get enough sleep, not just once in a while, but as a matter of routine.
- Get up early enough in the morning to insure a peaceful start on the day, including a leisurely breakfast and a margin for last-minute emergencies.
- Avoid racing with the clock, or forcing your husband to. Cut down on activities if need be—don't schedule your days too full.
- If he blows his top about some minor incident when he is tired and irritable, chances are he'll repent in a few minutes—if *you* keep still. But if you retort, you're inviting a battle. Silence is never more golden than when a quarrel is brewing.
- When a problem arises, wait for a suitable time before discussing it with him. Don't greet him with bad news when he first comes home from work, or when he's tired and harassed.
- In discussing an issue, stick to impersonal facts and avoid personalities. Blaming him, no matter how justified, is worse than useless.
- Remember that it takes two to start a quarrel—but only one to stop it. The more hurt or resentful you feel, the less you have to gain by going on with the argument.

Shouldn't husbands follow these suggestions too? Without a doubt. Will they? Perhaps, if encouraged by your example. But your own efforts alone can minimize quarreling.

Are You Two Companionable?

Many things enter into marriage, but of all the factors that of companionship is the most important. It has many phases because it involves not only how two people feel, but the things they share. Answer these questions with a thoughtful *yes* or *no*.

Does Your Husband:

1. **Enjoy going with you to visit friends?**
2. **Display an interest in what you wear?**
3. **Keep you posted about his job?**
4. **Frequently show his love for you?**
5. **Willingly listen to your home problems?**

Do You:

1. **Usually approve of his general behavior?**
2. **Take pride in his personal appearance?**
3. **Make sure that you give him ample affection?**
4. **Like to talk things over with him?**
5. **Find it easy to make up after a quarrel?**

Do You Two:

1. **Have a common interest that both enjoy?**
2. **Usually spend your vacations together?**
3. **Like most of the same amusements?**
4. **Circumstances permitting, often attend church together?**
5. **Have a mutual goal you are working toward?**
6. **Adjust fairly well to each other's relatives?**
7. **Have the same standards and ideals?**
8. **Usually agree on financial matters?**
9. **Have several good friends in common?**
10. **Talk over your daydreams and hopes for the future?**

Credit "yes" answers 1 point each, doubtful items only ½ point. Although some of you will have perfect scores, any score of 17 or more is good. Average scores will total 14 to 16. With scores of 13 or less, discuss with your husband things that you two can do to make your marriage more companionable—and happier.

Do You Agree?

My husband and I (no children) continue our failing marriage after three years only because our parents oppose divorce. Should we accede?

The decision is definitely not your parents' responsibility—it is yours alone! Before making it, why not check matters with a competent counselor to see if you cannot achieve greater compatibility?

What does he mean... "glove compartment"?



It's the little things in a marriage that add up to the big irritations.

Like when the glove compartment is crowded with masculine clutter . . . (his oldest pipe . . . a tobacco pouch . . . that forgotten box of fishing flies!) and there's no room for *your* paraphernalia.

That's why Mercury makes sure you get a glove compartment that's plenty big enough for "his" *and* "hers."

Everything about the beautiful new 1950 Mercury is big and generous and easy to live with. That's why so many smart "happily-marrieds" are making Mercury *their* car. Check the quiz below . . . and see if a Mercury wouldn't suit *you!*

What's your marriage A.Q.*?

Do you get cross when your husband wants fresh air . . . and you don't want your hair-do blown? (If you drive a Mercury, there's no argument . . . Mercury's ventilating system supplies the air without a breeze.) YES ☐ NO ☐

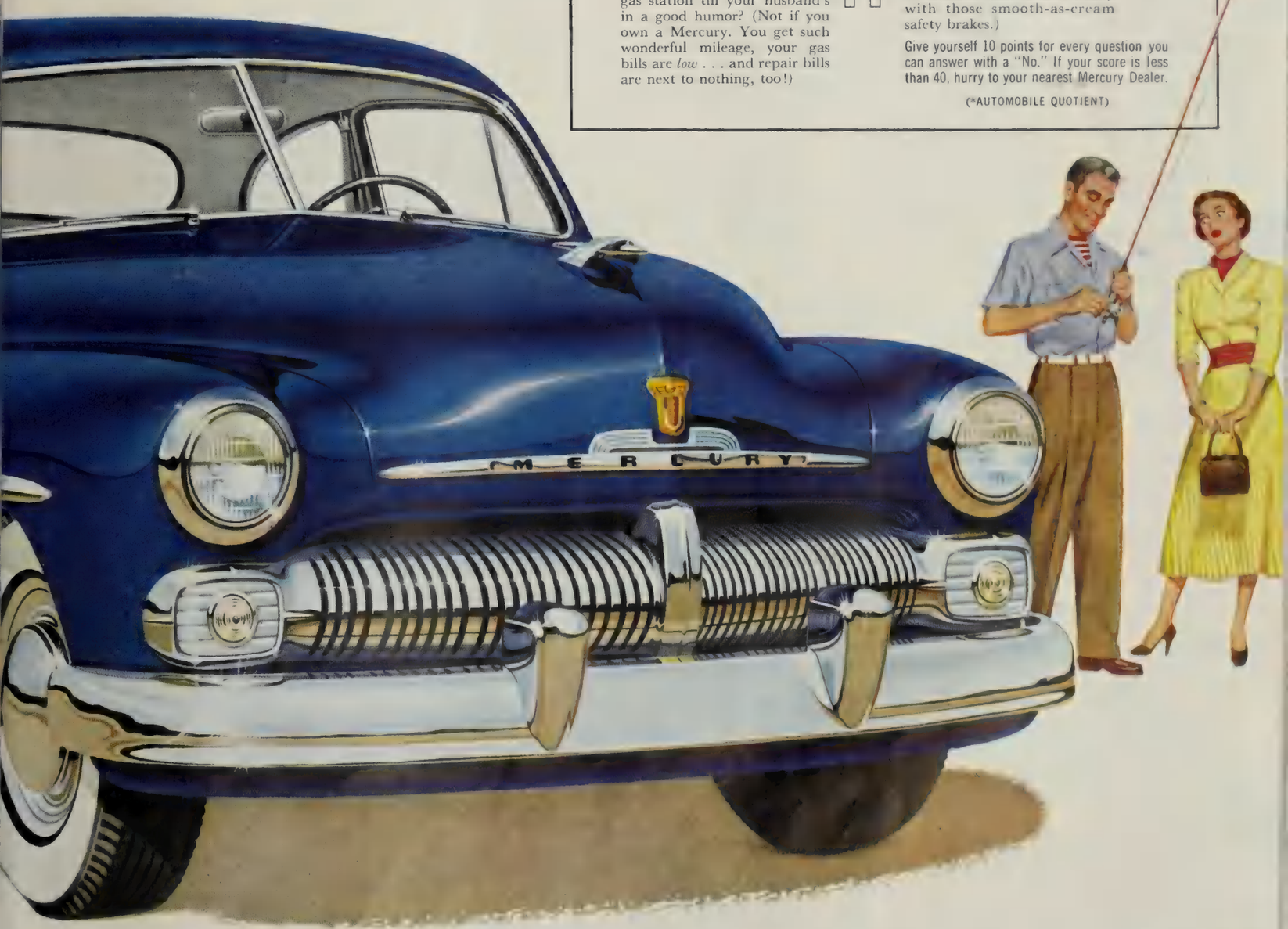
Do you hide the bill from the gas station till your husband's in a good humor? (Not if you own a Mercury. You get such wonderful mileage, your gas bills are *low* . . . and repair bills are next to nothing, too!) YES ☐ NO ☐

Does he grumble when you've left the front seat too far forward? (In a Mercury he can adjust it to his needs in a jiffy. Men *love* the all-over roominess of this great car!) YES ☐ NO ☐

Do you get jittery when you see he's going to have to stop on a dime? (Not in a Mercury with those smooth-as-cream safety brakes.) YES ☐ NO ☐

Give yourself 10 points for every question you can answer with a "No." If your score is less than 40, hurry to your nearest Mercury Dealer.

(*AUTOMOBILE QUOTIENT)



She's married—She's happy—



She drives a **MERCURY**

MERCURY DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY

As Pretty As —

A girl is as pretty as she *thinks* she is, as pretty as she *acts!*

EVER wonder what happened to the "Hiya, Judy" character boys used to hail on the street? Well, she's you—grown up and older, and looking a bit more sophisticated in the latter half of her teens. Whether you know it or not, you've changed a lot! And the attitude of other people, especially boys, has changed toward you too. *Once* they thought "Just a good kid"; *now* they think "Sa-ay—look at that pretty girl!" And *now* is the time to learn to take this new, big-gal attention in your stride.

More and more, for instance, you'll begin to notice that the new men in your life will answer introductions by saying, "How do you do, *Miss Jones*," and you'll be "Miss" to older men, too, such as employers, teachers and friends of the family. With most of the males, especially those tall, dark and gray at the temples, the relationship stays formal. But with boys near your own age it now becomes your choice to turn the tone of the friendship from "How do you do, Mr. Johnson" to "I'm glad to see you, Jack."

The give-and-take of compliments, too, is an important part of the "I'm pretty, please" policy. When a boy jumps to his feet as you come into a room, holds your chair in a hamburger hangout or makes like a miler to open the car door for you, that's a compliment. All it takes is a smile and a "Thank you" from you to make him feel able as Gable and twice as lucky. And if the compliment is verbal, such as "I like your new dress" or "You look sweet in that hat," it's up to you to follow through with the right answer. A "Thank you" will do, but better still, make it a double-duty compliment with one for him, too, by saying, "I remembered you like blue" or "I wore it because I thought you'd like it!" But never go shy and spoil your beau boy's act by stammering, "What—*this old thing?*"

WHAT'S THAT YOU SAID?

In conversation, too, there are tricks to help you live up to the "new you" character you've become. If gang gatherings or crowds at dances and parties floor you, try to turn the evening into a temporary tête-à-tête by giving all your attention to the person nearest at hand. It's a smooth technique to learn to talk in a low, intimate voice to one person (just any kind of comment as long as it is friendly and direct) rather than trying to play female Milton Berle to the whole room at once.

If you run short of talk in the midst of a crowd, use a warm smile as a substitute till the conversation just starts naturally. And if your date gets stranded as someone else's table-tennis partner or you find yourself tucked in a corner making courtesy chatter with a chaperon, try a long-distance smile across the room. It shows you don't feel "scared" at being left on your own and can work wonders in suggesting "I'm not talking to you, Bob, but I'm thinking about you just the same!"

As you go through the teens toward the twenties, acting less like Howdy Doody and more like Liz Taylor, older people are going to expect more of you in conversation too. Instead of the casual "'by now" brush-off you once got away with, you're going to have to sit down and talk! But remember this: whether it's an aunt, uncle, teacher or Joe Jones' father, *most adults are flattered by attention from younger people.* Even if you don't have much to say, they'll be pleased to find out you don't find them too old to *try* to talk to! A little of your time, all your attention, and before long the talking comes easy.

BOYS LIKE POISE

Poise is a big part, too, of "acting your age." Boys like girls who seem at ease, because that makes *them* feel more relaxed too. But often, on big evenings, when both the formal and the date are new, poise is slow to come! Best method is to give yourself confidence through a pretty-girl build-up in your own bedroom before datetime rolls round. Arrange your bathing and dressing schedule so that you are ready not so early as to get restless, not so late as to be rushed, with about fifteen minutes' leeway for complete but full-dress relaxation.

Now—try waltzing around the room alone (with the bedside radio for music) to loosen your muscles, get used to the dance dress, and slip into a dancing mood. If your hands feel shaky, here's a good trick to make them relax: shake each hand twenty times, separately and very hard, as if you wanted to shake it off your wrist. Then, if the palms seem a little damp from nervousness, dust them with talcum powder (and then dust it off in respect for his blue serge suit!) and daub your wrists with cologne. It's these little things that make you feel pretty and poised all over.

"Emotional poise," too, is an asset to work for. It means learning to keep your head—and sense of humor—about the romantic situations bound to come up in your young-adult life. Don't be surprised if any day now a boy says, "You're the biggest thing in my life, Mary," or "I'm in love with you, baby." Most of the time he'll mean what he says (or think he does!) and some of the time it will be nothing more than a line! And what's for you to do? Think twice before you take it to heart, but don't be afraid to believe it if you think it's true. If you know it's just a line and are bored by it, just turn down the next date offer from Romeo, j.g. If you want to keep his friendship in spite of the love line, try a smile, a casual attitude and a suggestion for a "can't we just be friends?" relationship. But don't act angry, insulted or too, too amused. Don't let him leave feeling "foolish." You never know when you may say "Let's stop pretending" to a guy who really means it!

PAGING FARLEY GRANGER

or Jim Jones, or Mike Martin, or Johnny Jackson, or just *anybody* who is good date bait for a Friday night! No need to dream about movie stars with so many smooth boys near at hand. Check our Sub-Deb booklets, How About a Date?, No. 2269, and Do Boys Like You?, No. 1658. Just 5c each from the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia 5, Penna. You may find *your* answer!



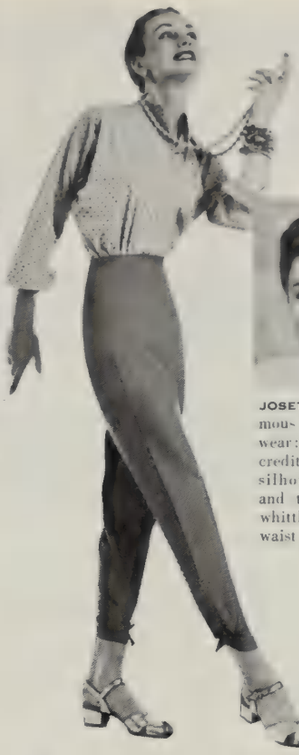


TINA LESER, famous for original collections: "My advice is to wear a PLAYTEX—the girdle that slims you where you need slimming, holds you in complete comfort."





TONI OWEN, renowned for her sports clothes separates: "PLAYTEX makes this supple, slim figure a possibility. And it fits invisibly, even under the scantiest swimsuit."





JOSET WALKER, famous for her sportswear: "PLAYTEX gets credit for this new silhouette. It slims and trims naturally, whittles your figure at waist and thighs."





DOROTHY COX, leading fashion originator: "You can see how important it is for you to have this new silhouette—and no girdle does as much for you as PLAYTEX."

To top American designers there's only one girdle for 'round-the-clock wear under all Summer clothes!

INVISIBLE PLAYTEX® PINK-ICE



E ONLY GIRDLE IN THE WORLD YOU CAN WEAR UNDER YOUR SWIMSUIT, PAT DRY AND WEAR IMMEDIATELY UNDER STREET CLOTHES!

Never before have fashion designers recommended *one* girdle as the answer to all of Summer's figure-revealing clothes—every hour of every day. Never before has there *been* a girdle you could wear under your bathing suit—then pat completely dry with a towel and wear again immediately under your slenderest sports, afternoon or evening clothes.

For PINK-ICE looks, feels, fits, and *acts* like a second skin, moulds your figure with comfort and freedom 'round the clock. It hasn't a single seam, stitch or bone—it's absolutely invisible under briefest bathing suit, the most clinging dresses. And it washes in seconds, dries with a touch of the towel.

Made by a revolutionary new latex process, PLAYTEX PINK-ICE dispels body heat . . . slims you in cool comfort. Light as a snowflake, fresh as a daisy, PINK-ICE actually "breathes" with you.



In SLIM, shimmering pink tubes,
PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIRDLES . . **$3.95 to $4.95**
In SLIM, silvery tubes,
PLAYTEX LIVING® GIRDLES . . **$3.50 to $3.95**
Sizes: extra-small, small, medium, large
Extra-large size slightly higher

At all department stores and better specialty shops everywhere!

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORP'N.
Playtex Park ©1950 **Dover Del.**

Out In Front With Everything—

New Hotpoint for '50

World's Most Convenient Refrigerator!

"Super-Stor"
With 72% Of All Storage Space In Finger-tip Reach!



OUT IN FRONT FOR COMPLETENESS with a real food freezer and a no-defrost refrigerator that provide every type of refrigeration your family needs.

OUT IN FRONT WITH "SUPER-STOR" Hotpoint's efficient modern design that gives you handy shelves, storage drawers and cold areas for every kind of food.

OUT IN FRONT FOR CONVENIENCE with features that are kitchen-planned—door shelves for small, hard-to-store items, butter conditioner with spread control —and 51 other advance-ments.

"SUPER-STOR" MODELS BY HOTPOINT

KITCHEN-PLANNED and engineered to bring 72% of storage space within finger-tip reach, quality built for long life and efficient performance, the great new Hotpoint Refrigerators for '50 are *out in front with everything*—the world's most convenient and complete refrigerators. See them at your dealer's now. Hotpoint Inc. *(A General Electric Affiliate)*, 5600 West Taylor Street, Chicago 44, Illinois.

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LOOK TO HOTPOINT FOR THE FINEST—FIRST!

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PHOTO BY MUNKACSI



Tell me Doctor —PART II

"Do you think I'm in danger of miscarrying again, Doctor? I do hope nothing serious is wrong."

By HENRY B. SAFFORD, M.D.

E woman in the blue dress introduced erself, stated where she came from nd what was her difficulty, in one reathless sentence. "My family doc- nt me here—Doctor Ball—he said know him and you were to call him er you'd seen me—and he said, 'Mrs. don't take cases like yours any more, ou go to see this doctor, and he'll tell vhat's wrong and what to do about o that's why I'm here."

see," said the doctor. "Well, Mrs. what seems to be the matter with

ell, my doctor said, 'Mrs. Hoe, you to be in a—ah—delicate condition,' *do* hope there isn't going to be any- the matter with me because this as though it might be my last e—I'm not getting any younger."

e any of us?" agreed the doctor. at makes you think there might be hing wrong?"

ecause I seem to be bleeding, and that t the way it was when I had my ter—she's just the loveliest girl you aw."

ow old is your daughter?"

e's going on eighteen."

d have you had no pregnancies from ime until now?"

'm—why, yes, once, I believe—it d to be that way and everybody said vell I looked, and I never felt better life, it really was too bad, and I felt fully about it."

ell, what happened?"

m afraid I had a miscarriage, because quite sick, and Doctor Ball had to to the house every day, and ——"

ow far pregnant were you at the Mrs. Hoe?"

st over two months. It was just after aughter had the measles—she was six old then—and I came down with before she was out of the house, ——"

id you have any kind of operation at me?"

o. The only time I had an operation hen I had a bunion removed from ght big toe of mine, and the doctor very fine job and I can walk just as ——"

see. So you had measles and then ah—miscarried?"

erman measles it was, Doctor. I don't know why they are any different from any other kind of measles; but, anyhow, I was sick enough for anybody, and then I had to go and have that miscarriage—I thought that was the worst luck a body could have. Wouldn't you say so, Doctor?"

"I can't say that I would. I think you were a very fortunate person."

"Why, how can you say that, when ——"

"Mrs. Hoe," interrupted the doctor gravely, "a rather recent compilation of statistics from all over the world has shown that when a pregnant woman contracts German measles during the first three months of pregnancy, about nine times out of ten the offspring that she is carrying will be born with some terrible handicap—deaf, or blind, or mentally deficient or deformed or—almost anything can happen. That is why I think you were most fortunate."

"Why, I never heard of such a thing! Deaf and deformed and ——"

"It's true. The statistics have been so carefully compiled that there is no room for doubt."

"But—well, I should think that no woman would want to have a child under such circumstances."

"I agree with you. But—they come, just the same."

"I thought—I know I heard that a doctor could interfere—to save life—and I should think that it would be a whole lot worse to know that you were going to have a child like that."

"All people don't agree upon that. Some would say that that ten per cent chance of better luck was what should be hoped for and awaited."

"But you would want to interfere, wouldn't you, Doctor?"

"I don't know about that. I'm not so sure what my legal position would be, in the first place. Doctors are allowed to perform *therapeutic* abortions to save the mother's life. But this wouldn't be to save the mother's life. It would be destruction of the child to save it from an unfortunate fate, a fetal euthanasia. Many mothers would object from religious scruples, for which I would have the greatest respect. Besides, there's that ten per cent chance which it would be wrong to lose sight of. Let's get back to *your* case. You say you think you're pregnant. When did you have your last monthly period?"

"June the tenth is when it began—I marked it down as I always do, and ——"

"That would be a little over two months ago. Have you always been regular?"

(Continued on Page 142)

ght, 1950, by Henry B. Safford, M.D. This is th of a series of articles taken from the book ublished early in 1951 by Renbayle House, Publishers, Inc., New York, N. Y.

Discover the difference this grit-free cleanser can make on your Bathtub and Sink

SEE why millions of women refuse to use any other cleanser



It's tough ON ALL DIRT

gentle ON ALL SURFACES

kind TO YOUR HANDS

quick—POLISHES AS IT CLEANS

You'll clean your best with

BON AMI "hasn't scratched yet!"



A DAZZLING CLEAN WASH WITHOUT RINSING

...IT'S A NEW *TIDE* MIRACLE!

Just wash—wring out—hang up!

PROCTER & GAMBLE GIVES YOU THE FACTS ABOUT WASHING WITHOUT RINSING

YES! You can take your wash right out of the amazing suds . . . wring it out . . . and hang it up CLEAN! Get Procter & Gamble's Tide today—and see for yourself. Every package of Tide on your dealer's shelf *right now* will give you a dazzling clean wash without rinsing!

1. How can Tide get clothes clean without rinsing? Tide *keeps the dirt suspended in the sudsy water*. When you wring out clothes, dirt runs out with the washwater—clothes come from the wringer CLEAN, *and dry as bacteria-free as rinsed clothes.*

2. Will clothes come white? Yes, clothes come dazzling white! Just see if you can possibly tell the difference between a rinsed, and an unrinsed Tide-washed shirt!

3. How about ironing unrinsed clothes? When you wash with Tide --without rinsing—clothes dry soft and fluffy . . . iron easily.

4. Is this method safe for fabrics? Yes, it *is* safe . . . skipping the rinsing and extra wringings actually saves wear and tear on clothes.



"I'M THRILLED AT ALL THE TIME AND WORK I SAVE!"

SAYS MRS. DOROTHY LEIPHEIMER, BUTTE, MONTANA

"My wash came so *sparkling* clean without rinsing, I was amazed! Now I feel like telling the whole world—use Tide *and don't rinse your wash!*"

When you wash without rinsing—

NO OTHER WASHING PRODUCT KNOWN WILL GET CLOTHES CLEANER THAN TIDE



SAME TIDE! SAME PACKAGE! NEW MIRACLE!

Journal about Town

Gossip about people you know, editors you like and what goes on in New York

Fifty Years Ago In The Journal



IN July, 1900, Americans were streaming over to the Paris Exposition, the song The Rosary was written, and Irving Berlin was a singing waiter in the Bowery, known as Izzy Baline. Teen-agers were all mad for bicycling—the girls wearing Tirolean hats, shirtwaists, and bicycling skirts just three inches off the ground.

The July, 1900, JOURNAL tells How to Have Fun at a Picnic: "Take hammocks and ropes for swings on your picnic, and don't forget a joggling board. This is a ten-foot plank which, when supported at both ends, gives the couple sitting on it a gentle, delightful joggle."

Care of the house: "The habit of throwing pailfuls of water on the floors and letting it sink into the cracks is unsanitary; use carbolic acid to prevent insect life."

Proper dress: "At hotel tables a gentlewoman, when traveling, dresses so as to attract no attention whatever."

"In England women do not hesitate to wear décolleté gowns," writes Mrs. Burton Kingsland, "but in America it is thought more seemly to wear a high-necked gown."

To cure insomnia: "Raise your right thumb easily and relax it fifty times, then do the same with your nine other fingers."

Daily work of the week: "Sweep your house thoroughly once a week, and the next week use a box broom, wipe the paint, and have the windows cleaned."

Fashion: "Girls wear little jewelry—only a string of pearls or a pendant about the throat—while married women exhaust the resources of their jewel boxes."

"I do not think a pint of hot water will weaken the heart," writes diet expert Mrs. Rorer, "but it will rather weaken the stomach."





MORRIS ENGEL—SCOPE

Titbits from all the world in this cheese lover's paradise.

FULTON STREET is a good four miles downtown from the Workshop, but when a cheese fancier named *Phil Alpert* phoned *Louella Shouer* that he was just opening a new store for nothing but cheeses, stocked with more kinds of cheese than any other store in the world, Louella and *Betty Gray* grabbed a box of crackers and made a beeline for the subway. Mr. A. was right. Our food editors have seen a lot of cheeses in their time, but never so many as met their eyes on Fulton Street—nor have they been greeted by so many savory smells. "Cheese of all nations," said Mr. A. "And that's what I call my store. Here's my 366th variety, just unpacked from Denmark: a fine King Christian IX—take a taste." . . . After which a smiling assistant, white-aproned, straw-hatted, took Louella and Betty on a cheese-tasting tour of the world, from Colorado to the Caucasus, from Argentina to Norway. Sharp, mild, tangy, aromatic, smoky, bland and nutty—from cows, sheep, goats, mares, buffaloes, llamas, reindeer and zebus. Until finally taste fatigue set in, and they returned to the Workshop by taxi.

***Elswyth Thane,** whose story called Melody appears in this issue, is the wife of **William Beebe,** the naturalist; and talking to **Hugh Kahler,** she told our fiction editor of the first story her husband ever sold to the JOURNAL—Wild Animals as They Sleep—back in 1903, when **Edward Bok** was editor, and money had a different value from now. Seems that Mr. Bok sent the author a check for $125, which Mr. Beebe returned with a polite note, saying he knew such mistakes did occur, and was sure what Mr. Bok meant to send was $12.50.*

Maybe you read about the girl who kidnaped a premature baby from the Lincoln Hospital here, and kept it for 26 days in a hotel room, until police recovered it—not only alive, but flourishing. Well, it seems that the girl who accomplished this miracle was using for guidance a book called YOUR BABY, by ***Dr. Lee Forest Hill*** and our own ***Gladys Denny Shultz.***

ards: bills—invita-
a slightly different

(Continued on Page 82)

g an old.
ven astound me.
when I particularly
r shall I?"

An average of one baby is born every day to women prisoners in training schools, reformatories and penitentiaries in the U. S. . . . The Internal Revenue Bureau figures it will make refunds on three out of every five income-tax returns this year. . . . Napoleon refused to play cards unless he was permitted to cheat. . . . The average American man spends an hour and a half a day reading newspapers, the average woman an hour and twelve minutes.

As a result of a query the other day, we added another item to our collection of things we never knew before about the JOURNAL. One batch of daily mail from would-be contributors contained a total of $10.95 postage for return of "unavailable" manuscripts; return of these manuscripts cost us $16.09. The query? From a successful contributor who, after thanking us for the acceptance of his manuscript (and for the quite substantial check), wanted to know what had happened to the 10c in stamps he had enclosed for return of his manuscript if unwanted. . . . Because we did want his script, our deficit on that one batch of returns was only $5.04.

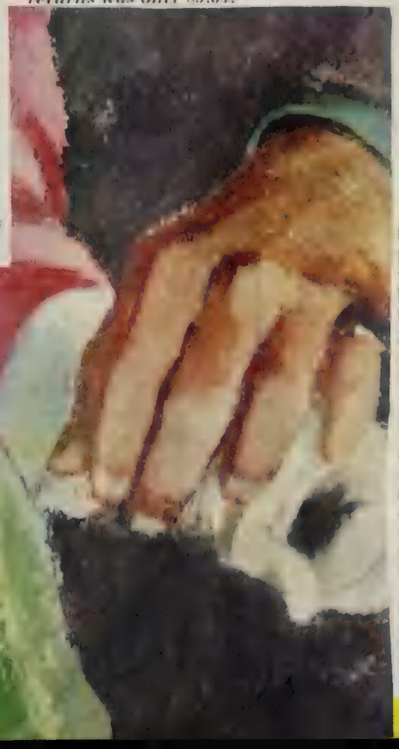
Now readers are beginning to build the first of our "Sweat Equity" houses, which appeared in April, but we'd already been watching quite a few from the same design going up hereabouts as part of our testing—in addition to the house we published; none with more speed and economy than the one owner-built by ***John*** and ***Marjorie Maas,*** up the Hudson. And in case any of you are wondering how much of a handicap small offspring might be in a build-it-yourself operation, ***Richard Pratt*** can tell you that every time he visited the Maas job during construction he found their months-old baby in a basket peacefully contemplating his parents at work, with 1½-year-old Jane busily building a house of her own out of little leftovers. Here Jane's father passes a hammer down through the skylight to his wife, who confided to Mr. P. that building your own house was pretty much like having a baby: "Just wonderful," she said, "when it's all over!"

PHOTO BY MYRON FIRESHBERG



"Wonderful—when it's all over."

One of the big sterling-silverware manufacturers has had the cute idea of making up miniature silver spoons as lapel or scatter pins, so that when you've picked out the pattern you're going to buy, the jeweler presents you with a pin of that pattern to wear. And you can then also do what we saw one of the girls here in the Workshop do the other day at lunch: she unpinned her spoon, and used it in her saltcellar.



Melody

"Of course I know about Love," Adrian said

Elswyth Thane

HE had waken in London.
Roberts had the curtains,
and remarked tha ter was run-
ning, and it was n way and find
the slippers besid thing that a
bath and a shave
either, that accor

While he dres
thinking about eg
enough for people

ate? Yes, Yes, it *is* safe . . . skipp
e! Just see and extra wringings
difference wear and tear on clot

without rinsing—
SHING PRODUCT
L GET CLOTHES
R THAN TIDE



still couldn't count on an egg for breakfast. Roberts was a wonder. He always found something appetizing to put on the table. But there was nothing like an egg straight from the hen.

Slim and straight and quick as he had always been, his brushed hair showing its original black through the gray, he went philosophically to breakfast. The table was laid at one end of the long studio room. dining room and drawing room downstairs had g the war, and they had got used to doing without managed quite well with the sort of cupboard een designed in happier days merely for making ks in the studio. He passed the tall easel and the portrait without a glance. There was no challenge

NSED NOVEL

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CA



I lost it—long ago"

the canvas or the sitter this time. A routine portrait job, commis-
oned by the type of woman who could hardly be expected not to b
ainted sooner or later by Adrian Locke. This would be one of his slick
ngue-in-cheek jobs, of which he was secretly ashamed, and at which
s critics would sneer, but he had already done his Academy pictur
r the year, and this was one of the ones that kept the pot boiling
He sat down in his usual place at the table, and unfolded his nap
n, and eyed the stack of letters beside his plate with the usual wary
terest. A well-to-do bachelor's post is full of hazards: bills—invita-
ons—love letters. And if the last had taken on a slightly different
nc in the last decade or so, things still *(Continued on Page 82)*

"You know," Adrian said casually, feeling an old, remembered singing in his blood, "women astound me. You're wearing that ghastly hat again when I particularly asked you not to! Will you take it off, or shall I?"



After a while he noticed her silence
and came up beside her, and asked,
"What is the matter?"

The Ring

by Isak Dinesen

Women can't buy love,
find love,
surprise or trap love,
for love comes—
sometimes too late.

ON a summer morning a hundred and fifty years ago a young Danish squire and his wife went out for a walk on their land. They had been married a week. It had not been easy for them to get married, for the wife's family was higher in rank and richer than the husband's. But the two young people, now twenty-four and seventeen years old, had been set on their purpose for ten years; in the end her haughty parents had had to give in to them.

They were wonderfully happy. The stolen meetings and secret, tearful love letters were now things of the past. To God and man they were one, in broad daylight they could walk arm in arm and drive in the same carriage and they would walk and drive so till the end of their days. Their distant paradise had descended to earth and had proved, surprisingly, to be filled with the things of everyday life, with jesting and railleries, with breakfasts and suppers, with dogs, with haymaking and sheep. Sigismund, the young husband, had promised himself that from now there should be no stone in his bride's path, nor should any shadow fall across it. Louise, the wife, felt that she moved and breathed in perfect freedom because she could never have any secret from her husband.

To Louise—or, as her husband called her, Lise—the rustic atmosphere of her new life was a matter of wonder and delight. Her husband's fear that the existence he could offer her might not be good enough for her filled her heart with laughter. It was not a long time since she had played with dolls; as now she dressed her own hair, looked over her linen press and arranged her flowers, she again lived through that enchanting experience: one was doing everything gravely and solicitously, and all the time one knew one was playing.

It was a lovely July morning. Little woolly clouds drifted high up in the sky, the air was full of sweet scents. Lise had on a white muslin frock and a large Italian straw hat. She and her husband took a path through the park; it wound on across the meadows, between small groves and groups of trees, to the sheep field. Sigismund was going to show his wife his sheep. For this reason she had not brought her small white dog, Bijou, with her, for he would yap at the lambs and frighten them, or he would annoy the sheep dogs. Sigismund prided himself on his sheep, he had studied sheep breeding in Mecklenburg and in England, and had brought back with him Cotswold rams by which to improve his Danish stock. While they walked he explained to Lise the great possibilities and difficulties of the plan.

She thought, *How clever he is, what a lot of things he knows!* and at the same time, *What an absurd person he is, with his sheep! What a baby he is. I am a hundred years older than he.*

But when they arrived at the sheepfold the old sheepmaster Mathias met them with the sad news that one of the English lambs was dead and two were sick. Lise saw that her husband was grieved by the tidings; while he questioned Mathias she kept silent and only gently pressed his arm. A couple of boys were sent off to fetch the sick lambs, the while the master and servant went into the details of the matter. It took some time.

Lise began to look about her and to think of other things. Twice her own thoughts made her blush deeply and happily, like a red rose, then slowly her blush died away, and the two men were still talking about sheep. A little while after their conversation caught her attention. It had turned to a sheep thief.

This thief during the last months had broken into the sheepfolds of the neighborhood like a wolf, had killed and had dragged away his prey like a wolf and left no trace after him. Three nights ago the shepherd and his son on an estate ten miles away had caught him *(Continued on Page 120)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW LOOMIS


Where is this



By MEL HEIMER

IT was pure coincidence that the moment chosen by Robert Coe Whitson to walk down the aisle and take his seat at the first night of You've Had It, Baby! was the moment when the theater always is at its most breathless and wonderful—when the bell tinkles, the attendants murmur with quiet urgency that the curtain is going up, and the pit orchestra dips smoothly and swiftly into the overture. Even the worst score sounds halfway decent, and even the worst play is still a starry-eyed promise before that first-night curtain is raised.

Robert Coe Whitson settled into his seat, not thinking of glamour. Mr. Whitson's thoughts, as always, were compact and precise. They were: "*Another* musical full of grinning young things with waving arms and legs?"

At thirty-six, R.C.W. was fifteen years removed from the yard at Harvard, and he had spent only one ninth of his life to date at that fount of learning. It scarcely seemed possible that four years could stamp themselves on a man so indelibly. But it was so.

The childhood in East 71st Street, the years in Exeter, and the post-Harvard years as a practicing critic of the drama—they had left him unscarred.

But the four years at Cambridge.

Look at him as he sits in his sixth-row seat on the aisle, with the adjacent seat vacant as always because he never brought a companion with him to first nights. His hair is short and his suit is flannel and dark gray. His tie is dark and his shirt is buttoned down. Look at him steadily and see that there is no smile. He is a body of Harvard's, breathing Harvard air, as Rupert Brooke might have put it but didn't. A Harvard man is trained, groomed, bludgeoned and graduated toward one end: imperturbability.

Of the nine old—or cold, as one actor put it—men who were New York City's major drama critics, Robert Coe Whitson was the youngest . . . and the oldest. From point of years he was a beardless youth next to George Jean Nathan, the ageless elf. From point of outlook and attitude, he was Methusaleh next to Brooks Atkinson, in whom hope springs eternal. He was a systematic man and a thorough one, and he wrote with a sure and deadly touch. There was nothing he did not know about the theater.

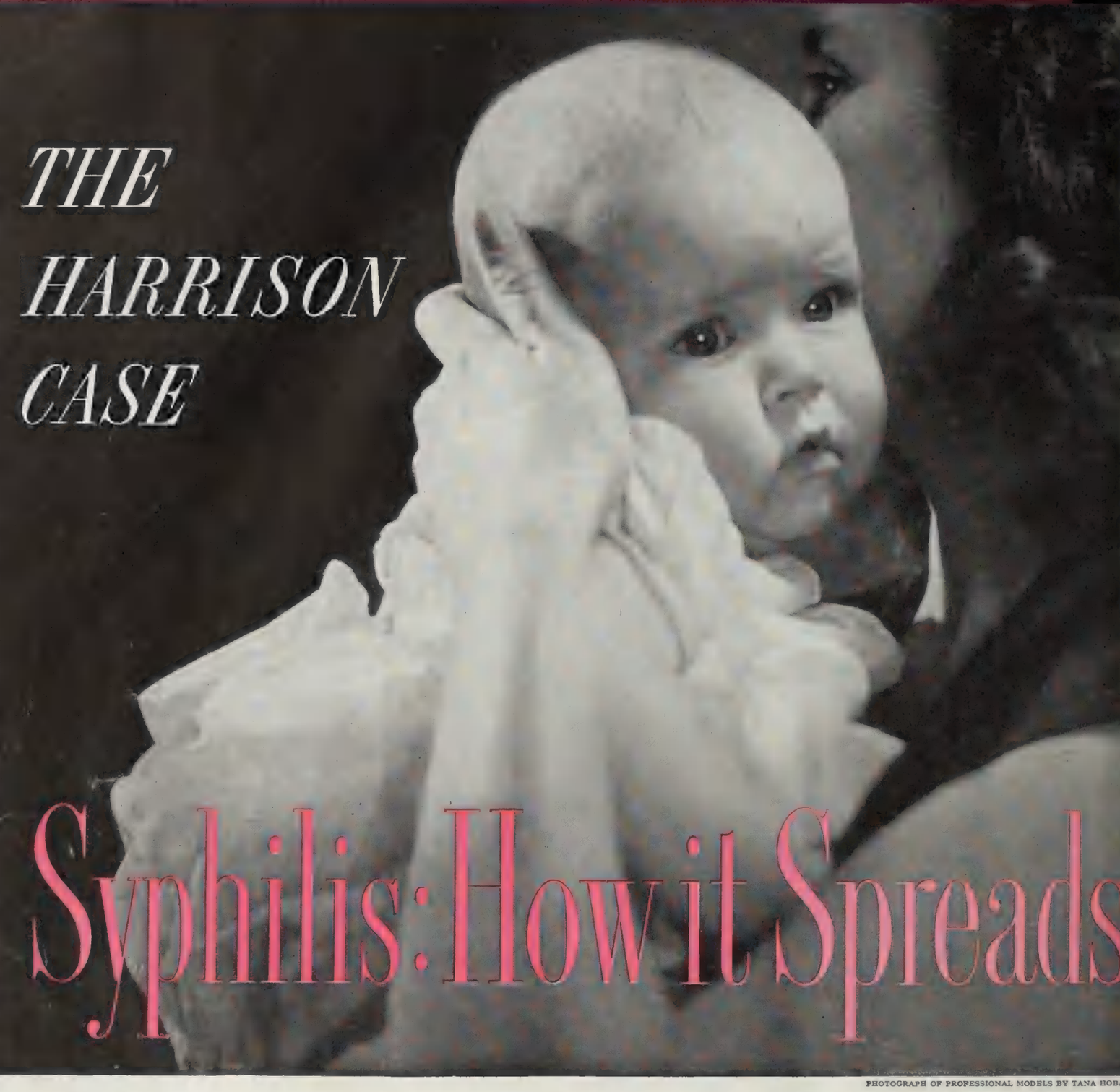
He had come to You've Had It, Baby! from his apartment in East 50th Street that overlooked the moodily romantic waters of the East River. It was a three-room apartment lined with books that had been read and reread but never earmarked. It was a little warmer than a monk's cell, a little colder than a hospital room. There was one incongruous note. A potted plant sat on a window sill in the living room, ridiculously. It had been brought to Robert hopefully by a maiden aunt three months before, eyed clinically by its recipient, and watered by him regularly, for an unfathomable reason, ever since.

The amiable Dick Watts of the Post Home News turned in his seat and whispered hello to R.C.W. as he seated himself. "Youth," Watts murmured with a grin as he nodded toward the still-lowered curtain. He said it engagingly, expectantly.

(Continued on Page 123)

What's his trouble? . . .
Plenty, because he's made that old, old mistake
and tried to outguess
a woman.

Girl?



THE HARRISON CASE

Syphilis: How it Spreads

PHOTOGRAPH OF PROFESSIONAL MODELS BY TANA HOBAN

STORY OF AN EPIDEMIC

ALTHOUGH today we have a fast, easy method of diagnosis, and a relatively quick and inexpensive method of cure, syphilis stays with us in epidemic numbers. There is twice as much of it as tuberculosis—a hundred times as much as polio. We have cut the number of new cases down nationally in the past decade by probably a third and possibly more, but we still find more than 250,000 annually—and there are hundreds of thousands more we don't find.

Why? Because to stop an epidemic you must not only find and treat the one person you know has the disease, but you must also find and treat all those who have been infected with it. This is not easy with syphilis. Many people who have it do not know it—in women especially the symptoms are so hidden that they may be unnoticeable. And even among those who suspect they have it, there are many who will shy away from seeing a doctor because of the social implications of the disease.

Syphilis is transmitted chiefly through sexual intercourse, or, where active syphilis of the mouth exists, through kissing. By and large, it is a by-product of promiscuity, for blood tests before marriage prevent most persons from getting married with syphilis. This promiscuity is not the red-light-district, streetwalker sort of thing that we sometimes think of it as. In a recent survey by the United States Public Health Service of syphilis carriers, it was discovered that approximately eight out of ten persons caught syphilis from friends, that only two out of ten were infected by pick-ups, or prostitutes.

Any sort of promiscuity, however, is a secret thing, and not readily admitted. To uproot syphilis a three-pronged fork is required—one to educate toward higher standards of emotional maturity and morality, one to disseminate knowledge of venereal disease itself, and one to get at the existing cases of syphilis and control the spread of infection.

It is this third point with which this article is largely concerned—the master work of the Federal, state and local public-health services which today (plus penicillin) affords us our chief protection against the disease. Ceaselessly, tirelessly these services work to ferret out syphilis, treat the ill. They are organized in a network which spreads from coast to coast; although each state

By JOAN YOUNGER

TWO weeks before Christmas last year in a farming community in Ohio, Mrs. Harrison, a bony-thin woman in her early thirties, went to see her doctor to arrange for the birth of her fourth child, due in four months.

Routinely, as is required by state law, the doctor gave her blood tests for venereal disease. Although she could recall no symptoms and felt in relatively good health, the tests revealed that she had syphilis. The doctor advised immediate, full-scale treatment, so that her child might not be born with the disease, and so that Mrs. Harrison herself might be cured.

The cost of private care was too much for her strained pocketbook; he referred her case to the local health department, which arranged for her to go to Central Ohio's rapid-treatment center in Columbus, Ohio, for free treatment. Once there, she was put to bed, because of her advanced pregnancy, and every three hours for eight days and eight nights she received a dose of penicillin.

There, two days after she had entered, she was interviewed by a Public Health nurse. This routine interview is made with all patients coming to the center. It revolves round two points: from whom did you get the disease, and have you given it to anyone else?

Mrs. Harrison answered these questions easily. She appeared to belong to the "passive victim" class: the large group of women or men who catch syphilis from errant spouses. She vowed she had been with no man other than her husband, and said her unborn child was the only one to whom she might have given the disease.

Her story was that her husband was a good man, and "pretty true," but that twice last year he had been "out playing around." There was a lodge picnic; the men tied in to the beer while their wives were fixing the tables, and when it came time to eat, the men weren't hungry. They went on drinking and then wandered off, leaving the women to tidy up, gather in the children and go home without them. Her husband never told her where he'd gone.

There was also the night, she said, when he'd gone off with a friend of his while she and the friend's wife stayed home, taking care of the kids. She'd got mad, along about midnight, and gone after him. At Al's Place they said he'd been there but left. He rolled in at about dawn, and since she wouldn't speak to him for a couple of days afterward, she never did know where he'd been. She couldn't place the beginning of the disease, which wasn't unusual. Female symptoms are not obvious.

A nurse from the local health department in the Harrisons' county meanwhile was talking to Harrison. He was a short man and, like his wife, dark-haired and thin. He was alone, painting the barn, when the nurse arrived. She told him, as he worked, that he had been exposed to syphilis, and should come get a blood test. He said he was a family man who stayed home and took care of the kids when his wife was ill, and that he wasn't ill and wasn't planning to go get any blood test. The nurse said that nobody was trying to say he wasn't a family man—the point was he might have the disease and not know it, and that the next thing he knew he might start going blind, or crazy, and it would be too late then to fix him up.

He didn't answer that, and the nurse left him glaring at her, and, when he didn't come in, notified the center.

The center, filing the information, notified the state health department. The information was placed on the desk of the chief investigator, who turned it over to the man who knew that area best.

THE following week he paid a visit to Harrison. By this time Mrs. Harrison was back home, but the investigator avoided her. He wanted his conversation with Harrison to be private. He caught Harrison in the barn and sat down on the milking stool. Again Harrison protested his good health and high standards of living. Patiently the investigator explained how the disease worked: first a small sore, then maybe—or maybe not—a rash, and then nothing, until from anywhere from two years to ten, when the real ravages of heart disease, brain impairment, trembling, blindness and paralysis might come. Harrison listened impassively, then, after again proclaiming his fidelity, said that once he'd had a hankering for a girl named Martha J——, over at Riverton. The investigator filed the name mentally, and then, casually, told Harrison to get his blood test within the next few days, or run the risk of having the law after him. When the investigator left he felt reasonably sure he had all the information Harrison was going to give, and that he was scared enough to show up at the local clinic the next day.

He did. He was found to have syphilis. Arrangements were made for him to go immediately to the center for treatment.

The investigator's next stop was in Riverton, seventeen miles away. Al's Place was on the main street, a dour-looking tavern, where even the dark glass of the front could not hide the need for a good window washing. Inside there was a long bar on one side: booths on the other, a juke box and a pinball machine.

He ordered a cup of coffee and sat down at the bar to drink it. It was only a little after noon, and the place had about eleven people in it, all of them men. It turned out to be a waste of time. The bartender vaguely placed Harrison as a man who'd come in once or twice, but he swore Martha's name meant nothing to him. The investigator left and went to see the chief of police, the sanitation officer and the main V. D. investigator here—all of whom were one man, his old friend Sam.

SAM knew Martha. He shook his head like a dog overrun with fleas when her name was mentioned. His word for her was "trouble." She was about seventeen, pretty enough, he guessed, but with a slight limp; came from a decent family, but she'd "grown up too fast." During the war a group of Mexican workers had come in to work on the railroad and she'd fallen for one of them, run off with him, and then come back home alone saying they'd been married and divorced—that he was a "real jealous guy." Since then she'd been drinking all hours, and picking up anyone handy. The family had told her to get out: she'd left and then, one night when they were away, had sneaked back in, taken some of her father's clothes and tried to sell them. Sam had had a long talk with her then, and she left town for a while to visit relatives. There was a sister who lived up near Lake Erie, and another who lived about twenty miles south, in Jenkintown. Some people around here still called her Martha, but mostly she used the name Molly—it was fancier. Sam didn't know Harrison. He did, however, know Al's Place. There was too much trouble coming out of the place, he said, and if there was syphilis too, now, he'd either get it cleaned up, or shut up. The investigator knew what he meant: places that were careless about their clientele and encouraged pickups also were careless about liquor laws against letting minors drink. If there were such evidence Al's license could be lifted.

The investigator said he'd let Sam know what he found and took down Martha's sisters' married names. He was moving on down the state the next day on some other cases and he decided he'd stop off in Jenkintown. He had several cases to work on, for this was a rural area which could not see its way clear to support local health departments with staffs large enough and strong enough to handle their numerous health problems. For months, for instance, Riverton had been without even one nurse; now they had a young woman who was eager and willing to work, but overburdened with too much to do. It was about noon when he pulled up to the sister's house, a small, trim, white clapboard, near the railroad tracks. He rang the bell *(Continued on Page 79)*

is autonomous within its borders, it co-operates with every other state.

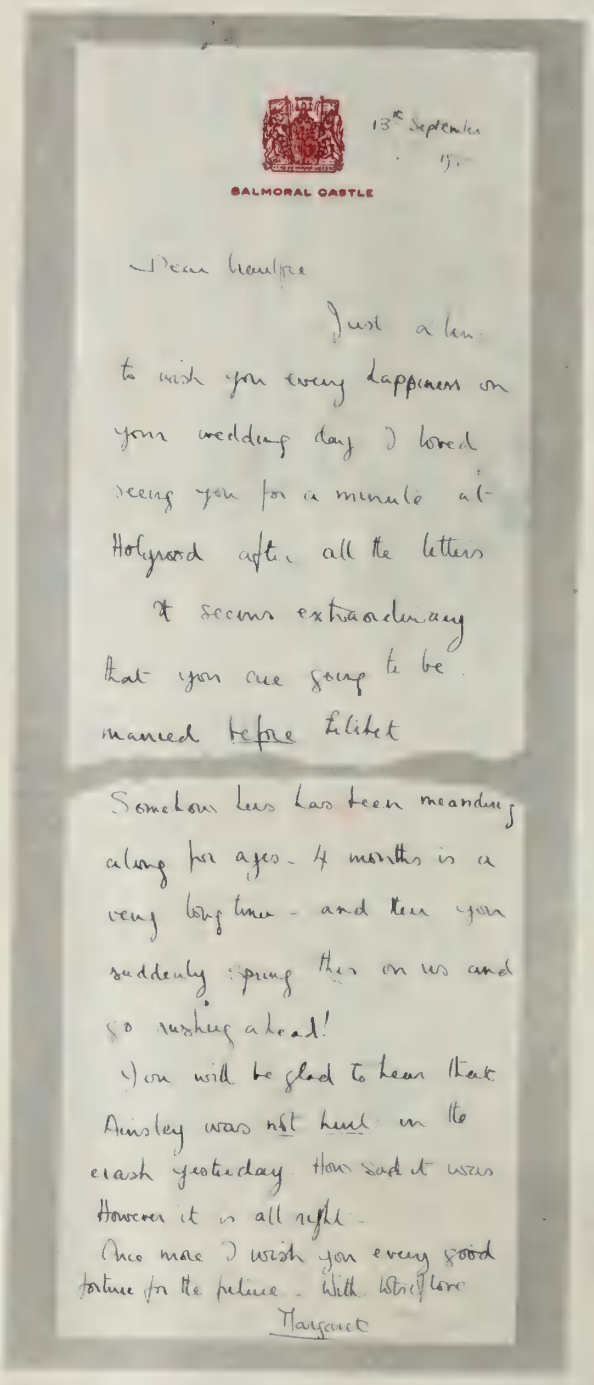
Fighting against ignorance, apathy, prejudice and prudery, our V. D. staffs search for contacts, secure intimate information, round up carriers for treatment. It is their earnest hope to do their work so thoroughly that they will eliminate the need for their services—they have been called the only people in the country desperately trying to work themselves out of their jobs. Their motivation is strong, however: they know there is no such thing as just one case of syphilis.

This is the story of how one case led to the discovery of ten other cases, and how Ohio's public-health workers struggled for five months to track them down. In microcosm, it is the story of all public-health departments that are trying vigorously to fight V. D.



It was a happy day for all when King and Queen finally granted approval of the love match between Philip and Lilibet. "Something is going to happen at last," a radiant Lilibet had confided to Crawfie earlier. "It's about time," governess answered her.

KEYSTONE



BALMORAL CASTLE

13th September
47.

Dear Crawfie

Just a line to wish you every happiness on your wedding day. I loved seeing you for a minute at Holyrood after all the letters. It seems extraordinary that you are going to be married before Lilibet

Somehow lets has been meandering along for ages - 4 months is a very long time - and then you suddenly spring this on us and go rushing ahead!

You will be glad to hear that Dinsley was not hurt in the crash yesterday. How sad it was. However it is all right.

Once more I wish you every good fortune for the future. With best love

Margaret

When Lilibet met Crawfie's fiancé from Aberdeen, she told him, "I hope you are going to keep Crawfie in order, because she has certainly bullied us the last sixteen years."



King gave Crawfie a small cottage "which looks as if it had got to London quite by mistake" as wedding present. Lilibet gave her some curtains, Margaret helped her decorate it.



COMBINE

Like any other parents, King and Queen fretted over daughter's romance, worried because Philip drove too fast, once had mishap with a taxicab.

The Little Princesses

TWO DREAMS AT LAST COME TRUE: A ROYAL ENGAGEMENT, A COMMONER'S WEDDING.

By Marion Crawford

Former Royal Governess

Marion Crawford, who became governess to the British Princesses when Elizabeth was five, delayed her own marriage for eight years because the royal family needed her. Here she tells of Lilibet's engagement, Margaret's growing up, and her own wish for a home and a life of her very own.

WIDE WORLD



lly she wore publicly the they had chosen secretly.

VII

ALL this time Lilibet led a really remarkably quiet life compared with that of her sister Margaret today. She went to an occasional dance or play, squired by some young officer from the garrison, or by personal friends of the family. Looking back on it I am amazed to recall how very discreet and unspoiled she always was. The greater part of her day she gave up to performing what must often have been rather dull duties, and this she did quite as a matter of course. Like her parents, she considered it her job, and it never struck her to try to avoid it.

She had very little social life of her own. On many occasions when I went to her room she would be gazing dreamily out the window, no doubt worrying quite a bit in her own quiet way about the outcome of all this.

Lilibet has a large collection of snapshots, and the King and Queen never go anywhere without the movie camera. They took films of the babyhood of the Princesses, and have pictures right on up to date. They are often shown after tea at Royal Lodge, and much to our amusement the King would sometimes reverse the films so that we saw ourselves leaping out of the swimming pool back onto the board, or the horses or dogs going backward.

One day I saw Lilibet had been busy with her photograph albums. When I looked to see what she had been doing, I noticed that she had stuck, for the first time, some snapshots of Philip among the family pictures.

When it was known that Prince Philip was going to Balmoral that autumn, public excitement and speculation brimmed over. The papers carried whole columns of "inside information" and entirely unfounded stories. It must have been trying indeed for these two young people between whom there had as yet been neither proposal nor acceptance.

The generally accepted idea was that this was for Prince Philip a trial trip. The King and Queen were commonly supposed to have invited Philip up to see whether he would be acceptable as a son-in-law.

The silliness of all this is apparent when it is realized that they had both known him from his boyhood, and had seen a great deal of him just previous to this in London. He was asked up because he was a young man they all liked, who would make an amusing addition to the party. Perhaps also to give Lilibet a good long spell of his company, to see how she liked him in large doses. Perhaps to give older members of the household an opportunity of getting to know him against the family background. Nothing of that sort was said. But Lilibet was well aware

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EUROPEAN



Departure for South Africa. "It's a pity they could not have announced the engagement before they sailed," old family friend told Crawfie. "I disliked seeing that dear child Lilibet go away unhappy."

COMBINE



Girls' letters to Crawfie during South African trip were typical of them: Margaret raved over luxurious glories of The White Train, fun they were having; Lilibet worried about London's horrid winter, home troubles.

THEY WANTED THE BEST FOR HER—AND IT IS NEVER EASY FOR PARENTS TO DECIDE WHAT THAT BEST IS.

that there were two schools of thought. Some of the King's advisers did not think him good enough for her. He was a prince without home or kingdom. Some of the papers played long and loud tunes on the string of Philip's foreign origin. There must have been for Lilibet in those autumn days, that should have been such happy ones for her, plenty of doubts, plenty of embarrassments, uncertainties and heartaches. Her own mind never wavered for an instant. It was solidly made up.

It is good fun to be a princess in a palace. But not always. Not all the time. I have often thought how much, at Balmoral, Lilibet must have envied the Scottish lasses their peaceful courting at evening ends on moor and hillside.

My own view was that a young man who had served so long in the hard and severely disciplined Royal Navy, including active service, must have proved his manhood, and would be a worthy husband for any woman. Also, I knew that Philip was very well liked in the senior service by both officers and men—not because he was a prince, but for himself.

Philip's visit dragged on for more than a month. The young people went out with the guns and picnicked together, but they were very seldom alone. Occasionally he would take her out for a drive, and now and again they would manage to get off into the gardens after tea.

But the family is a very demanding one, and however sympathetic the other guests might be, there was little they could do to help. The general feeling was that if nothing was to be announced, the boy ought to go south. It was fair neither to her nor to him to keep him hanging around.

I was on my holidays at this time, but I heard all about it when I got back. The general opinion was that both Lilibet and Philip had had rather a bad break, and the summer could not have been much fun for them. Most of the household longed to see her happy in her own way, with a man of her own choice.

By this time we were all a little bewildered. I think what it really amounted to was that neither the King nor the Queen could make up their minds what was best for their very dear daughter, and so postponed decision. They wanted the best for her, and it is never easy for parents in any walk of life to decide what that best is.

Lilibet was quiet, her brightness suddenly shadowed. The royal discretion held even here, and she never discussed the problem with me. But I, who knew her well and loved her dearly, knew there would never be any other man for her.

The next move was an even more unlikely one. An official statement was issued from the palace early in September, denying the rumor that there was an engagement between the two young people. On top of this came the announcement that Princess Elizabeth and her sister would accompany the King and Queen on their trip to South Africa early in 1947. Prince Philip, everyone noted, was not to be of the party.

It was a quiet and subdued little Princess who went about the task of collecting her frocks for the trip. She would be twenty-one in the spring of that year, but looked much younger. That unsophisticated air of hers has always been part of her charm. More than once, watching her, I was reminded of something I had read about Prince Albert, her great-great-grandfather, when he was a very young man: "From the very first Prince Albert had shown a touching sweetness of disposition, a shy gentleness that was both

(Continued on Page **134***)*

KEYSTONE



Philip wore unusually unconventional garments for a palace visitor—baggy flannels, tennis shirts, and had no hat.

EUROPEAN



Engagement happiness transfigured Lilibet. How she laughed at headline: GOVERNESS BEATS LIZ TO THE ALTAR!



TOPICAL PRESS

At Margaret's first ship launching, a blushing sailor presented her with a bouquet of roses. Smiling, she pulled out a rose and gave it to him for his own.

EUROPEAN



Family and Philip at variety show. Even before parents accepted him as future son-in-law, Lilibet had added pictures of him to royal family's album.

BLACK STAR



Lilibet irked press by keeping wedding gown secret from them. "Royalty earn every penny they get for the loss of privacy at times like this," Crawfie says.

EUROPEAN



Candid picture of happy Lilibet snapped night before announcement of her engagement was published. "I have never seen her look lovelier," Crawfie says.

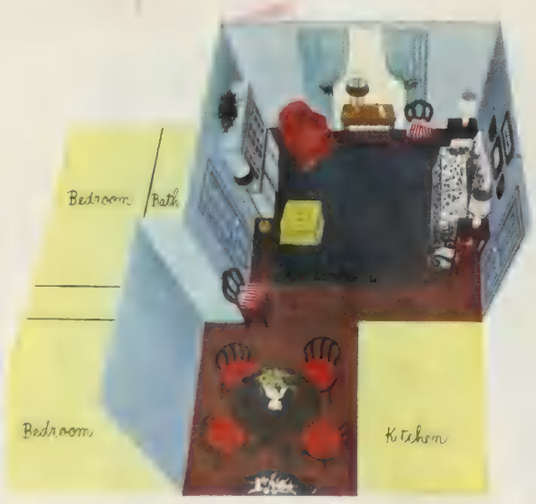
Problem:

This month the JOURNAL *visited a housing project in New Orleans where most young married couples like their up-to-date conveniences in surroundings that recall a bygone day. Fresh colors and clean-cut treatment are the ingredients of this living-dining room that guard against banality.*

THE continuity of Southern family life is suggested in this traditional living-dining room. If you're one of the young marrieds who want to link the past with the present in your surroundings, here's how without breaking the bank—combining reproductions of antiques at budget prices with several authentic heirloom pieces. The eighteenth-century-type end tables flanking the couch cost $21 each; the period sofa, made to withstand the next fifteen years of wear and tear, cost $147; and we paid only $36.95 for the solid cherry armchair, a Duncan Phyfe reproduction. All the furniture shown is pretty generally sold throughout the country, except the antique pieces picked up along New Orleans' Royal Street. You may have inherited or collected antiques of your own. But if you want to start collecting now, search will reward you with prices like these: $100 for the early-nineteenth-century dining table of solid mahogany, and $50 for the charming old chandelier of gilded iron above it, to give you an idea. A mahogany break-front bookcase adds convenience and distinction to a smallish modern room without swamping it, if you paint the break-front to match the walls. Since pieces like it are no rarities in the secondhand stores, they supply that much-needed storage space at bargain rates. But the best way of economizing in your first living room is illustrated in the adequate woven cotton rug. It is appropriate to the setting, and cost only $60.50. Over-all result: a living room and dining room of nostalgic appeal, spiked with a contemporary color scheme. The sharp lime green of the ottoman, the vivid coral red of the upholstered chair and the aqua of the walls and cotton broadcloth draperies bring a youthful sparkle to a room that is keyed to the past, but adapted to the present.

Young NEW ORLEANS

By H. T. Williams





Little things we like about this living room: the pair of lamp shades. These, of gilt paper so bright it was overpowering, were painted white and scraped with a brush while the paint was still damp, uncovering the gilt in vertical streaks. And: the old love letters tied with a pink ribbon on a blue mat and framed.

PHOTOS BY HAROLD BOWLER



The light touch is the right touch these days in decoration reminiscent of the past. Here (left), simplicity gives a sense of spaciousness to this alcove of a dining room in an FHA housing project. The iron park chairs, with their velveteen cushions, are the unexpected note that exempts formality of dullness.

How to keep a tall, bulky mahogany piece from dominating a smallish modern room is illustrated at the right. We painted it to match the walls. If you like your radio out of sight, the cabinet does the trick.



Lisa came to Martin, tears in her eyes.
She brought him a single flower.
"I love you," she said. "Do you believe me?"



THE cell was on the fourth floor of the central police prison of Nordune. The steel door had a Judas hole through which light from the tier glinted like a baleful eye. A card holder outside the door contained a small white card. The name on the card read: BRANDT, MARIANNE.

She was alone. She was staring at the ghostly square of the window, waiting for the dawn. She forced herself to be patient; dawn would arrive, cheerless, undesired. A bell would ring; the prisoners would march in single file to breakfast. A hunk of scabrous bread from a basket, a mug of acorn coffee from a barrel. Her name would be called, she would be led to another examination by disagreeable young men who would question her and threaten to subject her to various discomforts; and she would listen and refuse to give replies.

An unregenerate fanatic, they would call her. . . . And she would sulk an hour or two, then, with a nettling absence of guile, inquire about the progress of democracy in Nordune.

Yesterday one of them had rebuked her: "Isn't it a fact that you've gone around preaching that co-operation with Americans is a crime?"

"It depends on the motive."

"For instance?"

"If motivated by nationalism," Marianne had told him, "collaboration is not a crime."

Copyright, 1950, by Richard J. Krebs. The complete novel was recently published by Rinehart & Co., Inc.

"To save Germany from the Bolsheviks?"

"No. To make us great again."

"For what purpose?"

"Vengeance."

"Vengeance can be an expensive matter, Frau Brandt."

"I know," Marianne had said. "Destruction breeds hunger for vengeance. And vengeance breeds a new will to destruction."

One of the investigators had said harshly, "You admit that your desire for vengeance led you to grant aid and comfort to Herr Fleming, a war criminal?"

"If you please—yes."

"And if somebody had not notified the American police, he'd still prowl around at night, shooting occupation personnel in the back?"

"If you please ——"

"Do you think we treat you too roughly?"

"No." She had laughed and added, "There's nothing you foreigners can add to the treatment of Germans by Germans."

"Explain."

"I have nothing to explain. I hate Germans."

"You hate Americans too?"

"Yes."

"And the Russians, of course?"

Marianne had given no reply.

"Well—can't you answer?"

She had smiled. "I don't want to spoil my future."

The procedure bored Marianne. Life was a mass of corrosion, unpalatable, devoid of purpose; a span of years in which the most important things remained undone—unsaid.

Inside her was a storm. An icy wind swept through her; it whistled and howled, it thumped and rattled. Loathing. Hatred and loathing.

Marianne felt an unbearable loathing for herself. She whispered, "I want to be a woman." And that, to her, was not a justification of her betrayal of Hanns Fleming. It was a statement of truth.

The morning bell rang. She got up, grasped her leg of wood, prepared to adjust the harness. Then she set it aside. She leaned it against the wall beneath the window.

The trusty was padding along the tier. A key rattled. The trusty was unlocking the doors of the cells. Marianne stripped off her clothes. She dipped a piece of cloth cut from a flour sack into the rusty tank above the toilet. A thin sheet of ice covered the water. She thrust her hand through the ice. Then, leaning against the wall, she rubbed her face and her body with the wet cloth until her skin glowed.

Again the bell rang. It was the breakfast bell. She dressed without haste. Along the tiers, prisoners stepped out of their cells. A slamming of iron doors rumbled through the building. Marianne's face was calm and white. She was aware of a tingling warmth under her skin. Her heart was beating painfully.

She pulled open the door of her cell. She hopped out of *(Continued on Page 62)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HADDON SUNDBLOM

MIDSUMMER LOVELIES

Breakfast. teatime. Sunday afternoon, bedtime for your children . . . it's a wise wife and mother who looks her prettiest for these important hours. Below: rose-printed batiste with velvet sash, balloon puff sleeves, $15. ▪ By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal





Mother, daughter seersuckers, $8.95, $5.95



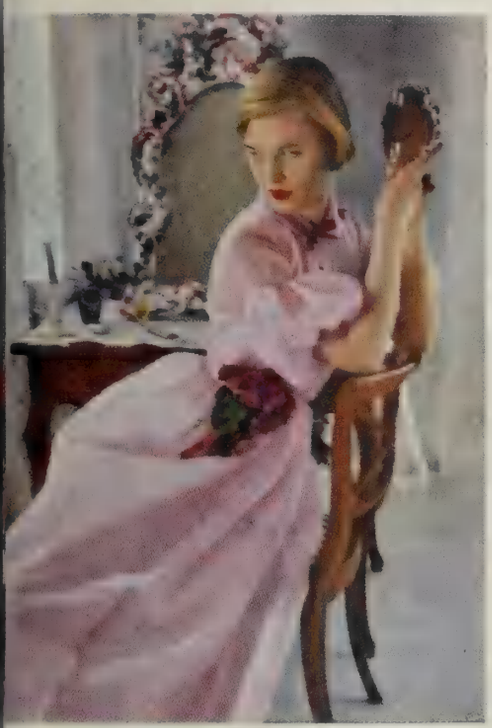
Embroidered organdy, André D'Aulan

Coin-dot nylon: gown, $16.75; robe, $25.00





gnoir in summer chintz, around $29.95.



uve organdy, shirtwaist style, around $16.

tted-swiss peignoir, by B. Cohen, $22.95.





PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN

FOR YOU TO WEAR AT HO

Cottons, organdies, chintzes, nylons—cool, not expensive, easy t

enchanting change from city clothes into the fresh and feminine.

Above: two-piece cotton sateen for Sunday supper, by André D'A

THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

By HARLAN MILLER

Just to torture his wife, my next-door neighbor brags he can remember his Army serial number, five years after the war, but confesses he can't remember their wedding anniversary. (She knows he's lying, but to please him pretends to lose her temper anyhow.)

"She can wear her dress cut as low as she pleases," observes Betty Comfort scathingly, removing her dancing shoes in the shadows of the country-club porch, "but that's no proof she'd take any prizes in a bathing suit!"

I'm embarrassed when I hear somebody knock Picasso or modern art. Why, the man next door hung an abstract painting over his TV set that's prettier'n a rectangle of wallpaper in a frame.

Our ten-year-old has begun to appreciate audibly my talents as a father. . . . But he obliterates my blushes with strong hints about a chocolate-dipped ice-cream cone and a trip to the drive-in theater.

In our town a woman tips off her chums that her husband's income is now past the $12,000 mark by consulting an interior decorator instead of a paperhanger when she wants a room papered.

Over our midmorning coffee at the Greek's we've agreed that a man reaches maturity when he no longer meditates which pair of pants to wear to dazzle the ladies, but puts on any pair that has a belt and a crease in 'em.

Our neighborhood grocer is the wittiest grocer in town. Over the phone he jollies the ladies skillfully through their trying forties, helps 'em forget their troubles and his prices too. (Some customers haven't seen him in ten years.)

Why is it that my envy is stirred more by the sight of scads of fertilizer on a neighbor's lawn than by a new Cadillac in his driveway, or a new TV aerial on his roof?

The man next door wanted to plant a few apple trees in the pasture behind his house, till his wife insisted that he consult the darlingest lady landscaper. He confides that he now intends to plant 'em surreptitiously some spring day next year while she's at the Garden Club.

Alas, my true love has a weakness for opaque lamps that need three 200-watt bulbs to give 100 watts of light. (Someday I'll confront her with a truly artistic lamp, with bulbs sealed inside an opaque black box.)

I still object to a girl's dating one boy all through high school and college. (That way, I argue, the girl of sixteen chooses the man whom the girl of twenty-two is apt to marry.) But it's an uphill debate; my own red-haired daughter seems skeptical.

If a Russian boy teased his dad into shooting off a few illegal firecrackers on the Fourth of July, sonny'd probably turn him in to the OGPU. (But I'm daydreaming: they've no Fourth, and no freedom to celebrate.)

Our industrial wizards can't convince *me* they're in close touch with the great American public until they begin to build refrigerators and TV sets with locks on 'em.



Our town's richest man used to invite the whole neighborhood over to watch him shoot his $100 worth of fireworks on his big lawn. It seemed an eternity from suppertime till it got dark enough. (But he always waited firmly till the stars were out!)

My newest theory on lawn chores: divide the yard into ten-foot squares, let each member of the family volunteer to mow and rake as many squares as possible. (If *that* one fails, too, I'll have to hire meditative college boys again at eighty cents an hour.)

My neighbor around the corner tells me he's having trouble laying down the law to his seventeen-year-old son. "If we were both water buffalo," he says ruefully, "he'd probably challenge me out behind the garage and gore me."

It's hard sledding in our town for the starry-eyed apostles of world government: Our leading patriots are more absorbed by an old question, "Whose ancestors won the war of 1776?" than by a new one: *"Whose descendants may lose the war of 1976?"*

Our town's leading clothier predicts the free vest will vanish in a year or two, even with a single-breasted suit. Neckties are losing ground, too, along with garters, hats and undershirts. Our sex seems headed toward nudity faster than the ladies!

As delicately as possible I explored with Junior my hope that he might like to do some chores around the house this summer. He was decent enough about it, but imagine my amazement when I found out that none of his chums' fathers asked *them* to do chores. They must be richer dads than I thought, or fearfully son-shy!

"I'll concede that three kisses a day helps a marriage," confides Peter Comfort, swabbing some chalked words off his front sidewalk. "But if you really want to make your wife happy enough to purr, just rub her back three or four minutes before getting up every morning."

You can't quite foresee how a man'll react to danger. . . . Since my philosophical neighbor with the aluminum porch learned we might conceivably collide with Mars or Venus, he tells me he's quit worrying about atom bombs or his children's driving.

We relaxed when our redhead and Junior came through their sieges of chicken pox and whooping cough unmarred, and thought the worst was over. Then all of a sudden they began to suffer from attacks of love, an adolescent malady which we'd mislaid.

My neighbor with the two television sets has a handsome pair of book ends on top of one of 'em. . . . His wife has put some impressive books between 'em, but I'd bet ten to one they haven't been touched since.

When Junior gets on the honor list at school and doesn't even mention it to you . . . or your youngest insists that he wants to save two thirds of his small allowance . . . and your daughter speaks scathingly of the same kind of behavior *you'd* scorn, too, if anybody'd listen . . . and you're far from home, and you find letters from each of 'em in your hotel mailbox, and your wife's voice comes singing over the wires with more than electricity . . . then you're ready to knock off early to celebrate your wedding date every month, and even let your hair grow longer to please her.



Pinks and corals for fair or lightly tanned summer hands.

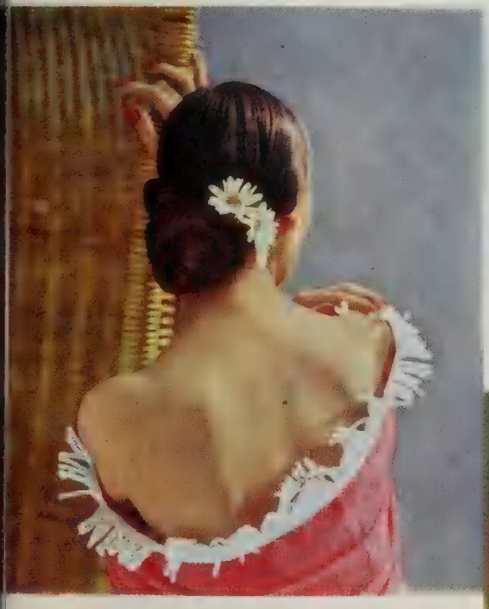
Bright red lacquer for finger tips and pretty toes.





First week of sun-bathing—fifteen minutes in the morning and afternoon. Always avoid noon sun.

Summer's beauty secret lies in protection as well as exposure, common sense as well as fashion sense!



SUMMER'S BARE NECESSITIES

After-dark eye make-up; sleek hairlines for evening glamour.



By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor of the Journal

WITH the shedding of cover-up clothes in favor of bathing suits and bare-back dresses, here are some tips for any woman who wants to look bare—and beautiful—this summer! ▪ NEW COLOR in sunglasses. Doctors report that blue-green, greenish-yellow and yellowish-green lenses afford the best protection for beach wear and day driving—and that color is more important than cost. ▪ TWO FOR ONE. Try one of the tinted sun creams which double as a make-up base for your face and neck. A generous amount on the tender areas around your eyes, nose and chin will help prevent sunburn—eliminate a bereft-of-color look your first few days on the beach. ▪ TAKE YOUR PICK. Whether you prefer oils, creams or lotions, be sure to apply and reapply your sun-tan preparations often enough to protect you every minute you are under the sun. Welcome the excess on your finger tips to help promote softer cuticle, less brittle nails. ▪ AN EYE FOR COLOR. As your skin gradually darkens you will discover new shades of lipstick and nail lacquers will be more becoming than their winter counterparts. Soft corals and vibrant pinks flatter pale beige or golden tans; deeper skin tones take to clear, true reds, or one of summer's new reds with a touch of blue. ▪ WHERE'S THAT STOLE? No matter how pretty your bathing suit, it loses its glamour once you toss an old towel or sweater over your shoulders to protect them from the sun. This year buy (or make) a pretty stole to match or mix with your suits. Try gingham, printed cotton or—to double as a towel—one in fringed terry cloth. Add two patch pockets for super-service. ▪ KEEP IT COVERED! Hair can become as dry and parched-looking as skin through overexposure. Protect your head with a pretty visor cap which also holds your hair in place, shades your eyes, wards off squint lines. ▪ EVEN THE SHAPELIEST legs in the world require defuzzing before they can be considered beautiful. Preface your beach debut by using a wax, cream or lotion depilatory as often as is necessary to keep your legs hair-free. Whichever you choose, follow the directions on the container for the safest, best results. *(Continued on Page 82)*



PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO



"I'll go see John,"
she thought suddenly.
"Surely it will be all right."

ILLUSTRATED BY TOBY WHITMORE

Birth: a Love Story



It was like standing outside the door of Time, afraid of the minutes to come,

and even more afraid of the ones that had gone before.

SHE drew herself heavily from the quicksands of sleep, the movement of the child having awakened her. Already she must feel this responsibility to the child, pulling herself to slow consciousness in order that she and it could rest more comfortably, that the rebelliousness of the unborn might be apprehended, and better tolerated. She felt no impatience with this and wondered that she did not, knowing that even now her feeling for the man beside her remained the depth and the sound of her existence. She wanted the child, but still it was not quite real, not yet so important as her love.

It was an admission not easily made, and never encouraged. No one—not even John in his tenderness, especially not in that—could see other in her than the strange physical being she had outwardly become. Her discomforts and possible strain were respected, protectively; she must not be worried, fretted, excited. Passion was the dark bulb hidden now in the deep soil; and seeing its flowering, people spoke and thought of that, its source forgotten.

The child lurched suddenly, angrily, against her ribs, and it was like the beat of her heart, the breath she took into her body, normal, accustomed, an integral part of her as she now was. But John's breathing became quiet with returning consciousness, and he reached back and patted her, gently, with the hand of a father, a protector. The urgency once behind their love was arrested by an instinct deeper than desire. It was a proof of his love, his kindness—but, within, her spirit wilted. It was as if the bulb had been trying to rise with the flower, but was pushed back, firmly, into the earth. . . .

Morning, and she arose from their bed, forcing a lightness into her movements that required a balance fine and controlled as a ballet dancer's; she was like a reaper trying to gather in too many sheaves of wheat. John lay watching her, his eyes lazily giving back his contentment, his good night's sleep having left his face smooth, and his fair hair lightly curling on his forehead.

"You've got quite a shelf there," he said, teasing her, meaning, *Anything about you is all right with me;* meaning, *It's only for now;* meaning, *I like you this way for what you have become to me, the bearer of my small share in immortality.*

Hastily she brought the strong, chastening girdle up over her *(Continued on Page 73)*

By Hallie Southgate Burnett

COUNTRY SUPPER

By ANN BATCHELDER

EVERY year when July rolls around I think, "Well, it's picnic season once again." But picnics aren't common to city ways. So I'm calling you to join our party in a Country Supper which can happen in our own back yard, so to speak, or mosquitoproof porch or the more vulnerable patio.

Every supper or any other meal has to have a beginning, and since it's pretty hot most everywhere except in Alaska and Iceland, let's keep cool and take things easy even though we're having a few neighbors over to supper. And that being the case, here's something they can enjoy while they sit around in the gloaming, watching the fireflies light their magic lanterns, and listening to the tree toads tune up their instruments for the twilight symphony, and the last homing bird gossip to his mate in the syringas. It's all nice and peaceful, and so to the beginning.

(Continued on Page 148)





MENU

Raw-Vegetable Appetizers

Ham, New Potatoes and Peas in Casserole

Grilled Corn

Tomatoes Country Style

Toasted Rolls with Garlic Butter

Peach-and-Raspberry Batter Pudding

Coffee

(Planned for 6)

PHOTO BY STUART-FOWLER

Baby's 5th Month



Hale and hearty at five months: Dana can roll over now, tries to creep and shows some interest in sitting up. Like most babies, she has doubled her birth weight, gains regularly, but has begun to slow down to an average four ounces each week.

Photographed by Dana's father, WAYNE MILLER

ALONG with a new baby, most parents bring home a set of dreams for what they'd like him to be. Some want a football star, others a man in the White House, others hope only that their child will be happy in a future of his own choosing. The last are the luckiest, since well before birth babies are busy outgrowing their parents' dreams. Even a four-month fetus has its special set of reactions to stimuli and a newborn is immediately ready to prove that he is himself, no one else. Nevertheless, in physique and temperament, he'll tend to fit one of three basic human types. Knowing which he resembles can help you size him up and guide your care of him. You may, for instance, have a butterball with a short neck, small hands and feet. Chances are he'll eat and sleep well, be sociable and develop in a relaxed sort of way. He's the solid citizen who'll "make do"—in fact, you may have to prod him into doing more. On the other hand, your baby may be long-limbed, lean and delicate. A tenser nature goes with this constitution. He may be prone to allergies or feeding upsets, find company and noise disturbing, have trouble going to sleep. Patience and encouragement are musts for him, but he's likely to reward you by being brilliant later.

Somewhere between these two is the muscular baby whose square little body is always up and doing. Hungry for new experience as well as for food, he'll probably sit and stand early. And though his rowdiness may wear you out occasionally, he won't need too much help in learning what he wants and how to get after it.



Somewhere between their fifth and ninth months, babies need immunizations. Shots for whooping cough, diphtheria, tetanus may make them irritable and feverish.



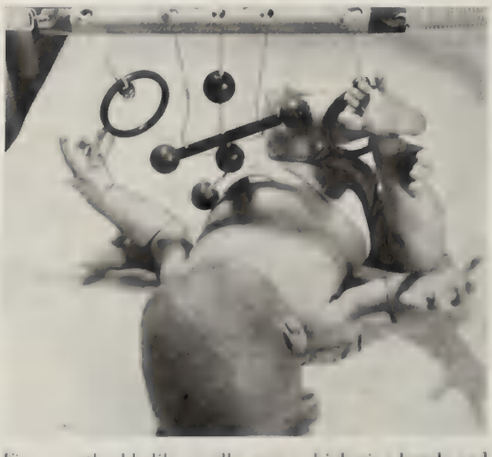
The show must go on, and like any young star, Dana wants to be the center of attention. She's begun to remember her friends and even to "play favorites" a bit.



Exercise is good for growing girls, and Dana takes hers in evening romps with daddy. Sleeping time's decreased to 12 hours a night plus 2 daily naps.



Deep thought—maybe about a new tooth. Babies tend to be fretful, may drool and lose appetite at this time. Rubbing of gums and a hard toy to chew will ease pain.



Five-month-olds like cradle gyms which give hands and feet a workout. Other suitable toys are rubber blocks with bells, teething beads, water ball to float in bath.



Dana can "see and grab" at the same time now, showing good muscular co-ordination. Favorite game: playing peekaboo with her big sister Jeanette.

AT IS HE LIKE—HOW DOES HE GROW?

What your baby's like will also be determined by the stage of ving he's in. Yale's Dr. Arnold Gesell points out that growth not follow an even, straight-line progression, but is rather a es of ups and downs. In baby's first year, you'll notice definite es when he's mastered his problems for the stage he's at and as on specially good terms with the world. These are the ages alance and are likely to occur in the first, fourth, seventh, tenth twelfth months. Between them come the ages of imbalance n the hungry child turns peckish, the "trained" one goes off edule, the friendly one takes a dislike to strangers. Yet, paradoxically, when baby seems most out of step, he's often moving forward. The five-month-old's shyness shows development—he can tell new faces from those he's seen before. The six-monther's finicky appetite means that advanced perceptions are teaching him to pick and choose. Even his bowel irregularity proves his once-supine body's getting ready for the uprights. Your baby will be happiest if you take a long-range view of him and accept him for the kind of person he is. All-in-a-rush or slow, he'll make some marks, some mistakes. By allowing him to do this with tolerance and pleasure, you'll give him the best chance to have his own dreams come true.

of growing up is learning to distinguish friends and strangers. Baby's now aware of change in mood or surroundings, won't take to new people.



WELLFLEET ROAD—*by Edward Hopper*

LINE A DAY

By ANN BATCHELDER

1 Have you ever considered the middle name? It occurs to me that in days gone by we didn't hear so much of them. Some of the illustrious in our history eschewed the middle name, if they ever had one. George Washington—would he have fathered the republic if he'd signed himself G. Valentine W.? The answer is nix. Paul Revere—he of horse and silver teapots—John Hancock, Patrick Henry—the list is endless. Why?

2 Fresh strawberry meringue is the real McCoy. Make a fine soft custard, chill, turn into a heatproof dish, cover with a meringue into which crushed strawberries are folded, brown instantly in a very hot oven, and serve right off. Speed does the trick.

3 For a delicious, well-mannered and appropriate July luncheon first course, give fresh crab meat with Russian dressing a turn. Well chilled. (Of course, no Russian ever heard of this dressing. It's just mayonnaise with chili sauce beaten into it.)

4 I might as well switch back to a wonderful dessert. It's only vanilla ice cream bedecked with *hot* puréed apricots flavored with a little almond extract. My stars, this is good.

5 Never one for fillings that belong in a sandwich about as much as Oriental pearls in a horse's mane, one prime favorite comes to mind. It's thin, beautiful ham and thin slices of Swiss cheese on rye bread with Russian dressing. Even the Russians would like this—if they only knew.

6 Always trying to find some little tasty thing to go with and on the cold-meat platter? So are we all. Cook some large prunes, split them and fill with finely chopped pickle relish. Bite one, prune. Bite two—the works.

7 There are corn fritters *and* corn fritters. Not the same as corn oysters. Take a dozen or more ears of fine, fresh sweet corn. Slit the kernels and press out the pulp, leaving the hulls. Beat six eggs and mix with the corn. Also a little top milk, salt to taste and enough flour to make a stiff batter. Drop by spoonfuls in deep hot fat and fry to the color of an autumn leaf. Elegant.

8 *Here's a two-part play:* Then there's corn pudding. Another favorite on my mind. Again swipe a dozen ears of corn. Well, you've got neighbors, haven't you? Slit and squeeze as before. To two cups of the inner doings, add two beaten eggs with two cups of milk, a tablespoon of sugar and two tablespoons of melted butter. Salt and pepper to taste.

9 *Part II:* Mix, put in a greased pudding dish, cover with buttered crumbs and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., the dish in a pan of hot water, until it is as clean as a hound's tooth when you run a silver knife through its middle. All clear?

10 Get a nice big fresh pineapple, peel it and grate very fine. Cook about ten minutes in half a cup of honey and a quart of water. Strain it and cool. Then freeze to a mushy consistency and serve garnished with fresh pineapple and mint.

11 Deep-dish apple pie is as New England as sage cheese. Sweetened with maple sugar and served with whipped cream flavored with the same sugar and nutmeg, it's a dessert that deserves a niche in the cooking hall of fame.

12 When ambition is at its peak, bake an angel cake. When cool, cover with a heavy overcoat of slightly softened strawberry ice cream. Now cover, quick, with a very stiff meringue and put in the hottest of hot ovens to brown delicately. Act fast. Don't let any violets grow under your feet.

13 Artichoke bottoms, which arrive in tins or jars, are pretty special filled with onion purée to be served with a *filet mignon*. And then there are broiled bananas with lemon juice and butter to carry the torch for such a steak.

14 For a dandy luncheon dish for the ladies, get large, firm, white mushrooms. Peel them. Save the stems. Now, for each serving, select two large mushrooms. Brush these with melted butter, sprinkle with salt and pepper and set aside to sit still until you do the ——

15 *Second part:* Now mince fine the rest of the mushrooms *and* the peeled stems. Cook these in butter and cream. Add salt, pepper. Also sauté large rounds of toast. Spread the mixture on the toast, grill the large set-aside mushrooms. Put two on each of the toast rounds and heat quickly and serve hot.

16 Add Worcestershire to taste, and a dash of Tabasco, to apple butter—and you have a good substitute for chutney sauce to go with curries.

17 Here's a July dessert for anyone. Beat vanilla ice cream until it is soft. Then serve it on chilled blueberries.

18 Soften cream cheese with orange juice, add grated orange rind. Serve on hot gingerbread.

19 Steamed chicken breasts, taken off with care, one half to a person, and given a light treatment in butter and cream in a skillet, are arranged around a hot platter. The center is filled with perfectly cooked rice with nests of new peas in biscuit shells disposed about. Mask the chicken with a rich cream sauce and pass more sauce separately. This is supreme of chicken as it *should* be.

20 Chopped egg and shrimp with water cress, on toast, makes a first-rate sandwich. And sliced cucumber and chopped deviled egg on whole-wheat bread makes another. (Mayonnaise goes on both.)

21 One of my favorite desserts—you'll join me once you try it. Provide halved apricots poached in their sirup, flavored with vanilla or almond. Cool them and drain. When ready to serve, fill the halves with a scoop of vanilla ice cream. Set on large macaroons. Sprinkle with chopped pistachio nuts, pour a little of the sirup over each.

22 *From an old cookbook:* "Three quarters of a pound of coffee for a family of three—adults, of course—is sufficient for one month's consumption. No one should taste this beverage under twenty-one years of age." Can't wait till my next birthday.

23 Don't say no till you've tried it. It's Spanish as a mantilla. Take some perfect cooked rice, add little peeled tomatoes cut into quarters, julienne strips of sweet pimiento, a very little grated garlic, minced onion and chopped cress. Toss and turn in French dressing and serve very chilled.

24 Sauces for ice cream are right out in front, comes the ice-cream and frozen-dessert season. That's now. The sirup of stewed cherries put with an equal quantity of red-currant jelly, sweetened a little, maybe, might be a welcome change.

25 Here's another company (and don't neglect the regular boarders, either) dessert. It's only small, ripe cantaloupes, halved lengthwise and filled with a macédoine of fruit and berries, suitably dressed and sweetened. Chill them severely.

26 Remove crusts from slices of a sandwich loaf, cut each slice into one-inch fingers. Dip each finger into melted butter, then roll in prepared cinnamon-and-sugar mixture. Place on a cooky sheet and pop into a 400° F. oven for five minutes. Delicious with tea, either hot or iced.

27 Mold your favorite gelatin dessert in a deep layer-cake pan. When it is firm, and you are ready to serve it, top it with whipped cream (frosting-fashion), then cut it into wedge-shaped pieces.

28 And don't forget to serve a chilled soup some hot evening. Ice-cold bouillon, for instance, with a slice of orange floating on top.

29 Fish dishes look nice and taste good if garnished with either tiny whole new beets or diced ones done in butter and sharpened with a touch of vinegar. Beets are wonderful with fish fixed with salt pork, and do real well with fish balls too. Tricky little rascals, beets.

30 *Good breakfast eating:* Scrambled eggs garnished with tiny broiled sausages and asparagus tips served on toast points.

31 Seems to me I've done what is practically a cookbook. But I'll go now. Quite a few outdoor matters claim my attention. But I'll be back.



SOUP
IN SUMMER

BY Anne Marshall

Family supper

You'll enjoy setting out this inviting hot weather supper quite as much as the family will enjoy eating it. You made your pie in the cool of the morning, of course, and your main dish is a hearty prepared soup. So your meal is on in a jiffy.

Vegetable-Beef Soup
Tomato and Cream Cheese Salad
Cherry Pie **Iced Coffee**

WITH HOT FOODS, SERVE JELLIED CONSOMMÉ

Cool, smooth, and delicious Jellied Consommé is a grand beginner when your meal is hot. That clear amber looks so inviting in the cup. And the beef broth and vegetables—strained clear—make it delightfully refreshing. Try it.





ANNE MARSHALL
Director Home Economics
Campbell Soup Company

WITH COLD FOODS, SERVE SOUP AS YOUR ONE HOT DISH

Here are two big reasons why soup is a favorite summer dish: First, nutrition experts have proved that every meal needs one hot dish. Second, you and your kitchen both keep cool—it's only four minutes till "Soup's on!"

You can build any cold lunch around soup—whether sandwich, salad or cold cuts. And there are so many different soups to vary your menu. Soup stimulates appetites . . . it's easy to digest . . . it brings important nutritive benefits . . . *and* the contrast makes cold foods taste better. You'll find it pays to keep a shelf of soups.



It's so easy to fix!

Simply place can of consommé in chiller, or immediately below the freezing compartment of your refrigerator. Any time after 4 hours, remove and serve.



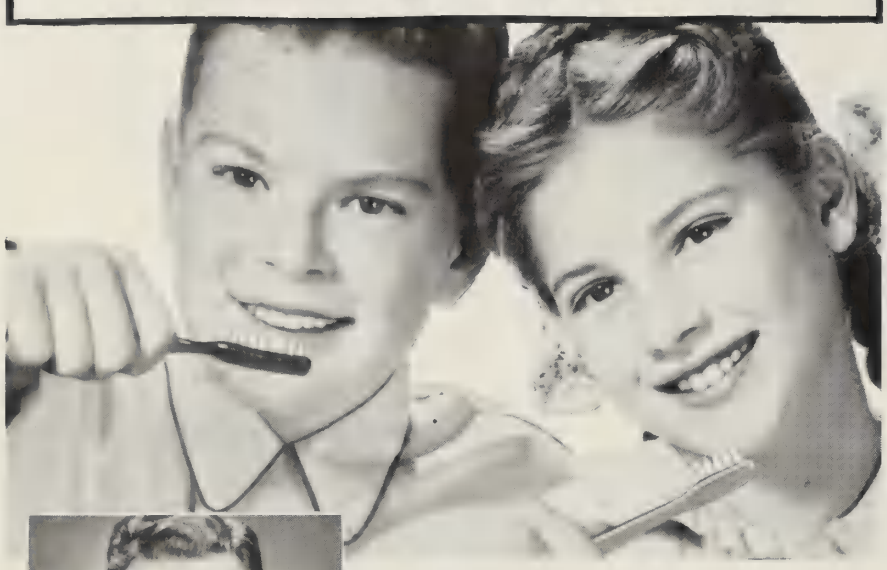
Family lunch ⇨

Cups of delicious, golden chicken soup (with rice) will bid the family welcome. And lady, that soup's a real nourisher. Add sandwiches and a beverage, and there you are!

Chicken (with rice) Soup
Egg Salad Sandwich with Watercress
Watermelon **Iced Tea**

Dental Research Indicates You Can Help

Prevent Tooth Decay With COLGATE Ammoniated Tooth Powder



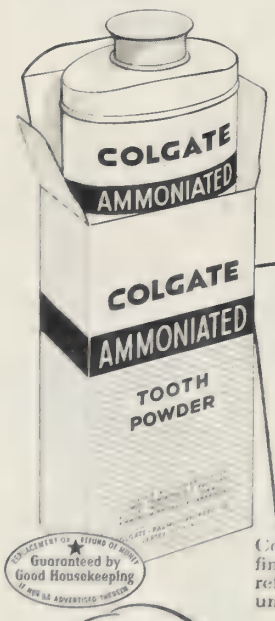


DENTISTS THEMSELVES USE and recommend ammoniated dentifrices to aid in controlling tooth decay, especially for growing children. For cavities already formed, and to safeguard mouth health, visit your dentist regularly.

Colgate's Scientific Dentifrice Tastes So Good Children Love It! Removes Dull Film, Gets Teeth Naturally, Sparkling Clean!

Just try Colgate Ammoniated Tooth Powder! Watch its foamy cleaning action remove clinging film . . . Makes teeth look and feel cleaner immediately! Notice how its delightful minty flavor refreshes your mouth and breath! Most important, laboratory tests indicate that using it regularly, as directed, may help you avoid pain, worry and expense of needless tooth decay.

Colgate Ammoniated Tooth Powder, a product of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet research laboratories, is based on a formula developed by University of Illinois scientists. Contains the wonder-ingredients: Dibasic Ammonium Phosphate and Carbamide. Large-scale clinical tests are now being conducted to confirm its full benefits in preventing new cavities. Buy it today.



3 Definite Benefits
TO HELP PREVENT TOOTH DECAY

1. Using Colgate Ammoniated Tooth Powder after meals and before retiring helps neutralize destructive mouth acids considered by many dental authorities *a leading cause of tooth decay.*
2. It inhibits growth of acid-producing bacteria, Lactobacillus Acidophilus.
3. It helps dissolve and remove from teeth gluey film in which acid-producing bacteria thrive.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

GUARANTEED BY COLGATE—Try Colgate Ammoniated Tooth Powder. If you don't agree it's the finest ammoniated dentifrice you ever used, we guarantee to refund your purchase price in full, plus postage. Just return the unused portion to Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Jersey City 2, N.J.

4oz. 43¢ 2oz. 25¢

COLGATE
Ammoniated Tooth Powder
With a Flavor the Whole Family Will Enjoy

WINTERTIME

(Continued from Page 49)

the cell. At this moment she noticed that her foot was bare—a slim, strong foot. Standing on the brightly lit tier, she slammed the door. Faces. Prisoners. She was late. The tier was lined with silent women, faces shrunken by worry and the winter, waiting for the command, "Breakfast line—forward—*march!*"

A woman guard called out, "Prisoner Brandt, put on your prosthesis!"

Marianne ignored the guard. She stared at her foot.

"Hurry." The guard was annoyed. "Go get your leg! How do you expect to get down the stairs—swim?"

Marianne heard some prisoners snicker. It did not matter. Everyone had the right to laugh. In one long jump she was at the railing of the tier. Below her the prison swam in murky distance. She grasped the top of the railing with both hands, flexed her knee. Then she shot forward in a graceful arc, diving headlong.

"THIS RUIN," MARCUS SAID. "FROM THE TOP we have a view." He pointed at the remnants of a four-story building.

"Don't trust it too much," Martin said.

"The high corner."

"We can try."

They were in a field of rubble two blocks from the police station where Waldemar Hacker had discovered Lisa. The afternoon was sinking into dusk. Hidden under their belts they both carried revolvers of Belgian make, and Marcus carried American grenades. Martin studied the four-story ruin. One corner still stood, jagged and knock-kneed, surrounded by lesser walls, scraggly beneath their tracery of snow, and fringed by mortar dust and broken stone.

"It is not a good ruin," Martin said.

Both knew the danger. A moderate northwest wind blew. The toppling of high ruins was a common event on any windy day. Many of the derelict buildings appeared so delicately balanced that a man's boot might tumble them in a cloud of dust.

Marcus scaled the fringe of debris. He vaulted over a crotched stone portal. Moving forward on hands and feet, he followed the multiangular crest of a lesser wall to the base of the high corner, and then, recklessly, he climbed toward the top.

Martin followed at a slower pace. They reached the top of the ragged tower. There was a niche. Behind it a piece of roofing dangled from a girder; in front, like a triangular shield, was a fragment of a cornice. From this perch they overlooked the field of rubble, at the end of which the low brick structure of the Hornung station arose.

MARCUS crouched low, his face taut. He brushed the snow from the niche. "You scouted?"

"Yes."

"How many *Sipos* to a station?"

"Normally forty-five. Thirty on street patrol. A dozen men, the riot squad, inside the station. A lieutenant and maybe a couple sergeants."

"That makes fifteen in the station."

"About fifteen, one of them a policewoman."

"Fifteen are too many," Marcus said. "Unless I use grenades."

"If we are patient, there may not be fifteen."

They lit cigarettes, shielding the match flare in their cupped hands. They smoked, and their eyes were on the station house where everything was quiet.

"Down there sits my sister," Marcus said, "and here we sit. And she does not know."

"I hope she is still there," Martin said.

"Six days now since you knew she was there?"

"Six days. . . . A patrol is returning to the station. Do you see?"

"Two men. Now there are seventeen inside." Marcus continued, low-voiced, "I should have taken my comrades. . . . Lisa she is my sister. But the organization is my life. Two halves of a conscience are fighting—which half is bigger?"

Martin said, "Go back if you wish."

"Go—what for?"

"To meditate, if you please."

"Why are you so rude?" Marcus regarded him obliquely.

"We waste strength fighting ourselves."

Darkness was seeping thickly into the dusk. Among the ruins the shadows lay black, fringed by grays and purples against which shimmered the far-flung ornamental graining of the snow. The droning of a steamer's siren was faint in the wind.

Marcus was peering at the station where the windows had leaped to sudden brilliance. Across a shaft of light projected by a window, shadows moved like marionettes.

MARTIN counted them before they merged with the darkness of the street. "Five *Sipos* are leaving the station."

"You have good eyes. Now only twelve are inside." Marcus was toying with the grenade.

"That is correct. Put away your grenade. Put it in your pocket."

Marcus removed the pin of the grenade. He looked at it, and then replaced it slowly.

"Put it away," Martin said.

"Only a grenade ——"

"If it falls, it may blow over this corner of the house."

"It will not fall."

"It may. Put it in your pocket. Or give it to me."

"I am nervous," Marcus said slowly. He put away the grenade in his sheepskin coat.

"Three *Sipos* are coming back."

"Four!"

"No. Three. They are bringing a prisoner."

"You are right," Marcus said. "The man in the middle is wearing a cap. How many are there now?"

"Fifteen again."

Fifteen were too many. Martin experienced a sensation of weird movement, as though the lacerated tower were swaying in the wind. *It is impossible to win,* he thought.

The night wore on, and still they squatted atop the high ruin. Policemen arrived, policemen departed. Waiting in the night would not help Lisa. How could the number of policemen be reduced? Upon this thought Martin's mind chewed stubbornly.

"We must fling grenades into the police station," Marcus said. "Then we can enter and liberate my sister."

Martin shook his head. "I have another plan."

"I am tired of your plans," Marcus said bitterly.

"A ruse." Martin looked down into the ruins below them. "We can simulate a battle with grenades. That may draw the riot squad out of the station."

A while Marcus was silent. Then he muttered, "You should have become a tactician."

Martin said nothing. They descended the serrated flank of their tower. For minutes they listened into darkness.

"Come this way," Marcus said.

Martin followed him over mounds of debris. A small distance away from the tower they halted. There was now a pantherlike quality about Marcus: he moved as if by instinct alone, freed—it seemed to Martin—from all necessity for conscious thinking. One by one he drew grenades from the pockets of his sheepskin coat.

"Five," he said. "One I keep. Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"Fire your revolver."

Martin fired into the air: one shot, and then two in quick succession. A dog barked. The ruins about them echoed the sounds of firing. Marcus burst out in a howl: "*Hooooo—aaaaah—eeeeehhhh!*" Howling, he pulled the pin from a grenade. He hurled the grenade through a window hole of the ruin.

"Down!"

A reddish flash lit up a circle of wreckage. ey lay flat on the rubble as the grenade ploded. The ruin shuddered.
Marcus leaped up.
'*Saaaatanaaah—perrrkeleeee!*"
He lobbed the second grenade into the n. Martin joined him in the shouting.
Marcus snarled, "Volley!"
He was shooting at the ruin. Martin emp- d his revolver in the direction of the win- w hole. Ricochets drew parabolas of fire in night.
Marcus said calmly, "Make all the noise u can."
Martin yelled. Marcus hurled grenades— e—two—three. The detonations reverber- d among the dead houses, and before the oes subsided into moments of stark and expected stillness, Marcus commanded: *ome! Quick!*"
There was a rippling and a murmur, inter- rsed with cracking sounds. The high cor- of the ruin which had been their post of servation was leaning to one side like a olar bending in a storm. Its upper portion ne apart, disintegrating in a kind of lazy ignation, accompanied by sounds resem- ng the distant passage of a train; then the ole tower collapsed.
'Now cry for help," Marcus whispered.
Martin roared, "Help! Help! Oh—help!"
Marcus raised his revolver. He fired a sin- shot; and after t they were silent.
They moved ftly through the d of rubble, in the ection of the Horn- g station. A little y off lay a street, ed with stumps of es, and on its far e the brick mass of guardhouse shed nt from windows l an open door, louetting the fig- s of running men.
Marcus threw him- into a bomb crater f filled with ice and use. He extracted handful of car- dges. "Reload."
They reloaded their revolvers. The barrels re still hot. Martin peered over the edge of bomb hole. Doorways along the street re crowded with war-wise people whose ds protruded intermittently from cover, gging and twisting. *Sipos* were rushing o a truck in front of the police station. The headlights of the riot truck glared up. rtin and Marcus yanked down their heads, of the sudden illumination. Then the tor rattled; the lights shifted, sweeping ghostly confusion of broken houses, and truck, rolling away, gathered speed as it rted the area of ruins.
'Come."
Marcus stood up. He pulled the safety g of his last grenade, tossed the ring into refuse of the bomb hole. His left hand tched the grenade. His right hand held the olver.
'Hold on," Martin said.
'What?"
'*One moment.*"

ARTIN thrust his loaded revolver under belt where it was hidden by his jacket. grasped Marcus' left wrist, forced open hand that held the grenade, and seized grenade. An instant he intended to search the ring, to replace it in the grenade, but was a useless thought. Ring and safety pin re lost in the rubbish. He thrust the gre- de into the pocket of his jacket, holding it nly, clear in his mind that a mistake—an plosion—would really bring about the end Capt. Martin Helm.
Marcus snarled, "Give it back!"
Martin told him, "Put away your re- lver. We are going in."
Martin leaped out of the bomb hole. He d not look back to see what Marcus was ng. Again there was the sensation of utter difference he experienced after he had ded ashore from the Mercedes boat. If Marcus wanted to shoot him through the back of the head—let him shoot. It would be an end, and then at least there would be peace. Martin sauntered across the street. In his pocket his hand was clamped around the grenade.
Since no further explosions occurred, the war-wise people emerged from the shelter of the doorways.
"*Ach,* what a noise . . . it sounded like a battle."
"Ha-ha, not much of a battle! It was more like a grenade fight of patrols."

MARTIN hesitated a few long seconds. The people paid him no attention. Marcus was at his side. They entered the station house. A gray-haired sergeant at the desk was talking into a telephone. A *Sipo* stood at the window, looking through the glass. Near him stood a young policewoman, thick-hipped in a tight blue uniform.
The *Sipo* turned as Martin entered. "What's going on?"
"Not much."
"Have you heard the commotion? Seen anything?"
"No," said Martin. "Somebody cried for help."
"*Ja-ja!*" The *Sipo* grinned. "Perhaps a fracas between Ukrainians and Poles. They've been at each others' throats of late."
The police girl laughed. "*Ach—wunderbar!*"
Martin addressed her humbly, "I am a landlord. You have a prisoner here who owes me rent. She lived in my house, this person—she . . . she ——"
"*Bitte?*"
"I came to register a claim," Martin blurted, "for rent. I was referred here by *Herr Oberkriminalsekretär* Kurz."
"A woman? What is her name?"
"Lisa Berzins, a displaced person."
"She did not pay you rent?"
"No. She used the false name of Berger."
"Berger-Berzins?" The policewoman was suddenly attentive. She looked at Marcus. "Who is this man?"
"My assistant," Martin said. His fist pressed the hidden grenade. "*Ach, Gott,*" he went on, "these vagabonds are a pest. One helps them, one tries to put them on their feet—it only leads to bother!"
"*Ja!* And how they steal!"
Marcus was edging along a wall, pretending to peruse the posters, toward the prisoner cages in the rear of the building.
Martin said, "I beg permission to speak to Lisa Berzins about the matter of my unpaid rent."
"She is not here."
"*Not here?*"
"Prisoner Berzins was transferred," the police girl said. "She was a special case. She was transferred three days ago."
"Three ——" Martin's blood beat against his temples and his eyes hurt.
"Yes. I don't understand why the *Herr Oberkriminalsekretär* sent you to Hornung. He personally conducted the transfer."
Marcus approached them. His hands were buried in the pockets of the sheepskin coat.
"Where was this—this person transferred?" . . . Sweat was on the hand that clutched the grenade.
"I don't know," the girl said pleasantly. "She is not here any more. You will have to make proper application with the *Herr Oberkriminalsekretär.*"
The guardroom was quiet. Then Marcus said, "We will make proper application."
They left the police station as quickly as it was possible without betraying a suspicious haste.

"HACKER SPEAKING—WALDEMAR HACKER."
"Helm." *(Continued on Page 65)*

Just Among "Us Girls"

By Elizabeth-Ellen Long

You can talk about your "in-laws,"
Sell all your best friends short,
You can be a hypochondriac
As well as a poor sport,

And we'll doubtless still be for you,
But, lady, be advised,
Just try to mind your own affairs
And you'll be ostracized!

Some DOs and DON'Ts for Summer Months

These are the months when fresh air, sunshine, and outdoor exercise can contribute most to good health and the enjoyment of life. To get full benefit from summertime, however, it is well to be on guard against accidents and health hazards.

Fatal accidents in the summer are about 5% above the annual average, according to the National Safety Council. In fact, during June, July, and August there is an average of 284 accidental deaths per day. So, to help you avoid common summer hazards, here are some of the things that safety and health authorities often recommend.



DO . . . take proper precautions for safety in the water. Fewer than 1 out of 14 Americans who participate in water sports can be considered skilled swimmers, and even they may sometimes need assistance. So it is always best to swim only where other people are around to help if you need it. When swimming even moderate distances away from shore, try to have someone in a boat accompany you.



DON'T . . . exercise too strenuously on week ends or during your vacation. Too strenuous exercise, especially if you are not accustomed to it, puts a heavy strain on heart and blood vessels. Some physical activity, however, is usually beneficial. Your doctor, taking into account your age and physical condition, can advise about the kind and amount of activity you may enjoy safely.



DO . . . learn the principles of First Aid. There is always a chance that an accident or emergency may occur where you are. If you know how to take prompt and proper action before a doctor arrives, you will help to protect the victim, and may save his life. To do this, you may want to learn basic First Aid techniques, including artificial respiration. Your local Red Cross will be glad to help you.



DON'T . . . take chances on overexposure to the sun. Starting slowly (about 10 minutes the first day) and tanning gradually may help avoid a painful or serious burn. In addition, if you stay out in the sun too long or exercise strenuously during the hottest part of the day, sunstroke or heat exhaustion may result. Getting out of the sun before you get too red or too hot is a wise safeguard.



DO . . . make sure, when you are away from home, that the water you drink is safe. Water that looks clear and tastes good may still contain disease-carrying germs. So when you are on vacation, or on week end hiking or camping trips, make sure the water is pure. If there is any doubt, you will be wise to boil it for at least five minutes.



DON'T . . . neglect cuts, bruises, or other minor injuries. Prompt First Aid should include cleaning the wound, applying a mild antiseptic and covering with a sterile bandage. This will lessen the chances of infection. Of course, if signs of infection appear, such as redness or swelling, a doctor should be consulted promptly.

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Favorite Bacon Sandwiches from radio's famous Breakfast Club

Don McNeill says "When I bring home the bacon this is how I like it!"



DON'S BACON AND TOMATO SANDWICH. Spread enriched bread or toast with butter or margarine. Top each slice with lettuce sprinkled generously with grated yellow cheese, a tomato slice and three crisp slices of zesty Swift's Premium Bacon.

Patsy Lee says "I'll sing any time for this sandwich!"



PATSY'S "BACON-SPRINKLES". Combine equal amounts of Swift's Peanut Butter and orange marmalade and spread thickly on slices of enriched bread or toast. Sprinkle lavishly with chopped, crisp Swift's Premium Bacon.

Sam (FICTION AND FACT) **Cowling says** "It's food like this that makes eating a habit!"



SAM'S BEET'N'BACON SANDWICH. Drain pickled beets (with or without onions) and chop fine. Spread on slices of enriched bread that have been spread with butter or margarine. Top with crisply fried Swift's Premium Bacon slices.

Sandwich time . . . or any time . . . *Swift's Premium* Bacon is an easy-to-fix favorite. Sugar-cured Swift's special way and oven-smoked over fragrant hardwood fires, it's the bacon with the wonderful *Sweet Smoke Taste.* There's a dealer in your neighborhood who sells Swift's Premium . . . America's *best-liked* bacon!



LISTEN TO THE BREAKFAST CLUB ABC network, Monday through Friday, 9:15 A.M. New York Time.

Swift's Premium

...the bacon with the Sweet Smoke Taste

(Continued from Page 63)

ltch—Captain Helm. I have been think-
bout you ——"
artin cut him short. "Lisa Berzins is no
er in the Hornung police station," he
"She was transferred four days ago. By
."
Kurz ——" Martin heard Hacker cough.
aited. Hacker said soberly, "She's prob-
at the central police prison. I have
d over my suspicions about Herr Kurz
e Americans. If Kurz received an ink-
that the military are exploring his past,
affair will be a burning chestnut in his
s."
You think he dropped the thing?"
Possibly," said Hacker. "Herr Kurz rid
elf of the corpus delicti by slipping her
the common pool of prisoners awaiting
sition of their cases. That should relieve
f your worries, *Kapitän*."
must find out."
t will take time. The courts will not re-
until there is coal to warm the gentle-
of the law."
did not mean that," Martin said. "Did
inform the Americans about Lisa?"
No," Hacker re-
. "No—I have
ccasion ——"
What?"
have deeply
ered the mat-
I am not a po-
informer."
e was a silence.
Hacker said,
ll you accept a
of advice?"
Go ahead."
Surrender your-
to the Amer-
s. By your kill-
of—well!—by
rash deed you
unwittingly
Soviet espio-
wide open in
lune. You have
ered the Amer-
—the west—a
ce. You can-
orever exist as
gand. A civi-
d surren-
——"
thought of
" Martin said.
ill surrender."
You will?"
Yes. After Lisa Berzins is safe I will give
lf up to the Americans. Could you ascer-
whether or not Lisa has been transferred
he central police prison—to ordinary
edure?"
can. Telephone me in exactly one hour."
artin counted the minutes of the hour.
at in a cellar tavern which was a meeting
for petty blackmarketeers. The glass of
p beer in front of him stood untouched.
rosene lamp cast muddy light. At the
he owner was arguing with two youths
t the purchase of twenty liters of stolen
ine. He smoked one cigarette after an-
r. Outside the tavern, in the darkness of
n, Marcus was waiting.
he hour. "*Mein Herr*, may I use your
hone again?"

DDED assent. Martin entered the bed-
n at the rear of the tavern, closed the
. He called Hacker. The quickness of the
nse told him that the journalist had
waiting.
checked with the night inspector at po-
headquarters," Hacker reported. "They
no prisoner named Lisa Berzins. They
no record that such a prisoner has ever
in police custody."
artin stood dazed. The floor swayed.
acker said, "It may mean ——"
know what it means," Martin said.
Yes," said Hacker, "yes." Then he added,
oice rattling in metallic anger, "I shall
a tremendous noise—I shall demand the
ediate arrest of Herr Kurz."
No," Martin said. "Don't do that. What
e address of Kurz?"
"Police headquarters."
"His private address."
"Oh ——"
"It is urgent."
"Kirchstrasse Number Two. Don't ——"
"Thank you, Herr Hacker." Martin hung up the phone.

THEY HASTENED TO THE NEWSPAPER KIOSK AT the displaced-persons camp near the railroad station. Marcus spoke to Cucumber, the kiosk man, who hurried away, toward one of the barracks in the camp. Presently Cucumber returned with two young men. They were pushing bicycles.

"Here are your two-wheels," Cucumber said to Marcus.

"You took much time," Marcus said angrily. Turning to Martin he said, "Come!"

ON bicycles Martin and Marcus rode through falling snow to the abandoned dredge in Tobacco Dock. A sentry met them at the dredge. Recognizing Marcus, he trotted ahead. He lit an oil lamp in the cabin, then lit an oil stove propped to a level position by wedges of wood. A blackened kettle hung from a hook and chain suspended over the stove.

"Eat?" the sentry inquired.

"No," said Marcus.

"Coffee in the kettle." The sentry withdrew, returning to his post.

Marcus moved about the cabin. His face was white. On each side of his mouth a vertical line stood out like a black-purplish scar. Not much was said. Martin drank coffee and smoked.

The sentry entered the cabin an hour after midnight. "They are here," he said.

Marcus sprang to the door. Soon a group emerged from the streaming curtain of snow: Cucumber, and two other men whom Martin recognized as guides who had led him to Tobacco Dock in his search for Marcus. Between them they dragged a spasmodically kicking bundle. The bundle was *Oberkriminalsekretär* Kurz. His wrists were manacled, his ankles strapped together with a belt. The raiders had given him no time to dress. He wore a heavy ulster over flannel pajamas. One foot was in a leather slipper, the other foot was bare. The Balts dumped him on the floor of the cabin. Marcus motioned to the sentry and the guards to leave.

"Free him," Marcus said.

The kiosk man undid the belt, unlocked the wrist manacles with a key.

Marcus said, "Did he give you trouble?"

"Only with his mouth."

The mouth was bruised. Kurz did not rise from the floor. His pale eyes, frozen with fear, were fixed on Martin.

Marcus asked, "Is this Kurz?"

Martin nodded. Cucumber was pulling things out of Kurz's coat and placing them on the table: money, a watch, identification papers, a gold cigarette case, a police badge.

"Stand up," Marcus said.

Kurz stood up, scowling. He shifted his gaze from Martin to Marcus. An expression of surprise came to his face. Then his eyes appeared to recede into their sockets. His face became slack, a dirty gray.

"You know who I am," said Marcus.

"Berzins," said Kurz.

Marcus lit a cigarette, blew smoke toward Kurz. "Where is my sister?"

Kurz stiffened. His mouth moved convulsively.

"Answer!"

NEXT MONTH

"You just can't bear to see your sister engaged before you are!" Ernestine looked Anne squarely in the eye. "Engaged?" Mother cried. "Do you mean you and that ——"

THE gay Gilbreths of Cheaper by the Dozen discovered it wasn't easy, without Dad, to carry on smoothly the "efficiency" system of family life. It wasn't easy to fall in love, when there were so many critics at home eager to rub the bloom off romance. And a full Gilbreth jury to pass its verdict on each prospective suitor!

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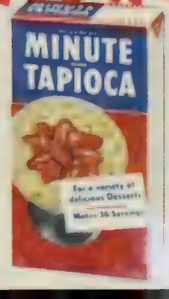
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"Lisa Berzins has been discharged," said Kurz.

"When?"

"Yesterday."

"By whom?"

"Upon my order."

"From which place? Hornung?" Marcus' face was filled with cruelty.

"From the police prison yesterday morning."

"You lie," Marcus said. "She was not in the central police prison. She has not been released. You have perpetrated her surrender to the Russians at the zonal frontier."

Kurz blubbered, "Not true."

"What is true?"

"Released. I told her she had to leave Nordune."

"You are a fatherly fellow," Marcus said. "I would like to have a talk with you. A philosophical discourse."

Kurz was weeping quietly. The kiosk man sidled up to him, shoulders slightly hunched and grizzled head thrust forward. He raised his three-pronged hand in front of the weeping face. Kurz raised his hands to protect his face.

"*Put—down—your—hands*," Marcus snarled.

The hands fell. On one finger there was a ring. Gold—a red stone. Cucumber grasped the hand, removed the ring.

Marcus asked, "Are you a Communist?"

Kurz moaned dully.

Marcus said, "Listen to me. You see three hooks—one for each eye, the third for your lying tongue."

The kiosk man planted himself firmly in front of Kurz. He drew back his three-pronged hand, preparing to strike.

Kurz bellowed, "*Erbarmen* ——"

"Where is Lisa Berzins? What have you done with her?" Marcus leaped forward, yelling, "*Speak!*"

Kurz's knees were buckling. He whispered, "On a ship."

Cucumber lowered his false hand. He turned his back on Kurz and sat on the table.

Marcus snapped, "What ship?"

"The Krasny Pioner."

Martin gave a hoarse cry as Kurz collapsed. Marcus looked at him. "The ship—you know it?"

"Yes. A Soviet steamer."

"Krasny Pioner means Red Pioneer," Cucumber said gravely. "She is going to Murmansk."

"Too late."

"Maybe not. You must hurry."

"Where?"

"To the harbor," Martin said.

Marcus clenched his hands. "The harbor is well guarded. The Americans ——"

"I know smugglers' roads," Martin said. "I will summon a friend. A newspaperman. We can go to my old ship, the Sirius, and he can meet us there."

"What can he do?"

"He can mobilize the port command."

MARCUS unclenched his hands. His face twitched, as though it was racked by pain... exhaustion and doubt.

Martin asked, "What shall be done with Kurz?"

"He is in good hands." Abruptly Marcus went to the door. "Come."

WHAT TOOK PLACE IN THE GRAVEYARD OF ships in Tobacco Dock after their departure, Martin never came to know. A while the kiosk man stood in the deckhouse of the half-submerged dredge, squinting at Kurz, who lay on the floor. Then Cucumber stepped out on deck, holding the door between himself and the flying snow. He shouted.

The sentry came, and one of the guides. Together they went into the cabin and put Kurz on his feet.

The young guide led the march out of the cabin. Kurz staggered after him, uncertain, resembling a patient who in a nightmare wanders from his sickbed. The flat-faced sentry brought up the rear. They crossed the slanting deck of the dredge.

"Keep going," the sentry said.

As Kurz clambered over the railing, the sentry whipped something from the pocket of his sheepskin jacket. It was a piece of ano wire attached to wooden handles. flung the piano wire around the neck *Oberkriminalsekretär* Kurz and drew it tig Kurz gave one astonished squeak.

"Lettland must never perish," said t young guide.

The sentry hummed a monotone. He w washing his wire with a handful of snow.

STEVEDORES OF THE MORNING SHI trudging to work in the harbor of Nordu noticed three jeeps parked near the Russi freighter Krasny Pioner. At the foot of t shore ladder, on the wind-swept quay, group of men were locked in a palaver. patrol of soldiers with helmets and carbi sat waiting in the jeeps. Other men stood the deck, watching impassively. A few the watchers had Mongolian faces; and of them wore wool-lined Russian hats w flaps covering their ears.

THE Krasny Pioner had been loaded. H holds were full—machines, steel plate a girders, concrete mixers, hoists, electric sa Loot. She was a small, dirty-looking sh The wind wrenched yellow smoke from funnel, scattering it into the dusk. A gri red flag whipped over her stern.

The snowfall had stopped at daybreak, b the storm blew unabated under a sla colored sky. The palaver at the shore lad appeared to lead nowhere. An officer of Port Security Command insisted that he h a right to board the Krasny Pioner a search her; the steamer's master, a stoc and unemotional man, refused to budge. his resistance to boarding and search, Russian captain had the spirited support an official dispatched by the Soviet con late. Skirting the group, eager and restle was the journalist, Waldemar Hacker.

"I forbid," the Soviet captain said. "A solutely I forbid."

"I have been ordered ——"

"Speak to vice-consul. I forbid."

"We do not accept orders from Am icans," the vice-consul said. "A Soviet shi always Soviet territory."

"A crime has been committed."

"Which crime?" The vice-consul smil "Disciplined Soviet seamen commit crimes."

"You are holding a prisoner aboard Krasny Pioner."

"There is no prisoner."

"A young woman has been abducted —

"A woman? There is no woman. It is c culated provocation! Soviet steamships not steal women."

"I regret," said the American, "I have ders to search your ship."

"I forbid. Absolutely I forbid."

The American signaled to the soldiers the jeeps. As the soldiers advanced, the R sian captain ascended quickly to the deck the Krasny Pioner. There he barked co mands in Russian. One of the seamen ra toward the wheelhouse.

At the foot of the shore ladder the vi consul blocked the way.

"Please stand aside," the American sa

"I represent the Soviet Union," the vi consul warned. "Do not touch me."

Aboard the Krasny Pioner the seaman w had raced to the wheelhouse returned, bri ing a flag. He spread out the flag over the t of the shore ladder, where it billowed, bright crimson blister. A burly Russian peared behind the flag carrying a machi pistol. A moment he held the weapon alo then leveled it slowly.

Now the vice-consul moved aside. "This the flag of the Soviet Union," he announc addressing the Americans. "To board Kras Pioner, you must trample on the Red Fl It will be defended."

A long silence followed. A forced boardi of the Krasny Pioner meant slaughter. T Americans had orders not to engage in v lent action. And what proof had this G man this Hacker—for his assertion th some obscure guerrilla woman had be shanghaied with the help of a detecti named Kurz? The arrest of Kurz had be ordered the night before—but Kurz had d appeared.

The American officer told the sergeant to ke his men back to the harbor station and and by for orders. He jumped into a jeep id drove off to get instructions.

On a harbor siding, from the shelter of a ofless railroad car, Martin and Marcus erzins observed the happenings on the ay. The Americans did not return. Aboard e Krasny Pioner, armed men with Russian ats stood guard. A squad of *Sipos* arrived, pairs patrolled the quay.

Nothing happened; except that in the ormy twilight of this winter afternoon the amp ship Krasny Pioner hauled aboard her awsers and moved away among the ice es, down the length of the mooring basin, d out into the Norden River, where an ebreaker chewed and hammered to hold en the channel to the sea.

"YOU ARE MAD," HEIN RODE SAID.

"No, I am not mad."

"Martin, my boy, you are stark raving ad."

"Give me the tug or I'll do it." Martin was lm. His eyes were bloodshot from lack of eep. He raised the muzzle of the Belgian re- lver against his right ear.

"Don't do it," Hein Rode said. "You're ad."

"I am not mad. I know what I am doing. want the tug. I want to follow the Russian ip."

"Stupid ox," Hein Rode growled. "If I eren't so old, I'd thrash sense into you."

"All right."

"My crew's ashore."

"We need no crew. I can tend the engine."

"Who'll pilot her?"

"You."

Hein Rode shook his ead. "*Verrückt* . . . com- etely mad. We're laid up week—no coal."

"I looked in the inker. There's about ree tons."

"Dust."

"All right—dust. Three tons coal dust."

"How far'll that get you? Suppose you itch the stinker down the channel—what od will it do?"

Martin made no reply.

Hein Rode roared with triumph, "What ill it get you?" He added, in a soft growl, Hark to reason, boy. We're not going to ay in the bilges forever—there'll come a y when the sun will shine again . . . on ordune, aye! On you, too, boy."

"I hate to hurt you," Martin said.

"Don't do it, boy—don't ——" Hein Rode as staring at the finger which lay against e trigger of the Belgian gun.

"Either I get the ship, or ——"

"Or you'll shoot yourself, hey? Suicide is r cowards." Hein Rode spat through a orthole. "Easy way out—never the best."

Martin smiled. "I know another way."

"Mad, too ——"

"If you go ashore, leave the ship to e ——"

"Never in the world!"

"Or I make you a prisoner. I seize the ip."

HEIN RODE glowered. There crept into his oice a quality Martin had not known be- re. "Then I must fight you. *Even if that eaks my neck.*"

Martin said in a tired voice, "I will now unt to three."

"Put down that shooting iron."

"I will count to three ——"

"Blast you . . . count to a million."

"*One . . . two* ——"

Hein Rode cursed bitterly. And so the atter was settled.

MARTIN STOOD IN THE FORECASTLE. "HERR lacker!"

Waldemar Hacker shot erect from the bunk here he had been sprawling. "*Herr Kapi- n?*"

In the gloomy light of the narrow triangu- r space they looked at each other. "You'd tter go ashore," Martin said.

Hacker said, "I've never felt so defeated in y life. So beaten up."

"Better get ashore," Martin said. "We're building steam."

"Am I dreaming? Am I crazy? Are you again in command of the Sirius?"

"No. We are going down-river. We are going to pursue the Krasny Pioner."

"*Donnerwetter!* What is your objective? Do you calculate ——"

"I calculate nothing."

"A pursuit ——"

"Yes." Martin went on angrily. "I don't want to be brusque, but you should get ashore quickly."

"Allow me to participate," Hacker said soberly. "Do you need a stoker?"

MARTIN gave no answer. Marcus Berzins was useless, a man who had lost his reason. Ballast, jerking and violent, nerves shattered ——

Hacker stepped forward. "I am not going ashore."

"You've done all you could do."

"*All?*" Hacker put on his green felt hat. He said, "I shall heave coal!"

The Sirius foamed down-river. Her engine hammered. Her ironwork throbbed and her timbers groaned. Her bluff bows crunched through the drift ice or shouldered it aside. The gale filled the heavens with sounds of wrath, but the waters in the channel were strangely calm until the river widened toward the North Sea.

The sun, invisible for days, went down beyond a rolling wilderness of clouds. In open water the bedlam aloft transferred itself to the sea. The Sirius labored, rising in truculence to break the crests, pitching headlong into the seething gutters.

Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and, under a just God, cannot long retain it.
—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

At times, when she plunged into a canyon between waves, solid water leaped over the bulwarks and swamped the deck; and with each plunge, spray enveloped her from stem to stern. The spray froze into ice, clinging to the shrouds, to mast and bridge, heavily coating all open surfaces with a shimmering armor; and only the funnel, spewing hot smoke, remained naked in the winter blast.

In the engine room the heat was intense. At the valve wheel which controlled the throttle Martin stood, streaming sweat. Inside he was cold. In front of him the engine thundered, a rhythm of glistening steel, and to his mind it was an onslaught of orderly turmoil against an orderless world. The sounds of the Sirius' impact upon the waves were magnified below; each thumping of the hull into a trough was like a muffled cannon shot; spray hitting the deck had the sound of wild drumming.

From straining machinery steam hissed, darting like erratic tongues. The stench of hot oil was at once reassuring and menacing. Martin deeply breathed the fumes. They gave him a sense of mastery and of detachment. He was doing his duty, unconcerned about outcome and result. Bending his back to a task impossible of fulfillment, he stubbornly clung to the delusion that somehow he would succeed!

Martin Helm, the German!

After the Sirius had emerged into rough water, he had climbed to the bridge where Hein Rode stood in windy darkness, perplexed and saturnine, hands holding the wheel and eyes boring forward into the murksome night.

"Anything in sight?" Martin had shouted. "Ship's lights?"

"No." Hein Rode had grumbled, his face a bony mask in the sheen of the binnacle light: "Time to go back, boy."

"I am not going back."

"Coal giving out?"

"I don't know."

"You'll take us to the devil."

"Go back if you will. I am not going back."

But the ferment had also invaded the brain of Hein Rode. "No," he had barked. "We're going on. Wouldn't go back if you begged me."

"All right."

(Continued on Page 69)



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(Continued from Page 67)

"All right nothing! All right till the coal ns out."

"Krasny Pioner can't be far ahead now," artin had said.

"I'm sorry for you," Hein Rode had shouted the wind. "Coal finished—we'll anchor for e night, or drift."

Anchor or drift. Next day a coastal patrol ip would tow them upriver and policemen ould be waiting on the quay. It would be e end. Marcus Berzins crouched in the lee- ard wing of the bridge, seasick, muttering himself as though in a delirium. For him so it would be the end.

Now Martin was back in the engine room d his hands were clamped around the rottle wheel. The throttle was wide open. he tachometer, counting the propeller rev- utions, was rampant. There was a wheez- g in the bold pounding of steel. Steam pres- re was too high; the needle of the manom- er trembled fitfully about the red danger ark. For several instants he considered the ssibility of a boiler explosion. Rebelliously cast the thought aside. There was only the ge not to accept voluntarily another failure.

HREE HOURS NOW. THROUGH THE OPEN ulkhead door he could see Hacker in the okehold. Hacker was barefooted, stripped the waist. As the needle of the pressure uge dipped below the red danger mark, acker heaved coal. He yanked open the e door, a sudden flood of reddish light upon m. He scraped up coal dust from the bot- m of the bunker chute, shovel after shovel dust, and flung the dust into the flaming aw. Then he slammed shut the fire door d sat limply on the floor plates to rest.

ARTIN crossed the few feet of greasy deck ates that separated him from Hacker. "Ex- austed?"

Hacker nodded. "Burns on both hands."

"Water?"

"No water. Cognac."

"No cognac."

"A cigarette then."

Martin's cigarettes were sweat-drenched. e thrust a poker into the fire hole and after minute withdrew it. They lit their wet cig- ettes on the red-glowing end of the poker.

"I'll stoke now," Martin said.

"How far are we?"

"Past Norden Light. We're coming into elgoland Bay."

Martin went to the bunker chute. On hands nd knees he crawled into the chute. His ands probed over the remaining coal dust. hen he backed out of the chute and sat own at Hacker's side.

"Less than a ton," he said. "A half ton aybe." The truth of his discovery depressed im. The truth was like a malevolent hand, ressing on him, pushing him down.

Hacker said, "What will happen?"

"I had a foolish hope," Martin replied. "A mad hope. Lisa is finished now."

Hacker smoked. He said nothing.

"She is lost now," Martin said. "Gone and lost."

"Berzins," Hacker asked suddenly, "where is he?"

"On the bridge. He was a hero. He's cracked."

"When we return to Nordune, they'll take him."

"Yes. They will take us both. A cracked hero and a fool in good condition."

"Should we not ask Captain Rode to turn about?"

"You don't know Hein Rode. He is the master. He does not forgive. He will go as far as the coal will carry him."

Hacker yawned with deliberate unconcern.

THE engine wheezed and rumbled. In the fire hole the coal dust burned with a dim, roaring sound. But the motions of the tugboat through the turbulence outside had changed abruptly. The heaving and pitching against a head-on sea had changed to a violent rolling. There was a clatter of coal heaver's tools sliding over the floor plates, and the thumping sound of a comber breaking aboard broadside.

"Something has happened!" Hacker braced himself to keep from sliding.

Martin sprang up. The tugboat wallowed, careening dangerously from side to side. The engine groaned. Water sloshed heavily over the deck.

"Are we in peril?" Hacker inquired.

"Stay calm," Martin told him. "She's changed her course."

"What does it mean?"

"I don't know."

"Captain Rode is turning back," Hacker cried. "You see—a reasonable man!"

"Then we should move with a stern sea."

But the Sirius continued to heel crazily, broadside to the combers.

"Something is wrong?"

"Yes. I'll see." Swiftly Martin ascended the narrow iron ladder to the deck.

WHEN THE SIRIUS CHANGED HER COURSE AND began to roll on her beam ends, Marcus Berzins had already usurped control of the bridge. Out of a curtain of scudding mist a light had appeared, floating in the tempest like a lantern suspended from a moving cloud. Marcus had suddenly whipped out of his brooding. He had confronted Hein Rode, demanding that he head the tugboat toward the light.

"Lay off," Hein Rode had said roughly.

"Light over yonder—a ship?"

"Aye."

"Go ——"

"No. She's too close."



"Everybody ready? Okay . . . DEAR MOM AND DAD . . ."



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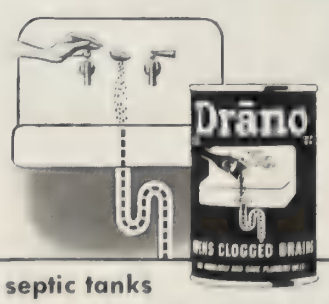
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"Go—hurry and go . . . *ram!*"

"Against the law."

"I will kill you."

"Lay off!" Hein Rode had bellowed. "Get below!"

Marcus Berzins had pounced with the lithe ferocity of a panther. The butt of his revolver had thudded against Hein Rode's head, a short, cruel blow behind the ear. Hein Rode had fallen, still grasping the spokes of the wheel; but Marcus had quickly broken the older man's grip, pushing him aside and forcing the wheel to the left. He had aimed the Sirius at the light, allowing for a lead in the manner of a cannoneer intent on bombarding a moving target.

Dazed by the blow, Hein Rode had risen to his knees. "Lay off," he shouted. "You'll capsize ——" He lurched forward, throwing both arms around the usurper's legs, attempting to drag him away from the wheel. "You . . . pirate! Lay off my ship."

"*Bolshevik!*"

"Hark to reason—give way."

In an insane rage Marcus Berzins had set his revolver against Hein Rode's protesting face. In the same movement he pulled the trigger.

Martin heard the shots as he reached the deck. They sounded like a door banging in the wind. The Sirius swung as though impaled upon the end of a gigantic pendulum.

To leeward, a mile or two distant, the black and massive silhouette of a flat-topped cliff loomed dead against the storm sky, familiar to the eyes of Martin Helm in the heart of any lightless night. . . . An island rock, depopulated, blighted and broken, austere and yet sweet beyond all limits of knowledge. Helgoland, the doomed land of his birth. But toiling knee-deep through angry water, pulling himself over the ice-crusted deck and up the ice-crusted ladder to the bridge, he did not think of Helgoland at all. Athwart the tugboat's bows, a little way off, there were lights. A white light and a green light, the outline of a ship, shadowy and ominous—a hull, a funnel, a small freighter . . . the Krasny Pioner bucking northward against the sea.

As he gained the bridge, Martin saw the ship immediately ahead, and he saw the Sirius' forward-plunging snout. Then a glare leaped out of the black hulk in front of his eyes, the beam of a searchlight, and he heard a succession of siren blasts, like cries for help.

Martin's first thought was to yank the indicator on the engine room telegraph to "Full Astern." But that spark collided with another—the realization that the order "Full Astern" would be only a shout in space. There was no one at the controls below to obey the command, no one except Waldemar Hacker.

Martin lunged for the steering wheel. Lunging, he heard a screeching cry: "*Ram! Ram!*"

He stumbled over something on the bridge. The tugboat lurched to port, listing steeply. He stumbled over something that had come plummeting down the sudden incline like a wet sack of flour. He pitched forward, throwing out his hands to break the fall. The Sirius righted herself briefly on the white-maned back of a roller, then heeled sharply to starboard, in a sliding fall to the bottom of an unquiet ravine. The thing that had tripped him reversed its course and rolled soggily against his outstretched arms. The thing, Martin saw, was Hein Rode.

"*Ram!*"

One side of Hein Rode's head had been torn away as though by an explosive blast. The voice that kept screeching the single word "Ram" was the voice of Marcus Berzins. A maniac was at the Sirius' wheel, waving a revolver in the searchlight glare, and already it was too late.

For a small part of a second the flank of the Krasny Pioner loomed above them like a church teetering in the storm. The force of the collision hurled Martin against the weather railing of the bridge. The bows of the tugboat crashed through the side of the freighter. There were sounds of metal screaming as it was rent, a cracking of timbers, a clashing of machinery, the gurgling rattle of steam escaping, cries feeble in the mighty hooting of the gale. The searchlight went out.

Grasping a stanchion, Martin pulled himself erect. Again he was the master of a ship. He knew exactly what he must do. In front of him there erupted dry cracking sounds puny like the breaking of twigs. He saw thin flashes of white light. Marcus Berzins, who had rushed to the forecastle head, was firing his revolver at the wounded flank of the larger ship. Then a curling wall of water smashed down, breaking itself over the tug. Martin hugged the stanchion as the avalanche swirled past him; in this instant he saw Marcus fling himself over the bow of the Sirius in a rabid assault upon the Krasny Pioner.

Martin staggered from the bridge. Halfway down the ladder he met Hacker, who, fully dressed and wearing his hat, was fleeing toward the deck. Martin told him to go back to the stokehold and heave coal. Hacker asked no question. He obeyed. Martin, meanwhile, sprang to the main control lever of the engine. He drew it slowly from "Full Ahead" to "Stop." He paused a moment, then he shoved it to "Full Astern."

The cylinders gave forth a coughing rumble. From the boiler came a singing. Soon the gleaming pistons hammered their rhythm in reverse. Waldemar Hacker was stoking. He was flinging coal dust into the open fire hole until Martin slammed shut the door. Water was seeping into the stokehold. Already it slopped ankle-high, and more was coming in.

Martin led the way to the bridge. The ships had disengaged. The Sirius was sagging at the bow; but her stern rode high, breasting the waves. The Krasny Pioner was no more than a shadow receding in the night. Martin took the wheel. While Waldemar Hacker sat quietly on the deck, holding the dead Hein Rode, Martin steered a course, full speed astern, toward the southern tip of Helgoland Isle.

Two months passed. Wild geese winged over Switzerland and Bavaria and crossed the Nether-Saxon moorlands, and they flew on in honking wedges toward their lakes in Sweden. The storks flew northward from Italy, alone or in pairs, and much higher than the wild geese; far aloft they flew, toward Jutland, over mountains and the plains, following the winding reaches of the Norden River.

The month of March began with snow. But then a south wind turned snow to slush. The waters of the Norden River rose steadily among the brown dikes, and when the March rains stopped and sunlight poured from a blue sky the flood was still rising.

The trial of Capt. Martin Helm before the American tribunal in Nordune held neither surprise nor sensation. In a world accustomed to disaster it was an almost humdrum affair, a quiet aftermath of events already overshadowed by happenings of more immediate concern.

The small courtroom was almost bare of spectators. The questioning of witnesses was brief, except in the case of two witnesses for the defense, and one whom the prosecution had produced. This latter was Heinrich Kossack, who had been a stoker aboard the tugboat Sirius which now lay deserted among the derelicts in the shattered harbor of Helgoland. The first witness for the defense was Frau Lisa Helm, née Berzins, to whom the presiding major judge had granted permission to marry the accused in the police jail, on the day preceding the morning of the trial. A third witness desired by the defending attorney had not appeared: Serg. Bayard Smith had gone home to Maryland.

The rescue of Lisa and her Russian captors was described by the commander of a coast-patrol ship. This officer testified that he had sighted the Krasny Pioner dangerously damaged and flying signals of distress on the morning following the collision near Helgoland Isle.

"At first the Soviet vessel declined my offer of assistance," he reported. "I stood by in case. The sea was very rough. The Russians seemed to have trouble with their

gine. After three hours they accepted sistance."
"What did you do?"
"I steamed to windward to make a lee for em. They then lowered a lifeboat."
"Krasny Pioner was abandoned?"
"No, sir. A few Russians remained aboard. here was danger of sinking. I wirelessed for tug. I stood by until the tug arrived. She as the Samson of the Royal Navy. She put ine on the Krasny Pioner and a pumping ew, and towed her back to Nordune."
The presiding judge asked, "What be-me of the Russians in the lifeboat?"
"I took them aboard my own vessel. Later anded them at Cuxhaven."
"How many persons were in the lifeboat?"
"Seventeen men and two women."
"Two women?"
"Yes, sir. A Russian stewardess and a tvian woman who claimed she was held soner aboard Krasny Pioner."
"Can you identify the Latvian woman?"
"Yes. She is in this courtroom."
"Lisa Helm?"
"Lisa Berzins."
"Yes. . . . Did she identify herself imme-tely?"
"She asked for protection. At the time she s barely able to speak. She appeared zed."
"Shock?"
"Drugged, I should say."
"Did the Russians offer any explanation her presence on the Krasny Pioner?"
"Yes, sir. The *Sutkom*—that is the com-ssar of the ship's political committee—ted that Lisa Helm had secreted herself oard Krasny Pioner as a stowaway . . . t she had wished to re-n home to Russia."
"Indeed," said the pre-ng judge. "What did u do?"
"I did not believe the *kom*. The girl was in a ha. I delivered her to British hospital."
"Did the Russians explain the collision?"
"They said it was sabotage."
A complete reconstruction of the events rounding the ship collision in Helgoland y was precluded by the unavailability of tain participants. The captain and crew he Krasny Pioner had suddenly departed, train, to the Soviet Zone and a new crew l arrived to man the ship after the damage been repaired. Hein Rode lay buried by side of his wife. And the whereabouts of *rkriminalsekretär* Kurz remained a total stery. There was no doubt, however, ut the death of Marcus Berzins, whose ose had washed ashore on the Butjadin-sands. . . .
Captain Helm!"
Martin arose. He answered preliminary stions in a clipped, clear manner.
hen the prosecutor, lowering his voice, ed, "Did you ever kill a man?"
"Yes, sir."
t seemed that the nakedness of the reply come as a surprise.
"Whom did you kill?"
"I killed my engineer. Wetterman."
"Will you tell the court how you killed r Wetterman?"
"I slew him in a fit of fury."
"Will you elaborate?"
"It was a fury that had grown for months. e a cancer."
"I see."

E trial proceeded with a strange ab-ce of contest between defense and prose-on. In the course of the examination of rtin Helm, the presiding judge took over questioning. He asked:
"When did you first experience this fury?"
"After I came home from Texas."
"Before you actually knew Wetterman?"
"Yes, sir."
"You mean to tell us you experienced this before you met Lisa—er—the present u Helm?"
"Yes, sir."
"And you say it led you to kill Wetter-n?"
"That is correct."
"How could you carry around with you a fury that led you to killing a man before you actually met him?"
"It just grows," Martin said.
"You mean such fury grows like grass?" The judge sounded faintly incredulous.
"Yes," Martin told him. "It grew. It just kept growing."
"It would seem abnormal."
"I am not abnormal," Martin said. "I am a normal man who wants a normal life."
"Very well. . . . You hold, then, that such blind fury as yours is as normal as grass?"
"Yes, sir," said Martin. "It grows from the ruins."

A LITTLE later the prosecutor asked sharply, "Helm, what are you politically?"
"I don't understand."
"Have you been a Nazi?"
"No."
"Are you a Monarchist? A Nationalist? A Liberal? A Socialist? What are you?"
"None of those. I am a patriot."
Silence. A scraping of feet. Then: "Tell me, Herr Helm, what is a patriot?"
"A man who does not want to be ashamed of his country, nor of himself."
"Are you ashamed of your country?"
"Yes. But it is my country. I do not want to be ashamed of it."
"Are you ashamed of yourself?"
"I am."
"Because you killed Wetterman?"
"No. Because I brought about the death of my mate, Hein Rode."
"It has been established," the prosecutor said, "that Captain Rode was murdered in Helgoland Bay by the Balt, Marcus Berzins."
"The death of Captain Rode is my guilt—my guilt alone."
The young daughters of Hein Rode—Margarete, Annemarie and Susanna—were present in the courtroom at the request of the accused. Their well-mannered bearing did much, in the opinion of Waldemar Hacker, to influence the court. They looked clean and warmly dressed. Since their informal adoption by Lisa Helm, who lived with them in the Rode room, they had received loving and consistent care; Mrs. Evelyn Dartman, the wife of the presiding judge, had organized a collection of clothing for the Rode girls among the American women in Helgenau; and Harold Heck of Palestine, Texas, in answer to a nine-page letter which the accused had written, had pledged himself to send to the children of Hein Rode, c/o Frau Lisa Helm, one CARE food package each fortnight.
Following a suggestion whispered by Waldemar Hacker, the defense requested the court to take note of the fact that the accused had assigned a sum of money, representing wages still due him for seven years of labor as a prisoner of war in Texas, to the support of the daughters of Hein Rode. Of this the court took notice. Clearance and transfer of the funds, through the International Red Cross, were under way.
The trial came to an end. The prosecutor, pointing out that the crimes of the accused had been material in ridding Nordune of a band of spies, demanded that the sentence should be imprisonment for life.
Martin Helm was asked if he had anything further to say. He stood up, paused a moment, looking at Lisa, and past her through a dusty window at the brilliant blue sky. "No," he said. He sat down.

THE TRIBUNAL FOUND CAPT. MARTIN HELM guilty of manslaughter and barratry. The sentence, gravely pronounced by Maj. Arcelius Dartman, was nine years' imprisonment at hard labor. His license to navigate any ship on any ocean was revoked. As guards laid handcuffs on Martin, preparing to lead him away, Hacker forwent a strong desire to step forward and bid the captain farewell. He sat very still. This last minute belonged to Lisa Helm.
She came to Martin. There were tears in her eyes. She was bringing him a single,

(Continued on Page 73)

You can never put the blossoms back on the tree after a storm, no matter how hard you try. —CHINESE PROVERB.

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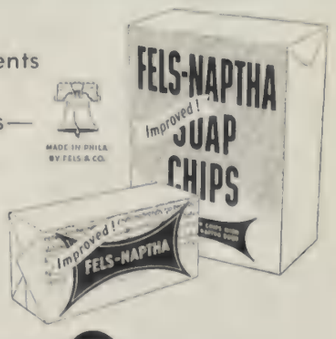
The "seventh son of a seventh son" couldn't find the truth among the claims of some present-day laundry products. But any housekeeper will understand these plain *facts* about Improved Fels-Naptha Soap:

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WOMEN DREAMED IT...
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it's *femineered!*

Model H-92's advanced cold-to-the-floor design *actually* puts a *bigger refrigerator* inside a smaller cabinet . . . adds Pantry-Dor storage besides! Big 9.2 cubic foot size, with eight more feet of *right-in-sight* door shelves. It's *exactly what you've always wanted!*

Every inch is *femineered* . . . woman-planned for new *at-a-glance* food finding! *Always-needed* little things nest in the Pantry-Dor. Fresh meats, frozen foods, milk and beverages store at *eye-level, reach-level* height. Bulky foods, left-overs and crisper-fresh vegetables are *close at hand* on big lower shelves.

Women cheer the acid-resisting porcelain enamel interior surfaces; lever-release ice cubes; economical "Tight-Wad" refrigeration unit with 5-year warranty permanently attached to cabinet. See Model H-92—see ALL SIX models.

Shelf Arrangement Is Flexible
Unusual storage is never a problem with Model H-92. Large picture above shows huge space for big turkey when lower half shelf is removed and crisper is placed below meat tray. Day-to-day arrangement at right shows shelf replaced and both crispers in normal position. It's *all-season, all-occasion* convenience.



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(Continued from Page 71)

temmed flower. Lisa smiled as though
r that the tears would run down her
she stopped smiling.
narcissus," she said. "Yesterday after
ame your wife I went out to Borkum
I looked at the house we tried to
——"
meday," Martin told her, "we will
that house."
took the flower. Now the tears were
over Lisa's cheeks.
's from our garden," she cried. "Do
emember? My garden in the pails and
t which you laughed?"
es. Your rubble garden."
l the others were frozen to death in the
. This is the only flower that came out,
issus. It's for you!"
guards were restless.
arewell," Martin said. He added,
t for me."
ou also wait for me," Lisa said. "I love
Do you believe me?"
believe."
truly love you," Lisa said.
slipped her arms around him. The
ters of Hein Rode looked on. Captain Martin stood like a rock, and so they kissed. Hacker sprang up. He felt an unaccustomed wetness in his eyes. He turned his back on them and moved to the window, pulling out his notebook and pencil, pretending that he had suddenly come upon a magnificent idea.

"An empty stomach," he scribbled, irritated by his attempt at pretense, "produces pain, not liberty."

He stopped writing. He looked through the window. Nordune was disturbed by the flood. But there were many minor floods. Broken water pipes, released by the thaw, flooded kitchens and cellars. The sun was shining. In a muddy puddle on the cobbled street a sparrow was bathing. The sparrow was shaking out its feathers. Then it warmed itself in the sun.

The sun. The sparrow. One narcissus, delicate and clean, survived the winter among ruins. Martin Helm was entering a tunnel nine years long.

Resolutely, Waldemar Hacker struck out the sentence he had written about an empty stomach and liberty.

"Springtime," he wrote, "arises most beautifully in lands where the winter is harshest."

BIRTH: A LOVE STORY

(Continued from Page 55)

napping it, with its bones—pulling up
pper that fastened the second layer.
uickly as possible she drew on her slip.
ist you wait," she said, turning then
niling at him, but she did not mean this.
resent absorbed her wholly, she could
ite believe in what was to come and
esh as well as her mind believed this
it was forever.
eyes turned in to his, and something
thought seemed to reach him; for an
t the contact was almost unbearable
eir eyes met, sweet, and wild, and
nate. But now, as though overcome
guilt, John broke away; he sprang
he bedclothes, putting his feet squarely
floor, and sat there on the side of the
awning. Vigorously he ran his fingers
gh his hair, and then got up.
ok, you get back in bed this morning.
ed to get up, Joyce, you ought to get
rest." He patted her, keeping his eyes
ng all over the room, before he drew
"Does he kick like that when you're
our feet too?" he
his manner differ-
together. And it was
The child's kick had
between them. "I
ht it was only when
y down. He goes on
at most of the night,
now," and he smiled
certain pride. "Must
usky, all right." A moment later the
was running briskly in the shower, and
ard him whistling contentedly, his day

Do not craze yourself with thinking, but go about your business anywhere. Life is not intellectual and critical, but sturdy. —EMERSON.

OR JAMES WAS A KINDLY MAN, HIS WHITE
ave a nice softness to his round face,
is blue eyes were bright and attentive.
t across the desk and brought his
together before him—the arms seemed
hort to reach comfortably, and his
, capable-looking fingers did not give
wining easily, as if their strength kept
apart.
ou're fine, fine," he said, in a kindly
t voice—distant because it came from
erassuring world, the considerate ones
surrounded her, protecting her from
moment. When now all time seemed to
run together like a tributary between
ke and the sea that yet embraced them
She was looking forward and back-
from the source and from the end;
was the fourth dimension, she sup-
, thinking, *The doctor is very consid-*
But it was not enough for one who
grasping for so much and finding so

nurse brought papers to the doctor,
g, saying nothing, but smiling more assurances, *You're going to be fine,* in her white laundered manner.

Fine, fine . . . of course. Fine. But fineness means something else as well. It means drawn clean to a point, all extraneous matter absent.

"Now, look here, have you got a little time?" Doctor James was asking as he reached into his drawer. She had heard this was the thing he did at the last moment, bring out his collection of baby pictures. "My babies," he said.

"All of them?" she faltered politely, as page after page was turned on the little boys, little girls, some so young they seemed to have no sex, all the babies that he had drawn out into the world. Politely, she pointed to one, the only one crying, ugly, perverse. "That's a funny one," she said, and it was, but impatiently he turned the page.

"A pretty young woman like you—you'll probably have a little beauty like this one!" he said, pointing out a stupidly pretty child resplendent in ruffles and a halo of blond curls.

But this was all part of a pattern; now she knew her time was very near, perhaps it *was* time, but he would not say. It was simply that he wanted her to look ahead from now on beyond the pain, maybe the fear. What fear? The child in her kicked suddenly against her side, and a fist—surely angry, doubled and redoubled against the confining wall. She giggled—she could not help it at this moment—but the doctor took that kindly, too, since he could never let himself be surprised.

"Let me know at once, the first sign you have," he said, closing the book; now he had leveled out her share of encouragement, and there were other women waiting.

Yet as she got up to leave she felt a sudden rush of affection for the man: he was so kind, he spent his days being kind and near; but she could not go with so little. Impulsively she held out her hand, thinking, *Another's hand can sometimes fill a void;* but he took it brusquely as if this was not in the pattern, shaking it with a slight embarrassment.

Still she felt better as she went out in the air, if only because of another milestone passed, and perhaps the last one; just so many visits and the doctor sends you to the hospital. "Your baby may be late," the doctor always said, cautiously, kindly—meaning, *Don't, please, call me in the night with pains that do not mean anything.*

The air was cold and clear, and a scent of frozen things was around her, pungently,



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1 cup water
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1 cup chilled, crushed, sweetened peaches*

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3. Pour into freezing tray and freeze until mixture is frozen. *You need only add water and flavoring to Ten-B-Low because each can contains all the sugar, heavier-than-whipping cream, milk and egg yolks necessary for extra-rich, real ice cream.*
4. Break up and spoon frozen Ten-B-Low into mixing bowl. Beat until slightly softer than creamy mashed potatoes. Don't overwhip. Stir in chilled, crushed peaches* which have been sweetened with 2 tablespoons sugar.
5. Immediately return to freezing tray and freeze. *That's all there is to it. Nothing to add but flavoring and water. Because only water has been removed,* Ten-B-Low is not an imitation. Ten-B-Low is genuine ice cream in heavy concentrated form . . . containing heavier-than-whipping cream lacking in so-called "mixes." Make *real* ice cream . . . make *rich* ice cream with Ten-B-Low. Get several cans today!

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*Any fresh, frozen or canned fruit may be substituted for peaches in this recipe.

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Makes any flavor

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CONCENTRATED REAL ICE CREAM



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-made with...

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the scent and appearance all along the streets. It made her feel jolly in a wintry, childhood-remembered way, and instead of turning home, she walked on down Madison Avenue, looking in the windows. She looked at dresses and hats and furs and fine antiques, but she did not look at her own reflection. Carefully she ignored this until she came to a florist-shop window and everything in there was so beautiful, all full of white flowers, gardenias, phlox, babies'-breath, roses—all white, such a lovely thought for winter, such a beautiful *breathing* window, and then she saw herself there with the white flowers surrounding her. She saw that her skin was still clear, and pale, almost white, her face waxen in this setting, but not incongruous. She had a patient look, she observed, with growing joy, almost a gardener's look, as if she might be kneeling there, touching gently at the roots of the flowers.

I'll go see John, she thought suddenly. *I'll drop into the office. It's not far, and just today, surely, it will be all right. He will say I should not have come so far. He'll even look a little embarrassed before the people in his office at this huge fertile creature for whom he, obviously, is responsible; but surely I can reach him now, he will understand how my love must see him, be near him at this moment.*

The elevator stopped evenly at the tenth floor and she waited for the gate to open, feeling her breathlessness, the leashed excitement of the morning returning. And the gate swung aside and there he was waiting for it.

"John, oh ——" she began, excitedly: it was too perfect, his being there; and then she saw that he did look embarrassed.

"Well," he said. "Joyce, it's ——" and then she saw he was not alone, and a pretty dark girl beside him was smiling brightly, expectantly—but with an amused look, rather than surprise in her smile. "This is Jane Judson," he said hurriedly, as they both got on. "Is anything the matter?" and now, even as she watched, his workday briskness and good humor were turning into anxiety and kindness.

"No, oh, no," she said, and added the words, "I'm *fine*, darling, really, I just thought—well, I had kind of an impulse, I guess." And suddenly she had to turn from them both to hide the tears, *those damnable easy tears*, she thought, tensing her throat to hold them back until the pain of this gave her something else to think of. Something else than this farawayness, this being out of touch with so much, so much—— They were under control, quickly, thank God, and she turned to John and the girl again, brightly. *I'm bright, really, can't you see*. "But you're going someplace ——"

He hesitated for only an instant. "Well—we had some business to talk over. I suggested a bar—won't you come with us? Like a drink?"

THE girl was still smiling and when she spoke her voice was soft, very, very soft and pretty. "I've been on the train," she said. "It was so crowded. Your husband thought I looked too thirsty to concentrate on our business."

"No—well ——" She did not know what she should do; all the poise, all the rules she had made for herself through the years would not apply now. She was trying to play basketball when she knew only tennis rules; what was the scoring, what was "love" in this game? There were all these emotions to choose between: disappointment, and aloneness, and even a small anger she had no right to.

It would be more gracious to go with them, of course. John was insisting now, out on the street, a little roughly, as though he knew how it was for her, and yet was a little angry, too, because it was another way for him. So together they went into a bar where he ordered a sherry for her, while he and the girl—*wasn't she pretty, I hate her, I hate her*—had tall double Scotches.

It all went badly. Joyce could not carry it off; none of them could. John gave her such a kind smile, but an instant later—she had turned away, trying to say, *I'm not spying, I'm not putting in any claims now*—she looked back and saw his eyes were holding the dark girl's commandingly, a quick male glance. And the girl was responding sweetly—why not, what did she have to lose?—but the weight of this look rested heavily between Joyce's breasts. Was she to be settled forever in the climate of her pregnancy, a zone of unending, unchanging skies, a lifetime of siesta?

And although John loved her, perhaps more dearly than before, he had paradoxically gained a freedom from their love. She was his wife, she would bear his child, but already it seemed he had discharged in this burden she carried his obligation to her as a lover. And now there was this girl, slim and provocative, and all the other slim-bodied women, their hungers not yet appeased, their destinies unfulfilled. . . .

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Suburban

By William Stafford

In any town I must live near the rind,
Where the animals come around nibbling.
Everything there may be designed,
But near is an edge, not confined.

They must be animals that, though mild,
Come straying in only by nighttime
They don't belong, but lurk, beguiled
By light, but ready to bolt for the wild.

That's how we always feel, we nibblers,
Around any kind of a city:
In front of us lights and glory and stir,
But back of us—country, as friendly as fur.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"I'm afraid I'll have to leave you." She spoke suddenly, clearly. "I've still got some errands. I'm glad I caught you for a minute, dear ——"

He met the appeal in her look with great fondness, he was so kind; instantly his look was again full of concern, and he moved his eyes apart from the girl's. "Oh, must you? Look, you've been pretty good, Joyce, I'll let you have one more sherry," and his smile was full of depths and affection. But he did not insist, and she had wanted him to.

She got up carefully—yet even so her huge bulk caught at the table edge, and the glasses on it trembled and the contents of one splashed on the girl's glove lying there. "Oh, I'm sorry."

But the girl was reassuring, of course, it was nothing at all.

Joyce got away politely then, leaving them with no unnecessary concern for herself, she was sure. And ran out the door up the street, the tears pouring heavily and she did not care. . . .

The child was still! She was four blocks from the restaurant where she'd left John when suddenly she thought, *For a long time I have felt no life*, and a terrible fright came over her. She hurried up the street, trying to go faster from this new fear, then thinking, *Maybe we will both die, maybe this is the end. All those reassurances, maybe everyone thinks I will die—even John! I hadn't thought my marriage would end so soon*, she thought, weeping, and now the silence. *Where is the child* ——

She did not know if the pain came first, or the fall. They seemed simultaneous, both startled, shocked her into a sudden blurring of vision, and as she went down on the sidewalk there was another, a sharp, unmistakable twinge.

Instantly there were people around her and in the midst a cab driver came and helped her to her feet. A cab driver with a jaunty cap, and cold rough hands.

"Easy now," he said, "easy does it. Now don't worry, please, just tell me where I can take you." Why, he was frankly, openly scared, really anxious, he wasn't trying to cover it over. Out of all the people she knew here was one person in the world who did not pretend, who admitted that he was afraid. "You oughtn't to be walking around like this, alone, ma'am. Are you close to home? Did you hurt yourself?"

And then as she was going to answer him there was another pain, only a slow one this time, starting with such a small feeling and it grew and grew until she felt her face twisted by its intensity.

"SAY, you *are* in trouble," the man said and led her to his cab, putting her in quickly and shutting the door. "Now you tell me where you want to go and *I'm* going to take you!"

"The doctor——" she began, but he interrupted her impatiently.

"No time for that," he said, and a note of competence came into his voice. "You're ready for the hospital, ma'am, judging by my own experience—I've got three. Which one? You got reservations, I hope."

"Oh—the Lying In."

Then he was going ahead through traffic and lights, and for a time there was even a policeman riding on the side of the cab waving his arms for other cars to let them by, and turning occasionally and grinning in at her.

She felt the pains now, although not hard, not unendurably. But suddenly she was excited in a new, strong, vital way, and happy and young. She felt herself slowly rising from her cocoon, the way she'd felt at her first Assembly, or before that; she felt all the beginnings she had ever known, all the past she had ever shed dropping from her now surely, surely —— She felt the quiver of excitement between her ribs, like the beginnings of passion, of all the moments, the warm, beautiful moments she had lived through with John. . . .

And then she thought, as she had in the morning, how wonderful it was to be close to him, to know they would always be together, and how he would look when they told him she'd had the baby, after all. He would be so excited ——

She even felt a little bubble of laughter thinking of the girl with him. *It really must have been a shock to her, she thought, and she was a nice girl, and didn't show that. I must remember to ask her to the house sometime. . . .*

Now she was in a cave with white clouds moving in and out around her, and the sharpness of pain like jagged rock points, stalagmites of pain, stalactites piercing until the sweet cover of the ether cone was placed again upon her face and she could let go, relax, drift deep into the cave with white clouds gentle on the air around her. . . .

Sound. And then activity, the distantly familiar sound of human voices, movements, even laughter, the nearby, angry bleat of a newborn lamb. . . .

Sharply, suddenly Joyce opened her eyes, fighting through the blur until she saw the blocks of white tile clear-cut, gleaming, and the light above. Eyes open, then she heard "She's coming out of it, doctor," the nurse's whiteness leaning over, the doctor's sudden hand pressure on her pulse. "You were fine."

"It's a boy," the doctor said, good kind loving Doctor James and the baby, now you see it, really quite complete, really fine. *Oh, he's not ugly like they said he'd be, he's cute*. Now only sleep was claiming her, tomorrow she would start to give again of other things, but now, *Oh, let sleep come*. . . .

And when she opened her eyes again, rested, feeling so marvelously well, she was with John, who was trying to tell her something with his eyes, and she simply let him and thought how wonderful life could be forever after for the three of them, John, herself and the baby. THE END



HOT DAN SAYS:

"Time to eat Outdoors...



Time for FRENCH'S!"

FRENCHWISE BARBECUE SAUCE

tablespoons butter or margarine • 1 medium onion, minced • 1 small green pepper, minced
2 tablespoons brown sugar • 2 tablespoons French's Cream Salad Mustard
1 tablespoon French's Worcestershire Sauce • 1 teaspoon salt • ¾ cup ketchup

Melt butter or margarine; add onion and green pepper; cook slowly 2 minutes. Add remaining ingredients; simmer 10 minutes. Yield: 8 servings.

Make supper on that outdoor grill an *vent!* Try Hot Dan's delectable French-ise sauce with sizzling hamburger or ot dogs. It's superb! Only French's Mustard has that *special* flavor—you'll nd it's smoother, creamier, too. It's a blend of the finest spices, mustard seed, and vinegar money can buy!

This famous golden mustard has a delightfully *different* taste—brings out the full flavor of meat, gives food added zest. No wonder it's America's favorite!

ARGEST SELLING PREPARED MUSTARD IN THE U. S. A. . . . (Also made in Canada)





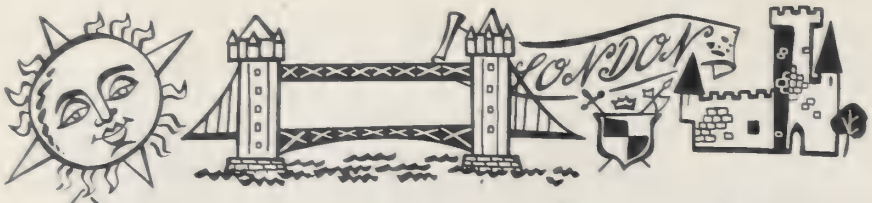
FREE! Hot Dan's new recipe book—"DINING DELIGHTS"

Send your name and address to
The R. T. French Company,
1608 Mustard Street, Rochester 9, N. Y.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____



BUY-LINE



THERE'S an art to packing a suitcase . hence these tips that will help your clot emerge from your luggage with some sembla to their pre-packed freshness. You can't t everything you'd like . . . so cull out the " pendables" and then pack heavy things f Put shoes on the bottom (stuff with hosi

THERE'S SOUTH SEA ISLAND SPLENDOR in plastic housewares . . . especially those "made of STYRON" (Dow polystyrene). They're as gay and colorful as tropical flowers . . . and both durable and inexpensive. Truly, nothing can equal the usefulness and attractiveness of staple household items "made of STYRON" . . . which is why most people (I for one!) prefer them to glassware and metalware. Why do I specifically recommend "made of STYRON" plastics? Before The Dow Chemical Company grants this label, the plastics products must pass the rigid standards of their Product Evaluation Committee . . . by meeting all their requirements as to functional design, quality of workmanship and correct application of plastics. So look for this label of *quality*; then choose:

Refrigerator Boxes Bowls Tumblers
Cake Covers Paper Towel Holders
Measuring Cups Barbecue Plates

And many other staple housewares you need for daily living.



IN A COTTAGE ON THE COAST or a mansion in the mountains . . . wherever you summer, you'll see luscious blackberries. So why not put up jams and jellies while the berries last! There's a quick, easy way to do it . . . use CERTO, the amazing liquid pectin product. I find that with CERTO I get a "bonus" of about *50% more* glasses, too...PLUS more fresh, blackberry flavor, fragrance and color in each. For proof, try this CERTO "short-boil" recipe for the world's best **Blackberry Jelly:**



Crush thoroughly about 3 qts. fully ripe blackberries. Place in jelly bag and squeeze out juice. Measure 4 cups juice into very large saucepan; add 7½ cups sugar; mix well. Place over high heat and bring to boil, stirring constantly. At once stir in 1 bottle CERTO. Bring to *full rolling boil; boil hard 1 min.*, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, skim, pour quickly into glasses. Paraffin at once. Makes about 11 six-oz. glasses.

FUN AND ADVENTURE in making your favorite recipes will be yours the minute you become the proud possessor of a new 1950 GENERAL ELECTRIC Triple-whip Mixer. It's really the most wonderful mixer I've ever used . . . but only seeing is believing. So visit your G-E Appliance Dealer today . . . get him to show you: *The completely new Juicer which "juices" up to a dozen oranges* . . . without *clogging. Notice the brand new Speed Selector . . . with 12 speeds to choose from and "worlds" of constant power in each. See how ABC-easy to clean its 3 "whirlwind" beaters are . . . for there's no center shaft to get in your way. Discover how its built-in light lets you really* see *what you're mixing, that it's amazingly light when used as a portable* . . . and *that you get a four quart bowl, a two quart bowl, plus the wonderful new "no-clog" juicer.* Now you know why I'm so enthusiastic about the new G-E Triple-whip Mixer . . . and why you ought to have one, too. P.S. My first choice as a beautiful, practical wedding gift.



YOU COULD TRAVEL THE WORLD OVER . . . but you'd never find anything more wonderful for hearty protein main dishes than DEMING'S Salmon. It's salmon at its delicious, mouth-melting best . . . delicate and firm-textured with a tantalizing tang-o'-the-sea in every flavorful morsel. DEMING'S Salmon "guards" your purse and your time with a canny Scotsman's care, too . . . for it costs only pennies a serving and fixes "wink-quick". Try it in taste-enticing casseroles, salmon loaves and creamed . . . as well as in a luscious hot-weather salad like this:



Mix together 2 cups DEMING'S Salmon, ½ cup chopped cucumber (which has been marinated in vinegar), ½ cup chopped celery and mayonnaise. Serve on crisp lettuce with radish roses and green onions in season.

DEMING'S Salmon has so many "talents", I keep both kinds handy, DEMING'S Sirloin Salmon (that old favorite Alaska Red Sockeye) with skin and backbone removed, and DEMING'S Recipe Pink Salmon in the regular pack.

VACATION BOUND? Well, whether you travel to the mountains, the seashore, the Big City or foreign lands, be sure your summer whites and prints look their loveliest! They will if you wash them with BLU-WHITE Flakes . . . for they work two ways at once to give you the brightest, whitest washes ever. First, they blue evenly without streaks or spots (never over-blue!) . . . and second, they work with any soap or detergent to get clothes cleaner, whiter and brighter! But that's not the only reason you'll want to use BLU-WHITE Flakes for both your washing machine laundry and washbowl dainties . . . the NEW, thinner flakes dissolve *instantly*, are wonderfully KIND to your hands, *and* they're economical-plus. As a matter of fact, I find that of all leading products that blue and wash, BLU-WHITE Flakes give you *most for your money . . . ounce for ounce and penny for penny.* So remember these advantages of BLU-WHITE . . . then remember to get a package today.



IN CHINA they'd say it one way and in France another . . . but it all means the same thing . . . you can't match the new FRIGIDAIRE "Thrifty-30" Electric Range! All "dressed up" in a snowy-white, Lifetime Porcelain finish, it's the BIGGEST *little* range in the world . . . "boasting" such BIG features as: *New* GIANT Oven that stretches clear across the range . . . BIG enough to bake 6 pies, 10 loaves of bread or a huge "harvest-style" dinner on surprisingly little current. *New*, faster-cooking, 5-Speed Radiantube Units. *New* counter-balanced shelf-type door. *New* High-Speed, Waist-High Broiler and *new* switch knobs out in front. . . . Still this new FRIGIDAIRE "Thrifty-30" Electric Range is *little* in size and cost . . . is only 30 inches wide (perfect for today's small kitchens!) and costs only $169.75 in most localities. Discover the many other reasons why you can't match a FRIGIDAIRE . . . at your FRIGIDAIRE Dealer's.



YOU DON'T NEED TO SAIL TO TROPICS to enjoy a tantalizing taste of tropical magic . . . it's yours in every can of DEL MONTE Pineapple Juice. It has a distinctive, tempting flavor all its own . . . not too tart, not too sweet—the pe juice for all 'round use. Wh DEL MONTE such a big favorite cause they select only the juiciest apples at the very moment when ural tartness and sweetness are in *fect* balance . . . then check for fla quality and uniformity *before* "hustle" it into the can for *your* en ment. That's why it has such a tropical, sun-ripened goodness . . . why its mellow, tart-sweet flavor is ideal "accompaniment" for en good things to eat. This healt wholesome drink is a good so of Vitamin C, too . . . so ask Grocer for DEL MONTE Pinea Juice. Make it your mealtime, sn time, party-time beverage.



SEE AMERICA FIRST . . . for it offers you the *best* of everything. And high on th of good things you'll find North, East, South and West are NABISCO SUGAR WAFERS . . . as American as the Fourth of July. They've been the famous favorites loved by generations . . . for they're twice nice. Each cookie gives you two crisp, golden wafers *plus* a delicious helping of fondant filling. That's why nothing spells "party" half so sweetly as fondant-filled NABISCO SUGAR WAFERS, especially served like this:



Sprinkle chopped chocolate over ice cream in sherbet glass. Top with maraschino cherry. Insert NABISCO SUGAR WAFERS around ice cr inside sherbet glass. A heavenly sundae!

But don't make the mistake of substituting any other cookie for NABISCO SU WAFERS . . . they're *unique* in cookiedom. So always look for the famous NABISCO Seal. It's your assurance of the luscious best!

I REMEMBER IN MY CHILDHOOD DAYS



how cookies and the cookie jar always went together. But nowadays I've learned how well cookies and CELLOPHANE go together too! In the first place, you can *see* what you buy . . . tell whether the cookies are chocolate or oatmeal, and whether the filling is lemon or vanilla. Secondly, DU PONT CELLOPHANE keeps them fresh and full of flavor—for today, most bakers use moisture-proof CELLOPHANE to seal in oven-freshness and bring cookies to you at their best—appetizing and delicious. And last, but by no means least, DU PONT CELLOPHANE *protects* cookies from dirt and handling . . . a vitally important factor since cookies go into mouths (mostly children's!) and should be completely pure and clean. CELLOPHANE is your guide to quality, freshness and purity . . . so look for CELLOPHANE-packaged cookies.

THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE—is it te you to give up iced coffee?—but a dreading a change in daily habits, ing to yourself "don't bother"? you certainly need a cool, summer fresher" . . . so let me tip you off easy, pleasant way to heed the *goo vice* of that voice . . . switch from



tea or coffee ICED POSTU It's a *delicious* lightful change and helps make feel so much be You see, both c and tea contain caffein. And many people can drink them wit ill-effect, others are *caffein-suscep* and suffer nervousness, indigestion sleeplessness. That's why I recomm 100% caffein-free ICED POST a tempting breeze-cool refresh

Dissolve 4 level tablespoons INST POSTUM in ½ cup of boiling w Add 4 cups water. Pour over cracke in tall glasses. Add sugar and cream sired. Serves 4. Youngsters love it!

by Nancy Sasser

AN ADVERTISING PAGE

rie or cosmetics wrapped separately in tissues or washcloths) fit them singly, soles to lining, around the sides of your bag. roll or fold bathing suits, sweaters, slips and anything that won't kle into the semi-circle made by shoes . . . and put belts, gloves nankies into crannies. Last come suits and dresses . . . stuff sleeves shoulders with tissue, place skirt in first and fold with tissue r in all folds.

Y MONA LISA'S SECRET will n a secret . . . but I can tell he secret of how you can a wave that *feels* as soft as ally curly hair, *looks* as and *lasts* as long as a $20 anent . . . yet costs only $1! is it? TONI Home anent . . . for its exclusive, gentle- creme waving lotion was espe- created to give you a frizz-free that looks, feels and "acts" like ally curly hair. This explains why I is the *only* wave which has given



over 67 million lovely, long-lasting waves for women with every type hair . . . even gray, bleached and baby-fine. And here's something else you'll like about TONI . . . it's the only wave that gives you Midget SPIN Curlers. They make it far easier and faster to have perfect neckline curls . . . a "must" these days of short hair-do's. So get the new Combination TONI Refill Kit with 6 Midget SPIN Curlers today . . . a $1.50 value for only $1.33!

HER STROLLING DOWN COUNTRY or dancing the whole night gh . . . you can't afford the il hurt of a corn. And there's no n why you should . . . especially BLUE-JAY Corn Plasters give uick relief—safe removal. Just one around your sore toe at the



first sign of a corn . . . see how it *instantly* ends agonizing shoe pressure. Then Nupercaine, a BLUE-JAY "exclusive", speedily soothes away surface pain . . . while gentle ation loosens the corn's hard o that you can easily lift it out ew days. And BLUE-JAY stays cause it wraps on! It's safe, quick! If the corn is on your toe, use BLUE-JAY Little Toe Plasters . . . for they contain all gular BLUE-JAY features . . . e especially designed to fit your oe. So be foot-loose and fancy Get both kinds of BLUE-JAY Plasters. At drug counters every-

TRAMP STEAMERS make a vacation paradise . . . but here, as on the "floating palaces" or however you travel, NYLON Stockings *belong*.



So let me remind you again that many factors will affect their wear . . . such as fabric construction, proper fit and length, care of handling, proper garter placement and denier. Denier, you know, is the weight and thickness of each thread of NYLON yarn in stockings . . . so the higher the denier number the stronger the thread . . . which means that a 15 denier is only half as heavy and half as strong as a 30 denier. Before the war most NYLON Stockings were 30 and 40 denier . . . yet today many women prefer the lovely 15 deniers because they're so sheer and flattering. DU PONT makes the NYLON yarn in stockings . . . over 600 manufacturers make the stockings. **For other facts about the care of stockings, write Nancy Sasser, Dept. J, 271 Madison Ave., New York 16, for FREE Nylon Booklet.**

IN ROME DO AS THE ROMANS! Particularly when the fashion is becoming . . . today's trend to new short hair-do's certainly is to most n. Yet it presents a challenge . . . for short hair means frequent shampoos and short ends often seem to become rittle and unruly. What to do about it? Why, use new ML Shampoo . . . for unlike shampoos with drying in- nts, it has a *natural oil base*. This caresses your hair to softness . . . leaving it a-glow with natural highlights ach once-stubby end feathery-soft and angelic to man- And KREML Shampoo's magic new ingredient, an", has special cleansing qualities . . . makes your hair r by getting it cleaner. Naturally, then, you *can* and use KREML Shampoo often to keep your short hair-do picture pretty.



A TICKET to delightful smoking enjoyment? Then I suggest you get CAVALIERS . . . for this distinctive new King-Size cigarette is the surest "route" to your destination. At the very first puff, you'll discover you're on the right track, because CAVALIERS combine extreme mildness with smooth, mellow flavor. And the reason is this; they're a special, modern blend of fine, light tobaccos of the original Colonial type, which are naturally mild and mellow. Furthermore, you'll find that CAVALIERS offer you a "passport" to popularity, too . . . just extend that smart, white to anyone . . . and see how quickly the "talk-ball" starts rolling as you enjoy nger, more leisurely smoking of their mild, flavorful goodness. CAVALIERS iced no higher than other popular brands . . . so when you pack your bags, a carton inside . . . and always serve them to family and guests at home.





THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME after all . . . but it's up to Y-O-U to make it lovely as it is cozy and comfortable. How? By accenting the loveliness of your living room, foyer (any room!) with a CAVALIER Cedar Chest . . . this exquisite Lowboy from the CAVALIER Decorator Group, for instance. It's smartly styled and made of Honduras mahogany veneer with delicate carvings and carved ball and claw feet, then hand-rubbed to bring out the mellow glow of the beautiful cabinetwood. The body, of course, is ¾ inch thick protective Tennessee aromatic cedar. That's why this CAVALIER Lowboy "makes" a room . . . especially when ornamented with your most prized figurines or candelabra. Of course, these traditional decorator designs aren't the only CAVALIER Cedar Chests . . . there are many stunning modern Console styles, too. See them at your Furniture Dealer's **or write Nancy Sasser, 271 Madison Avenue, New York 16, for FREE illustrated folder.**



PUT ROMANCE IN YOUR SUMMER TRIP... by taking a tip from the world's most beautiful cover girls. Beauty is their business, you know . . . and 9 out of 10 of them tell me that SWEETHEART Soap is their beauty secret. And it's easy to understand why . . . for SWEETHEART Care reveals your complexion's true, sparkling loveliness . . . giving it a radiant freshness and rose-petal clearness men admire and other women envy. It happens so quickly, too . . .



in fact, in only one week after you change to thorough care—with SWEETHEART Soap—your skin will be softer, smoother and younger! And, I can assure you that pure, mild SWEETHEART is the soap that *agrees* with your skin . . . has a mild, creamy lather that's so gentle it's safe for even a baby's tender skin! Beauty is as much your business as it is a cover girl's, so share the secret of these American beauties and give your skin SWEETHEART Care. For economy, get the new, large bath size.

WHAT WOULD SUMMER BE without picnics? What would picnics be without lemonade? And where would Mother be without REALEMON to save her time and energy making that lemonade! With REALEMON'S help there's no fuss or muss making enough lemonade to go around at any picnic. Lemonade takes just *fifteen seconds* with REALEMON. *For a full gallon dissolve 1 cup of sugar (or 2 cups for extra-sweet) into 2 cups of REALEMON BRAND LEMON JUICE. Add water and ice. That's all there is to it.* I've been keeping *extra* bottles of REALEMON on hand during the lemonade season, so I'll have plenty for *all* my lemon juice needs—cooking, baking and flavoring. I just can't tell you what a boon it is to have zesty, tangy lemon juice in a bottle—all ready to use. And have you tried it as a hair rinse yet? Ask for REALEMON!



IT'S A LONG JOURNEY AHEAD for the youngsters before they reach "adult-land"... so give them a good start by helping them develop strong, healthy teeth. And the best "passage" you can buy is IODENT No. 1-plus-A Toothpaste . . . and the reasons are many. First, it's the only dentifrice made by a dentist especially for children . . . and second, it contains all the superior brightening qualities of the regular IODENTS . . . *plus* Ammonium Compounds. These fight decay through their killing action



against germs which science believe cause tooth decay. I'm sure you realize that it's in a child's early years that decay fighting action is most important . . . so get IODENT No. 1-plus-A, with its special new flavor children love, today. I recommend IODENT No. 2-plus-A for the grown-ups . . . because it, too, contains Ammonium Compounds AND helps "erase" ugly smoke tar deposits from hard-to-brvten teeth. The cost? No more than the Regular IODENTS.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS beckons come the good old summertime . . . your "cue" to pack a lunch and go picnicking. So I'd like to call your attention to the perfect "twosome" for a perfect lunch:



One, the A LA CARTE PICNIC HAMPER . . . a handsome, roomy basket with a Fiberglas-insulated compartment on each side made of VINYLITE BRAND PLASTIC sheeting. It's a sturdy, versatile material that's waterproof, easy-to-*wipe* clean and doesn't absorb food odors or grease spots . . . and all seams are electronically sealed to keep air out. Two, the PAILMASTER . . . also made of VINYLITE PLASTIC sheeting with Fiberglas insulation. Holds plenty of cold drinks and ice cubes or hot beverages . . . with a top that zips closed for airtightness.

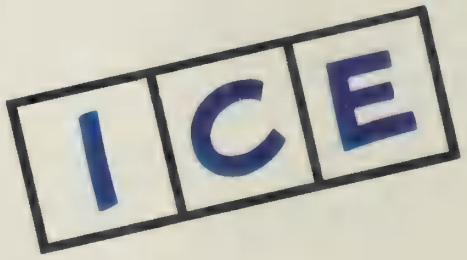
Both are made by PLASTIC SHEET FABRICATORS, INC., New York City. And don't forget . . . you can depend on 'em to *last* a long, l-o-n-g time . . . "thanks" to *tough, durable* VINYLITE BRAND PLASTIC, a product of Bakelite Division, Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation.





What Three-letter Word Solves All Overcrowded Refrigerator Problems?





Here's the perfect, *economical* answer to your n for more refrigerator space: *genuine ice*—in a bea ful, handy auxiliary ice chest.

An ice chest keeps vegetables *garden-fresh* vitamin-rich. It holds plenty of bottled beverage quickly chills more if they are needed in a hurry

And you never run short of *genuine* ice for and every occasion—*genuine* ice, the pure, crys clear, taste-free, slow-melting kind that *only* an company can make.

An auxiliary ice chest is inexpensive to buy economical to use. Ask your local Ice Comp about one today.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTR
Dept. BR, 1706 L Street, N. W., Washington 6, D. C

Genuine ICE FILLS EVERY COOLING NEED



Special For Hosts

Don't let your friends call you an "ice miser." Get *plenty* of ice cubes from your local Ice Company—*genuine* cubes . . . pure, taste-free, slow-melting.



Home-Made Ice Cream

Old-fashioned, velvety ice cream made with *genuine* ice in a home freezer has a texture and flavor no "still-frozen" substitute can equal.

When You Entertain

Use crushed ice generously in serving appetizers, fruit juices, salads and sea-foods. And be sure to have plenty of *genuine* ice on hand for beverages. Your local Ice Company can supply you with *genuine* ice for every occasion.





When You Shop

Get your money's worth when you buy vegetables! Up-to-date stores always keep their vegetables *garden-fresh* by displaying them in *crushed ice*.



Free Money-Saver

Send a postcard today for your *free* copy of "Money-saving Tips on Marketing"—a complete guide to buying vegetables, poultry, sea-food.

1850—ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF ICE PROGRESS—1950

SYPHILIS: HOW IT SPREADS

(Continued from Page 41)

a slender girl in a dirty housecoat an-ed, her hair done up in curlers. He called Martha, taking a long guess, and sug-ed she step outside a minute. She hesi-d, and then, closing the door behind her, ed him on the porch.

e gave her the story rapidly, but in a lensed version. He said he'd heard that ontagious disease" was going the rounds ng Al's patrons and that he thought d better get a blood test. He didn't men- Harrison's name; you never mention a act's name even when you are sure—all rmation is held confidential.

lartha nodded in a scared sort of way and she'd get up to the health department ıy. The investigator went back to the noted developments on the Harrison , and moved on. That evening he mailed report to the center. It beat Martha there bout four days; she was found to have ıilis in a highly infectious stage.

leanwhile, at the center, there had been r developments. A young man, black of and eye, had arrived from Sandusky. was listed on his entry blank as a lk-in"—which meant he had arrived at local health department asking for a d test voluntarily. Sandusky was one of state's many cities that last summer had nonth-long educational campaign on real disease. Thousands of match s had been distributed, each of them ying a message of warning against ıilis. There had been a daily barrage of o commercials, some shows on the sub- and countless newspaper stories. There even been a tent show at the nty fair, with free movies, and a side full of pamphlets. The information had k in the man's mind, and when he noticed there was a sore on his penis which 't go away, he'd gone to his local health artment, and then to the rapid treat-t center.

t the center, however, he had to be per-led that it was friendlier in the long run im to reveal the girls he had been with to try to give them the false protection lence. He was asked to go back in his d over the last six months. He then gave names of three girls. The first was a high-ol girl he'd been going with and whom aid he'd only kissed. The second was a ress at the diner where he usually ate er; it was near the factory where he ed. The third was almost unknown to —she was a girl he'd met at a church so-one night, not very pretty, he said, but g, who walked with a slight limp. All new of her name was "Molly."

s interview took place on the same day public-health nurse received the in-igator's report on the Harrison case. The ription of the two Mollys added up: ooked as though they were the same

also looked as if Martha might be a hilis Sally"—a girl so promiscuous that she caught syphilis you couldn't catch with it, even though you might catch up n her.

he public-health nurse had to have more one interview with her before she'd , however. Even seated in front of the in a comfortable chair with a cigarette he hand, she was sullen and scared. The e was understanding; she saw only too y battered and bewildered teen-agers. started out by saying her record showed tha was from a decent family and she t feel pretty bad about her life. Martha ed that she did, although she added gerently that her family hadn't been decent to her, that her father was pretty h when he got started. She poured out a y of trouble and wound up by saying she planning to get married soon, but her é was a married man and "couldn't seem reak loose." The interviewer suggested it would be a terrible thing if he had ıilis and didn't know it. Martha was ady educated to this remark by the center movies of what ravages syphilis wrought. She broke, saying she'd tell anything that would help, if they'd promise not to get anyone into trouble. She listed five men at the first sitting, and a day later she came back in and named one more. The public-health worker had a feeling that perhaps there was at least another one. The Kinsey report indicated that promiscuous males averaged seven contacts in six months, but the center had a hard time getting more than four usually, and the U. S. Public Health Service only asked officially that they get two.

Martha's six included her "fiancé"—a truck driver whom she saw in Riverton—a boy she knew through her sister on Lake Erie, the man she picked up in Sandusky (she remembered his name: most women know more about their contacts than men do of theirs), three boys she'd met in Al's Place, and Harrison. Epi slips—the nickname for epidemicological reports—were sent to the health departments of all areas mentioned, giving them the names of the contacts and asking for blood-test results.

Meanwhile, the report from her Sandusky pickup's contacts had come in: his high-school sweetheart did not have syphilis; his waitress date did.

The epi slips on Martha's friends, however, got reports very slowly. The truck driver who she thought "couldn't break loose" had separated from his wife. His wife wouldn't give any forwarding address; she said she didn't know what had happened to him and didn't care, either. A request for his home address was sent to the company he worked for, but because of the public-health department's confidential role in the proceeding, it was written on plain paper with the return address that of the investigator's home. It received no answer. A carefully worded phone call was then made, and it turned out that the man was believed to be living in Columbus, at a rooming house many of the truck drivers used. He was, however, at the moment in Indianapolis on an interstate run. An epi form was dispatched to the Indianapolis public-health department, but it arrived too late—he was on his way back to Columbus. When he got back to Columbus, he went to a different rooming house. Finally, however, he was picked up by a veteran investigator at a bar where many of the bus and truck drivers hung out. His blood test showed he had syphilis; his interview showed he had probably caught it from Martha, but he listed two other girls: one in Indianapolis, and one in Columbus.

Of Martha's three home-town boy friends, one was found quickly at Al's Place, the other two had left town. No one seemed to know what had happened to them; the information on them was filed in the "case open" file for the time being. The one at Al's Place was found to be negative.

By this time, the Harrison case had brought eight patients to the center (including the Harrison baby), but the truck-driver's Columbus girl friend rapidly swelled the number of cases found. She was a well-dressed, well-spoken girl, with pretty red hair and a nice face. She had come to Columbus from a small town in Kentucky, eager to "make something" of herself. She had become a clerk in a small dry-goods store and had persuaded her employer to let her redecorate his windows. She had done a good job and had been promoted rapidly to a title of "decorator"—but her salary of $18 a week had not been raised. Although it was never proved against her, it appeared that she added to this by a mild trade in pickups on the side. She frequented two bars: the easy-going bar where the bus and truck drivers hung out, and where she could always find a bored, homeless man who wanted to kill an evening; and another bar, a hotel bar, where, late at night, the bartender welcomed unescorted girls as an aid to business. The city had cracked down on organized houses of prostitution, but the pickup girls had proved too slippery a problem to whip. They were hard to spot, hard to get evidence against, and hard to catch when once known. The more obvious were warned, but the subtle girls, like red-haired June, often managed a thriving business before getting into trouble.

JUNE never admitted to prostitution but, being intelligent, saw quickly the need for the blood testing of her contacts, and produced what information she had. Her clues to identity and permanent address were slim, however: out of the list of nine she named, only three were located. Five of the six not found were from out of town, and the meager information she gave was forwarded with small hope to Chicago, Cleveland and Pittsburgh. The sixth was a student at Ohio State University; though she thought she had his name and address, it turned out that no such name was listed at the university and the street name he had given her did not exist. The department and the university both worked hard trying to turn him up because of the danger both to him and to the other students who might be his contacts, but it was futile. In attempting to protect himself from scandal, he had failed to protect his health.

The three men found all had syphilis; one was a businessman, one a teacher, one a bus driver. All went to private doctors for treatment, so it was never known what their contacts might have been; private doctors do not always try to find out, and when they do, do not always report their findings to the public-health department. They are required by law to report all syphilis cases, but many doctors think this—and contact interviewing—is an invasion of the patient's private life.

As for the diner waitress whom the man from Sandusky had named as one of his friends, she turned out to be a woman in her forties who had been deserted by her husband some ten years before, and left with the support of a daughter now fifteen years old. She was a hard-working, well-meaning woman, but not too well educated and quite ashamed of her syphilis and the casual relationship in which she had caught it. She was quite relieved to discover that she could not have passed it along to any of her customers through the food and dishes she handled, and vowed that the young man was the first man she had gone home with in over a year. She took a serious interest in studying the disease while at the center, and went home with a group of pamphlets which she said she was going to show her daughter so that such a thing might never happen to her.

With her treatment, the Harrison file was closed. If there were more investigators, perhaps a few more of the unfound contacts might have been found. If there were some way to persuade more private doctors to take a public-health view on private patients, perhaps a few more contacts might have been revealed. If there were more widespread knowledge of the disease, there might have been more voluntary co-operation. And if there were better sex knowledge, a greater amount of emotional maturity and a higher moral standard, there probably would have been no case at all.

Those, however, are the "ifs." The thousands of cases like the Harrison case that occupy our public-health workers every day are the actuality. THE END

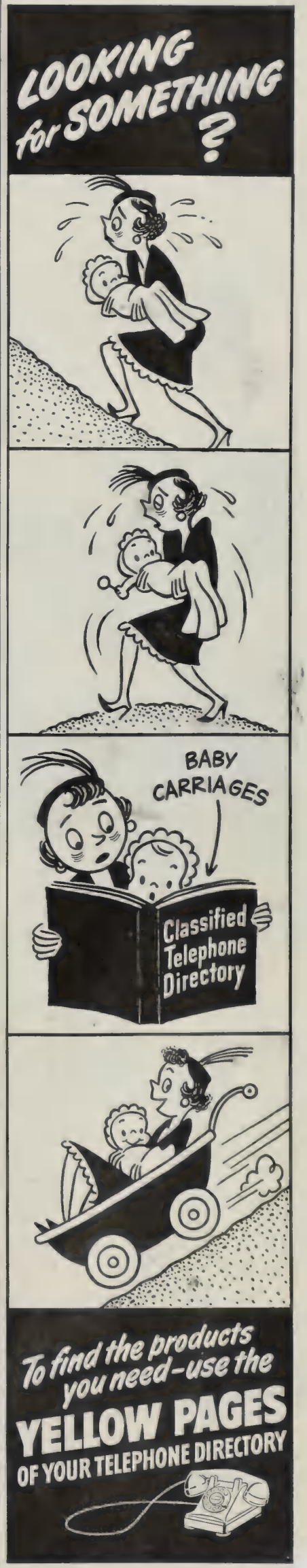
★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Vision

By Walter de la Mare

"I see no sense in poetry," says
Glimm;
And poetry, it seems, stirs none in
him.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



NOW! NO FEDERAL TAX ON Durkee's Own (AA) Yellow Margarine

Is that poster really true?

Yes, since July 1st Durkee's yellow Margarine is absolutely tax free!



That's right, ladies. Durkee's Own Grade AA Margarine in yellow quarter pound prints is NOW TAX FREE!

Mild, sweet Durkee's is made from selected vegetable oils and pasteurized fat-free milk. Every pound enriched with 15,000 units of Vitamin A. Lucky housewives in 33 states can NOW buy Durkee's Own Grade AA Margarine—as established by our own research and control laboratories—already colored yellow *at no extra cost*.

Durkee's is available three ways:

1. WHITE . . . in the Economy-Package
2. WITH CAPSULE . . . in Color-Ease bag
3. YELLOW . . . in ¼-lb. prints where its sale is permitted.



LOOK FOR THIS SEAL!

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Quick and Easys for Two

By LOUELLA G. SHOUER

THE most exciting thing in life for Peggy and Joe is their baby, born last month. Peggy says she thought she was busy when she was a secretary at the JOURNAL, but a baby is a whole new career.

Fortunately, she concentrated on learning to cook in the early months of her marriage. "It was fun—even the flops," Peggy says. "Now I cook the quick and easy way and have extra time for the baby, which is even more fun."

SUNDAY DINNER
Doubles for Company
Broiled Chicken
New Potatoes and Peas
Green Salad
Ice Cream
with Chocolate Macaroons

"Broiled or fried chicken still means Sunday dinner to us. We have it for company, too, which is quite often. I've made quite a reputation for myself with the chocolate macaroons. Being a beginner cook and not having too many specialties in my repertoire, I always make the macaroons when we have first-time guests. It's not only flattering to have everybody like them—but they usually ask for the recipe."

CHOCOLATE MACAROONS

Beat 2 egg whites stiff. Add ¼ teaspoon salt and ½ cup sugar gradually—that is, a tablespoon at a time—beating well after each addition. Meanwhile, melt 1 package semisweet chocolate bits in top of double boiler over boiling water. Keep the lid on to speed things up. When the melted chocolate is cool, fold it into the meringue. Then fold in 1 package shredded coconut and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Lay brown wrapping paper on your cooky sheets. Drop batter by heaping teaspoonfuls onto the paper, several inches apart. (Do not grease the paper for these.) Bake in a moderately slow oven, 325°F., about 13 minutes. Cool slightly a couple of minutes before removing cookies from the paper. Makes 30–40 cookies. They keep well in a tightly covered tin box.

MONDAY
Our Toss-Up Meal
California Omelet
Our Salad Special
Cantaloupe

"I now turn out a pretty goo omelet and enjoy experimentin with added bits of this and that fo new combinations. It's a dandy wa to use up leftovers. A lone leg Sunday's chicken, for instance, us ally ends up in an omelet when the isn't enough for anything else. Joe a green-salad fiend, too, so when th rest of the meal seems sort of lea we make lots of salad—nothin fancy: lettuce or other greens, o ion, green pepper, sometimes tom toes, blue cheese or whatever w have. Joe just won't go for jellie fruit creations. Fruit for us has i place before breakfast and as a de sert, but not combined with lettuc no matter how much some peop may like it.

"I'm true to the garlic-rubbe salad bowl, chilling the greens, an waiting to make the dressing ju before dinner. We never make quantity of dressing in advance an never use exact measurements. It the only thing I've become accom plished enough to manage withou a recipe—and believe it or not, always turns out okay. After mix it, Joe tastes. If anything amiss, he knows what it is an doctors it up!"

CALIFORNIA OMELET

Beat 3 eggs thoroughly. Add 2 tabl spoons water or milk, ½ teaspo salt and a good dash of pepper, tablespoons diced avocado, 3 tablespoons minced chicken and tablespoon minced chives. Heat 1 tablespoons butter or margarine an 8-inch skillet. When good an hot, pour in the egg mixture. Tu down the heat. Now and then r spatula under omelet so liquid pa runs to bottom of pan. When almo but not quite set, fold over in ha moon shape and turn out on h platter.

TUESDAY
More Than Likely—Hamburger
Chile Favorite—With Rice
Big Salad
Cold Grapes

"Tuesday nights we have a l steak or chops, if the budget's ahe that week. But more than likely isn't, if we've had guests Saturd or Sunday, and I do something wi hamburger, which we like in manner of ways. A kind of chile our favorite."

PHOTO BY STUART



gy and Joe like to top off dinner with ice cream and chocolate sauce.

ILE FAVORITE—WITH RICE

wn ½ pound ground round steak
tablespoon bacon fat. Add 1
on, chopped, 1 carrot, grated, ½
n pepper, minced, ½ teaspoon
1 eight-ounce can tomato sauce,
teaspoon pepper, ¼ teaspoon
e powder and ½ teaspoon Wor-
ershire sauce. Then add 1 bouil-
cube dissolved in ¾ cup hot
er, and 1 cup canned kidney
ns. Simmer 10 or 15 minutes.
e on rice.

WEDNESDAY
My Day "Out"
Steak Sandwiches
ozen French Fries *(maybe)*
Sliced Tomatoes
Ice Cream with
ld-Time Chocolate Sauce

Wednesday is my off-the-record
—no work. In the afternoon I
etimes help with a Brownie Girl
ut troop—or do my shopping
le someone takes care of the
y. Dinner has to be truly quick
easy that night. To me, this
is it. What's more, it satis-
a hungry husband. I buy the
en sandwich steaks and take
n out of the freezing compart-
t at noon. We like them on
t with pan gravy. I usually have
cream and chocolate sauce on
d. The sauce is the real old-time
d. They used to serve it hot on
cream when I was a youngster.
drips down over the ice cream
sort of hardens. We love it."

D-TIME CHOCOLATE SAUCE
(for ice cream)

3 squares unsweetened choco-
, ¼ cup butter or margarine, 1½
s confectioners' sugar and ⅝ cup
small can evaporated milk in
top of a double boiler. Cover and
t over boiling water. Stir together
when chocolate melts. Cook 30
utes, stirring now and then. This
ount almost fills a pint container.
here's plenty left over to store in
refrigerator for another time.
eat each time before serving.

THURSDAY
We Like Casseroles
Chipped-Beef Casserole
Corn on the Cob
Cucumber-and-Onion Salad
Watermelon

"Thursday night we have a stew or casserole dish. Even in warm weather, Joe wants something hot and filling. At dinnertime, he wants *dinner*; I've never been able to get away with serving a cold salad as the main attraction, no matter how appetizing and decorated it may be. This casserole is easy to make and has only a short stay in the oven, so it doesn't heat up the kitchen much."

CHIPPED-BEEF CASSEROLE

Shred one 3½-ounce jar chipped beef. Frizzle it in 1½ tablespoons butter or margarine. Add 1 can cream-of-chicken soup, ½ cup milk, 2 cups diced cooked potatoes. Heat, mix well, season with pepper, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard and 1 tablespoon crumbled blue cheese. Pour into casserole. Top with buttered crumbs. Bake 20 minutes in moderate oven, 350°F.

FRIDAY
Simple Arithmetic
Fish Creole
Spinach
Raspberry Sherbet
with Peaches

"It took me a long time to discover the right amounts to buy for two. When I was first married I bought a whole crate of Baldwin apples because it was a bargain (half price)! After eating apples every day for six weeks—one week I made four pies—I learned that apples by the crate were not such a bargain after all! Fish baffled me too. Even though we like fish, I soon learned that two lbs. fillet of flounder was too much of a good thing for just two of us."

Tomato Soup Salad

WITH CRISP VEGETABLES

2 envelopes plain gelatin
½ cup water
1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup
2 3-ounce packages cream cheese
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 cup salad dressing or mayonnaise
½ cup diced green pepper
½ cup finely diced celery
¼ cup minced onion

Soften gelatin in water. Heat Campbell's Tomato Soup in a double boiler; add gelatin, stirring until it dissolves. Remove from heat; add cream cheese; beat with rotary beater until smooth. Cool; fold in lemon juice, mayonnaise and vegetables. Grease lightly a 1½ quart mold; pour in salad mixture. Chill 4-5 hours. Makes 10 servings.



Here's how to be sure it's FLAVOR-RICH

DELICIOUS AS A SOUP... AS A SAUCE AND IN COOKING

Flavor is so important—and so *easy*, if you know how!... The flavor secret of this grand Tomato Soup Salad is Campbell's Tomato Soup. No tomato sauce you can buy can give you the delicious flavor of Campbell Tomato Soup. For Campbell's is double-rich... double-thick... a velvety-smooth purée of choice, red-ripe tomatoes, creamery butter and seasonings. It's a zestful, *complete* sauce, of full body and texture.... Try it *today!*

Yes... CAMPBELL'S TOMATO SOUP IS ALSO THE FINEST TOMATO SAUCE YOU EVER TASTED!



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Two dainty chocolate cookies . . . and a rich vanilla icing . . . deliciously combined to give you a cool, fresh chocolate flavor no other cookie offers. Enjoy HYDROX often.

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cookies

THE ORIGINAL CREAM-FILLED CHOCOLATE COOKIE



From the Thousand Window Bakeries of

SUMMER'S BARE NECESSITIES

(Continued from Page 53)

BOTTLED BEAUTY. Summer "stockings" and "tans" come in bottles too! For town or evening, an opaque leg make-up can look like the sheerest nylons. For casual wear a clear, tinted color doubles for a tan. Both are applied this way: Begin at your toes, and with a sponge, cotton or finger tips and palms, spread the liquid lightly and evenly *up* toward your knees. Allow to dry—then smooth off excess with tissues. "Set" the make-up on very warm days by gently blotting your legs with absorbent cotton wrung out in cold water or iced skin astringent.

BACK TALK. If skin irregularities on your back, chest or shoulders make you shy away from beaches, do this: apply a good protecting sun lotion and begin your sun bathing in the privacy of your own back yard for the first few days or week. Absorption of the sun's rays—in moderate doses—is one of the fastest-acting prescriptions for skin eruptions. Soon you'll be warm-toned and ready for public appreciation.

DO YOU KNOW . . . lipstick applied slightly beyond the natural contour of your lips will help protect them from blistering . . . waterproof mascara is pretty-eye insurance . . . there are new bathing caps with inner devices to defeat the possibility of water's seeping in . . . squeezable, nonbreakable plastic bottles in pretty colors are available in a variety of sizes and shapes . . . washable, rubber-lined beach bags will quickly recuperate from spilled lotions or make-up smudges . . . beach sandals with flexible leather soles are porous, minimize perspiration, give you foot privacy.

AND SO TO BED. Because prolonged sun bathing tends to dry up the body's natural oils, it is wise to give yourself a two-minute nightly creaming for your face, neck, arms and shoulders. It will soften your skin—help prevent peeling!

MELODY

(Continued from Page 35)

came up which required a certain amount of tact and . . . well, tact.

The top letter on the pile was a bill—and the next one was a bill—and the next . . . *must do something about that one at once.* The fourth one—he lifted it to a fastidious nose—yes, scented. He laid it down, unopened, on top of the bills. The next was addressed in green ink. It joined the others.

Roberts came in, set something on the table with a small air of triumph.

Adrian beheld it incredulously. "Is that an egg?" he said.

"Yes, sir. Mrs. Gordon's compliments. They are just back from the country. There are six of them, sir."

"Six all at once? Wonderful. Who's Mrs. Gordon?"

Roberts indicated the unfinished portrait on the easel.

"Oh, *Gordon!* Is she coming today?"

"Ten-o'clock sitting, sir."

"Well, mustn't complain, I suppose. Paid my price without a quiver. And now eggs. Jolly good one too." His eyes wandered back to the letters and he nudged the next one off the remaining pile. "Wonder who that is. Never saw it before. Open that one."

Roberts slit the envelope neatly, extracted the letter, handed it to Adrian, just as the telephone began to ring.

Horse sense is what keeps horses from betting on what people will do.

Dear Mr. Locke: You must receive a great many letters beginning "Do you remember?" but there is no other way to begin this one. Therefore—Do you remember Alison Safford? I would much rather you made no reply at all than some vague, polite effort to recall a woman you may not have thought of for nearly twenty years. . . .

Dimly he was aware of Roberts' smoothest voice somewhere saying, "Good morning, my lady," into the telephone, and then, "Yes, my lady," and "Yes, my lady," again.

"*No!*" said Adrian in a frantic stage whisper, gesturing with the letter to catch Roberts' eye. "Say no!"

"Mr. Locke has not come in to breakfast yet, my lady," Roberts continued without hesitation. "I don't think in the circumstances I had better disturb —— No, my lady. I quite understand. I will inform Mr. Locke. Thank you, my lady." He hung up.

"Don't tell me," said Adrian, reading the letter. "Why can't they learn not to ring up? Anyway not at breakfast."

He finished the letter, laid down the neatly written sheets of notepaper beside his plate and said rather suddenly, "Roberts, do you remember Mrs. Safford?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said Roberts with some tenderness. "Quite well."

"What a beautiful woman she was. Not many really beautiful women, Roberts." He sat a moment, dreaming at the letter still. Alison Safford was there, in his memory, as though she had always been there, and always would be, a part of his blood and bones and heart. It was not love at first sight between them, because his love for her had had no beginning that he recalled, and no end that he recognized. He was born with it, and he doubted if it would die with him. "She had a daughter," he heard himself saying to Roberts.

"Yes, sir. Miss Monica."

"Yes. How old would she be now, do you think?"

"Well, perhaps thirty, sir."

"What, Monica? She was only a kid."

"It must be twenty years since we last saw Mrs. Safford, sir."

"Yes, it says so here. Twenty years and a bit. This letter is from the daughter. She says they have been living in America ever since they left London—and that her mother has died out there." The words had no reality as he spoke them. "Mr. Safford has been dead for some time, apparently. The kid has come home to England. Thirty, you say? Not married, so far as I can tell by this. Funny thing, her coming back this way."

He consulted the letter again.

I am staying with a friend at this address. We met last year in New York and she invited me to stay with her if I ever came to London. And so here I am

It is reassuring and somehow exciting to find by consulting the telephone book that you are still living in the same beautiful little house I once visited with my mother. I remember it and you quite well, as I had never seen a real painter at work before—or since. Can you tell me what became of the portrait of my mother you were working on at that time? I never saw it. I wonder if it would be possible to see it now. . . .

"But there *wasn't* a portrait, Roberts, only studies for one. I never did the portrait. She ought to know that. Or would she? Obviously her mother must have told her something. About me, I mean. Or she wouldn't have written this letter."

"Yes, sir," said Roberts.

"I can still put my hand on the charcoal studies."

With quick, easy movements, Adrian Locke crossed the room to where big black portfolios leaned against the wall. He carried one to the writing table, to turn through portrait studies till he came to a girl with short, chestnut hair, grave eyes and a wide, sensitive mouth which made her look as though she was just ready to smile, or had just done so. And yet the face in its repose was somehow tragic and defenseless, as though she had been crying, in an entirely becoming way. He had kept on drawing her

(Continued on Page 84)

Nourishing MEAT

HITS

IN SAUSAGE



GOOD NUMBERS TO KNOW ON YOUR SAUSAGE HIT PARADE: **1**—Liver sausage (Braunschweiger). **2**—Salami (hard). **3**—Thuringer summer sausage. **4**—Lunch tongue. **5**—Souse (head cheese). **6**—Pressed ham. **7**—Minced ham. **8**—Bologna. **9**—Pickle-pimento loaf. **10**—Luncheon meat. **11**—Salami (cooked). **12**—Boiled ham.

Yes, they're hits on the home plate, hits on the picnic. They perk up appetites when hot weather slows 'em down.

There's more though than just the fun of eating these good-and-easy meats. It's that abundance of *complete*, high-quality protein—the kind that children must have to build the sturdy bodies you want them to have. The kind of protein that repairs and puts ready response into your own muscles.

Whether the thermometer falls to zero or zooms to one hundred, your body's daily need for protein stays the same. That's why you're always right in liking meat.

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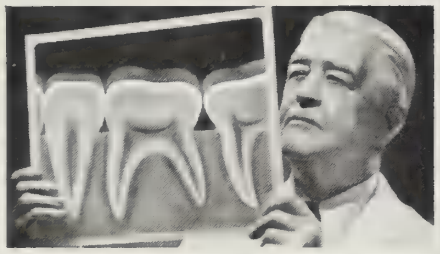
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COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST



Better Than Any Other Way of Preventing Tooth Decay According to Reports in Authoritative Dental Literature!

2 years' research at 5 great universities—case histories of hundreds of people who used Colgate Dental Cream right after eating—shows the Colgate way stops tooth decay best! Better than any other home method of oral hygiene known today! Yes, both clinical and X-ray examinations showed the Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in all dentifrice history!



No Other Toothpaste or Powder Ammoniated or Not Offers Proof of Such Results!

Even more important, there were no new cavities whatever for more than 1 out of 3 who used Colgate Dental Cream correctly! Think of it! Not even *one* new cavity in two full years! No other dentifrice has proof of such results! No dentifrice can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But the Colgate way is the most effective way yet known to help your dentist prevent decay.



(Continued from Page 82)

as though she had just been crying. She had told him that the portrait, when he came to it, must not look that way.

"Oh, she was a lovely thing," he said quietly. The telephone rang. "*No*, Roberts, tell her no, not today!" he cried, his quick, short-lived irritability flaring. "You would think at my age," he muttered absurdly, "and at breakfasttime, too, I might have a little peace and quiet."

"Yes, madam," Roberts was saying at the telephone. And again, "Yes, madam." Roberts covered the mouthpiece. "It's Mrs. Forbes, sir."

"Oh," said Adrian. "Oh. All right." He took the telephone from Roberts' hand. "Hullo, Madge," he said, not very cordially.

To Roberts' experienced ear, the ensuing conversation followed a familiar pattern, and its conclusion was foregone. Mrs. Forbes was one of the few women Roberts had ever really dreaded, for he believed that in a general way Adrian was quite capable of taking care of himself. He allowed women to take advantage of him, and always had—that, in Roberts' view, was just his kind heart. Adrian knew better than to marry one of them, no matter how they tried to wangle it.

Roberts had nothing against Mrs. Forbes, either, that you could put your finger on, beyond that brisk possessiveness, that assumption of amused authority. She was a handsome lady, a widow, more subtle than most. She had a certain humor and a certain charm, Roberts was quite prepared to concede, and she dressed well according to her style. She might have made some man a very good wife in her way; but not Adrian Locke, who liked to live on the spur of the moment, and was accustomed to make his own decisions and know his own mind and—very definitely—wanted his own way about things and got it most of the time.

Meanwhile the wholly predictable conversation at the telephone was going on.

"Yes, dear.... I know, yes....M'm-h'm.... Oh, I dunno, got a sitting at ten, you know.... Yes—all right.... No, no, on the contrary, I'll be delighted to see you.... Right-o, darling."

As he hung up, he caught Roberts' understanding eye and nodded.

"Tea," he said, returning to the drawings on the table. "Remind me, will you?"

Roberts carried the loaded tray to the kitchen and returned at once. Adrian spoke thoughtfully. "You know, Roberts, I've managed to stay single all my life, but by the time I was fifty I'd begun to wonder if it was worth the struggle. Another ten years and I'll give in, so help me."

ADRIAN stood idly turning through the drawings. Now that he had seen them after so long, he couldn't stop looking, and an old, familiar ache was stirring at the back of his consciousness. She was different from all the rest, but he couldn't marry her.

"Roberts, do you think it would be a good idea to have this Safford kid to lunch or tea or something? Let her see these, anyway? There's a telephone number on that letter. Let's ring up now and see what happens."

He was at the telephone, letter in hand. He called the number, asked for Miss Safford, and she was speaking.

"Good morning, this is Adrian Locke," Adrian was saying in his light, gay voice which always turned a woman's heart clean over if she loved him. "Well, but didn't you expect me to?... Of course I remember her, one of the loveliest women I ever saw.... Now, look here, she never told you there was a portrait. I never painted it. Come and have a cup of tea and I'll tell you all about it." He listened, smiling, tender. "That's very nice of you. We never knew each other very well in the old days, did we? No, you were a bit young then. How about tea this afternoon?"

Roberts, on his way out of the room, was making negative signs from the doorway. "Mrs. Forbes, sir."

"Oh. Oh, blast.... Sorry, Monica, can we make it tomorrow instead?... Yes, that's wonderful."

He hung up slowly, trying to recall the sound of Alison's voice, wondering if Monica's was like it. Voices left one, at least until heard again. Faces, no. The mind's eye was faithful. The ear's memory was shorter. Hence the *reprise* in music, perhaps, recalling a half-forgotten melody. At least Monica didn't sound like an American.

He surveyed the unfinished canvas discontentedly, changed into the ancient jacket he always wore to paint in and began to put paints on the palette. By the time he had got rid of Blanche Gordon, his morning would be gone. They should never arrange to sit in the mornings after a certain age. On account of the light. Terrible.

HIS eyes were drawn back to the open portfolio on the writing table. He could hear water running as Roberts washed up. When the water stopped, Adrian raised his voice a little.

"Roberts, did the kid look anything like her mother?"

"I can't just remember, sir."

"Nor can I," Adrian confessed, drifting back to the easel. "She sounded very... surprised, I thought."

"Well, it was quick, sir. Letter in the morning post—telephone call before ten o'clock."

"I suppose I did right," said Adrian, painting. "Asking her to come here. But why was she so surprised? Perfectly normal thing for me to do, wasn't it? Ring up and say come for a cup of tea—see the drawings—all that? It was what she asked for in the letter, more or less. But she sounded completely bowled over."

"With Miss Monica, sir, it might be more of a... sentimental feeling, if I may say so, sir."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, sir, if her mother had often spoken of you, you would become a sort of legend, you might say, sir."

Adrian winced visibly. "Am I as old as that, do you think? Besides, I doubt very much if Alison would ever ——"

The doorbell rang.

"Oh, no, not *already!*" Adrian cried, exasperated.

The drawings still lay there in the open portfolio as Blanche Gordon entered the room.

Roberts left them alone together with no misgivings whatever. Mrs. Gordon was one of the ones there was no need to think twice about. That inclined-to-be-coy, we-understand-each-other-don't-we manner of hers was really fatal, one of the things Adrian couldn't take.

"Good morning, my dear Adrian, I hope I haven't kept you waiting," she was saying, breezy and confident and redolent of Chanel.

"No," Adrian murmured, shaking hands with her briefly, the palette still on his arm. "As a matter of fact, no—I was just ——"

"Oh, you've done the pearls since I saw it last—lovely! It's coming on quite fast, isn't it?"

"I hope so," said Adrian.

Blanche Gordon gave him an intimate, red-lipped smile, and said rather archly, "You know, I shall miss coming here for my sittings. Are you starting another picture straight off when you finish me?"

"Yes, about next Monday, I think. Caroline Manning."

"Oh-ho!" said Mrs. Gordon; and gave him a look. Caroline Manning was a very young, very blond new actress, who seemed to have something which disarmed even the critics. "For her publicity, of course," Mrs. Gordon guessed shrewdly. "A young woman of that type has no interest in art."

"Why jump on this poor girl for a simple, aboveboard motive like publicity?"

"I honestly believe you're doing it for nothing, just to help her out!" she suggested.

"Now, I didn't say that. I only ——"

"Adrian, you're hopeless! You've let her talk you into hundreds of pounds' worth of work just because she gave you what in America they call 'a line.' And they call people like you 'sugar daddies.'"

Adrian shuddered. "I'm not keeping the girl, if that's what you're driving at," he



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said bluntly. "She's a nice, bright little thing, plenty of personality. I suppose if I'd told you I had hired her as a model your attitude would be quite different."

"I hate to see you taken advantage of, that's all." She turned away to lay down her gloves and handbag on the writing table. "Oh, sketches!" she cried, catching sight of them. "What a pretty girl! Who is she?"

"Her name was Alison Safford. It's just some of my earlier work I was turning over. Shall we begin?"

"Early Locke? How exciting! She looks so gay, it cheers one up just to see her."

"Yes, she was gay, most of the time," he said briefly.

"And of course terribly young," she continued, fingering the drawings. "That little throat you've got here—it makes her look pathetically young. This one is dated October twenty-fourth, but there's no year." She looked round at him inquiringly.

"They were all done about twenty years ago, more or less."

"Oh, well, then, of course she's not like that now, is she?" Mrs. Gordon remarked with satisfaction.

"Will you take the pose, please?" Adrian suggested, containing himself.

She gave him a sharp look, seated herself in the model's chair.

"Head a little more to the left, please," he said patiently. "And the left hand a little more relaxed—allow me. Chin to the left, please—thank you. Let me know when you feel tired, won't you?"

His sitters always found it difficult to adjust themselves to the change from the easy, amusing, casual Adrian to the concentrated, withdrawn and somewhat short-tempered painter at work. His quick, impersonal eyes, his lack of response to conversation, when their expression was of no consequence at the moment to his work, unsettled and confused them.

But because the man was made of charm and kindness, it was not in him to let a woman feel herself forgotten for long, and it was quite beyond him to let her know she bored him. So after an interval of scowling, intent silence, he now said, "By the way, I must thank you for the eggs. It was very kind of you."

"Fresh eggs are a pleasure these days, aren't they?" she agreed.

"Chin round a little more to the left? Thank you."

There was another long, busy silence.

"You won't forget my party, will you?" he ventured at last.

"Party?" His brush did not pause. "I don't seem to remember ——"

"Really, Adrian, I can't think why we put up with your absent-minded ways! I told you about it the last time I was here, and the reminder must have been in your post this morning."

"I'm afraid I don't always take things in when I'm working. And I hardly looked at my letters this morning."

"Well, in that case"—for she wanted to believe him—"but the party is tomorrow afternoon."

"My dear, I can't possibly."

"But I understood you to say that you would be free tomorrow afternoon."

"I'm terribly sorry, really I am, but I hadn't got it written down, and this most unavoidable thing came up very suddenly."

"Very well, Adrian, if you can't you can't. But I've told everybody you're coming, and they'll be very disappointed."

The fact that she had used his name as bait for other guests increased her dissatisfaction with him, for she was one of those lucky people who can never blame themselves for anything.

Blanche Gordon sat nursing her good intentions and her manufactured grievance, but Adrian was working on the left hand and took no notice of her face. He knew the routine by heart: "I've got a few people coming in a week from Thursday, won't you join us for a drink?" . . . "I'll have to look it up, but I'm afraid Thursday is impossible." . . . "Well, do try, I'll send you a card"; and then, too late, in tragic tones, "But you *promised*, and I've got all these people expecting to meet you!" *No, my dear, it won't work.*

"Safford," Blanche Gordon was saying. "Anything to do with Walter Safford, the violinist?"

"His wife."

"Oh," she murmured, groping about in her mind. "He's dead now, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"And did he really knock her about, as they said?" she inquired brightly.

"*Who* said?" Adrian's brush was very busy.

"Oh, I don't know, everybody, I should think. I always heard he treated her like dirt, and even threatened her life in his rages, and she was so in love with him she didn't care, just followed him about anyway, like a little dog."

"Anyone less like a little dog than Alison Safford I can't imagine," he said impatiently.

"I suppose if you're married to a man like Walter Safford you will put up with quite a lot because of who he is. Wasn't there a child?"

"Yes, there was."

He wasn't very forthcoming, was he? Blanche tried again. "And was the portrait a great success?"

"What portrait?"

"The one you did of Mrs. Safford."

"Oh, I never painted it."

"What happened?" Her head turned toward him in her growing curiosity.

"Really, Blanche, if you can't hold the pose how do you expect me to go on working? You do nothing but shift about today."

"Did you fall in love with her too?" she cried with incredulous pleasure. "She never looked twice at anyone but her brute of a husband. At least that's what everyone *said*. What became of her after he died? Do you know?"

"Yes," said Adrian quietly. "I know. She's dead." He stood perfectly still, holding the palette and the brush, and staring at the canvas in front of him. "I hadn't quite realized it, till now. Alison is dead."

"Oh—I didn't know."

"Will you take the pose again, please, Blanche? Let's get on with it."

Once more the formal, professional silence settled between them as he worked, absorbed again in the detail of the left hand. But this time he made no effort to entertain her. Entrenched behind his painter's tools, preoccupied, intent, defensive and wholly enigmatic, Adrian worked on.

The telephone rang, and Roberts came in to answer it. "Yes, my lady . . . well, I'm afraid he's engaged at the moment, my lady. He has a sitting going on. . . . Well, he isn't as a rule disturbed during a sitting."

And Adrian, painting viciously, brilliantly, at a bit of canvas which would never have to be touched again in its perfection, was thinking, *Another half hour of this, at least, before I can decently turn her out.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Mother of the Silences

By Joseph Auslander

I strain towards you out of the dust and heat:
The eagle has his crag beneath the sun;
The diver climbs for breath; the fox's run
Is finished . . . I am hallowed at your feet.

It is forever enough so to have found
Silent, unaltered as love's miracle,
Peace that is deep and inexhaustible,
Touch without contact, music without sound.

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He was almost glad when the doorbell broke the silence again.

"How can you work with bells going off all over the place all the time?" Blanche inquired sympathetically. "Telephones—doorbells—people running in and out; I should think you'd go mad."

"Oh, I outgrew any artistic temperament I may have had, some years ago, and no longer require a padded cell to work in. So long as they don't come charging in during a sitting ——"

But that was exactly what Caroline Manning did just then, if an entrance so airy and full of premeditated spontaneity could be described so harshly. She had slipped past the disapproving Roberts in the doorway and stood poised effectively on the threshold of the studio, genuinely young, genuinely blond, although her whole performance of the irresistible pert young thing was pitched a trifle too high, just as her clothes were too smart, and her heels too French, and her make-up too heavy for the morning hours. She carried a large dressmaker's box under her arm.

"Hullo, Adrian. Roberts tried to stop me, but I came in anyhow. Don't fire him, will you?" She planted an informal, smacking kiss on his cheek. "I've got the dress, and it's too divine. I couldn't *wait* to show it to you." She appeared to perceive Mrs. Gordon for the first time, with a deliberate schoolgirl embarrassment and good manners. "Oh—good morning!"

Adrian performed the introduction, which was coolly received, and Caroline went on:

"Adrian, *would* I be a dreadful nuisance if I went in there and slipped this on?" She indicated the bedroom door with purposeful familiarity.

"Yes," said Adrian. "You would."

"Now, don't be cross, darling, you said you wanted to see the dress as soon as I found it, and here it is. If it's *not* right, and we have to look for something else, I must get at it, mustn't I, if you're going to begin painting me on Monday? I'm sure Mrs. Gordon won't mind. It's only little me." And she waltzed off into the bedroom with the box, closing the door behind her.

"She's not very well brought up, I'm afraid," Adrian admitted with indulgence. "Doesn't mean any harm."

"That's what *you* think," said Blanche Gordon, and rose. "I'll go now, Adrian, if you don't mind. Better luck next time."

"There's just this bit here to do," he frowned, pecking at the canvas.

"Yes, all right. Next time." Gathering up her gloves and handbag, she cast a long, speculative glance at the bedroom door. "I don't have to tell a man of your experience, do I, that that's a very dangerous young woman?" she asked.

"Perhaps, my dear, you had better stay and protect me."

"Perhaps, but I'm not going to. If you're not able to take care of yourself now, you never will be."

She was gone. Adrian stood looking after her a moment, and then crossed the room to open the bedroom door, without looking into the room, and returned to the table for a cigarette.

"Come out of there, will you?" he said, over his shoulder. "Hurry up."

Caroline appeared in the bedroom doorway at once. Her head was bent so that her honey-colored hair cascaded forward along her cheeks. She was clad in a revealing yellow evening dress which fastened with a zipper up the back so that she must hold it up at the shoulders in a becoming pose.

"Have you got rid of her?"

"She's gone," he corrected. "Now, look here ——"

"I can't reach that thing, myself," she interrupted, squirming inside the dress and presenting her back to him. "You'll have to."

"How does it go?"

"Just pull that thing *up*. It's very simple."

Cigarette between his lips, he zoomed the zipper into place. "Now, look here, Caroline, you cannot come barging in here ——"

"Like it?" She was posing before him like a little girl in a new party frock.

"Yes, it's very good." He surveyed briefly with an appraising but imperson eye. "But you should not have brought it here this morning. Mrs. Gordon ——"

Caroline giggled.

"I'm serious about this, Caroline. I dor want it to happen again, do you hear?"

"Well, let's tell them at once and sa trouble," she suggested with a reckless a

"I did tell her I was going to paint yo but that doesn't excuse ——"

"Well, tell her the rest of it, why dor you?"

"Rest of it?"

"That we're going to be married, I mean

Adrian stood very still where he was. "A we?" he asked quietly.

Caroline gave him a glance under lon veiling lashes. "Well, after last night ——

"Now, wait a minute, I must have miss something, because I don't quite know wh you're talking about."

"Well, after what you said last night, thought ——" Doubt, apprehension, trage passed swiftly across her expressive fa "You mean you don't *want* to?"

Adrian passed a soothing hand across head. "I was perfectly sober last night. had dinner with one bottle of wine and liqueur. We talked a lot of delightful nonsen I agreed to paint you in a yellow dress, a then I took you home in a cab to your fr door and left you there."

"It *wasn't* nonsense!" she cried passi ately. "Oh, *Adrian*, I'm so *humiliated*. I lieved every *word*. I've been so *happy*. thought you *meant* it. Oh, what shall I *do* And she flung herself down on the sofa a burst into tears.

"Now, don't cry, Caroline." He sat dow beside her. "Caroline, stop it, I never mea to make you cry, I ——"

The moment he touched her she cast he self sobbing into his arms. He found th rather pleasant in a way, at first anywa and held her patiently while she played o her scene.

"Adrian, you can't *do* this to me. Y can't go back on it now. I've *told* people!"

"Told people what?"

"That I was going to marry you and your inspiration!"

"Did they laugh?" he asked calmly.

"Darling, they were *green* with envy. W would they laugh?"

"Well, the difference in our ages, for o thing. It's rather absurd, you know."

"Oh, who cares about *ages* when they're love! You're much the most fascinating m I've ever met."

"Well, thank you very much, you pretty fascinating yourself, but ——"

"Then it's all right? We're going on wi it?"

"Now let's be sensible, shall we? I do want you to ——"

"Oh, Adrian, last night you were so *diff ent*—the things you said, and the way y looked at me ——"

"Well, all right, now, tell me," he sa still sanely. "What did I say last night, a how did I look? Did I ask you to mar me?"

"*Adrian*, what a question to ask me *no* Not in so many words, of course, but ——

"Well, then, don't you think we had b ter just forget the whole thing, and ——"

"Oh, how *can* you? Now they *will* lau at me!" She hid her face against him with wail. "They'll say you were just *playi* with me and I fell for you, they'll say y *jilted* me the very next day ——"

He sat up, holding her away from hi shaking her a little to bring her roun "Caroline, listen to me. Stop howling, you hear? Stop it. This is ridiculous." I waited unappreciatively while she gulp childishly and struggled for composure, eyi him piteously through her tumbled hair. don't want to hurt your feelings, but y evidently misunderstood."

"Well, couldn't we just be engaged for little while, anyway?" she suggested hop fully. "And then we could sort of break off—gradually—and *they'd* forget about it?

"Now, Caroline, you go along and chan back into your street clothes and get out

e," said Adrian, as though speaking to a all, recalcitrant child.

To his surprise, she rose obediently. "But u'll do the portrait, Adrian?"

"Yes, I'll do the portrait. Now run along, e a good girl."

"You said last night you'd pay for this ess."

"I will. I remember that much, anyway. in along."

Caroline presented her back to him mat-'-of-factly. "Unzip me," she commanded, d when he had done so, she trotted off into e bedroom. After a moment her voice ated out from there. "May I leave the ess here till this afternoon?"

"Why?"

"I've got to see a man about a job, and I n't want to be carrying this great box. I'll me back for it."

"Why not just leave it here till we start rking next week, and not go lugging it out?"

"Oh, I want to show it to somebody else night."

"You can't come back this afternoon. 're got an appointment here. You must not on running in and out of here, Caroline."

"Just this once, darling. I'll put it in the x and Roberts can just hand it out the or to me." She came in, wearing street thes. "About five o'clock," she said, put-ng on her hat in front of a mirror. "I won't me in here, I promise, if you'd rather not."

"Very well, I'll give it to Roberts. And u are *not* to come in here, do you under-and?"

"Yes, Adrian," she said meekly, and came to him, her face lifted ovocatively. "Will you something for me?"

He looked down at her utiously. "Depends hat it is."

"Well, just let it go on it is for a little while—st while we're doing the rtrait—so I won't have take back what I said—I say it's a secret."

"No."

"Most people wouldn't consider it a hard-ip to have me in love with them for a hile," said Caroline, piqued. "Most people ould be rather pleased."

"Yes, I quite realize that, my dear, it ——"

"Besides"—she smiled at him ravish-gly—"you might even get so you liked !" And she gave him another smacking ss and went.

Y FOUR O'CLOCK ON THAT SUMMER'S DAY, drian Locke had lunched at his club with l the usual people and then had walked wn Piccadilly to where, before the blitz, t. James's Church had stood in its small, aste beauty. He had paused for some time the paved courtyard where nowadays wers bloomed. He felt a need of the church day because of Alison. He felt the impact change as never before. A sadness and tiredness and an oldness had come upon m, for so much was gone of what he had ved in his youth. Now Alison, too, was ne, and while he had long ago ceased to ink even of seeing her again there was a nality about it now.

He had not thought of her for a long time. ut he could think of nothing else this after-oon, and his heart was aching. She was the ne who had shown him humility in love. he was the one who had never wanted any-ing from Adrian Locke, the successful ainter, had never paraded him through the Vest End at her chariot wheels, had never sked him to do a favor for a friend, or lend is prestige to a private enterprise. She was he one who said, "If you like," and, "Would ou mind?" before he could, and meant it.

She was more fun than anyone he had ever nown, quicker to laughter, happier in love, ith a childlike willingness to be amused and n intelligent interest in anything presented o her notice. She was never bored, had never een disenchanted with life, whatever it did o her. Old-fashioned, embarrassing, out-of-date words came to mind to describe her—"gallant" was one, and "romantic" was another.

Now he stood in the little backwater off Piccadilly, aching for her in the old way, and to his own amazement. It was impossible to feel like this about a woman he had not seen for twenty years, and when he was so much younger. Nothing ached like this after fifty. You had a right to expect a little peace and quiet. You had a right to forget things. But not, apparently, if you had loved Alison.

He turned and walked quickly out of the churchyard, caught a taxi and was driven home. Roberts was laying out tea. Adrian realized as he waited for Madge that he would be very glad to see her today.

She was punctual, wearing a linen suit and a green hat with no nonsense about it, looking cool and competent. They were old, old friends, and if she bullied him in a nice way he was used to it, for he had a strangely docile streak in his complicated nature. They appreciated each other's humor too. Madge and Adrian had ragged each other without mercy for years, and nobody's feelings were ever hurt.

She poured out his tea this afternoon without asking him how he liked it, and she didn't tell him all the bad news she could think of as soon as she sat down. Adrian drank his tea comfortably and began telling her in humorous detail all about Caroline and asking her what he should do.

Madge laughed at him, as he had expected. And when she learned Caroline was coming back for her dress, she suggested at once that he leave the whole thing to her.

"You are wonderful, Madge," he said with sudden affection.

"I've hauled you backward out of more scrapes than I, for one, care to remember, if that's what you mean."

He rose, and wandered across the room to get his pipe, and stood filling it, thinking hard. Madge drank her fresh cup of tea and watched him out of the tail of her eye. It must have been ten years ago, he was thinking—that awkward business with What's-her-name. He had really been for it that time, though it was all a mistake, and the woman had willfully misunderstood him—or pretended to.

Sighing impatiently, he swung round and Madge said, smiling, "All right, Adrian, you clear out now and give me half an hour alone with her when she comes for the dress. I can probably bring it off again if I try."

"It's an awful bother, isn't it?" he admitted, pacing gloomily in a fragrant wreath of smoke. "But honestly, Madge, I wish you would do something about it. I said everything I could think of this morning, without being downright rude and hurting her feelings." At her expression he added with some haste, "I know what you're thinking, and perhaps it's only my conceit, but there *is* just the off chance, isn't there, that she does really mean it, for the moment, anyway, and seriously sees herself as the prop and joy of my declining years? '

"Yes, dear, and if you had only begun visibly to decline a little I might be more sympathetic," Madge said. "Now I think it would be a good idea if you took your hat and your pipe and went round to the club for a while."

"Well, all right," he consented. "But don't blacken my character more than necessary, will you?"

"Ask Roberts to bring a fresh pot of tea as you go," she suggested. "And don't come back till about six."

So it came about that, when Caroline rang the bell at half past five, Roberts stood as though expecting her to enter and proceed to the studio as usual, and she passed him jauntily with a tingle of excitement and triumph. Perhaps Adrian's guest had already gone, and he was willing that she should linger a while after all. Young as she was, she knew

(Continued on Page 89)

He that ventureth on matrimony is like unto one who thrusteth his hand into a sack containing many thousands of serpents and one eel. Yet, if the Prophet so will it, he may draw forth the eel.

—PERSIAN PROVERB.

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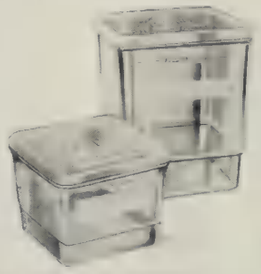
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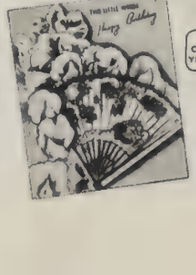


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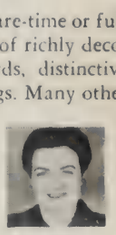
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Oh, what dream cakes...

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The new deeper chocolate Devil's Food Mix

YES, now there's *another* sensational Swans Down Cake Mix.

Devil's Food! Makes an impressively beautiful cake—with deeper, richer chocolate flavor—melting-fine as smoothest fudge.

Walter Baker prepared a brand-new blend of cocoa beans for this Mix, and a new formula holds fragrant chocolaty richness right through oven heat.

Swans Down milled a special "devil's food" cake flour, and famous Swans Down Instant Cake Mix shared its wonderful special egg whites, with the delicate, spring-fresh flavor.

Everything is right in the Mix, nothing to do but add milk, beat, and bake!

Snowcap Fudge Nut Squares

Use Fudge Nut Cake recipe on Swans Down Devil's Food Mix package. Spread Snowcap Frosting on top and sides of cake.

Snowcap Frosting

1 egg white, unbeaten
¾ cup sugar
Dash of salt
3 tablespoons water
1 teaspoon light corn syrup
½ teaspoon vanilla

Combine egg white, sugar, salt, water, and corn syrup in top of small double boiler. Beat about 1 minute, or until blended. Cook over rapidly boiling water, beating constantly 4 minutes, or until frosting will stand in stiff peaks. Remove from boiling water. Add vanilla and beat 1 minute or until thick enough to spread.



Swans Down Devil's Food Mix

COMPLETE: Just add milk-no expensive eggs!

The famous all-variety Instant Mix

Makes the most delicate, mist-fine white cake. Dozens of other favorites, too—orange cake, spice cake, upside-down cake, brownies, cookies. (Recipes with the box.)

The only cake mix made with Swans Down Cake Flour . . . and the one more women choose than any other white cake mix in America!

Fresh Peach Summertime Cake

Use one layer of Swans Down Instant White Cake. Top with ice cream and sliced fresh peaches. Garnish with whipped cream, if desired.

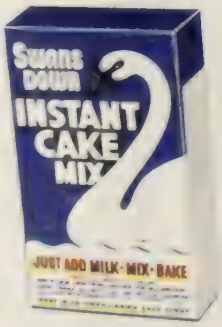
Fresh Raspberry Summertime Cake

Substitute raspberries for peaches in preceding recipe.

Lemon Coconut Cookies

1 package Swans Down Instant Cake Mix
⅓ cup milk
3 tablespoons softened shortening
½ teaspoon lemon extract
1½ cups Baker's Shredded Coconut

Combine ingredients and beat 1 minute. Drop from teaspoon onto greased baking sheet. Decorate with candied cherries, if desired. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 8 minutes. Makes about 5 dozen.



Swans Down Instant Cake Mix



Swans Down Cake Flour and Cake Mixes are products of General Fo

(Continued from Page 87)

round well enough, and it was an nfatuation in its way. And Caroline ns.

s in no sacrificial frame of mind that determined to annex Adrian Locke rest of his natural life, and to hold ainst all comers. She was shrewd to realize that, as his bride, however ted, and later as his discreet widow, position in society would become in assailable. She was willing to learn, uld play any part he required of her. neither of them could lose.

as rather surprised to find the studio d only by a middle-aged woman who very much at home there, smoking a e and turning over the leaves of a ne in an armchair by the tea table. s of Adrian at all, and the dress box n left conspicuously on a chair near r.

. came for my dress," she announced hint of challenge in her young, well- voice.

nterloper looked up with a pleasant How do you do?" she said, as though ned the place. "Do come in. Adrian o have gone out and forgotten that he ne to tea today." Madge reached for pot, saying with a spider-to-fly cor- "Well, come and have a cup with l we can amuse each other till Adrian

on't mind if I do, though I promised ——" Caroline hesitated, visibly d.

mised Adrian?" Madge prompted y.

ll, I promised I wouldn't interrupt his is afternoon, but if he's not here I'm errupting, am I? Oh, cake!" Caroline ed, approaching the table. She helped to a slice of cake, accepted her cup Madge's hand. "I suppose you've Adrian a very long time?"

e before you were born, probably." 't he *funny*, the way he gives himself out his age?" Caroline confided in a zing tone. "I never *think* of Adrian's ny older than anybody else. Isn't he *us?*"

s, he is quite marvelous," Madge as- her. "Generations of women have t so."

w do *you* think it happens that he ot married before now?"

ink everybody tried too hard." Madge long enough to allow a look of confu- grow on Caroline's face. "You see, if *ied* to marry Adrian, he was off like a hey not only didn't get him for a hus- hey lost him as a friend."

course a lot would depend on the *kind* an it was," Caroline explained helpfully. "Adrian would never be happy with the stuffy kind of marriage people used to have. With Adrian you'd have to keep him amused all the time." She licked the tip of one pink finger delicately.

"That's true of any man, I thought," said Madge.

"Yes, but look at the dull women they marry." Again the wide, innocent stare encompassed Madge. "Are you married?" asked Caroline with the directness of an uninhibited child.

"My husband died years ago," Madge told her.

"Oh, a widow." Caroline's soft voice was full of a ready compassion. "That's tough."

"More tea?"

"You know, I oughtn't, really." Caroline passed her cup. "Adrian would probably give me thunder for sitting here like this. He's starting my portrait on Monday."

"Is he?" said Madge, with a sprightly interest which she considered well beneath her. "What fun!"

"In a yellow dress. Would you like to see it?" Caroline jumped up and ran to the box and shook out the dress, holding it up to herself. "There. Isn't it lovely? It's a present from Adrian."

"Very nice," said Madge kindly. "You're a lucky girl, aren't you?"

"I understand him." Caroline laid the dress carefully across the chair and returned to her fresh cup of tea, speaking in lowered, friendly, woman-to-woman tones. "You see, *I* think he's getting an absolute inferiority complex about his age, and I intend to get him out of it."

"How?" said Madge, with interest.

"I'm in love with him," Caroline announced with a little lifted air of pride and defiance.

Madge's first reaction was a desire to laugh in the poor child's face. "Aren't we all!" she said only.

"You too?" Caroline gave her a suspicious, are-you-kidding kind of look.

"I thought I might as well be frank too." Madge said lightly, and began to play her cards in earnest now. "Are you surprised?"

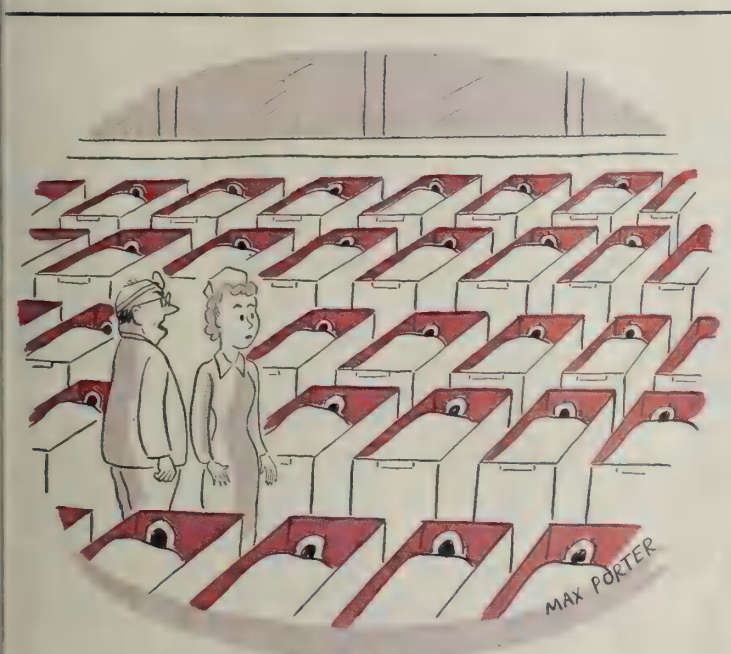
"Well, I'm not *surprised*, exactly, but—does he know?"

"Oh, yes," Madge assured her casually.

Caroline suddenly recognized an adversary. "Have you got claims on him?" she demanded with a certain hostility.

"Well—in a way, yes." Madge was almost ashamed of herself by now. It was really too easy, the girl was so young and inept. She had a core of honesty and reality that disarmed and disconcerted. Madge began to see why Adrian had been so unable to cope with the situation himself.

"Has he ever asked you to marry him?" Caroline was saying.



"Are you sure you heard one of them laughing?"



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"Well, not in so many words, perhaps," Madge admitted easily, replying with satisfaction to the exact cue she had been fishing for. "But we have what I suppose one might call . . . an understanding."

"When?" Caroline demanded tensely. "When did that happen?"

"Oh, ages ago."

"So that's what it was," said Caroline.

"What was, my dear?"

Caroline sat biting her red underlip. Obviously it was Adrian's loyalty to this middle-aged, possessive woman which stood in the way of his accepting her own freely offered devotion. Obviously it was her own duty now to make the woman see that Adrian must be free to make his own choice of wives. Adrian was so kindhearted he would never be able to tell a woman like this that something had happened now and that he wanted to marry someone younger and prettier.

"But of course you would release him, wouldn't you, if something extraordinary came into his life?" asked Caroline kindly.

"Extraordinary in what way?"

"Now, I'm afraid this may be something of a shock to you," Caroline began tactfully. "But the fact is, Adrian needs somebody like me, and I have decided to devote my life to him."

"Oh?" said Madge faintly. "Does he know?"

"Well, the fact is, he's still—still ——"

"Holding out?" suggested Madge, and Caroline glanced at her incredulously, for instead of being hurt, or fighting back, or any of those things, she seemed totally unable to *realize* ——

"I knew there was something on his mind, you see," said Caroline, deciding to be brutally frank. "And it must be this thing with you. So if you could ——"

"Bow out?" suggested Madge, with that same maddening air of *humoring* one as though one were a child ——

"Well, you aren't *getting* anywhere with it, are you?" cried Caroline, her amateur offensive cracking.

Madge laughed. "The things I have let myself in for because of that fantastic man!" she said. "Hadn't you better take the dress and go along now, before he comes in?" she continued in that unruffled way. "What would he think if he found us sitting here together discussing him?"

Caroline felt the sharp sting of tears behind her eyelids, and set down her cup again with a little jolt. "Would he be cross?" she asked, knowing the answer perfectly well.

"Probably." Madge had no mercy now. The girl must learn this time, once and for all.

"He's been pretty cross with me once already today; perhaps I'd better ——" Caroline rose and put the dress back in its box.

"You don't catch me running away from his bad tempers," the cool, challenging voice pointed out.

"He scares the daylights out of me when he's cross." Caroline paused, the yellow bodice shimmering between her hands. "When he says, 'Now, look here ——' What do you do then?"

"I thought you understood him," Madge remarked heartlessly, but she relented, crossed the room to stand beside Caroline. "My dear, you're very young, and very . . . brave. I think Adrian is a fortunate man to have anyone like you devoted to him. I'm not so old myself but that I can remember how the young hate advice, but I'm going to give you some all the same."

"Oh, I know, fall in love with some nice young man, and marry him!" Caroline interrupted bitterly. "Not me. If I can't have Adrian I'll just concentrate on my career."

"Then you'd better get on with it, because Adrian won't marry you. Adrian will never marry anybody as long as he lives."

"Well, of course, I haven't been trying anything like as long as you have," said Caroline unpardonably.

Before Madge could reply, the outer door closed gently and Adrian was there.

He had not, as Madge advised him, gone back to the club. Instead, he had gone gloomily down to the Embankment and mooned about there in the twilight, killing time the hard way, by doing nothing.

Almost as soon as he left the house behind, the immediate bother about Caroline receded and the stirring of old memories haunted him more and more. He dreaded Monica's visit tomorrow, wished now that he had never replied to her letter. He hated the idea of having to hear how Alison had died. She had been so much younger than himself that it had never occurred to him that he might have to live in a world which was empty of her.

He stood gazing blankly out across the river, entertaining a vague idea of leaving Roberts tomorrow afternoon to admit Monica, make her free of the portfolio, and show her out again in his absence. And then he would wonder for the rest of his life what she was like, and what she might have told him that was comforting instead of sad. Perhaps it had not been so bad for Alison as he had imagined it, after all. Surely he wanted to hear, didn't he, that Alison had got along well enough without him, as was quite possible if Safford had only behaved himself once in a while. There had never been a written line between them after she left England. But Monica would know. Monica could fill in the gap. Monica might even, as she grew older, have been her mother's confidante.

His spirits lifted again, as they always did in time to meet a crisis, and he almost began to look forward to the interview he had wanted to escape. He must try not to go on thinking of Alison any more. He must get on with his life, start an absorbing piece of new work ——

That portrait of Caroline.

He took his elbows off the wall and looked at his watch. Too soon. He must give Madge a chance. Should he take her out to dinner later, to celebrate?

He sighed, turned, began to stroll back toward the house. A young woman passed him, and her eyes lingered on his slim, understated elegance, his generous mouth, his hooded, dark blue eyes. He was vaguely aware of her, vaguely thought, *Yes, one could make quite a lot of mistakes these days,* and drifted on, preoccupied, wondering what sort of story Madge would have to tell him.

He felt very kindly toward Madge tonight. She had taken charge, not for the first time, when he was really up against it. Madge was the best of the lot, he decided. Madge had put up with him for years. Of course she did think she knew it all, but then again sometimes that came in very handy. Like this afternoon.

He fell to wondering, with conscious whimsey, what it would be like to be married to Caroline. After the first instinctive tingle down the spine, he amused himself all the way to the corner of Tite Street by picturing exaggerated horrors of such a life.

When he opened the door of the studio they were both there, and he had to put on some sort of hasty act for Caroline's benefit.

"Hullo, Madge, I'm terribly sorry I wasn't in when you came," he began, with a fair appearance of guilt. And then, turning on Caroline a semblance of severity, "What on earth are you doing here?"

"I came for my dress, remember? And then I had a cup of tea, if you don't mind." He knew that look on her face so well—misty-eyed, and a hurt, pouting mouth. But she said good-by to Madge quite nicely, and added, "Thanks for everything."

"Well?" Adrian said anxiously, when he had returned from seeing Caroline to the door, for Madge seemed to have nothing to say at all.

"You know, Adrian," said Madge, lighting a cigarette with her back to him so that he could not see her face, "she's rather pathetic, really."

Because he had been thinking the same thing himself, he said irritably, "Did I come back too soon?"

"No, I had time enough. But nothing I said seemed to quite find its mark. I suppose it's because she's so terribly young."

"I thought she looked a bit shaken, poor kid."

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suppose you couldn't call off the por-
ob?"
o, have to go through with that, I'm
. It's had too much publicity. But on
ntly more formal basis, what?"
don't think you'll have much trouble
now on," Madge said.
m very grateful to you, my dear, for
to all this bother," Adrian told her
ely. "I've had a very narrow escape.
nother thing, Madge, do you realize I
have been married to you all this time
that business with what's-her-name, if
been cad enough to cash in on it?"
hat makes two narrow escapes, doesn't
Madge said pleasantly.
ou know, at that, I don't believe I
d have minded it with you—much," he
ssed, contemplating her from across the
"I was saying only this morning, an-
ten years and I don't care what hap-
I'm actually beginning to wonder what
with my evenings."
ne does, doesn't one?" she sighed.
Mean to say you've noticed it too?"
began to wander about the room, his
astray in new, disturbing channels.
hat are you doing now?" she asked

hinking." He had come to the writing
where the portfolio lay, reached out to
e rusty black strings with gentle fingers.
was gone. He would never see her
. He had never expected to, but it was
olate sort of feeling, all the same.
dge," he said, "we've been friends for a
ime, haven't we? You never got on my
s the way the others did."
ou're very complimentary this after-
Perhaps I'd better
fore you spoil it," she
"I've got a bit of a
r on about the flat.
ease is up, you know.
e agents are the
awful fools; they'll
you *anything*, and
money for it!" She
and picked up her
s and handbag.
ou mean you're turned out?" Adrian
orrified.
ractically. I've got a month to find
thing."
Well, why not move in here, my dear?
y of room. I only use this one and the
om and bath over there."
e moved toward the door. "Thank you
the same."
Now, wait a minute. Don't rush off like
You mean you think if you came to live
s house we ought to get married first?"
t's customary," she reminded him.
re you cross with me about something?"
ked, a little befogged.
ery cross," she assured him, both laugh-
nd exasperated. "You treat me like an
hoe!"
've practically asked you to marry me.
people would have been rather pleased,
uld think!"

T stopped her in her tracks. She had
ys known what she wanted, and here it
belatedly, unexpectedly, left-handedly,
reely offered at last. Even now, it was
le hard to believe.
Adrian, are you serious about this?"
Of course I'm serious. Marriage is noth-
o joke about!" he said irritably.
You *are* proposing to me, Adrian—like
"
Like what? I can't go on my knees to
at this time of day! You said you've got
lace to live, and I said why not come and
here, and you said people will talk if
e not married, and I said, 'All right, let's
married.' There. Might as well go the
le hog, I suppose, while we're at it."
Oh, Adrian, you are a darling. You've
e me very happy." She went to him,
ant, and a little triumphant, too, for a
kiss. "I'll ring you up tomorrow morn-
—or shall I just run in?"
Well, I've got a sitting at ten, you know.
mustn't come then.
Oh, no, I'm *much* too discreet to come
!" She blew him a kiss from the door-
way. "When shall I see you again? Dinner tomorrow?"

"Not tomorrow, no—got a fellow at the club. The night after."

She waved at him gaily, and was gone. Perhaps it was rather an abrupt way of getting engaged, she thought, going down the carpeted stairs, but theirs had never been a demonstrative friendship.

SHE paused on the way through the lower hall to push open the door of the drawing room and peep in. The blinds were down, the furniture was swathed in dust sheets, but she could remember a time when the room had blazed with lights and sparkled with laughter and wit, and with a little management it might be so again. Adrian could still afford to entertain a bit now and then, in a small way. A clock on the landing struck and she closed the drawing-room door and hurried on, hoping for a taxi.

Adrian's pipe had gone out. He made rather a business of lighting it again, avoiding the sight of the portfolio while he did so. Then he sat down on the sofa and passed a hand across his hair. He looked a little dazed, and not altogether happy. His mind was chaotic. *Now, how on earth did that happen?* he thought.

ADRIAN WOKE THE FOLLOWING MORNING with a distinct impression of hang-over, and lay for some minutes reconstructing the past twenty-four hours and their mounting toll of disaster, past and impending. He had lost Alison forever—again. He had invited Monica to tea today. He had reached an impasse with Caroline. And in attempting to deal with that, he had let himself in for marrying Madge. It hardly seemed worth while to get up at all.

Roberts came in with tea, and a further dilemma at once added itself to the list. Roberts would have to be told about Madge, and Adrian suspected that he would not be pleased.

One ought at least to hear a little melody every day, read a fine poem, see a good picture, and, if possible, make a few sensible remarks.

—GOETHE.

It was while Roberts was laying the table in the studio for Monica's afternoon tea that Adrian began to wonder if he already knew something was to be broken to him. Roberts was especially on his dignity. As he came and went from the kitchen to the table, his carriage was noticeably ponderous, and his silence was portentous.

Adrian sat in the armchair with a sketch pad and pencil, drawing exquisite little figures, several to a page, often only a dozen lines each, and the page, when full, was torn off and cast aside and another begun.

Finally Adrian was driven to make an opening. "What is it, Roberts? I can feel your discreet silence way over here, like a draft," he said, without looking up.

"I'm very sorry, sir, I ——"

"I suppose I've got to know sooner or later. Is it the plumbing or the laundry this time?"

"Neither, sir."

"Worse, eh? Well, let's get it over."

"Have you seen the Evening Banner, sir?"

"You know I haven't. What do they know now?"

"On the theater page of today's noon edition, sir, there is a picture of Miss Manning in evening dress, alongside an exhumed-looking photograph of yourself from what I believe is called the newspaper's morgue, sir. And underneath, it says: *December-May Romance*, interrogation point." Adrian's pencil had not paused and his disciplined face showed no sign that a cold wind blew through him. "Bring it here, will you?" He went on sketching.

Roberts went out to the kitchen with his most unhurried tread and returned presently carrying a picture newspaper, folded open at an inner page. He handed it silently to Adrian, who began to read: "'Miss Caroline Manning, the delightful young actress, is sitting for a portrait in oils to be painted by the elderly R. A., Mr. Adrian Locke. It is rumored that Mr. Locke is taking something more than an artistic interest in his beautiful blond subject, and they have been seen

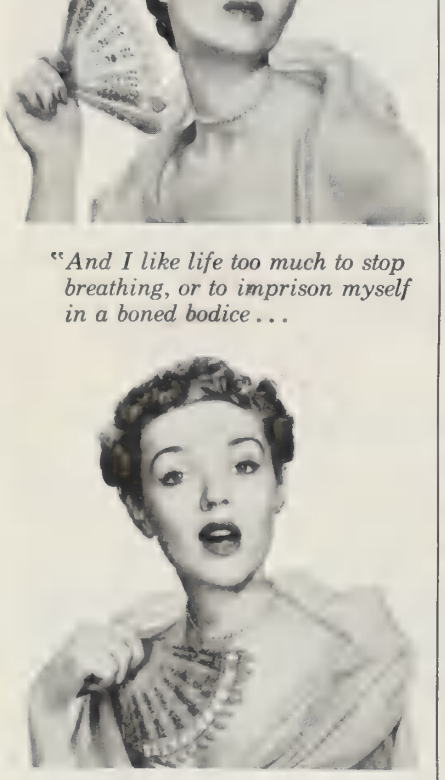




"I like a dress cut down to there, providing it stays up . . .



"And I like life too much to stop breathing, or to imprison myself in a boned bodice . . .



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together ——'" Here he fell to mumbling, until he came to the end. His comment then was brief and articulate. "Damn," he said distinctly.

"Yes, sir," Roberts agreed at once.

"Who's to blame for this, I wonder? The thing seems to have got right out of hand. It's awkward just now, too, I ——" He decided recklessly to lay all the cards on the table. "Roberts, I may as well tell you now, I've asked Mrs. Forbes to come and live here." And then, as there threatened to be a pause, he added hastily, "As my wife, of course."

"May I offer my congratulations, sir?" said Roberts. But it was as Adrian had feared. Roberts was not pleased.

"I suppose you may, but this sort of thing has got to stop, hasn't it?"

"Of course, sir—we mustn't forget that your marriage to someone else will automatically ——"

"But there's no rush about that. Isn't there some easier way?"

"Well, then, if I might suggest—since the portrait is not yet actually begun ——"

"Cancel it?" he said. "No, couldn't do that. Too hard on the girl. Means a lot to her professionally. Of course I can stop being seen round with her."

"I'm afraid Miss Manning is under the impression that she is of considerable importance to you, sir."

"She really was so perishing young, I never took the thing seriously at all," Adrian said. "But apparently she did."

"It's a weakness of the young, sir," Roberts remarked tolerantly. "To take things seriously."

"Well, I dunno, I don't think I ever did."

Roberts was about to reply with a slight whimsey of his own when the doorbell rang.

"That must be Miss Safford," said Adrian hopefully.

While he waited for Roberts to lead Monica up the stairs to the studio door, Adrian remembered how Alison used to arrive—breathless and shining and truant, but not guilty, only glad, with her perpetual overflowing joy at just being with him again, her childlike ability to live the next hour or two as though it need never end, her touching confidence in the mere sanctuary of his presence. He was always enchanted by Alison's simplicity, which allowed her to take nothing—not even her welcome here—for granted. It was always a fresh miracle to her that he had time to spend on herself, and that he enjoyed her company as she did his. Alison had always run up the stairs, usually with her hat in her hand by the time she reached the top. And then there would be that moment at the doorway, to make sure no one else was there, and that single questioning glance to see if it was still the same with him, and then Alison was in his arms again.

But it was Monica on the threshold now, hesitating there, slender, quietly dressed, wearing a disfiguring hat which was no doubt very smart in America, black, with a broad, slashed brim tilted grotesquely so that it came down over one eye—a hat which required a prima donna to stand up to it. And this timid-seeming, thirtyish woman, whose whole appearance was anything but dashing, was totally eclipsed by it.

"My dear Monica, I was delighted to get your letter," he said warmly, advancing to meet her. "It's very nice of you to come and see me."

"It was good of you to ask me to come, Mr. Locke." Her voice was very low, her hand was slim and quickly withdrawn. For a moment her face, shadowed by the fantastic hat, was lifted to his, then she turned away to look with curiosity around the big, diversely furnished room, workshop and living quarters in a somehow harmonious whole. It was a dull, showery day, and already the daylight around the easel had turned gray and the corner farthest from the windows, where the tea table stood, required a light. "You must receive dozens of such letters."

"There was only one Alison."

A strong resemblance was here in the daughter, but the girl seemed lifeless and old before her time. Her slim shoulders drooped; she had never learned to make a first impression; she had never, apparently, found her personality at all. There was none of Alison's blazing vitality, no warmth, nothing given out at all.

"Then you do remember her?" asked Alison's daughter, sinking without grace into the chair he indicated near the tea table.

"Remember her? No one could ever forget her. You said in your letter that she had died," he went on, anxious to get that part of it over. "When was that?"

"About three years ago."

"As long as that? It doesn't seem possible, somehow. I feel as though I should have *known*."

She added nothing, and he turned a chair a little to face her, and sat down.

"Well, let's have a look at you, my dear. You're very like her in a way, aren't you? You must be older now than she was when I knew her. How strange that seems. Let's see, you were what then—five or six?"

"I was ten when she knew you."

"But I thought . . . but she wasn't old enough to have a ten-year-old child!"

"It was one of her little vanities to knock a few years off my age. I was small, you know, and she never looked anything like as old as she was, right up to the end."

"Yes, I always told her that. The planes of her face were exactly right. There was nothing to go hollow or sag."

"I'm not like that, as you can see," Monica said matter-of-factly. "We used to look rather alike, but I've had a long illness. Don't bother to be kind about it. I know I look older than I should."

"Can't see as much as I'd like for that hat." He couldn't resist taking a shot at it, it was so violently unsuitable. "Would you like a cup of tea?"

"Yes, please," said Monica without enthusiasm.

He handed her a cup, offered a plate of bread and butter, which she refused. "Cake?"

"Nothing, thank you. Just tea."

"Your mother always ate like anything at teatime. I had to go to all sorts of trouble about it, because I never care myself."

Monica smiled faintly, and hid behind her cup.

"You know," he went on, determined to break down this absurd shyness, "you're sitting now just where she always sat. Heredity, no doubt." He thought, as he watched her cup return to its saucer, that her hands we shaking. "I can't help but wonder what s could have told you about me, because y seem frightened to be here, and I'm not a dangerous, really."

"When you've heard about a person your life, and . . . thought about him, it's bit . . . overwhelming when you finally me him. You're just—just the way she alwa said."

"What did she say? I'd like to know th Did she talk about me much? After you went out to America, I mean?"

"Not at first," said Monica careful "But the summer after father died, we ca to England for a few weeks and ——"

"Without looking me up? I like that

"I wanted her to, but she said you w much too famous and busy, and she did want you to have to be polite to someo you'd known very briefly and would ha forgotten all about. We went to one of yo shows—at a gallery in Bond Street. Y weren't there that day."

"Wish I had been. Tell me, why did y think there was a portrait? I never got chance to begin one."

"I don't quite know," she confessed, loo ing down at her cup, apparently absorbed its pattern. "I understood her to say th you had painted her. I suppose it was t drawings she meant, and I got it wrong. M I see those?" As she reached to set down t cup on the small table beside her chair h eyes fell on the newspaper where he h thrown it, folded back so that his portr and Caroline's looked up at her. "And th I really must be going," she added. "I taking up too much of your time.

"In a minute," he answered easily, sitti still. "I've got all the time in the world anything to do with Alison. Tell me m about her. Was she happy in America, you think?"

"Yes, I think so. Homesick, of course, n and then."

"Why did she stay on there after your ther died?"

This was one of the questions which ke nagging at him. Once Alison was free to co back to him, why had she not done so? would have been easy enough for her to d cover that he had never married. She mig have given him a chance. Unless —— Th was what he wanted to know and was afra

(Continued on Page 95)

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What Have You Done All Day?

By MARJORIE LEDERER LEE

By the time he comes home in the evening,
My hero, my Man of Affairs,
I have laundered three loads in the washer,
I have made thirty trips up the stairs,
I have vacuumed the rugs and the sofa,
I have waxed the linoleum floors,
I have spent an approximate lifetime
Getting fingerprints off of the doors;
I have eight times rediapered my daughter,
And eleven times lifted my son,
I have kicked him his first little football
At the point of his first little gun;
I have battled the beds and the bathrooms,
I have mastered the mop and the broom,
I have fixed me a lunch for a princess
Which I somehow forgot to consume;
I have vied with a traveling brush man
And two sellers of new magazines,
I have broken the bank for the butcher,
I have patched me a hole in my jeans;
I have soothed, I have salved, I have bandaged,
I have darned, I have knit, I have purled
By the time he comes home in the evening,
My hero, my Man of the World;

And it's then that he kisses my forehead
In his tenderest, gentlest way,
And I listen with love and compassion
While he tells me he's had a hard day. . . .

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(Continued from Page 92)

ask. He was never the only man who uld have been glad to take her away from alter Safford. There must have been plenty America who felt the same way. He would ver hold it against her, but he would like *know*.

"We were very hard up then," Monica is saying. "She had to get a job."

"But your father was a rich man!" he ed incredulously.

"And a careless one. He left very little." e glanced again briefly at the folded news- per, and said, "Mr. Locke, may I see the awings now, please? Then I really must ."

"Yes, of course." But he sat very still a oment longer, watching her averted face. hy was she nervous and almost hostile, un- lling to meet his eyes, seemingly unwilling en to discuss her mother with him? Why d she come, then? What had she ex- cted? What did she want? Only the draw- gs? He rose and went toward the writing ble and turned on a shaded light there. Will you come over here, please? I've laid em out for you."

UT before she followed, she picked up the wspaper as though compelled to do so, and ad the brief paragraph below the two notographs. "This is a rotten picture of u," she said and laid down the paper and me to him at the table. "Mother said the ople who sat to you always ended by fall- g in love with you—that is, unless they re already in love with you."

"What a horrible thing to say about any- dy!" he objected in some surprise. "I n't want to brag, but I *can* paint, too, you ow."

"Yes, we know that, even in America," e said gently.

"I was there once," he remarked experi- entally. "Your father was alive then, you ow."

"Didn't you like him?" she asked.

"Not particularly." He handed her a awing from the portfolio. "There. Did she ll you I was terribly in love with her?"

"I guessed that you were."

"She never admitted it?" he insisted.

"The way I heard it—she was in love with you."

"Well, my dear, perhaps I shouldn't talk about it to you, but you're not a child any longer. And you probably haven't any illusions, have you, about your father?"

Instantly the door closed between them again.

"I'd rather not talk about him, Mr. Locke. He was a great musician. They're likely to be difficult to live with, aren't they?"

"So I've heard. He was a brilliant fellow, certainly. None more so." Rebuked, he returned to the drawings. That was like Alison; she would never hear criticism of her husband. In all their intimacy, she had never allowed, without protest, any open denunciation of his atrocious ways. Even when he was giving her a particularly bad time, any comment by Adrian would instantly drive her to Safford's defense. "We used to laugh quite a lot, she and I," he said, handing her another drawing. "I never quite caught it there, but I kept on trying. Are these things like her, do you think?"

"Very," said Monica, looking down.

"You know, you could almost have sat for that one yourself," he said of the third. "She wasn't laughing that day." Even as he spoke, something stirred at the back of his brain—a sudden, increasing desire to see Monica without that hat. The resemblance was stronger than he had first thought. He bent to look under the hat's brim, but a slight shift of her head interposed it again. "I wish you'd take off that thing you've got on your head," he said irritably.

"Take off my hat?"

"Yes. I'm interested in faces, naturally, and I can't see a thing but hat. Besides, you must know it doesn't suit you at all." The doorbell rang sharply across his words, and Monica gave a quick, apprehensive glance over her shoulder *exactly* as Alison had used to do. He heard himself saying, just as he had said so many times to Alison, "There's no one else coming. That's of no importance. Roberts will see to it."

"Well, I really must be going now. I only ——" She laid down the drawings, though she had not yet seen them all, and began to back away from the table.

"But I wanted to talk to you!"

"Well, you see, I didn't expect you to give me so much of your time, and so I made another engagement ——"

"Oh, now, that won't do at all," he complained lightly. "You and I have a lot to say to each other. You haven't told me half the things I want to know yet. Have you come back here to live?"

"No, I don't think so, if . . . it's all very uncertain, really ——"

"Do you have to find a job if you're going to stay here—I mean, you have to earn your own living, I take it?"

"Well, yes, I . . . haven't much money, of course."

"Can I be of any use?" he persisted, detaining her in the middle of the room by sheer will power. He could not let her go just yet. He had to watch, he had to listen, standing very still behind the table meanwhile for fear she might take actual flight. "What is it you do? Music?"

"Oh, no, I . . . didn't inherit that, unfortunately. I . . . don't do anything well, I'm afraid."

"What sort of job did you have in America?"

"Well, the fact is, I just . . . sold things across a counter."

"What sort of things?"

"Costume jewelry—ladies' handbags; I was in a big department store. Sometimes it was babies' wear. That was more fun."

"But can you live like that?"

"I have to."

"But, my dear girl, we must do something about this. You must let me ——"

"Oh, no, thank you Mr. Locke. It's very good of you, but ——"

"Nonsense, you don't expect me to let Alison's child walk in here and out again as though she was a perfect stranger, do you? Are you all right for a place to live?"

"Oh, yes, Mary's very good. She says I may use her guest room as long as I like, but ——"

"Now just let me get this straight," said Adrian. "You're quite at a loose end here, and need to earn some money, I take it, and ——"

"I have my passage back to New York, Mr. Locke."

"Please say Adrian. She always did."

"Thank you—Adrian."

"But surely, if you found something suitable to do here, you wouldn't choose to go back there alone, would you?"

"Well, I could always go back to the store, I think, they ——"

"But what sort of life is that?" he argued, and dared to move toward her at last. "No, no, that won't do at all. Just you give me a little time, I'll think of something. Now come over here and sit down and tell me ——"

"I must go now, really." Monica balked there in the middle of the room.

"Well, if you must, but come and dine with me here and let's have a real talk about things." And he added quietly as she seemed to hesitate, "Oh, perfectly respectable, I assure you. Roberts will be here, you know."

He was standing quite close to her now. For a moment her face was upturned and his heart skipped a beat. Seen like that, she was so very like her mother. Then the ridiculous hatbrim came between them again, and she took a few steps away from him, saying, "She always said you were the kindest creature she ever knew." Her eyes were caught again by the newspaper, lying in the seat of her chair. "That's how you were always getting into trouble, wasn't it? People taking advantage of your kindness, and trying to turn it into something else? Like that girl there, perhaps?"

"Oh, that," said Adrian, dismissing it. "There's nothing in it, you know. I'll handle it."

"And without hurting her feelings," she murmured.

"Oh, yes, no fun in that, is there?" he said. "Now, when can you come and dine with me?"

Caution descended over her like a fog. "I'm afraid I can come only at teatime. Perhaps someday next week ——"

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Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

A WOMAN whose plants bloom profusely gives her secret: "I just go around every morning and tell them how nicely they're doing."

Man proposes
Then he dozes.

An old-timer is one who can remember when gold wedding bands wore thin on washboards.

The safest risk in a marriage partner is one with enough faults to offset your own.

Give a parent enough rope and he'll make a swing for his child.

A lie leads a man from a grove into a jungle.

With children, the better the meal the shorter the blessing.

To newlyweds: Jealousy is stooping to be conquered.

Small boy's comment on chess set: "Looks like a graveyard to me."

The difference between the weight of the seed catalogues and *our* harvest is only a few pounds.

Adolescents need to be told what not to do so they will know what to do.

When our telephone bill goes over a certain amount, extra calls are paid for out of the allowances of the most frequent offenders.

Instead of going through the proper procedure, our idea of raising a female dog is to stand in the yard and throw rocks at the males, which somewhat compares with the old-fashioned idea of how to rear a daughter.

The big difference between girls in mother's day and in ours is that yesterday's girl had *doubts*.

Courage: what a woman needs when she cleans out the refrigerator.

"When I have a house of my own," threatens a young daughter, "I won't have curtains or trimmings, and all the floors will be mud-colored."

As sad as the empty slot in the toothbrush holder when a child has left home for the first time.

Daughter with big news: "The kids say I'm the best pitcher because when I throw the ball they all can hit it!"

A mother of nine well-adjusted children explains how: "I always find out what each one wants to do and then try to let him do it."



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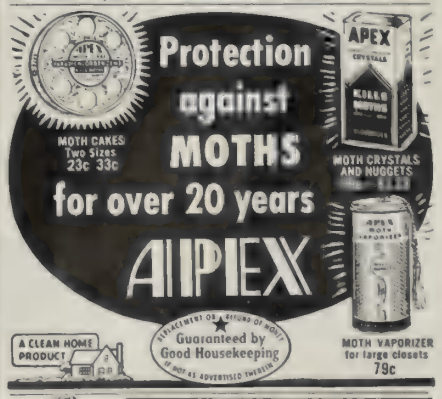
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*Such as Blue Plate, Gulf Kist or Palm Brand Canned Shrimp

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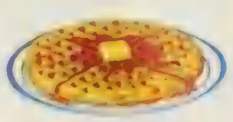
1½ tablespoons gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1 No. 2 can crushed pineapple
2 cucumbers, medium
¼ cup lemon juice
2 tablespoons sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
Salad greens

Soften gelatine in cold water. Drain pineapple; save syrup. Peel cucumbers; put through food chopper, with pineapple. Save juices and combine with lemon juice and enough pineapple syrup to make 1½ cups liquid; bring to a boil. Pour over gelatine and stir. Add sugar, salt. Cool until slightly thickened. Add cucumber and pineapple; turn into an oiled ring mold. Chill until set; unmold, fill center with marinated shrimp. Serve with remaining dressing. 6 servings.

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"Next week be blowed. What about tomorrow?"

"It's very good of you to take so much trouble about me, Mr. ——"

"Adrian," he corrected.

"Adrian," she repeated rather breathlessly, backing away from him toward the door.

"Tomorrow, same time?" He followed casually, not stressing it. "I'll have some ideas by then, no doubt, about something to keep you here, where you belong, where we can look after you a bit." He touched a bell, and Roberts appeared, to guide her down the stairs to the street door. "Oh, and don't wear that hat tomorrow, will you?" Adrian called from the threshold.

He turned back into the studio, stood gazing at the writing table where the open portfolio lay. His face wore a baffled, intent, listening look, for he was still quite incredulous of the idea that was beginning to form in his mind.

The door opened behind him and Roberts said, "Excuse me, sir, but will you see Miss Manning now? She's been waiting in the drawing room."

It was really the last straw, to have Caroline turn up now. With a wrench, he brought his mind back to that exasperating story in the Banner. "I suppose I've got to deal with it," he said unhappily.

"Sooner or later, sir, I should say," Roberts remarked unfeelingly.

"Sooner, then, but I've not had time to work it out. Clear those things away, bring some sherry or something."

While Roberts collected the tea things on a tray, and brought sherry and glasses, Adrian wandered restlessly about the room, with now and then an irritable glance at the newspaper in the chair where Monica had left it. Had Caroline come about that, to explain how it got there, perhaps? Caroline must kill that rumor. He realized, as Roberts set the sherry on the table, that nothing had occurred to him of any value. He might as well get on with it.

"All right," he said tersely. "Show her in."

Caroline was overdressed as usual, but rather stunning all the same. Her face was the proverbial thunderclou *à la* the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, and she attacked from the threshold before he could speak.

"That Roberts has a nerve, making me cool my heels downstairs all this time. Who was here?" she demanded, all in one breath.

"Sherry?" Adrian murmured, turning from the table with a full glass in either hand.

"Thank you, darling."

She lifted her glass to him with a radiant, forgiving smile, and sipped. Adrian downed his, poured out another, picked up the newspaper.

"Have you seen this?" he asked severely.

"Yes. It's a foul picture of you, isn't it?"

"Who is responsible? Surely you gave them no authority to print stuff like that?"

"Are you cross about it?"

"Of course I'm cross about it! It makes me look a fool."

"Oh, *Adrian*, how can you *say* that? Everyone I know is *thrilled!* I came to tell you, I ran into Bert Myers at luncheon today—you know, he owns the Regent's Theater—and he gave me two stalls for tomorrow night and asked me to bring you to a party at his house after the show."

"But I can't go, I've got someone dining here," he said firmly. "Now, look here, Caroline, you must not go round giving an impression that you and I are—are "

"Oh, where's the *harm*, Adrian? People are beginning to take notice! Why are you so upset about it?"

"Because I am going to marry Madge Forbes."

For a moment she blinked at him uncomprehendingly, and he felt as though h had slapped her face. But she must bear the consequences of her ruthless meddling.

"Who's she?" asked Caroline stupidly. "The one that was here yesterday afternoon?"

"Yes."

"But, *Adrian*, she's too *old* for you!" cried Caroline. "Now that's just what I was afraid of when I left here. She tried to warn me off, but I thought I'd settled that!"

"Really, Caroline," he told her, "you're an appalling young woman, do you know that?"

"Adrian." Caroline came up to him, quite serious now, with all her pouting and coquetry and impudence put aside. "You think I'm just a silly kid, don't you? And *she* thinks I'm a fly-by-night. You're both wrong. You think I'm just trying to get what I can out of you, don't you? But it's not all, honestly it isn't. I think you're wonderful. You make all my boy friends look like silly little pip-squeaks. Whatever it is, you've got it and they haven't. I'll stick to you, Adrian, and don't let that woman tell you different."

For a moment he stood silent, swamped in compassion. All his tact and experience swung promptly into action now. He set down the sherry glass slowly, took both her hands in his.

"My dear Caroline," he began in his tender voice, which made a caress of a woman's name, "you have just paid me one of the greatest compliments I've ever had. At the same time, I realize that the main trouble with those boy friends of yours is that they're young, like you. Don't you think, if you picked out the best one of them, and really went to work on him, that in a hundred years' time you could turn him into a fair imitation of me?"

"You mean you don't w-want me?" cried Caroline, gazing up at him with great tears rolling down her cheeks.

"Oh, my dear ——" He ran one hand across her face gently, and his fingers came away wet and cool. "You're very sweet, and I appreciate what you've said more than I can tell you. But don't let's be tragic about it. Let's just pretend that none of it ever happened, shall we?" He turned away, taking refuge in a cigarette. "Now, when you come in on Monday morning for your first sitting, we aren't going to refer to any of this again, are we?"

She stood there piteously, in the middle of the room, where he had left her. "You mean you'll do the portrait anyhow?"

"Why, of course." His tone was deliberately casual, scrupulously friendly. "But no more of that stuff, please," he added, pointing at the paper. "And no parties. Just the portrait, like a good girl."

Caroline swallowed hard, and managed a tremulous smile. She felt a little flat, but not at all humiliated. Paradoxically, she was fonder of Adrian than she had ever been. She felt an immense tenderness for him, and wanted terribly to do something, say something, give him something to remember her by.

"Oh, Adrian, there'll never be anyone like you!" she cried, and threw her arms around him with a sweet, childlike kiss, and ran out of the room and down the stairs.

After a moment Adrian drained his sherry glass. Already his willful mind had deserted Caroline and gone back to Monica and tomorrow afternoon. He drifted to the portfolio again, stood staring down at the topmost drawing. "You might have sat for that one yourself," he had said. If Monica looked like that now, had Alison looked any different at the end? His heart skipped a beat again. How would Alison look, after twenty years of unhappiness and daily humiliation?

His heart had quickened like a boy's. But *why?* Why *wasn't* it Monica, if she said it was? There was no conceivable reason for any concealment now; there was simply no *point* in Alison's signing a letter to him with Monica's name. It had to be Monica. But next time he would see her without that hat and in a good light. And if he still wasn't sure, there were other ways. She was bound to give herself away somehow. He would have to be clever. He had been clever with Alison before now. And if it were Alison, she could never fool him about anything, for long.

He fell asleep devising conversational pitfalls for Monica, and awoke to begin the same thing again, recalling things he had not thought of for years, briefing himself like a lawyer for the teatime encounter. It occurred to him that she might not turn up at all, and

sured himself with the address on her which he intended to investigate per- if she did fail to appear. Meanwhile as nothing to do but wait.

n Blanche Gordon arrived early in the on for her final sitting, she found him minded and apparently absorbed in g.

st he laid down his brush and said, , that's the best I can do."

ally finished?" She rose, and went to n front of the easel. "You know, I still here's something just a little wrong he mouth."

e human mouth is the most mobile, ve, changeable feature in the face. r brush nor camera can ever catch it it looks to everyone the way it does is being used."

," said Blanche, impressed. "I should hought the eyes would be the hardest but you've got the eyes wonderfully. re my husband will be very pleased. has been fun, Adrian. I shall miss our essions here."

s, so shall I," he said automatically. doorbell saved him from any more of was not yet time for Monica, but he keyed up to her coming that he had o jump at every ring since noon. This was Madge. She had rung him up mes already, about this and that, and d on the whole rather as though he was ow on accountable to her for how he is time.

llo, Adrian, I was in the neighborhood t ran in to tell you the Perrys are back" she began cheerily, as though the were any use. "Just off the Queen had the most wonderful time —— Oh, Blanche, you were rather round the I didn't see you."

e knew Blanche would be there for the he thought. He had told her so on the ne not three hours ago, and also that an engagement for tea.

—wonderful time, beautiful food," she the Perrys' story. "You ought to see ps there, and everyone was marvelous n. They have asked me to come and th them for a bit in the country, and I t if you wanted to come along they'd t the chance to have you."

, no, not just now. You go along and ll about it," he said hastily, and e Gordon had to put her oar in. u know, Adrian, I should be very an- if you'd said yes, because I've been for ages to get you down to our place."

ll, perhaps this is a little different, ," Madge began almost too sweetly, se you see ——"

ve a look at the picture, Madge, and what you think of it," Adrian re- d quickly. She came to the easel and l there critically, her head a little on le. "Oh, it's good, Adrian, very good indeed," she decided. "And of course you know, Blanche darling, that you must *never* say anything about the mouth; it drives any portrait painter wild. Are we dining out tonight, Adrian, or having a bite here?"

"Oh, here, can't we?" He began to scrape and clean his palette, not paying much attention to either of them, for Madge was behaving in the most atrocious female way.

"Oh, yes, somebody coming to tea, isn't there?" Madge recalled knowingly.

"Yes, dear. Nobody you know."

"Can I drop you, Madge? I'm going straight home from here," Blanche suggested.

"Yes, that's a good idea, you just go along together," said Adrian, laying down his tools and wiping his fingers on a paint-stained cloth.

"Aren't you in rather a hurry to be rid of us?" Madge objected, watching him fondly.

"Not in the least, but you'll have to talk to each other if you stay, because I've got things to do before my next appointment."

But even then they dallied on the way to the door, talking nonsense until, as Adrian had dreaded and they had intended all along, the bell rang again, and Madge said, "I fear his next appointment has come upon us. No doubt we can find a taxi in the King's Road."

But before they could go, Monica had to come in and she paused, paralyzed. She was wearing a different dress, but the same infuriating hat.

Adrian rose to the occasion and commended her for being on time, and performed the introductions. "Miss Safford has come to see some studies I made for a portrait of her mother, some years ago. As the portrait was never even begun, they have a certain . . . interest."

At which point the telephone created a further complication.

"Why *do* you have that beastly thing in here, Adrian?" asked Madge. "It rings all the time. I should think you'd go out of your mind."

They all stood in the polite hiatus a telephone conversation in the same room always imposes.

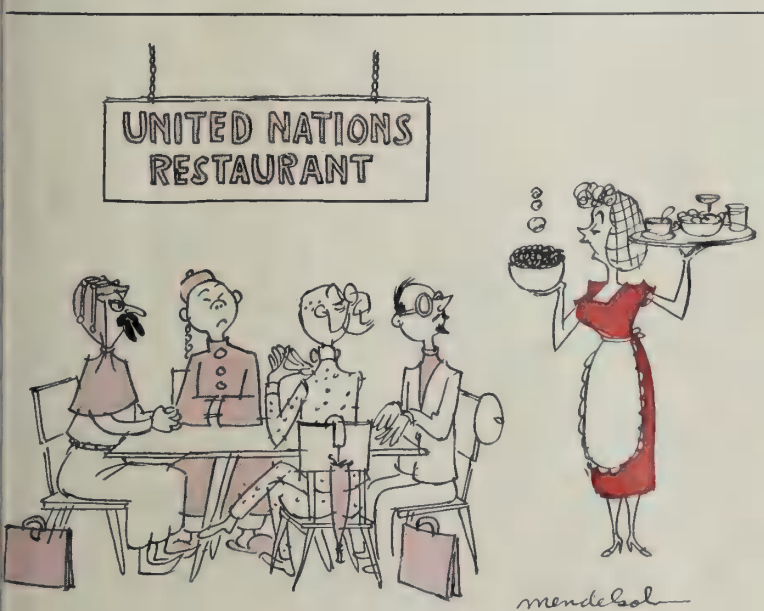
"Who?" said Adrian unencouragingly to the unknown caller. "No—no, would you mind ringing up a little later? Mr. Locke is engaged at the moment. Thank you."

"Sketches?" said Blanche Gordon. "Are those the ones I saw the other day, Adrian? Oh, my dear"—she turned a beaming smile on Monica—"they are charming. I'm sure you will find them a great inspiration and comfort."

"Yes—thank you," Monica murmured. "I ——"

"I often used to hear your father play," Blanche continued. "Brilliant, my dear, too lovely for words. Such a handsome man—such a *dominant* type. Are you musical too?"

"No, I—unfortunately not ——"



"Who gets braised camel?"



*Tray on a terrace — colorfully cool with DOLE Pineapple Chunk taste-tempters: tropic-gold chunks and stuffed olives nudging each other on toothpicks; more chunks wrapped in bacon—all broiled or browned to a turn. And plenty of chunks to dunk in grated cheddar cheese. Piquant? Perfect—thanks to that famous DOLE flavor!

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*By Patricia Collier
DOLE Home Economist
DOLE, 215 Market Street, San Francisco 6, Calif.

pineapple & fruit cocktail



*Rainbow Pie — *new* DOLE Fruit Cocktail refrigerator dessert! **Mix well** 1 cup finely crushed cornflakes with 2 tbsp. sugar and 4 tbsp. melted butter. Press into 9" pie pan. Chill well. **Soften** 1 envelope unflavored gelatine in ¼ cup syrup drained from a No. 2½ can DOLE Fruit Cocktail. Bring remaining syrup to boiling point; add softened gelatine; chill until partially set. Fold in drained fruit; heap in pie shell; chill until set.

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"That must have been a great disappointment to him," said Blanche benignly. "You really must get Adrian to show you those sketches someday, Madge. They're out of his very best work, even all that time ago."

"What happened about the portrait, Adrian?" Madge took it up. "You don't often get as far as studies without ——"

"They went out to America unexpectedly, and forgot to come back," he explained briefly. "And then Mrs. Safford died. Now, Madge, darling, I'm sorry I can't ask you both to join us at tea, but we shall get reminiscent about people you didn't know, and it would be very dull for you."

"I'm sure it would," she agreed with more than enough understanding. "Well, I shall see you here at seven, then, shall I?" She came up to him to bestow a light, possessive kiss, making quite certain the other two would realize how things stood. "So long, darling, as they say in America."

Then Madge and Blanche Gordon had gone away together, almost arm in arm, new allies against the common enemy, the silent, slender creature in the atrocious hat.

When the door had actually closed behind them, Adrian stood a moment thinking, before going back into the room where Monica remained motionless, and strangely quiet.

"You know," he said casually, breaking the silence between them, "even after all these years, women astound me. Sometimes I wonder if it isn't just because I seem to be so comfortable here. And then again, they do seem to be fond of me too. And as for you," he added, coming suddenly into focus, "you're wearing that ghastly hat again when I particularly asked you not to! Now, will you take it off or shall I?"

"You're a very irritable man, aren't you, Adrian? I remember—she said you were always barking at people, but it didn't mean anything."

"It means that hat is coming off today. I warned you." He advanced on her.

She stepped back and pulled off the hat, revealing soft, short hair. "Oh, all right, Adrian—there."

He stood a moment, looking at her, feeling surer every moment. "Come and sit down." He indicated the sofa, and moved a chair to face her, picking up his sketch pad and pencil. Settling himself, he began to make his quick, unfinished drawings as they talked. It gave his eyes a chance to go to her hands, her hair, her face, with an impersonal freedom. "Don't mind this, will you? I always do it," he said easily. "Doesn't matter how much you move about, I'm just as happy. We'll have tea in a few minutes."

Roberts was moving quietly about in the background.

"You asked on the phone the other day why the portrait was never painted," Adrian was saying, "and Madge asked me the same thing just now. I think you have a right to the real answer."

"Well, I'm sorry I brought it up, it was impertinent, perhaps you'd rather not ——"

"It's a perfectly natural question and I'm quite willing you should know." But if there had remained much doubt in his mind, he would not have said what he was going to say. "We were very deeply in love, she and I, and it seemed to me that her life as she lived it then was impossible for anyone to endure. I tried everything I knew to get her to give it up and come to me, once and for all. There would have been some brief unpleasantness, it's true—very unpleasant, your father would have made it, I'm sure. But once that was over I could have married her and looked after her. You, of course, were included in my plans. And you would have grown up under my roof in a normal, happy household, instead of being dragged all over the world at his chariot wheels ——"

"Oh, I enjoyed the tours, really," she broke in, obstinately loyal.

"I'm sure you did," Adrian agreed, with a sudden edge to his voice. "And you must have enjoyed the rows he made, too, didn't you, and the public scenes he made with waiters and people who couldn't hit back, and the way he spoke to her and the things he said to her before strangers, and the humiliations she endured without protes save his face. All that must have been entertaining for a sensitive child, and w have taught you to look forward to a riage of your own, with or without mu genius to enliven it. *Have* you ever marrie

"No," said Monica inaudibly.

"That's very odd, isn't it, considerin you must have seen to recommend it du your father's lifetime? I can see that taught you her own blind, quixotic loyalt him. It was the only stupid thing about that she could not see that apart from own happiness and mine, she was sacrifi a child to darkness and fear by stickin him. You *were* afraid of him, weren't yo

"Yes," said Monica inaudibly. "He worse as time went on."

"Of course he did. There was nothin stop him. I even argued with her that shock might bring him round a bit, if left him. She was always afraid it m push him in the other direction, into do right madness. We shall never know, n which of us was right. But I tried to save She must have told you that."

"It was always you she talked about, ing the bad times," Monica said slowly, most unwillingly. "You've the right to k that now, I think. You see, we hadn't g very good picture of you, only one cut o a newspaper, and I had seen you only tw She was always afraid I might forget yo think it was as much to keep up her courage too—to convince herself again you really existed in the same world."

"If she had only come back to me," said, his pencil never pausing. "But I her that, before she went. I told her alw to come back, if it got too bad."

"But no woman in her right mind wo have held you to that!"

"I went right on being a bachelor, did I?" he pointed out gently. "Anyway, you know why the portrait was never do I loved her so much that I drove her a from me. I didn't try to break up her m riage, mind. It was already in pieces whe met her. If it had been a usual sort of ho with a child in it, I could have held tongue. We might even have achieved so kind of friendship out of so much love. when I saw, again and again, what it doing to her to go on living with him would try once more to convince her that must break away, if only for your sa Finally it got too much for her and she England with him, for the American to I've often wondered if she knew then t they would never come back."

There was a silence. Monica had opinion to contribute. He pulled a sheet f the pad, dropped it on the floor beside chair and began another.

"Are you staying in London for a whil he asked casually, preparing to come a from another angle.

"I haven't really made any plans yet.

"It seems to me, my dear, that you being purposefully vague with someone is an old friend and anxious to do anyth he can for you."

"That's very kind," said Monica.

"Have you got enough money to live on

"Yes, thank you."

"'Yes, thank you—that's very kind'; s it!" he cried irritably. "Compared to y mother, my girl, you're a rotten conve tionalist. We argued sometimes, but at le she was always entertaining!"

"I'm sorry, Adrian, it must be exasper ing to you." She leaned forward, smil locking her hands loosely round her kn suddenly dropping her defensiveness, se ing also to drop ten years of her age. " only that when a miracle happens bef one's eyes, it's a bit frightening, and doesn't know quite ——"

"What miracle?" said Adrian, pretend that he had not noticed the swift transfor tion, making no response lest it vanish ag as quickly as it came.

"You," said Monica, and her voice low and warm. "To find you like this, j the way she said you would be, not chan a bit in all these years. I keep trying to mind myself that we are strangers after

at I don't know you nearly as well as
do ——"
ell, don't remind yourself. After all,
known each other for twenty years.
old friends, don't you see? And I feel
me way about you because you are so
er," he added cunningly. "So why
we just relax a bit and say what we
each other?"
caught her eyes then, for almost the
me, and she gave him a rather doubt-
ile before she looked away and down;
mething inside him shouted. "*It is!*"
omething else cautioned quickly,
. Don't scare her off. Make sure," and
ered his own gaze to the pad in his
nd the pencil began to move again.
e said you sketched like this while you
," Monica was saying. "I expected it—
comes true. Except when it was some-
very important, she said, you always
erything aside and listened with every
you, as no one else knows how to do.
id you were the kindest, gayest crea-
the world, and that just being with
as like sitting in a warm, lighted room
storm outside. She said you never
misunderstandings, or moods, or si-
because when you loved a woman you
give her the moon to make her
—and that you had the inborn art of
ness, which few men can even learn."
an kept his eyes on the pad, kept his
moving, but there was a tightness in
oat, and an old, remembered singing
lood. He waited, not glancing at her,
usting himself to speak for what
like minutes, arranging his next
laying out his campaign, for she
ot suspect yet that he knew. She must
on, nearer and
in a delusion of se-
She must be con-
of her own success,
t she would go on
to him like this,
ng like this, slip-
ack into his love
is, until there would be no denying.
as exactly like the first time, he was
g. There she had sat, Walter Safford's
erene with a beauty that was like a
unruffled, inland lake, cool and pure
approachable, with snow-clad peaks
. He remembered his first incredulous
e of the hidden storm and fire within
d recalled with a certain satisfaction
ct and patience and love he had then
ed on winning the confidence she had
given anyone before, until quite sud-
there she was, in his arms.
, he had done it before, and he could
gain—he could teach her again that
en them no deception was possible.
owly. Carefully.

used to talk to me like that, and it
made me want to cry," he said at last,
ently absorbed in his sketch pad. "And
you have had from me so far is bad
r and impertinent questions. . . .
you mind keeping your hands just as
re for a minute more? . . . I think per-
n view of what I knew about your
r's married life, she was inclined to
te common decency in anyone who
her. I still can't understand why she
with him. Tell me how she stuck it!"
e had a sense of the greatness in him—
sic—as a sacred trust," she explained
lly, with words like a lesson learned.
was upset he couldn't play. She be-
that the greatness of the music in him
lanced the humanities, and that he
all to blame for his moods."
ian started sketching on a fresh sheet.
is it that you are using almost the
words I heard from her when she broke
e about the American tour?"
ou can't remember the actual things
id to you, so long ago!"
y dear girl, I can safely say that there
n hour of the time I spent with Alison
n't as fresh in my mind now as it was
y after it happened."
t—that's not *possible!*" she faltered.
ything was possible with Alison!" he
mpatiently. "Shall I start reciting to
you now? But not many of the things I said to her would sound familiar to you, would they? I remember that last day I wasn't kind, though. I got very angry with her because she wouldn't come and be happy with me. I made her cry. I've never forgiven myself for that. I kissed her tears. But I had made her cry."

"But you didn't stay cross. That was the lovely thing about you. You always kissed and were kind."

"How did you know that?"

"She told me."

"WHAT else did she tell you?" he asked. "Tea has arrived and we'll have it in a minute, but would you lay your right hand across your left again, the way you had it just then? . . . Did she ever tell you about the day we went to Richmond Park, and walked deep into the trees off the road, and sat on the grass, and managed to believe for as much as an hour that we could begin again, and not ever have to go back? Do you remember a play called Dear Brutus? No, you wouldn't. Well, we gave an excellent performance of the second act of Dear Brutus that afternoon. I hope I never again see a woman cry as she did that day—no noise, no fuss, no sobbing, no faces, just tears, raining down her cheeks faster than I could wipe them away. Do you think Walter ever got any ideas into his head about you and me?" he asked, with no change of pace or tone.

And she answered. "I never could be sure. He never said anyth——"

And then her hand went to her mouth, as she discovered that she had been hypnotized and the Monica pretense was gone for good. Adrian sat very still for a moment, watching her, and when he spoke it was gently, as though awakening a victim of nightmare.

"I knew I could do it if I kept on trying," he said. And then, as she put both hands up in front of her face, he threw aside the pad and pencil, moved to sit beside her on the sofa, took her hands in his and held them very quietly in her lap. "Alison," he said. "Did you take me for an utter fool?"

It was exactly like the first time, she was thinking, sitting with her head bent and her cheeks hot with embarrassment, while his kind, warm hands held hers. She had been so proud, in the old days, of her performance as Walter Safford's wife, serene and unruffled in the face of his perpetual tempests, smiling while he scowled and sulked silent while he roared and ranted, never goaded into self-defense or retaliation, never raising her own voice in reply, never bursting into tears. It amused her to see other people look at her with puzzled resentment, so calm and sure of herself, when everyone else was being battered to pieces.

So the legend grew up that the devotion between them transcended his tantrums, left her untouched and secure because of the mystic bond of their love and his dependence on it. The belief survived that she could always "handle" him, because no word of weariness or defeat ever crossed her lips to contradict it. Except here.

She could not remember any more how it came about that Adrian had first suspected that she often felt as though she were bleeding to death inside. She could only recall the reckless sense of *relief* of not having to try to fool Adrian any longer. He saw through Walter to the bone, and through her. He knew exactly what she had to put up with, and he had only compassion and patience with the half-demented creature she suddenly became once her defenses were swept away. She had never forgotten the feel of his shoulder and how he had waited, and *waited*, when any other man would have moved, and spoken, and *driven* her ——

He was waiting now. But it was not quite like the other time. This time the masquerade had no dignity. "I shouldn't have come back this afternoon," she said. "It was all right yesterday."

"It was *not* all right yesterday. I began to suspect you after the first five minutes," he

It is a long journey by precept, a short one by example. —SENECA.

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said promptly. "But I had to make you give yourself away. Now, will you please not cry like that, without a sound. No other woman but you can do it, and you know what it always does to me."

She rose swiftly, snatching up her hat and handbag. "Oh, Adrian, I feel so *ashamed*. It was such a silly, romantic, schoolgirl sort of thing to do. But I was so sure it would be safe for just a few minutes, which was all I meant to stay."

"Come and sit down, darling." He was standing with both hands held out to her.

"No, I feel such a *fool*, I ——" She brushed one hand across her face. "I should never have come at all. I never meant for you to find out I wasn't Monica, and by Monday I would have been gone again."

"Gone where? Alison, why did you do this? Why couldn't you just walk in here and say 'Here I am,' and leave the rest to me?"

"But you *can't* just walk back into a man's life after twenty years and say Here-I-am-Adrian! Besides it did occur to me that you might be involved with somebody else. And you are. It's always too late for you and me. I thought I had got used to it. God bless you, Adrian." She turned quickly in the doorway and fled from him.

"Now, Alison, wait. Alison!"

By the time he reached the top of the stairs she was at the bottom, and as he started down, the heavy front door swung open and she was in the street. He returned slowly to the studio. One could not pursue her down the Embankment, pick her up bodily and bring her back. The telephone began to ring.

Ignoring it, he moved to the sofa, sat down, thinking hard. He still had her address, which was good for a few hours anyway. She would have clothes and luggage there; she couldn't just disappear. And he would have to get himself unengaged from Madge.

Roberts put his head round the door to see why the telephone had not been answered. "Let it ring," said Adrian abruptly. "Let it ring, I said." Roberts retired and eventually the telephone fell silent.

Adrian put his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands. Madge had always laughed at him heretofore. But now it was not going to be so funny.

ALISON REACHED THE EMBANKMENT SHAKEN and out of breath, and paused there to put on her hat. Walking eastward above the river, she kept her head down and strove to steady herself before seeking out a bus or a taxi—and anyway, she could not go home like this and face the kindhearted Mary.

She had needed all her courage to take Mary up on that invitation, so sincerely given last winter in New York, to use the flat as a home if ever she returned to London. She had no money, beyond the few hundred dollars she had drawn on to pay her passage, and what she earned each week behind the counter of a Fifth Avenue department store. Neither she nor Monica had ever received any training during Walter's lifetime which would fit them to support themselves. When the necessity came, Monica was sensible enough to go to a secretarial school and become a first-rate typist. By pooling their money and living together in rather shabby furnished rooms and cooking their own meals, they managed to have enough between them to dress well. Illness or extravagance would have pushed them over the edge of solvency into debt or the necessity of drawing on their small bank fund.

THEY had already done that once, the summer after Walter died. It had been a crazy thing to do, for the two of them to come back to England like that. But Alison was worn out and homesick, and she had always said that it would be easier to be old in England than in America. She had always meant to be old in England, when the time came. And she would have stayed there, perhaps standing behind a counter at Selfridge's instead of the one in New York, except for Monica and the war.

She often wondered what it would be like now if they had stayed through the war. But Monica was turning eighteen in 1938, and had grown up in America, and wanted to go back. She threatened to go alone if Alison would not come and you couldn't let her set out alone, at eighteen, with her living to earn.

Why had they come to England at all? Monica wondered. Alison knew why well enough. They had come because she had never forgotten Adrian Locke, and wanted to see him again. And now she was leaving, almost a fugitive, without having seen him except at a distance. He had not seen her.

She had planned it so differently. She knew of several ways a chance encounter could have been arranged. And she had meant to greet him casually, with grace and humor, so as to judge by his face and the way he spoke how much he remembered, and to put no obligation on him, and thus save whatever Walter had left of her own pride.

First they went to the gallery where he had a one-man show. But it was not one of the days he happened to drop in. The portraits spoke for him, though—those poised, charming, pampered women—and the landscapes done at expensive, exotic places on the Continent. When she left the Bond Street gallery that day she was glad to escape without having to face him, for the portraits made her feel shabby and faded and out of style. The atmosphere of success and affluence in the gallery left her an outsider. Better not to see him now. Much better just to let it go.

Even then Alison might have stuck it out and made sure, might have given him the benefit of the doubt, might have got into touch with people she used to know. It might have happened the way she had intended it to, at a tea or a reception—the quick glance across the room, the quick, welcoming steps toward her, the warm, kind hand closing on hers, the light, unemphasized voice saying her name—it might have happened like that, given a little more time, but as the Sudeten crisis developed everything fell apart socially, and Monica began to fret about the daily news from Czechoslovakia and to argue that everyone who could do so was getting out of England. When Alison remarked that if there was going to be a war they might stay and try to be of some use, Monica's only reaction was to say that in that case she would go back to New York alone, as they already had their return passage and hundreds of people would give their eyeteeth for it.

And so, unwilling but a little numb, Alison found herself at sea again, westward bound.

It was not a very cheerful or very comfortable life that she and Monica evolved together in New York. Worst of all, they were not congenial, for Walter's child had inherited his moody, unloving ways and were hard to live with. But a junior executive in Monica's office wanted to marry her, and Alison felt that if Monica were free to make a choice, she would marry. Monica, of course, earned more than Alison could. It was Alison who could not have lived decently on what she earned.

THERE was little news of Adrian during the war years, though Alison often turned through the English illustrated weeklies for a mention of him. Then the war ended and life in London began to return to normal. When she found him represented by two magnificent portraits in the Royal Academy issues of this year, she was in a low mood after an attack of influenza, and the memory of Adrian as he had been when they were in love began to glow again at the back of her mind until the idea of another visit to England became a secret obsession. All the old-time boats were running now, with tourist passage that didn't cost much. And then Mary, an English war bride who was returning home after her husband's death, had said, "Come and stay with me in London. A change would do you good." Mary's address was in Chelsea, with a Flaxman telephone number, like Adrian's.

And Alison thought, *I could go and stand there on the pavement and see him come out of his door—he needn't know. It would be like the other time—he wouldn't see me.* And she thought, *I could go and see the pictures at Burlington House—he wouldn't be there.* And then—*Oh, this is childish, it's been so long, why shouldn't I just see him face to face? Why shouldn't I ask to see him, if he remembers me at all? It's been so long now*, she thought, and hid her face in her hands, *he won't even remember me, and there have been so many younger women.*

But she knew, when she looked in the mirror, that her beauty was still there, and that her face did not show the twenty years that had passed. She had changed—but she was remarkably little aged. Something—perhaps her unfinished dream with Adrian—had kept a softness and a sweetness in her eyes and mouth that time and tears had not stolen from her. Beside her own daughter, Alison looked inexperienced and trustful and young. "You could pass for your own daughter any day," May had said once.

Better if I had gray hair and wrinkles and a bulge, Alison thought recklessly. *Then*

(Continued on Page 102)



"Yes, thirty-two hundred is very reasonable. You understand that's payments, not dollars."



Are you always Lovely to Love?

Suddenly, breathtakingly, you'll be embraced . . . held . . . kissed. Perhaps tonight.

Be sure you are always lovely to love; charming and alluring. Your deodorant may make the difference. That's why so many lovely girls depend on FRESH Cream Deodorant. Test FRESH against any deodorant—*see* which stops perspiration . . . prevents odor better! FRESH is different from any deodorant you ever tried—creamier, more luxurious, really effective!



New... for head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap. Used regularly, it is 20 times as effective as other type soap in preventing body perspiration odor.



also in a new handy tube



(Continued from Page 100)

could haunt him and he'd never think twice about it. Would he know me? But he might think —— Oh, no, I wouldn't want him to think —— But the idea had possession of her now. *I could dye my hair*, she thought, *or bleach it, and wear dark glasses—or I could face it out, if he ever looked twice, and say it was a mistake, and I was someone else entirely—or I could say*—it burst like fireworks in her mind—*I could say I was Monica!*

From then on, she knew no peace. "*You could pass for your own daughter any day.*" *I could say I was Monica.* If she said Alison was—was dead, and her daughter had come back —— After these twenty years, how could he tell, for sure, at once? Would he even try?

The thing dwelt always in her mind, waking and sleeping. He would receive Monica, for Alison's sake, but without obligation or embarrassment. What would Monica use as an excuse to see him—or what would she use, in Monica's place? And that, too, answered itself in a blaze of light. The portrait that was never painted. With both Walter and Alison dead, might Monica not ask about the portrait of her mother?

She knew that it was madness, but she could not stop thinking about it. Monica might go to London and write a letter asking to see a portrait which did not exist. But he would answer the letter. And if she pulled her hair back, and didn't look her best, and never smiled, and *said* she was Monica—perhaps he wouldn't suspect, because it wouldn't matter to him any more.

You're out of your mind, she would say to herself firmly, and then begin to scheme about the money to buy a passage, tourist class. There was enough money for that in the bank, but it was equally Monica's, and only for illness or emergency. But she had also the diamond ring, and that was hers. Walter had given it to her when they got engaged. Perhaps Monica would take it and let her use the bank fund, which was less than the ring was worth. And that very morning, before they had even had breakfast, she heard herself asking Monica if she would rather have the ring or the money in the bank.

Monica stared at her, looking very unattractive in a mussy dressing gown and no lipstick, and Alison wondered again what the junior executive could be thinking of.

"You mean you want to go back there *again?*" Monica asked, and Alison heard herself saying that she did, as soon as possible. "But you won't have enough to *eat*," said Monica.

Alison said she didn't think she'd mind.

"But *why* do you want to go back?" Monica demanded, with her father's scowl. "Surely everyone you used to know is dead by now."

"Well, *I'm* not," Alison pointed out mildly. "It's only about twenty years. And besides ——"

"But after the raids and all," said Monica vaguely. "Have you heard from anyone over there lately?"

Alison admitted that she hadn't.

"Then what on earth has got into you?" said Monica angrily. And even more angrily, "Now, mother, you can't *still* be thinking about that man!"

ALISON said she wasn't thinking of anyone in particular, she just wanted to see England again, since the war, and before the next one began.

"But you'd come back here," said Monica.

"Well, yes, I thought a round-trip ticket ——"

"But what about the store?"

"I've already asked, and they said a month this time of year would be all right—they'd find something for me when I got back."

"You've already ——" Monica was nearly speechless. "How long has this been going on?"

"Well, I—ever since travel began to be normal again. I—I suppose you wouldn't care to go too?"

"And spend all that money twice over? Certainly not. Besides, that *would* settle it with John!"

"Why don't you settle it the other wa and marry him?"

Monica's face took on a calculating, secu tive look. "I think perhaps I will," she sai

"You mustn't think about me, you know said Alison. "I'll be all right on my own

"You couldn't keep this place up alone Monica told her.

"I'd take a smaller one. One room wou do, with an electric plate." She glanced aga at Monica's withdrawn expression. " wouldn't expect to live with you after yo were married, you know. I've told you th before."

"I know," said Monica briefly, for sh hoped that Alison meant it. "I should go working, of course. For a while, at least."

"Well, I should think John was makin enough now ——"

"IT isn't that," Monica broke in curtl "I can't see myself asking any man for p money—not from the word 'go,' anyway. remember too well what you always wer through with father if we wanted so much a pair of shoes. I'm used to buying my ow things now, without being beholden to an body. And of course if you're going to use our backlog ——"

"You take the ring for your share," Alis said quickly, for Monica was just like Walt about money and didn't seem to know "Shall I sell it and give you the cash—would you rather wear the ring? It's wor double what's in the bank."

"And then suppose you get ill again something?"

"I'm much more likely to get ill if I do take a holiday."

"You could take a much less expensi holiday here," said Monica, but she took t ring and slid it on her finger, and Alis therefore felt free to make out her travele checks at the bank and visit the steamsh office.

Monica decided that very same evening marry John sometime in the autumn a Alison sailed with a sensation of burn bridges behind her and a strange new fre dom ahead.

The first evening in London she looked Adrian's number in the telephone book—a there he was. The next day she walked pa his house—it still stood. That night she wro him a letter, and signed it with Monica name, and tore it up, and went to bed a lay awake all night. *I only want to see hi* she thought, in the dark. *I only want to him go by*—she smiled, and cuddled into h self, relaxed and happy because he was n so near—*like the King*, she thought, a slept.

But it was not enough, and he was not King; she had never loved the King.

SO ONCE MORE IT HAD NOT GONE QUITE T way she had planned it. Sitting on a ben in the gardens above the Embankment in t long summer twilight, when the children w played there had all gone home to supper a bed, Alison reflected that she had never be much good at stage-managing her effects.

What floored you with Adrian was alwa his unexpected kindness and penetrati Adrian took no pleasure in stripping do your pretenses, and was often unaware th he had done so. He simply saw through the as though they weren't there. He had r been fooled for long into thinking that s was happily married to Walter in the beg ning, and he had not believed yesterday th she was Monica. It was never any use w Adrian, she should have known better th to try. But Adrian was so kind, he wou feel so sorry for her, and it would be ve awkward for him all round, just as she h feared, because of his obligations to Mac Forbes. It was perfectly natural that should have some such obligations, so taci admitted by him, and she must make him that. She must make herself see it, too, b cause nothing had been farther from h intention than his suggestion that she simp walk back into his life and say "Here I am She had gone to all this fantastic trouble a foolishness to avoid doing just that. She h been wrong to run away today, too, bef she had explained to him calmly and sensib

...y she had come to do such a stupid, mala-...d it thing. She would have to go back.

...he stood up. *Well, here goes,* she ...ught. *Adrian, I have been a fool again—...ember how much of a fool I am?* No, ...hing about remembering, all that must ...left out. *Adrian, I'm just a fool, please ...k nothing of it, I* —— But what *could* ... say to him now that wouldn't make ...gs worse, or seem to ask for sympathy? ...had always got everything out of her. He ...ld get it out of her now that she still ...shiped him.

...h, how I've bungled it, she thought furi-...ly, while her unwilling feet carried her ...k toward Tite Street. *With Adrian I was ...ays just a schoolgirl in love. Well, hardly ..., either; he wouldn't have cared much for ...t. It wasn't calf love between us. It was . . . ...y kind rolled into one, fresh and new and ...iting, like the first time, and yet full of ...wledge and forbearance too.*

...s she reached the bottom of Tite Street ...rian's door opened and he came out and ...ned up the street, away from her, moving ...though he was in a hurry. She stood and ...tched him go—

...ich is what I should ...e done in the first ...ce, she reminded ...self hopelessly. *...w I shall have to ...te, or phone. It's ...t as well. I haven't ...idea what I was go-... to say. I should ...y have made things ...rse tonight.*

...Mary would be out ... dinner, and the ...pty flat would be ...pearable in Alison's ...sent state of mind. ...e followed Adrian ...a safe distance to-...rd the King's Road ...d there took a bus ...the West End and ... through a film, ...her blindly, killing ...ne till Mary's cheer-... presence and un-...ling small talk ...uld keep the flat ...m echoing.

...HILE ALISON STILL ... in the gardens, ...rian had rung up ...e telephone number ... her letter and got no reply. She had not ...ne straight home, then. Or else she was just ...ting the thing ring. Pretty soon he tried ...ain, with the same result.

Roberts came in to clear away the un-...ched tea things. Adrian said irritably, "Well, what do I do now? She's bolted."

"You have the address, sir."

"Yes. Don't know how much good that is, ...she really wants to hide. That's not Mon-..., that's Mrs. Safford—as though I wouldn't ...ow!"

"Indeed, sir."

"You don't sound a bit surprised."

"No, sir, it sounded a bit fishy from the ...ginning, if I may say so, sir."

"That's very clever of you," said Adrian ...ther dryly. "When I finally caught her ...t, just now, she was very upset. Bolted. ...on't answer the telephone. I suppose now ...ve got to go camp on that doorstep ——"

... rose and started briskly for his hat.

"And what about dinner, sir? Mrs. ...rbes, sir."

...DRIAN stood a minute, poised for depar-...re. "I shall have to think of something."

"I wouldn't do that if I were you, sir."

"But it's Alison Safford. I can't lose her ...w!"

"I realize that, sir."

"Put dinner back an hour. Say that I was ...ddenly called away and will return as soon ... I can. Have a couple of stiff drinks wait-...g. But first I'm going round there and ring ...e bell till somebody comes."

Mary had already gone out to her dinner ...hen Adrian began ringing, and Alison was in a bus bound for the West End. Adrian hung about, smoking cigarettes and walking round the square, till it was nearly dark. He had to walk all the way back to Tite Street, hungry and in need of that stiff drink, aware that Madge would be waiting and that explanations were in order on a very empty stomach.

FOR the first time he was thoroughly annoyed with Alison. If she had not written that fool letter saying she was Monica, none of this would have happened. All she had to do was let him know she was in England. But no, she had to go and dream up that idiotic fable of her own death. And then she had come wearing that infernal hat to confuse him, and behaving like her own second cousin once removed. He would tell Alison a thing or two when he got hold of her again—and he would get hold of her. Once in a while you had to put your foot down, even with Alison. The only other time he had tried it with Alison she had gone to America and stayed twenty years. This time she wouldn't have any such luck. This time he meant to be obeyed. Loved, honored, and obeyed. But not by Madge, he promised himself, skipping up the steps of his own house at last.

MADGE HAD ARRIVED, very much on time and conscious that she was looking rather well, to find the dinner table laid for two, Roberts wearing his blandest stage-butler face, and Adrian mysteriously called away.

She sat down thoughtfully and lighted a cigarette. Something going on here. Her eyes went speculatively round the big, untidy, picturesque room. Doubtless wanted a good turning out. All those old portfolios. Surely there was a cupboard somewhere for those. Roberts kept the silver and brass bright, she would say that for him. She wondered what the kitchen was like. Later. They couldn't go on picnicking up here in the studio, of course. She could remember when Adrian would have raised the roof at any domestic activities taking place in the room where he painted. And now he had brought in a sofa, and upholstered chairs, a rug even. All that bosh one used to hear from him about dust and clutter—sheer temperament. It took the war to show what you could put up with.

Well, now the war was over, and Adrian must be brought to see the whole house was still there, to be made use of. He had lacked the impetus so far, of course, but she could supply that. In the meantime ——

She sat smoking her cigarette and brooding unhappily at the defenseless room. Adrian would scream blue murder if one suggested changing things here a bit, but how if he were presented with a *fait accompli?* He had kept the best part of the room for his painting mess, which put the fire at the wrong end entirely, if you were going to make the most of it, and the table was so far from the light that on a dark day you couldn't see to put milk in your tea without lighting a lamp. The window seat, if only you could get to it without running into the easel, would be a wonderful place to sit at teatime, with the lights coming on again, but the table would have to be brought much nearer. The sofa was certainly not doing much good where it was, and surely he never used the writing table much, and it could quite well go over against the wall.

She rose and pressed the bell in the mantelpiece and Roberts appeared at once in the

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

My Love's Young Face

By Elizabeth McFarland

Not the mythological bough of antique art,
Not the apples of legend, Diana's pears,
Nor the silvery glade where she split her heart
Dancing in moonlight with moon-white bears.
Not Venus's woods, nor Jason's grove,
Not the Hesperides glinting like stars down the west,
Nor the golden fields where the lost gods rove
Through jewel-stiff orchards, do I find blest:
But a warm green elm tree whose living grace
Dapples with dayshine my love's young face.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

the
NEW SHAPE
is the
NEWS



The new-shape overskirt . . . news because of its extravagant draping. Designed with one idea in mind . . . to lend silhouette drama to a little slip-of-a-dress.

The new-shape Modess box . . . news because of its one wonderful purpose. Designed to resemble many *other* kinds of boxes so closely that, when wrapped, it hides your secret completely. Another thoughtful Modess feature . . . boxes are now pre-wrapped before they even reach your store.

Same number of fine napkins. Same price. Regular, Junior, and Super Modess sizes.



Only Modess comes in the new-shape, secret-shape box...pre-wrapped!



And—

New tests by leading skin specialists PROVE the amazing mildness of Cashmere Bouquet on all types of skin!

Yes, in laboratory tests conducted under severest conditions on normal, dry and oily skin types . . . Cashmere Bouquet Soap was *proved* amazingly mild! So use Cashmere Bouquet regularly in your daily bath and for your complexion, too. It will leave your skin softer, smoother . . . flower-fresh and younger looking! The lingering, romantic *fragrance* of Cashmere Bouquet comes only from a secret wedding of rare perfumes, far costlier than you would expect to find in any soap. Fastidious women cherish Cashmere Bouquet for this "fragrance men love".



Cashmere Bouquet

—In a New Bath Size Cake, Too!

Now—At the Lowest Price In History!

doorway, looking ready to deny everything. How they hung together, these two. Perhaps—it was just possible—Roberts had been here long enough. Servants got so they thought they owned you.

"Roberts, I've just been thinking—the table would look rather nice over there by the window. If you'll just shift the easel back out of the way, I'll give you a hand with the table myself, and we'll see how we like it."

"Before Mr. Locke comes in? The easel has always stood where it is, madam."

"Yes, I know," said Madge, with a bright, confidential smile. "Time it changed, don't you think?"

"Well, madam, I'm sure I can't say if Mr. Locke would ——"

"Oh, I'll take the responsibility, Roberts. I'll say you only did what I asked you to. Now, come on, just put the easel over there for now—and that stool, and the rest of the painting mess."

It was not the sort of work Roberts usually did without putting on a baize apron—rolling up the rug and that—and he was dressed now to serve dinner. Moving in a sort of outraged, refrigerated dudgeon, he did what Mrs. Forbes asked him to for half an hour by the clock. When they had finished, the room was well balanced, comfortable, convenient, tidy—and quite unrecognizable as a place to paint in. Everything about it had been changed end to end. Light fell evenly and softly from well-disposed lamps over cozy conversation groups of furniture, and you could see to eat or read anywhere. Only the telephone was too much for her, and stood firmly where it had always been.

"The only thing we really need now," she said with satisfaction, "is some flowers."

"Mr. Locke can't abide scented flowers in the room, madam."

"So I've heard," she commented dryly. "We shall have to begin in a small way, downstairs first, perhaps. I suppose Mr. Locke has told you that we're going to be married?"

"Yes, madam. May I take this opportunity of wishing you every happiness, madam?"

She allowed him to escape back to his kitchen, where he sat down on a high stool by the sink and reviewed the situation. There was one thing Mr. Locke would not stand for and Mrs. Forbes had done it. She had presumed. She had gone too far. To break off his engagement with her would have taxed Adrian's diplomacy and ingenuity to the outermost limit—until now. But Mrs. Forbes had committed the fatal mistake they all made sooner or later. She had not waited to marry him before she started rearranging his life.

BALANCED on the kitchen stool, Roberts gave himself up to pleasant anticipation. When he heard Adrian come in he rose promptly, recalling the anxieties of Adrian's errand. He honestly hoped for the best with Mrs. Safford, and the best would be that she had been found and persuaded that she was entirely welcome in their lives. He was waiting just outside the studio door to receive Adrian's hat and whatever news was forthcoming.

"Nothing," said Adrian briefly. "Nobody answers the bell. We'll try the telephone again in a little while ——" He paused on the threshold while his eyes traveled incredulously round the violated room. "*What* has been going on here?" he said, and as Roberts did not feel that the question was addressed to him, he withdrew.

MADGE WAS NOT A WOMAN TO EXPERIENCE qualms of any description, and she had expected Adrian to make a fuss till he got used to it.

"Well, darling, you must admit that it looks much better this way."

"Who did this?"

"Roberts and I."

"*Roberts!*" roared Adrian. "I'd like a drink."

"Yes, sir," Roberts agreed, retiring again.

Adrian advanced into the room and pointed accusingly at the armchair. "You've moved that chair!"

"Yes, dear—not that it hadn't taken root where it was."

"But you don't live here yet!" Adrian reminded her, as frank as an angry child.

"Adrian, are you going to be the kind of husband who shouts at his wife when he comes home hungry?" Madge inquired humorously.

"I'm not shouting." His tone became excessively reasonable. "But I come home to find everything all turned round so that I can't find anything. *I can't paint here!* Look at the easel! What about *light?*"

"Well, don't you think, since you've finished Blanche's picture ——"

"But I'm starting a new portrait on Monday!"

"Well, you can't very well do that, dear, because I've told the Perrys you'll come down there with me for a week at least. They're delighted."

"I won't stand for it!"

"Oh, nonsense, darling, just to please me," Madge said.

"*Roberts!*" Adrian lifted his voice again. "Where's that drink?"

"Coming, sir."

ROBERTS brought in a tray with two pink gins on it. Adrian stood in the middle of the floor with his glass. "I've got nowhere to sit, like this," he said pathetically.

"There are exactly the same number of chairs and sofas as before, they're simply in different places," she pointed out. "You're a bit late, aren't you? And you do look tired. What have you been doing with yourself?"

Adrian sat down grudgingly in a displaced armchair and sipped his drink. "I've lost that girl," he said.

"The one that was here this afternoon?"

"Yes. I've been round to the address on her letter, and she's not there. At least the door is locked, and nobody answers the bell. *Roberts!*" he called, and emptied his glass.

Roberts appeared like a genie with two more pink gins. Madge shook her head at a second, and Roberts set the remaining drink beside Adrian sympathetically.

"If it was anyone else, I'd say she was just playing me up," said Adrian, beginning on the fresh drink. "But she meant business. I suppose I might have that place watched. Nasty sort of idea, though."

"What *are* you talking about?" Madge inquired.

"I suppose she won't think to eat any dinner, wherever she is," Adrian speculated gloomily.

"Well, come along and eat your own, anyway, and tell me all about it," said Madge in a soothing way.

Adrian watched Roberts seat her with some ceremony. He drained off the second glass, collected the third and brought it along to the table with him.

"Are you going to drink that one too?" Madge asked, surprised, but even more amused.

"I don't feel a thing yet."

"What went on here after I left?" Madge wanted to know.

"What went on here after *I* left, that's what I want to know," Adrian countered. "Look at the place!"

"Rather nice, I think. I've been itching to get my hands on this room for years."

"Well, it can't stay this way. I should never be able to get anything done. I *work* here, I ——" With a sort of groan he attacked his dinner.

"You're behaving very strangely tonight, Adrian. Had you had anything to drink before you came in?"

"How could I? Nobody answered the bell," he answered logically. *What a wifely tone she takes already,* he thought. *I never thought to hear that from anybody.*

The telephone rang. He leaped for it, and Madge frowned. "The next thing I shall do is get that beastly thing moved out of here!"

"Over my dead body!" he replied with emphasis. "Hullo—yes." (But it was not Alison.) "Yes, all right. . . . No, no, not now, I'm at dinner. Some other time, old boy." He hung up with a snap, and returned to his place at the table. "Some newspaper fellow. Wants my views."

vas not Alison. He sat staring down at
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, picturing horrors.
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the number—a long pause ——
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what all this is about," said Madge,
interested in spite of herself.
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from Alison, saying she was Monica—
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was very odd. Yes."

no idea what it was that made me
twice," he labored on. "It just began
n on me that something was going on.
of vibration."
s, dear. I know," said Madge.
t you see, I couldn't ask her straight
he was lying to me, because she would
ave said a flat no, and we'd have been
re. But every time I tried to pin her
she got more and more evasive—till I
re I was on the right track."
d it matter a lot?" She had begun to
him now.
atter?"
you. Which one of them she was?"
s, it did, rather. You see, in the old
lison and I were terribly in love."

"And now she's come back," Madge said thoughtfully.

"Yes."

"Adrian, you really are the most incurable romantic!"

"Am I? I mean, shouldn't I be? Is that very disgraceful of me?"

"Yes, it is," said Madge, leaving no doubt. "What happened?"

"She went off to New York with Safford on one of his tours and ——"

"I don't mean in the old days. I mean this afternoon."

"She ran away. She seemed to feel she'd made a fool of herself, pretending to be Monica ——"

"Yes. By the way, where *is* the daughter all this time?" Madge demanded at a tangent. "What's become of her?"

"You know, I never thought to ask," he confessed. "What worries me now is Alison. She's had a rotten time since Safford's death. She's got no money to speak of, beyond her passage back to New York ——"

"Oh, she's got that, has she?" said Madge. "Well, why did she come here with that story about the portrait, do you think? She knew very well that there wasn't one."

"That's what I wanted to ask her," said Adrian simply.

"But why the deception?" Madge persisted. "Why did she use her daughter as a blind? Did she think you might refuse to see her?"

"Those are the very things I want to know myself."

"Well, if you want to know what I think," said Madge, "it was one of two things. Either she wanted to find out if you were still . . . available, or she wanted to lay a ghost."

"What sort of ghost?"

"She's an attractive woman still. Something might have happened in New York—some sort of offer that she couldn't be sure about until she had seen you again. But she came prepared, didn't she, if she had her passage home!"

"Do you really think that's it?" Adrian asked.

"I'm only guessing, naturally," Madge conceded broad-mindedly. "But if she came back here just for love of you, there was no point in her running away, was there, when you found her out?"

"No," said Adrian, reflecting. "None at all, on the face of it. Except for one thing ——"

The doorbell rang, and rang again, and he was on his feet.

"That will be Blanche and Denis and the Allens," Madge said calmly. "They were all dining together, so I asked them to drop in here for a nightcap later."

"You *what?*"

"I thought it might be rather jolly. And of course I had no idea that we would be as late as this with dinner."

There were jolly voices on the stairs, and people streamed into the room. Only four people, but Adrian had seen enough of Blanche Gordon for a while, and Denis Gordon was never his idea of a good companion. The Allens were hearty and harmless, but Rupert had a tiresome way of dropping off to sleep just anywhere when he got tight.

The invasion eddied round its semiparalyzed host, producing ceremonial bottles of champagne, demanding glasses and corkscrews—entirely unofficial, old boy, we *quite* understand all that—half the women in London bound to go into mourning or on binges when they heard the news, by Jove—never thought Madge would be the one to bring it

NEXT MONTH

She let him kiss her.

"We're good for each other, Lydia," he said. "We need each other."

She shook her head. "You'll never need anyone but yourself, Martin." Then, in a matter-of-fact voice, "Now you must take me home."

BEN was away, of course, playing golf somewhere, or fishing. He didn't know their three months on a Vermont farm were supposed to work a miracle. He didn't know their marriage needed a miracle.

A SUMMER IN THE COUNTRY

By Anne Homer Warner

Novel complete in the August JOURNAL

Dream girl, dream girl, beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl

Hair that gleams and glistens from a Lustre-Creme shampoo



Tonight!...Show him how much lovelier your hair can look...after a

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Exclusive! This magical secret-blend lather with LANOLIN!
Exciting! This new three-way hair loveliness . . .



Better than a soap! Better than a liquid! Kay Daumit's *cream* shampoo with lanolin. Jars: $2, $1. Jars and tubes: 49¢, 25¢.

1 **Leaves hair silken soft,** instantly manageable . . . first wondrous result of a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Makes lavish, lanolin-blessed lather even in hardest water. No more unruly, soap-dulled locks. Leaves hair soft, obedient, for any style hair-do.

2 **Leaves hair sparkling** with star-bright sheen. No other shampoo has the same magic blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin to bring out every highlight. No special rinse needed with Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

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Avon COSMETICS

IN RADIO CITY, NEW YORK

©

off—hardly thought she was in the running at all, the way the wind blew lately—and what about the one with all that yellow hair? While corks popped, bottles gurgled, a glass was put into Adrian's hand. Rupert was trying to make a speech and Madge was trying to stop him when the telephone made itself heard.

"I promise you, Adrian, that thing has got to go!" Madge's voice rose above the others.

"Hullo," said Adrian inaudibly into the instrument, deafened on his side by the celebrants, who took no notice of the interruption. The person at the other end was hesitant and faint. "What?" said Adrian. "Speak louder, I can't hear a thing. . . . *Alison!* I've been out of my mind!"

"*Come* on, Adrian, time for a toast. . . . Drop it, Adrian, tell her some other time. . . . Tell her it's all off now, Adrian—break it gently, old boy, but be quick about it."

Adrian signaled despairingly for silence, set down his glass to cover his other ear, and spoke urgently.

"Look here, I must see you," he said. "I spent the evening on your doorstep ringing the bell; where were you? . . . Yes, you did behave very badly indeed, but that wasn't what I wanted to tell you. . . . *Can* you speak a little louder? There's the most awful row going on here. . . . *Darling*, I simply must see you again. . . . I *can't* hear! Well, never mind that, you must come to breakfast tomorrow morning, there will be nobody here then. . . . Breakfast. . . . Yes, I do think you owe me an explanation, several of them, but it's no good now. . . . What? Oh, hang it all, come to breakfast and we'll talk sensibly. Nine o'clock. . . . I can't hear a word you say, but I'm glad you rang up. I shouldn't have slept a wink otherwise, and I'll expect you here at nine o'clock in the morning. Bless you. Good night."

As he hung up he found Roberts at his elbow with a trayful of freshly filled glasses and a question in his eyes.

Adrian accepted a glass and said briefly, "It's all right, I think. We'll know in the morning. Have one of these yourself, Roberts."

Neither of them noticed that Madge stood watching them. She was too far away to hear what they said, but she could read their faces. Her own was enigmatic.

IT WAS ONE OF THOSE NIGHTS WHEN ADRIAN hardly slept at all. He had not got rid of his guests till all hours, and there had been the usual complications about convincing Rupert Allen that he was not already at home in bed. *This* time he was not left in peace on the sofa till morning. Adrian had been heartless about that.

When they had actually gone and Roberts started to wash up the glasses and ash trays, Adrian began absent-mindedly to restore objects to their rightful places in the dislocated room. Before either of them went to bed, every last thing was back where it belonged.

BUT as Adrian watched while dawn fingered the edges of his bedroom curtains, he was tired and baffled and uncertain. For the first time, his insight was clouded with regard to Alison. He kept wondering if Madge had guessed right—if there were someone in New York with whom Alison would be safe and happy. If this were so, he might as well let things ride between himself and Madge, the way she wanted it, and save everybody's face. . . . If only Madge hadn't made herself so immediately at home in his affairs. If only Madge hadn't taken possession of him like a steel trap.

His bachelor gorge rose again at the thought of the desecrated studio. That in itself was grounds for divorce before one began. And so as the sun came up his beset and bewildered spirit stiffened. Promising a week of his time to the Perrys like that too. It was a highhanded sort of thing to do, even if he had not specifically said to blazes with the Perrys. The sort of thing he particularly hated. Arbitrary. Madge ought to know by now, if she knew anything, that he would not be dragooned into doing things he had said he wouldn't.

By the time Roberts brought in morning tea, Adrian had begun to feel that he had a case against marrying Madge, quite ap from Alison's return. He had never had use for any man who allowed himself to dictated to by his wife. If Madge thou that from now on he was going to have mind of his own whatever ——

He rose and marched aggressively tow his bath, fatigue and confusion overlaid b militant sense of righteous indignation. son didn't have to come into it at all. room had been put back the way it had ways been, and was not to be disturb again. And he was not going to visit Perrys. He would continue henceforth make his own decisions and to be left peace with them. And by the time they finished with that, Madge wouldn't *want* marry him. . . .

IT was not until he saw the breakfast tab laid for two, that he began again to think Alison. Here he was, all steamed up to d with Madge, and in the meantime th would be Alison, who required an entir different sort of treatment. Alison, too, sinned, but not in arrogance. *Women.* stood still in the middle of the room, rev ing with a conscious effort his immedi mood. You mustn't come at Alison full She had had more than enough of that sor thing. Alison was very easily driven into shell. *Let's think, now, how do we go about thing with Alison, having, as it were, one h tied behind our back?*

He drifted to the breakfast table, there beside his plate lay the usual pile letters which had arrived in the morn post. He picked up the pile, glanced bri at the top envelope, which conveyed no ing to him, and with a magnificent gestur bad temper flipped them all into the air o his head like a pack of cards, and moved leaving them on the carpet behind him.

And the doorbell rang.

Yes, it was Alison, wearing a soft b dress, and a small blue hat with a wisp veil, and a look of childlike anxiety. At o his heart failed him, and he held out b hands to her, smiling, from the middle of room. You couldn't scold anything so h less and brave and upstanding as Alison, even if she wrote idiotic letters and then away and left you to the consequences. held out both hands to her, smiling, from middle of the room, and she came and both hers into them.

"You always did forgive me, didn't you she said simply.

"Now, that thing might pass for a ha he said. "Only just. Take it off."

"I d-don't think I'd better, I only —

"Take it off, Alison." He watched w she took it off. "You can't eat break wearing a hat."

"I've had breakfast, Adrian, and I came round here because ——"

"Well, I haven't. Come and pour my t

Silently she followed him to the table took the chair he placed for her.

"I like this, you know," Adrian s "Let's make a habit of it."

"Darling Adrian—I'm sailing tomorro she told him gently. "My job is waiting New York, you know."

"But then why did you come?" He show his honest bewilderment and exasperat plainly. "If you didn't mean to stay mean."

"I never intended to tell you that," answered slowly, and her face was emb rassed, and honest, and a little frightene an expression he was already long fami with. "I thought I could carry it off, and j be Monica for a few hours and then —

"By the way, where *is* Monica?" he manded at a tangent.

"In New York. She's going to get m ried."

She seemed to have nothing more to a Instead she picked up the teapot, poured a cup for him.

"Not a child any longer?"

"No."

"Nothing, in fact, to do with the cas "No."

"Did it ever occur to you," he began ca ally, because he really wanted to kn "that to tell me Alison was dead, had b

ee years, was a pretty brutal thing

sorry, Adrian. I thought Alison was
neone you had known a long time
."

loved," he reminded her quietly.
—you surely didn't expect to see her
nyway, and so I thought . . . it
matter to you very much if ——"
ter? It knocked the bottom out of
ng, that's all!" And as her startled,
gaze met his at last he leaned for-
olding her with his own eyes. "No,
I didn't expect ever to see her again
ife, but so long as she was there—
ere—I didn't miss her so much. See
ean? But the letter didn't work, did
through you."

the first time," she said, and re-
ittle in her chair.

t about the first time, my dear?"
never believed any of that careful
I had built up about being happy
lter and devoted to him. It took you
afternoon, once you started, sketch-
ere in the studio, to get the whole
t of me."

laughed in spite of himself.

did, Adrian. My face might just as
e been plate glass for all it concealed
u. You looked at it, and the first
knew, you had got hold of the girl
."

know, in the beginning I even won-
there was anything there to paint,
yourself so well hidden," he con-
'But your eyes gave you away—
like a frightened child's. Until sud-
said to myself, 'It's all a bluff.' And
t we were done, weren't we?" He
waiting, and she
ed at him ruefully,
not speak. "Now,
ison—I want to
hy did you come?"
he answered, look-
n at her clasped
the table again,
to have to meet his eyes, "It was a
pilgrimage. I'll never make you un-
, I'm afraid," she sighed.
e I ever let you down?"
no, Adrian, it's only ——"
did you come?" he repeated,
again.
wanted to see you."
Go on."
. wanted just to stand in the street
you go by. I wanted to hear your
. You see, Adrian, I . . . have very
nceit left in me nowadays. And so I
ven sure you would remember my
the letter."
n." He was listening with every inch
ow, watching her averted face.
as a long time ago, when all's said
e, and . . . it hadn't lasted very long
had it—and you had been very . . .
ce then ——"
ight, I deserve that. Go on."

ER knew another man who was as
s you—or as lighthearted. And . . .
I just couldn't do with less, and
dear," he said quietly. "Tell me."
me," she repeated mistily. "You al-
d that. Nobody else says that. You
ime went on it began to seem more
re impossible that anyone like you
happened to me—or that there *was*
like you." Her voice broke, her
oved helplessly in appeal. "Please
ake me go on; it's very difficult to say
ounds so ——"
on, my dear," he said, motionless.
must believe that I had no idea of
back into your life in the old way, I
——"
I'd rather not believe it." He rose,
ved his chair round the table so that
beside her, and took her hands.
making very hard work of this; let's
can help you. There are still one or
ngs I need to know. Now—you
to see me again, that's all right. But
earth did you begin by saying you
onica?"

"Because I didn't want to embarrass you, and I thought that way I could come and go away again without ——"

"And you'd actually got so little confidence left in yourself or in me, or in *anything*, that you were driven to this silly game—it *was* a silly game, wasn't it—for fear of being hurt once more?" he said compassionately, while it dawned on him. "But really, my dear, you might have thought a little better of me than that!"

"I ——" Her head came up defensively, but somehow she could think of nothing to say.

"And if it had worked out as you planned it—what would you have done then?"

"Just what I'm going to do now. Sail for America tomorrow."

"And what was to become of me when you had gone?"

"You would have been no worse off than if I hadn't come."

"I should like to know one thing more, very definitely." He looked down at their locked hands for a long moment. "Isn't there someone in New York that you might marry and be happy with—if I didn't exist at all?"

"But I've just been *telling* you, Adrian—I had to see you because it was so desolate not to see you. That was all. And I suppose you had the right to know that from the beginning. I'm sorry I made a mess of things." She tried to smile.

But he only sat very still, looking down at their hands. "There's no sense to it, you know," he said slowly. "As a matter of fact, there never was any sense to you and me. At least you should have outgrown it by now."

"You always said I'd outgrow it. You were so wrong."

He looked up at her suddenly, his doubt dispelled, his natural exuberance reasserting itself. "Now, Alison, if you start crying like that again I'll smack you! I simply can't bear it, especially at breakfast!" A bell rang briskly somewhere, twice, and Alison jumped as she had always done, and Adrian sprang up, crying, "*Roberts!* Say I'm dead! Cremation! . . . He'll deal with it," he reassured her, as he always had. "It won't be anybody to see me at this time of day. Alison—you can't possibly sail tomorrow, no matter what happens. You've got to give me a little time to undo the crazy things that began happening to me. It was all your fault, anyway," he reminded her without animus. "You and your anonymous letters! If I hadn't believed that Alison was dead ——"

Roberts' face appeared at the door, looking a little scared. "It's Mrs. Forbes, sir," said Roberts, and Madge walked into the room.

Nature is in earnest when she makes a woman.
—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

It was unusual for Madge to have a bad night. She would have said that her digestion was good, her conscience was clear, and that she was grown up, so what was there to keep her awake?

But when the Gordons had left her at the door of her little flat in a mews near Berkeley Square, she switched on the light and paused to look round the familiar room which had remained intact all through the blitz and the V-bombs, and was soon to be as lost to her as if it were just an open space like other flats belonging to people she knew. They were all her own things, anyway, and they all had associations—mostly things from the country house they had had to sell before Gerald died. She supposed that there would be room for them somewhere in Adrian's house, even though it was well furnished without them.

I wonder, said Madge to herself as she switched the bedroom light on and the living room light off and began to undress, *if I am marrying Adrian just because I'm turned out of here.*

And although she was not much given to introspection, she continued to dwell on the idea as she made her leisurely preparations for bed. It was a nasty shock to learn that

(Continued on Page 109)



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(Continued from Page 107)

e couldn't do anything about the lease ng up, and had to go.

I wonder, said Madge to herself, as she nk gratefully into bed, *if all these things uld fit into one of Adrian's guest rooms. I ppose he won't want anything changed there her. But, to come right down to it, I suppose hall have to fit into one of his guest rooms, a manner of speaking.*

She lay in the dark, with her eyes open, ntemplating the prospect. *Well,* she said to rself, *he certainly can't object to my bringing own bed. And he certainly can't be so firmly ached to all the guest-room furniture as he is he studio itself. I had better look in there in morning and tell him it was only an experi- nt and help him put it back as it was.*

On that magnanimous conclusion, she uld have been able to drop off. But some ie later her eyes were still open in the dark d now she was contemplating Adrian.

He looked easygoing and manageable ugh but, unlike poor Gerald, he had an stinate streak. Living with a man like rian—in wedlock, of course—was a very ferent thing from humoring him now and n at a distance.

I wonder, said Madge to herself, as dawn gan to creep through the curtains, *if this ng is going to work out.*

Take incidents like the Manning girl. One s used to that, of course, and would know w to deal with it, particularly if one had advantage of being his wife. But you'd nk it would end somewhere, wouldn't u? You'd think Adrian would be allowed now to settle down a little. But now there s Alison Safford. It could get fairly tire- ne, particularly if one was his wife, always be brushing off women who thought they re in love with him.

He thought back, very clearheadedly for t time of day, over the anxiety which had rmeated the studio last evening before t telephone call came through, and the lef on Adrian's face when he did hear from son Safford. What had she said on the ephone to explain away his fears? Was she ning back? Was she going to stay in Lon- n? Because if so ——

Madge then began to think about the rty last night, which had not gone off as intended. It was entirely Blanche Gor- don's fault that they had all jumped to con- clusions like that and made a Thing of it, and brought along champagne and behaved like idiots. Adrian had been the least bit cool about it. If Adrian was going to be *too* diffi- cult ——

She dozed a little, after that, until the rheumatic charwoman who looked after her came creaking in with a cup of tea—and Madge pulled herself together and ate break- fast, and put on her newest dress and hat and set out for Tite Street. Perhaps the first thing was to see how he felt this morning about the way the room looked now, and about going to the Perrys.

And then, coming up the stairs, she had heard Adrian's voice from the studio saying, "If I hadn't believed that Alison was dead ——" And the room, she saw at a glance as she entered it, was already exactly the way it had been for years, as though she had never touched it. They must have worked all night. And Alison Safford was there, sitting at the breakfast table with her hat off.

"Well," said Madge as they both stared at her, exactly like children caught at the jam, "the early bird is already here, I see." Her eyes rested a moment longer on Alison, who was trying to pretend that her face was not wet with tears. "And you, my dear Adrian, must be the worm," she suggested, with a penetrating glance in his direction.

Even in his exasperation and embarrass- ment, Adrian was able to realize that Madge could hardly have been asked to wait in the drawing room downstairs, or have been told that he was out. But here she was, without warning, and all her meddling with the room tactlessly undone, and another woman— though obviously not a Caroline Manning— sitting at the breakfast table. It was not at all the way he had meant to break it to her.

He had Alison's word for it now that there was nobody in New York, as Madge had suggested there might be, and he knew that Alison was actually fool enough to be in love with him still, and that he was still fool enough to want her to be, whether it made sense to anyone else or not. He knew that they shared an indestructible mutual lunacy upon which neither time nor common sense had any effect. And by some fortunate freak of circumstance in this disintegrating world, they had been given a second chance.

He had meant to try to explain all this to Madge in such a way that she would compre- hend that he was not just caught out on a limb again. He wanted her to realize that this had nothing to do with the way he had felt about her three days ago, or with his past record of narrow squeaks. He was very sorry that Madge had got involved to her own possible discomfiture, but he had no delusion that she was ever in love with him as he and Alison measured love. That was a thing which happened to any man just once in a lifetime.

But while he stood there fumbling in his mind for anything at all to say, Madge spoke again.

"So you have put everything back exactly where it was?" she said in a challenging sort of way.

"Yes. Roberts was very upset about the whole thing, and I thought we'd both sleep better if order was restored."

"And did you?" asked Madge.

"Did I what?"

"Sleep."

"No—not very much. I can't speak for Roberts, of course." And with the feeble joke his eyes met hers hopefully, for they always enjoyed each other's nonsense, and there was something very disarming in the way he counted on her, even now, to fetch up a smile.

Looking back at him as he stood there, negligently on one foot, drooping a little, not knowing quite how to handle it, Madge felt in comparison—well, no, not old, but very *adult.* And a little tired. And a little disin- clined to risk such peace of mind as she had contrived painfully to assemble over a period of years. Madge stepped back, as from a moving train.

"Never mind, Adrian," she said lightly. "I really came to say that it would never do for us, you know. We'd be at each other's throats in a week."

"You mean you're jilting me—at this time in the morning?" He was still puzzled, but hopeful now.

"Well, as a matter of fact, I've found the most delightful little flat, just the other side of the King's Road," said Madge, for she al- ways did things well when she once began. "I'm on my way round there now, to settle it. Good-by, Miss—Mrs. Safford. No doubt we shall meet again soon. You know, Adrian"—her wise, amused gray eyes came back to him—"I can't help feeling rather like the fairy godmother in the pantomime!" And as she went away quickly, down the stairs, she said to herself, *Why on earth did I have to lug in the King's Road? Now I'll have to find something there at once or he'll know I was lying.*

"Well," said Adrian rather vaguely, still looking at the empty doorway when she had gone, "that's that. Saved me a lot of bother, her finding that flat."

"Adrian."

"Yes, my dear?" His whole attention came back to her then. He took the three handkerchief from his breast pocket and be- gan to wipe her face while he waited for what she was going to say.

"Would you mind very much ——" But she stuck there, and walked away from him in an embarrassed silence, and sat down again in her chair by the table.

"Whatever it is, I'm sure I wouldn't mind at all," he said comfortingly, and then had a qualm. Suppose now she said, "Would you mind very much if I go back to New York tomorrow *anyway?*"

"Only if it's convenient, of course, and you don't have to be polite about it ——"

He went to lay his hands on her shoulders from behind her chair. "Tell me," he said, and she raised her head to look up at him, under his hands.

"May I stay here—now?"

And for just a moment he had thought—— Would he *never* learn, about Alison? His hold on her slim shoulders tightened, but he was laughing down at her.

"Well, you know," he said, "if you're go- ing to live here, in this house, we'll have to get married first, or people will talk."

He felt her cheek, and then her lips, against his fingers on her shoulder. THE END

Katydid Joe, the Fiddler

By VINCENT McHUGH

Now Katydid Jill met Katydid Joe
Under a snowbank at six below.

"Oh, woe is woe,"
Said Katydid Joe,
"I'm as cold and as cold and as
cold as the snow.
Oh, couldn't you keep me warm,
My pretty?"

"Yes, I could and I will,"
Said Katydid Jill,
"For your gold and your gold and
your gold will fill
My maidenly heart with love,
My pretty."

So Katydid Joe married Katydid
Jill
In the whippoorwill's house at
Locustville.

"To the south we go,"
Said Katydid Joe,
"And I'll fiddle and fiddle and
fiddle-de-do
All day in the cottonwood tree,
My pretty."

"I suppose you will,"
Said Katydid Jill,
"But you're terribly, terribly, terribly
shrill
With that rusty old fiddle of yours,
My pretty."

But Katydid Jill and Katydid Joe
Had thirteen children all in a row.

"Fiddle and bow!"
Said Katydid Joe.
"And we'll play and we'll play in
our green calico,
And we'll march in the Katydid
Band,
My pretties.

"Laces and Graces!" said Katydid
Joe.
"Wash your faces and toe to toe!"

"Away with a will,"
Said Katydid Jill,
"And I'll twiddle and twiddle and
twiddle my frill,
And I'll lead the Katydid Band,
My pretties."

"but NO TELL-TALE LINGERING PERFUME!"



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Borden's Hemo is two-ways good for kids — and a big help to Ma and Pa, too!

First, it tastes so swell! Like a rich, chocolate soda! Watch the kids ask for more!

Second, it's so good for them. Every luscious glass of HEMO with milk is just teeming with nourishment. It gives them 8 vitally important vitamins and minerals they need to grow and work and play and sleep.

So get hep to HEMO today, Mom. Give the youngsters an extra boost in nourishment—and a whoppingly wonderful chocolate drink at the same time!



Fruit Surprise Cookies

Made with

Borden's None Such Mince Meat

Easy to make—Economical

3¼ cups sifted flour	**1½ cups sugar**
½ teaspoon salt	**3 eggs, well beaten**
1 teaspoon soda	**1 9-oz. package None Such Mince Meat**
1 cup shortening	

Sift together flour, salt and soda. Cream shortening; add sugar gradually; cream together until fluffy. Add eggs; beat until smooth. Add mince meat broken into small pieces. Add flour and mix well. Drop by teaspoonfuls, 2 inches apart, on greased baking sheet. Bake in moderately hot oven (400°F.) about 12 minutes. Makes about 48 cookies, 3 inches in diameter.

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IF IT'S BORDEN'S—IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!

"The best kind of town, with the best climate anywhere." Not reserved for vacations only, sun, sand and sea are an everyday part of the Coeys' chosen life.

"We knew what we wanted"

Meet the Coeys, of Delray, Florida

By BETTY HANNAH HOFFMAN

Almost every morning, winter or summer, Mary and Stewart Coey waken to sunlight streaming into the pale-gray-and-aqua bedroom of their Delray Beach, Florida, home. From the hibiscus hedge comes the song of the mockingbird, and the scent of gardenia drifts headily in the window. Whether January or July, pint-sized Mary will slip into shorts for the day; her rangy, good-looking husband will select slacks and a sport shirt for his accountant's job. The Coeys' two flaxen-haired moppets will spend part of almost every day at the beach; winter temperatures at Delray average 76 degrees, in summer Gulf Stream breezes keep the mercury at a comfortable 80. There are no heating expenses on the Coeys' budget, no outlay for snow suits or heavy coats, no galoshes or even Northern necessities like stockings or hats for Mary—her short, red-brown curls are uncovered the year round, her legs bare and very brown.

Just as soon as he can spurt home from work, Stewart's gray-blue convertible is parked outside their watermelon-pink front door, for the Coeys are a spectacularly devoted and home-loving pair. "I was never one of those women who wish their husbands out of the house," says Mary. Ever since she suffered a serious back injury, Stewart has attended to the vacuuming, window washing, and the daily marketing which he enjoys immensely, rushing from store to store on the scent of bargains like a Dalmatian after a fire truck.

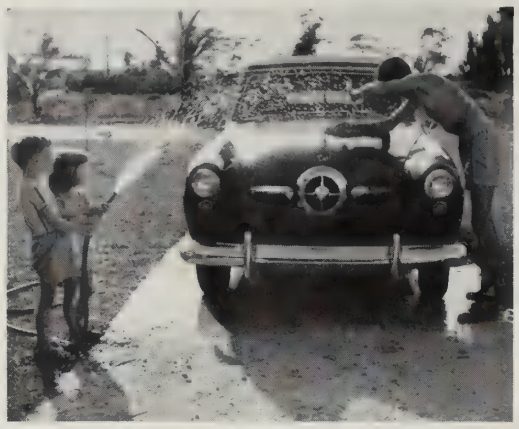
Visitors to the Coeys' beautiful new modern home are impressed with the evidences of wealth: lush Orientals, elegant Hitchcock and Sheraton furniture, lovely Dresden vases and Meissen porcelains, old silver gleaming softly against dark mahogany and stark white walls. Actually all the housefurnishings, the silver, the stacks of beautifully hand-monogrammed linens came from the mansion in Bronxville, New York, where Mary was raised. The Coeys manage to live graciously and debt-free on their $6000

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUZANNE SZASZ

"We knew what a home should be." After two disappointments, the Coeys' dream becomes reality; house blends modern lines with heirloom furnishings.



Rule 1 for the Coeys: "Talk things over." Stewart says Mary was "impossibly spoiled" when they met; "but dynamite," he adds.



Coeys' new car "costs less than the old one." Gas and servicing, $5 a week. Peter and Clare lend help with the wash jobs.



During 6-month Florida season Stewart earns $60 a week as accountant for local produce firm. Mary inherited $4500 a year.

"When we chose Delray we knew it meant no high-income job for Stewart."

combined income only with the most astute figuring; Stewart spends less than $20 a week to feed the four of them (quite a trick with Florida resort food prices), and is still transplanting small trees with a trowel, as he can't bring himself to the extravagance of buying a shovel.

When the Coeys chose Delray as a permanent residence, they did it with the full realization that Stewart would never be able to make much money at a Florida East Coast resort. The local people, about 10,000 of them, exist largely on the tourist trade which floods the place during the three or four winter months; there is no industry, and even farming and the big gladiolus business are seasonal. Yet in terms of healthy, happy, casual outdoor living, which they both love, they figured that Mary's $4500 annual income would go farther in Delray than anywhere else. At first they intended to live on her income alone, and Stewart looked forward eagerly to having the time to write and paint. Then a series of minor but expensive illnesses (their doctor charges resort prices the year round, $8 for a house call, $13 if he treats both children) upset that dream. When the Coeys found their medical and drug bills running into $1000 a year, Stewart looked for work. He earns $60 a week as accountant for a local produce broker, a job which lasts only six months a year and presents no great challenge for a man already forty, but Stewart took it gratefully.

It amuses them that friends are so patently glad Stewart "at last found a job" following four years of joblessness after his Army stretch. Stewart frankly works because he needs the money, not to occupy his time. A tireless personality, with great drive and a range of interests which includes politics, gardening, photography, modern architecture and—first and foremost—his family, he is the type who will lug three-month-old copies of magazines over to the beach on Sundays to catch up on his reading.

The fact that Mary's income provides their main livelihood bothers neither of them a whit. "It isn't as if I earned it by the sweat of my



In childhood Mary was alternately indulged—at 16 she had her own car, $75 a month spending money—and ignored in favor of her younger sister; intelligently avoids any possible favoritism between Peter, 4, and Clare, 3.



"If we hadn't had Peter we would never have had Clare." Childless for 9 years, Coeys adopted Peter, had Clare 14 months later. Told his "adoption story" on fourth birthday, Peter said to friends, "I'm mother's wonderful adopted boy."



Coeys like Delray best in summer months when it's home town, not a resort town. Cowboy suits date from California stay.



Stewart does the shopping ("a thrifty buyer," Mary says), but the children beg for visits to the fruit store—and the birds.



Peter's the dreamer, Clare "the squeaky wheel that gets the grease." Children have different temperaments but share real love.

brow," Mary explains. "It's just there, something I was lucky enough to inherit, and as far as I'm concerned, it belongs to the family.

She can still vividly remember painful scenes over money between her wealthy, spoiled mother and her handsome West Point father, from whom she learned the virtues of prudence and thrift which she practices today. "You have one chiffon grandmother, and one gray-corduroy kind," her mother used to tell her.

The "chiffon" grandmother, on her mother's side, acquired her wealth through the business acumen of J. J. Vandegrift, one of the early founders of Standard Oil. A matriarchal type, extremely charming, the "chiffon grandmother" would not tolerate anything around her which was not beautiful. Every night of her life she would phone each of her four children from Evanston, Illinois, no matter where they might be. They were never out of the country, as she had ruled that she would never be separated by an ocean from any of her offspring. "She had the money and she called the shots," Mary recalls

Coeys seldom have an evening out: cost—including baby sitter—$20.





3-year-old Clare ("Chere") "started talking when she was 9 months old and hasn't stopped since." Puppy, 10, "all-American mongrel" shared Coeys' wartime travels over 39 states; gets ice cream (favorite food) for birthdays.



"It seemed like a gate to heaven," Mary said when she met Stewart's happy, easygoing family. Qualities of security and closeness are a vital part of the home they are building for Peter and Clare.

"You should spoil those you love; providing it's a treat and a pleasure."

feelingly. Her grandmother on her father's side was the "gray-corduroy kind," who, whenever she received anything beautiful, carefully laid it away and never used it.

When Mary was about ten she overheard an adult say, "What a pity Mary is such a plain child, when her baby sister is so beautiful!" After that Mary understood why, when she came to her mother with face streaked with tears, her mother would jeer, "You're your father's child. Go to him! Go away!"

As Mary grew up, her mother's obvious favoritism for the younger, prettier sister became more apparent. They were dressed identically in hand-smocked shoulder-yoked dresses until Mary was fourteen, and feeling absurd in the same babyish things as her *(Continued on Page 128)*



School's fun in the sun, with classes held on the beach. In many ways life is different in Delray—no neons, no night clubs, and at Christmas Santa comes down the canal in a boat.



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EXTRA GOOD! Hellmann's or Best Foods *Real* Mayonnaise eliminates the time and effort of "cutting in" the shortening—and gives **Biscuits** a tender golden richness. In your favorite biscuit recipe, substitute ¼ c. *Real* Mayonnaise for the shortening—and *taste* the delicious difference!

CREAMY—AND QUICK! *Real* Mayonnaise is an important ingredient when you want a sauce to have "company coming" tastiness. Try **Mayonnaise Cheese Sauce** over lima beans: Blend ½ c. *Real* Mayonnaise, 4 tbsp. flour, 1 tsp. salt, 2 c. milk. When thickened add 1 tsp. grated onion and 6 tbsp. grated cheese. Cook over low heat about 10 min. (Serves 6-8.)

BEST FOODS
Real Mayonnaise
HELLMANN'S

IN THE EAST
IN THE WEST





Mary ceremoniously serves the salad of the day to Stewart and a guest

Salad Days





By LOUELLA G. SHOUER

THIS is the time of year when salad makings are at their best, so give your salad bowl a real workout. Living in Florida as they do, the Coeys have salad meals all year round. They have an interesting philosophy about salads. "We hardly ever have the same salad twice," Stewart explains. "Ours is a basic salad with variations—like a basic-fashion wardrobe with accessories. Mary and I collaborate on it. I'm the V. P. (vegetable preparer). I have everything ready. She presides over the dressing and the tossing."

"I plan on a hearty salad with garlic bread for our main course at least once a week," Mary continues. "Peter and Clare like salads too. I make a salad specially for them, without dressing, that they can eat with their fingers.

Salads for Peter and Clare

"For their plates, I include pineapple sticks, grapefruit and orange sections, small bunches of grapes, pitted dates stuffed with cream cheese and topped with a raisin. Sometimes I grate fresh coconut and sprinkle it over the grapefruit and oranges. The children pretend it's make-believe snow—just like they have up North.

"For their vegetable salads, I usually include wedges of tomato, carrot sticks, strips or the hearts of celery, whole cooked green beans, whole cooked or canned baby beets and one whole radish. Peter considers this a great treat. Strangely enough, they both like scallions too."

THE COEYS' TOSSED SALAD

Greens are the groundwork of any good tossed salad. Mary prefers to use romaine and lettuce. For variety, she adds any of the following or a combination of several—in fact, whatever Stewart has prepared: tomatoes, sliced cucumbers, radishes, sliced hard-cooked eggs, grated carrot, sliced avocado, slivers of cheese, cubes of cold meat, raw spinach leaves, slivers of raw cauliflower, diced scallions, diced celery and water cress. Occasionally, she adds sliced cold beets to please Stewart, even though she doesn't like them herself.

THE DRESSING

Mary has definite ideas on how the salad dressing should be made. Having tried it, I think she has a mighty good idea worth adopting in your own salad-making. Fir of all, she never rubs her salad bowl wi garlic. Instead, she prefers to make pungently flavored garlic salad oil to co bine with fresh lime juice, herbs and se sonings. Limes are plentiful and cheap Florida, so Mary uses the juice in preferen to vinegars or lemon juice. To make t garlic oil, she peels a whole bud of garlic not just the usual clove—chops it all fi and adds it to one quart salad oil. She le the oil stand at least twenty-four hou before using. It's always on hand—not on for salad dressing, but for browning the p roast or basting a lamb roast.

Mary makes the dressing right on t salad. Sprinkle two ounces of the gar oil over the crisp salad greens, vegetabl or whatever combination the salad of t

to have. Sprinkle the juice of half a
ver that. Salt and pepper heavily
dd a pinch of crushed dill seed, a
of marjoram and one of an herb-
d salt. Mary warms the herbs gently
n her fingers before adding them to
ads. This helps bring out the flavor.
salad does not include hard-cooked
Mary breaks a raw unbeaten egg over
xt comes the toss-up, a reseasoning
e and perhaps a bit more lime juice
st, but not least, a handful of pumper-
croutons which Stewart makes. With
toss, it's ready to serve.

TEWART'S PUMPERNICKEL CROUTONS

ices of stale pumpernickel bread into
h cubes. Toast in hot oven, 400° F.,
inutes. "The drier they are, the
," Stewart says. "They add a won-
nutlike flavor to our salads; we
n't be without them." Store in cov-
ar and keep handy.

hough variations of this one-bowl
are most popular with the Coeys,
er is the time for all manner of sal-
earty enough to take over the main
e, either for luncheon or dinner.
up to your salad meals with a good



Making the garlic bread is Stewart's department.

oup and finish them off with refresh-
uit or ice-cream desserts, unless the
happens to be a fruit one. Prepara-
or most main-dish salads can be done
e the sun gets high. Your refrigerator
over from then until mealtime.

LEAVES FOR YOUR SALAD NOTEBOOK

icken Salad is classic when made with
a chicken, light on celery. Add toasted,
red almonds, a little minced onion
curry powder to the mayonnaise and
ve an elegant number to serve gar-
ed with cold sliced tomatoes, each
ed with a spot of chutney.

ell-seasoned Deviled Eggs are delicious
things to come upon in a tomato as-
Mold the aspic in a ring. If this doesn't seem hearty enough, fill the center of the tomato-egg ring with potato salad. Buy it at the delicatessen to save time.

SEA-FOOD SALADS ARE SUMMER'S FAVORITES

There are more ways than one with the big three of the season: crab, lobster and shrimp. Here are three you may not have thought of:

Shrimp: Combine 2 parts cooked shrimp with 1 part diced cucumber, just a little celery and onion. A lemony mayonnaise for this (just mayonnaise thinned a bit with lemon juice). Garnish with anchovies curled around capers, if you happen to have them.

Crab: To 3 parts picked-over crab meat (you're on a bone hunt) add 1 part diced, ripe avocado, a little celery for crispness and a mustard mayonnaise for combining (flavor mayonnaise to taste with prepared mustard).

Lobster: Combine 3 parts lobster (go bone-hunting again) with 1 part chopped water cress. Season mayonnaise with chili sauce, Worcestershire sauce and Tabasco. Combine with lobster and cress.

FRUIT WITH CHEESE

Dissolve 1 package lemon-flavored gelatin in 1 cup hot water. Add ¾ cup pineapple juice and juice of 1 lemon. Stir in ½ cup drained, crushed pineapple or stemmed, seedless grapes, and 1½ cups chopped water cress. Pour into ring mold. Chill until set. Turn out on greens. Heap cold cottage cheese in fluffy mound in center. No dressing is needed.

CHEESE WITH FRUIT

Beat 2½ cups creamy cottage cheese with ½ cup blue cheese, crumbled. The electric mixer or rotary beater is best for this job. Add ½ cup thin cream or top milk gradually. No seasoning is necessary. The cheese does it. Soften 1 envelope unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup cold water. Dissolve over hot water and stir into the cheese mixture gradually. Pour into a small ring mold or individual molds. Chill until firm and turn out. Serve with fruit of your choice. Again, no dressing.

STUFFED TOMATOES

The stuff of the stuffings can be different every time. Just plain cottage cheese, flavored with minced chives, is a perennial favorite with waistline watchers. . . . If the dressing's a good one, nothing makes a nicer filling than coleslaw. This dressing for coleslaw is the best we've hit on yet: Beat 3 egg yolks slightly and add gradually to ¼ cup cider vinegar. Then add ½ teaspoon salt, a dash of cayenne, 2 tablespoons sugar and ½ teaspoon dry mustard, mixed with a little cold water. Cook, stirring constantly, in small saucepan until slightly thickened. Chill and fold in ½ cup heavy cream, whipped stiff. Mix with finely shredded crisp cabbage just before serving. Add slivers of ham or tongue on occasion for a more filling salad.

★ HOW AMERICA LIVES ★



Now.. right in your own home.. enjoy this famous

PALACE COURT Salad with Tuna..

by LUCIEN
Chef of San Francisco's fabulous Palace Hotel



RECIPE Salad base is shredded lettuce cut very fine... use scissors. Make a ½-inch mattress of shreds. Center on this a thick slice of tomato, on top of which place a large heart of artichoke (you can buy them canned) with "cup" side up. Add some diced celery to Chicken of the Sea Brand or White Star Brand "Bite Size" Tuna with just enough mayonnaise to hold mix together. Fill the cup of the artichoke heart with the tuna mixture and build up tower spoonful by spoonful. Garnish with pimento strips. Serve with either Thousand Island or French dressing.

A coup de maitre only if made with "BITE SIZE" Tuna!

For decades "The Palace" has been a mecca for world travelers and San Francisco society; the lunchtime rendezvous of the city's business leaders. Of the scores of tasty dishes on its menus, its *Palace Court Salad* is, by long odds, the greatest favorite.

Now, through the courtesy of this noted hostelry, Chef Lucien's *Palace Court Salad with Tuna* is yours to enjoy in your home. However, Lucien warns that only by using the delicate, delicious *light meat of quality* tuna can you be sure your *Palace Court Salad with Tuna* will be a *coup de maitre!*

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THE RING

(Continued from Page 37)

in the act. The thief had killed the man and knocked the boy senseless, and had managed to escape. There were men sent out to all sides to catch him, but nobody had seen him.

Lise wanted to hear more about the horrible event and for her benefit old Mathias went through it again. There had been a long fight in the sheep house, in many places the earth floor was soaked with blood. In the fight the thief's left arm was broken; all the same, he had climbed a tall fence with a lamb on his back. Mathias added that he would like to string up the murderer with the two hands of his, and Lise nodded her head at him gravely, in applause. She remembered Red Ridinghood's wolf, and felt a pleasant little thrill running down her spine.

Sigismund thought of his own lambs, but he was too happy in himself to wish anything in the universe ill. After a minute he said, "Poor fellow."

Lise said, "How can you pity such a terrible man? Indeed grandmamma was right when she said that you were a revolutionary and a danger to society!" The thought of grandmamma and of the troubles of past days again turned her mind away from the gruesome tale she had just heard.

The boys brought the sick lambs and the men began to examine them carefully, lifting them up and trying to set them on their legs; they felt them all over and made the little creatures whimper. Lise shrank from the show and her husband noticed her distress.

"You go home, my darling," he said, "this will take some time. But just walk ahead slowly and I shall catch up with you."

So she was turned away by an impatient husband to whom his sheep meant more than his wife. If any experience could be sweeter than to be dragged out by him to look at sheep, it would be this. She dropped her large hat on the grass and told him to carry it back for her, for she wanted to feel the summer air on her forehead and in her hair. She walked on very slowly, as he had told her to do, for she wished to obey him in everything. As she walked she felt a great new happiness in being altogether alone, even without Bijou. She could not remember that she had ever before been altogether alone. The landscape around her was still, as if full of promise, and it was hers. Even the swallows cruising in the air were hers, for they belonged to him, and he was hers.

She followed the curving edge of the grove and after a minute or two found that she was out of sight to the men by the sheep house. What could now, she wondered, be sweeter than to walk along the path in the long meadow grass, slowly, slowly, and let her husband overtake her there? It would be sweeter still, she thought, to steal into the grove and to be gone, to have vanished from the surface of the earth from him when, tired of the sheep and longing to be with her, he turned the bend of the path to catch up with her.

An idea struck her; she stood still to think it over. A few days ago her husband had gone for a ride and she had not wanted to go with him, but had strolled about with Bijou to explore her domain. Bijou then, gamboling, had led her straight into the grove. As she had followed him, gently forcing her way into the shrubbery, she had suddenly come upon a glade in the midst of it, a narrow space like a small alcove with hangings of thick green brocade, big enough to hold two or three people in it. She had felt that she had come into the very heart of her new home. If she could now find the spot again she would stand perfectly still there, hidden from all the world. Sigismund would look for her in all directions, he would be unable to understand what had become of her and for a moment, for a short moment, he would realize what a void, what an unendurably sad and horrible place the universe would be when she was no longer in it. She gazed gravely at the grove to find the right entrance to her hiding place, then went in.

She took great care to make no noise at all, therefore advanced exceedingly slowly. When a twig caught the flounces of her ample skirt she loosened it softly so as not to crack it. Once a branch took hold of one of her long golden tresses; she stood still, with her arms lifted, to free it. A little way into the grove the soil became moist; her light steps no longer made any sound upon it. With one hand she held her small handkerchief to her lips, as if to emphasize the secretness of her course. She found the spot she sought and bent down to divide the foliage and make a door to her sylvan closet. At this the hem of her dress caught her foot and she stooped to loosen it. As she rose she looked into the face of a man who was already in the shelter.

He stood up erect, two steps off. He must have watched her as she made her way straight toward him.

She took him in in one single glance. He was a terrible sight. His face was bruised and scratched, his hands and wrists stained with dark filth. He was dressed in rags, barefooted, with tatters wound round his naked ankles. His arms hung down to his sides, his right hand clasped the hilt of a knife. He was about her own age. The man and the woman looked at each other.

This meeting in the woods from beginning to end passed without a word. What happened could only be rendered by pantomime. To the two actors in the pantomime it was timeless, according to a clock it lasted four minutes.

She had never in her life been exposed to danger. It did not occur to her to sum up her position or to calculate the time it would take to call her husband or Mathias, whom at this moment she could hear shouting to his dogs. She beheld the man before her as she would have beheld a forest ghost: the apparition itself, not the sequels of it, changes the world to the human who faces it.

Although they did not take their eyes off each other's face she sensed that the alcove had been turned into a covert. On the ground a couple of sacks formed a couch, there were some gnawed bones by it. A fire must have been made here in the night, for there were cinders strewn on the forest floor.

After a while she realized that he was taking her in as she had done him. He was no longer just run to earth and crouching for a spring, but he was wondering, trying to know. At that she seemed to see herself with the eyes of the wild animal at bay, in the dark: her silently approaching white figure which might mean death.

He moved his right arm till it hung down straight before him. Without lifting the hand he bent the wrist and slowly raised the point of the knife till it pointed at her throat. The gesture was mad, unbelievable. He did not smile as he made it, but his nostrils distended, the corners of his mouth quivered a little. Then slowly he put the knife back in the sheath by his belt.

She had no object of value about her, only the wedding ring which her husband had set on her finger in church, a week ago. She drew it off, and in this movement dropped her handkerchief. She reached out her hand with the ring to him. She did not bargain for her life. She fearless by nature, and the horror which he inspired her was no fear of wh might do to her. She commanded him besought him to vanish as he had com take a dreadful figure out of her life, so it should never have been there. In the d movement her young form had the authoritativeness of a priest conjuring some monstrous being by a sacred sign.

He slowly reached out his hand to his finger touched hers, and her hand steady at the touch. But he did not tak ring. As she let it go it dropped to the gr just as her handkerchief had done.

For a second the eyes of both followe It rolled a few inches toward him and stop before his bare foot. In a hardly perceiv movement he kicked it away and a looked into her face. They remained that she knew not how long, but she felt during that time something happened, th were changed.

He bent down and picked up her hand chief. All the time gazing at her, he a drew his knife and wrapped the tiny b cambric round the blade. This was diffi for him to do, because his left arm was bro While he did it his face under the dirt sun tan slowly grew whiter till it was aln phosphorescent. Fumbling with both ha he once more stuck the knife in the she Either the sheath was too big and had n fitted the knife, or the blade was m worn—it went in. For two or three m seconds his gaze rested on her face, then lifted his own face a little, the stra radiance still upon it, and closed his eyes

The movement was definitive and unc ditional. In this one motion he did what had begged him to do: he vanished and gone. She was free.

She took a step backward, the immoval blind face before her, then bent as she done to enter the hiding place, and gli away as noiselessly as she had come. O outside the grove, she stood still and loo round for the meadow path, found it and gan to walk home.

Her husband had not yet rounded the e of the grove. Now he saw her and hellоed her gaily; he came up quickly and joined

The path here was so narrow that he k half behind her and did not touch her. began to explain to her what had been matter with the lambs. She walked a s before him and thought, *All is over.*

After a while he noticed her silence, ca up beside her to look at her face and ask "What is the matter?"

She searched her mind for something say and said, "I have lost my ring."

"What ring?" he asked her.

She answered, "My wedding ring."

As she heard her own voice pronounce words she conceived their meaning.

Her wedding ring. "*With this ring*" dropped by the one party and kicked aw by the other—"*with this ring I thee we* With this lost ring she had wedded herself something. To what? To poverty, perse tion, desertion. To the sorrows and the sin ness of this earth. "*And what therefore hath joined together let man not put asunde*

"I will find you another ring," her h band said. "You and I are the same as were on our wedding day, it will do as w We are married still, I believe."

Her face was so still that he did not kn if she had heard what he said. It touched h that she should take the loss of his ring much to heart. He took her hand and kis it. It was cold, not quite the same hand as had last kissed. He stopped to make her st with him.

"Do you remember where you had ring on last?" he asked.

"No," she answered.

"Have you any idea," he asked, "wh you may have lost it?"

"No," she answered, "I have no idea all."

THE E

Misapplied Energy

By Jeanne-Alix Maisonville

Keeping up with the Joneses isn't so hard:
You invite them here, they invite you there.
The same perseverance applied to a goal,
And, boy, you would certainly get somewhere!



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You can't match a FRIGIDAIRE Electric Range!

1. The "Thrifty-30"
   —Biggest Little Range in the World!
2. The DeLuxe 75
   —Finest Range Money Can Buy!



1. New Giant-Oven Range! Amazingly Low-Priced! Compact! Thrifty!

Got a small kitchen, a small budget, a big family to cook for? Then here's the range for you—the wonderful new Frigidaire "Thrifty-30!" It's just 30 inches wide—and sensationally low-priced. Yet its Thrifty-Giant Oven is the biggest in any household range—holds 6 eight-inch pies or a complete holiday-size meal! And it cooks with amazing economy! Moreover, you get *four* Radiantube Cooking Units—the fastest and thriftiest in Frigidaire history. There's Lifetime Porcelain inside and out, and all white porcelain surfaces are acid-resisting Lifetime Porcelain—one-piece Flowing Top—waist-high High-Speed Broiler—smart Raymond Loewy styling—genuine Frigidaire quality construction throughout. Many other important features of costly ranges! See it today!

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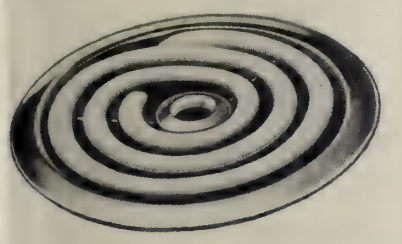
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These new cooking units actually cook food faster with less current! That's because they're flatter and wider than before—so more heating surface comes in contact with utensils. Moreover, they give you a choice of 5 exact, controlled heats—so you get the same grand results every time. And they distribute heat *evenly* at all switch positions!

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Electric Water Heaters • Kitchen Cabinets and Sinks • Air Conditioners

Are you in the know?



Should you talk to a house-party guest you haven't met?

☐ *Check with your hostess* ☐ *Give him the deep freeze* ☐ *Defrost*

He didn't happen to be around when introductions were going on. So now, when he speaks—you're a snub-deb. Defrost! According to Emily you-know-who, it's correct to talk with any guest. Even if you haven't met officially. You can talk back to your *calendar*, too (when it taunts you with "outline" qualms.) Just remember, Kotex has *flat pressed ends* that prevent revealing outlines. Definitely. Lets you stay in the party picture . . . fluster-proof; self possessed. And the extra protection you get with that special *safety center* of Kotex adds scads of extra confidence!



How should you greet your date mate?

☐ *Dash out when he "honks"*
☐ *Ask him into the house*
☐ *Take your own sweet time*

"One toot and ye're *oot!*" (As the Scottish lecturer said—to the old lady with the ear trumpet.) Does the toot of your joe's jalopy send *you* scurrying out? That's unsmart. Ask him into the house for a word with the family. Then leave promptly, on your merry way. Even on "difficult" days you'll be poised, *comfortable*. For Kotex gives softness that *holds its shape*—because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it!



What helps, if you've that "lobster" look?

☐ *Antiseptic lotion*
☐ *Tinted makeup base*
☐ *A flame-colored formal*

So you got yourself barbecued just before the big dance! And with white marks left by your swim-suit straps and bracelet. Next time, take your sunning sensibly. Meantime, ease the broil with antiseptic lotion; plus a tinted makeup base, to cover up. The first two answers above are right. Always right for your *sanitary protection* needs is one of the 3 *Kotex absorbencies*. Why not learn which is suited to *you*?



More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

For extra comfort on "those" days, should you—

☐ *Stay in bed* ☐ *Go square-dancing* ☐ *Buy a nylon belt*

Comfort doesn't call for coddling—or "square" fests. Your best bet's a new Kotex Wonderform Belt. It's made with *DuPont nylon* elastic—non-twisting—non-curling! Gives 118% stretch, yet it's *strong*, smooth-feeling; wisp-weight. Dries fast. Stays flat even after many tubbings. And see how much easier, quicker the new *firm-grip fastener* is to use! For extra comfort, added protection—buy the new nylon elastic Kotex Wonderform Belt.



2 TYPES: Pin style and with new safety fastener

Kotex Wonderform* Belt . . . *Buy two—for a change!*

THE CRISIS IN AMERICAN EDUCATION

(Continued from Page 12)

designs for the remodeling of my own home, I would be flummoxed by any problem in higher algebra. But what I *did* learn was to make an effort. What I *did* learn was *how* to learn. And I thank that college from the bottom of my heart, for teaching me how to go on learning and how to educate myself in those things that I have subsequently wanted or needed to know. I can, for instance, make a rapid and accurate précis of any book or document—a most valuable capacity for a journalist or publicist, more valuable, if I may say so, than a course in the "techniques" of journalism. I do know something about the roots of words, and about language as structure, acquired largely through the study of Latin.

Now, you may say, "But all that is book learning. Book learning isn't everything."

Indeed, it is not. And I have known people who deserved the name "educated" who possessed no Latin or Greek, and little book learning at all. For what is an "educated" person, at any level of life?

An educated person, as I see it, is one who is able satisfactorily to perform all the duties of life—to be a competent father or mother, to do a job of work as well as it can be done, even if it is so humble a task as making a bed, or driving a truck, or cooking a meal, or mowing a lawn. An educated person is one who knows how to treat his fellow men according to their deserts, without obsequiousness or truculence, and to win from them the response of their esteem for himself, not only for what he does but for what he *is*. An educated person is one who does not depend on others, above all upon crowds or canned amusements, for his primary satisfactions; who is not afraid to be a nonconformist; who is not easily swayed by slogans; and who *can endure to be alone*. In short, it is a person who has found inner poise, inner peace, a purpose for his existence beyond money and material things, and a philosophy to guide him through the inescapable hazards and griefs of life.

I have known farmers and craftsmen, the latter particularly in the countryside, who could barely read or write, but whose joy in their work, and struggle after its perfection, whose simple acceptance of all normal responsibilities, and whose natural courtesy set them apart as educated *souls*, competent minds, and gentlemen, in the exact meaning of that word.

And, personally, I do not believe anyone is educated who cannot use his or her hands. For there is a direct connection between hand and brain. The girl whose mother insists she learn to cook, and get a meal on the table at the proper time and in proper order; to wash and iron and care for her own clothes; to keep her home, or part of it, in order and according to an organized routine, is training her daughter's *brain*, a very important part of the brain that we think with; and the training will not only make her a better but a better secretary, or writer, or ex tive, or artist.

America—particularly its great cities full of people with lopsided brains, inc petent to survive any drastic changes of cumstance; hysterical if divorced from s minute process which is their job.

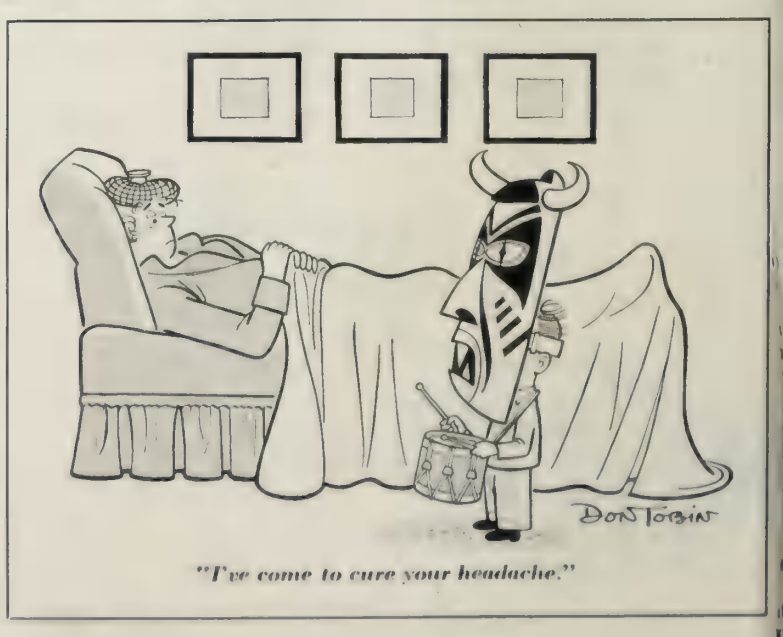
Finally, there is no education that not include moral training. Jefferson "training in virtue" as the first ste primary education. Washington (in Farewell Address) uttered grave d whether morality could ever be inculcate a people without religion—a doubt I sh

And in moral training even manners h a role, superficial as we have come to sider them. Perhaps manners are just outward assumption of a virtue which not really exist, but we do tend to become way we behave.

The boy and girl who are taught to and give their seats to an older person, o obviously tired person, in a crowded bus, the child who is not allowed to monop conversations or show off, are simply b taught to practice consideration of ot The boy and girl who observe affection reticence between their parents in their homes will unconsciously copy them an less likely to become "problem child than those who hear coarse words, s voices, and see day by day selfish or modest acts. Every cultivated foreigner visits America is struck by the unmann ness of Americans, particularly of Amer youth. And if this unmannerliness, origin due simply to lack of restraint from infa onward, degenerates into delinquency actual crime, the development is not natural. There is certainly something w when a people with the most schooling duce the largest number of juvenile d quents of any civilized country, and hav adult population notable for alcohol emotional instability, psychiatric diso and a curiously adolescent attitude bined of real and imaginary fears.

Perhaps the most outstanding Amer characteristic is dislike and distrust of thority. But it is impossible to have a civil society without authority. From the of the Greek city states until modern ti tyranny has been the result, not of order of license.

Authority must either come from with from the father and the mother in the h the teacher in the school, the discipline work and effort, the refinements of man and tastes, and the ethics of morals an ligion—or it will certainly and inevitabl imposed from without. Training for sla begins with training in self-indulgence there is one constant pattern in human perience, in every age, it is the histo proof that the price of freedom is volun acceptance of moral restraints. THE



"I've come to cure your headache."

WHERE IS THIS GIRL?

(Continued from Page 39)

"Youth," muttered Robert Coe with a
is. He nodded his head austerely at Bob
Gland, the Journal-American critic, and
th the house lights dropped and the curtain
sli up.

his particular musical comedy had ger-
nated in Los Angeles, among some strug-
gl g movie adolescents who had wearied of
w ing for calls from Central Casting and
ha moved East to pick up another collection
of trugglers. Two feminine movie colum-
nis had raved about the West Coast ver-
sio. The critical approach of Robert Coe
Wtson would be somewhat sterner.

specially his approach to the tall, almost
rely blond girl who played what you would
ha e to call the second feminine lead. In the
glom of the Music Box, R. C. Whitson bent
ov his program, deftly flicked on his foun-
tai-pen flashlight and read the brief biogra-
phy of said reedy blonde:

Leila (Lally) Pate has been attempting for
ear or two now to overcome the twin dis-
sers of an education at Smith and a childhood
as he heiress to the steel millions amassed by
a grandfather, Manton Goodrich Pate. Her
w king career to date has included a session as
a aitress on Cape Cod, which she ended rue-
fu because too many of her friends thought
sh was being cute, and several appearances in
off Broadway productions. This is her first
Br adway show, but not, Robert Coe Whitson
th the eight other old men willing, her last.

R.C.W. eyed the last sentence medi-
tively. Then he raised his eyes once more to
the stage of the theater, where Lally Pate was
eng aged in racing through a blackout skit
wh two of the other grinning young things
wi h waving arms and legs.

She was, of course, being entirely too
ma tic; she was racing through her lines like a
lo soul who had lost contact with time and
spa ce. But in the seat in front of R.C.W.,
Cri ic Watts was scribbling "Interesting—
may be good one day" next to her name on
the program. In the seat in back of critic
Wa tts, Robert Coe Whitson was underlining
Lal y Pate's name with a thick black pencil,
som hing more or less.

The producers of You've Had It, Baby!
had n't hoped too deeply that Mr. Whitson
wou l would be in his seat for the second act—
he rarely was, except for a Shaw revival or
a my production of a Sean O'Casey play—and
the y were not disappointed. At 10:03 Mr.
Whitson was on his way downtown to the
Morning Mail office in a cab.

In the hours just before and after mid-
night, there is a peace in the city room of a
New York newspaper that virtually is un-
equaled, and so it was with the Mail as
Robert Coe Whitson emerged into it. There
was a seedy kind of dignity to the place, and
for some reason that did not fit in with the
set of his character, Robert Coe liked it. A
hiker bound for Cathay hooted in the dark
night outside as he sat down, removed his
jacket carefully, turned up his cuffs and
inserted paper in his typewriter. Then he
peered around for the program of the show,
opened it and placed it carefully on his
desk.

The darkly underlined name of Leila Pate
glared up at him. There was a moment's
silence, as he whetted and stropped the
razor. Then:

This is a day and age when the drama critic
who has a little of the stage-door John in his
make-up is at a complete disadvantage. Time
was when the first-nighter could sing love songs
to his reviews, like the gentleman who saw
Ethel Barrymore do a Sir James Barrie play
and wrote, "It is not that I love Barrie less, but
that I love Barrymore." And Alexander Woollcott's literary love affairs with Mrs. Pat
Campbell, Minnie Maddern Fiske and Eleanora
Duse are milestones in the art of affectionate
drama criticism.

These historic amours were recalled last
night with rue by your writer as he had the misfortune to view Coles and Franklin's new musical, You've Had It, Baby!

Ensconced in one of the leading female roles
was a caricature of an actress—an awkward,
frill, psychoneurotic type of woman, who
charged through her performance like a water
buffalo. Investigation disclosed her name as
Leila Pate, an heiress. Miss Pate: You have
enough money. Please leave by the side door.

There were paragraphs more. Robert Coe finished, finally, and took his copy over to Finnegan, the night feature editor. Finnegan looked up from his egg sandwich. "How?" he asked. "Any of the kids promising?"

"None."

Finnegan paused with a wry grin. "You aren't killing the young birds in the nest again, before they get a whack at using their wings, are you?"

Robert Coe looked indignant. "I never stifle young talent," he said defensively. "I didn't see any tonight."

FINNEGAN chuckled and returned to his bread and egg. Robert Coe stood there for a moment, mildly riled, then put on his jacket and went out into the night, bound for East 50th Street and a few pages of Aristotle before turning out the bed lamp.

EVEN THE LESS THEATER-MINDED OF YOU MAY remember that year—the famous, famous year of Robert Coe Whitson's review of You've Had It, Baby! There have been more bitter reviews, perhaps, for R.C.W. wrote not with malice but with the frightening detachment of a master surgeon, but none with such sheer devastation. No one connected with the enterprise escaped his scalpel, but Lally Pate suffered most.

It was about a week after this masterpiece of invective that Robert Coe was busy at work writing one of his three favorable reviews of the season. Maurice Evans had presented an Ibsen play.

"Here," he already had typed, "is the theater at its incomparable finest. Here ——"

At night, it is rare that there is a receptionist around to halt strays who want into the city room of a newspaper. The Morning Mail was no exception. Lally Pate, twenty-three years old, a blonde with the aroused fury of a redhead, burst in like Zacchini out of a cannon and went past the startled old copyreaders until she drew up in front of the drama desk.

"You," she announced loudly, "belong up at Harvard in a bottle."

Robert Coe Whitson came back from Ibsen to reality with a jolt. "Harvard?" he said automatically. "Why, I went there for ——" He looked up. "Who in the name of Sam Hill do you think you are?" he asked, as irritated as a man can be.

She snorted. "I'm Lally Pate and You've Had It, Baby! closed tonight. Twenty-two kids are out of a job. Are you happy *now?*"

Robert Coe stared. "It seems to me, young lady," he said, "that you are ascribing too much influence to a single drama critic. As I recall, none of my colleagues was overimpressed with your carnival show."

She shook her head impatiently. "We'd have gotten by with their reviews," she said. "But you! You, you ——"

Mr. Whitson was, at all times, a dignified man. For a moment he had been unnerved—it could have been Lally Pate's violent entrance . . . or her blue eyes—but now he steeled himself.

"It was a miserable show and, all things considered, you are a miserable performer. These facts are incontestable."

She stood there for just a second. Even in the harsh fluorescent light of the Mail city room, there was a beauty in her white, tightly drawn face. Her cheekbones were high, her mouth long and straight and her eyes angry, in the way that always intrigues men. This was no movie queen, no assembly-line cutie. When she spoke again, it was more quietly.

"I can't stand people who never admit they can be wrong," she said. "You said I was a misfit as an actress. I will prove you wrong." She turned on her three-inch heels and click-clacked through the assorted burn-scarred desks and out into the corridor and was gone.

(Continued on Page 125)

"My bulges made me miserable . . . until . . . MY SPENCER MADE ME OVER!"



In ordinary foundation, she looked bulgy; felt dull and dragged-out.

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A cotton dress can be a woeful loss if shrinkage gets it! Be sure it's got a "Sanforized" trade-mark instead.

Buy sportswear and playclothes that will keep their easy fit, washing after washing. Does the label say "Sanforized"?

Be smart about slips! Ask the salesgirl to *show* you the "Sanforized" trade-mark.

Keep children's clothes from getting outgrown before their time! That word "Sanforized" says they'll never *shrink* out of fit.

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(Continued from Page 123)

ert Coe Whitson sat there, only faintly
of the wispy trace of lavender still in
r. Finnegan lounged over. He had a
ish on rye in his right hand.
ou didn't make sure that one was killed
nest," he commented. "She must have
ed the massacre."
ert Coe shook his head, at last, and
ed. "She's crazy," he said.
negan nodded. "Could be," he said.
as he drifted back to his desk, "She'll
e prettiest one in any madhouse they
ner to, though."
ert Coe Whitson thought on that for a
nt. He looked at Finnegan, and then
at the corridor door. "She's crazy," he
his typewriter, but that instrument,
what less intellectual than Finnegan,
o comment.

N THE SPRING COMES, THE NUMBER OF
theatrical productions coming into
way thins out and then disappears
ly.
s leaves the critics of the drama in a
on somewhat similar to that of sports
s when the Rose Bowl football game
een played on New Year's Day. There
w or no plays for them to review, so
find themselves wandering off to sum-
tock or Greenwich Village playhouses
night clubs.
casionally the saloons present someone
art may transcend the world of the
-dollar minimum: the pantomime of
y Savo, the earth-shattering didoes of
y Durante, the fey singing of Edith
Then the critics come out of their ivory
s and into the land of the smoky room
he toy wooden hammer on the table.
it was in June of that year, when Lally
appeared next on the professional scene.
had woven together a group of mono-
s and character sketches, and the man-
ent of the Waldorf-Astoria, a little du-
ly, had booked her into one of its smaller
s, where the clientele consisted mostly
rly wealthy young couples who were in
and didn't demand too much in the way
tertainment. Happily for Lally, on the
night of her engagement there, one of
ouples in attendance comprised one of
nine cold men of the theater—not
rt Coe—and a twenty-two-year-old
ue whose favors he sought.
e drama critic's passion for his profes-
rises above even his passion for passion.
way through a Scotch-on-the-rocks, our
looked up slowly at the tall, slender
l girl out on the floor. She was imitating
arine Hepburn, but instead of doing it
e broad burlesque manner of most night-
performers, she was playing it straight
doing a scene from Morning Glory, the
re for which Hepburn won an Academy
d. There was about her the same
bed love for life that made strong men
e and poets fall silent, and the old man of
isles—perhaps helped along by the four
s he had had—was caught in the mood.
ingénue was irritated more than some-
when he hauled her back to the office
him instead of moving on to El Morocco,
he made her sit patiently by while he
ed out a column about the talent of a
g actress he had seen in a saloon.

ST of the other cold men took his tip and
to see her, and they, too, wrote that
was a young girl to behold. All except
ert Coe Whitson.
It is impossible," he told Finnegan when
d, "for that girl to improve. It is obvious
foolish colleagues have watched her
ugh the bottom of one drink too many."
Why don't you just look in some night?"
negan asked.
obert Coe shook his head. "It'd be a
e of time."
innegan sighed. "Column tonight?" he
d.
.C.W. nodded. "I thought I'd do a piece
ut the relation of Ellen Terry to the
ure, if you can call it that, of the modern
ess."
innegan grinned. "Personally I liked
stature of that Pate girl," he said.

Robert Coe Whitson just raised an eyebrow wearily—a little too wearily, come to think of it—and returned to his desk.

HE SUMMERED, AS USUAL, ON CAPE COD, THAT year. He was rereading the Greek drama and he enjoyed it almost as of old—but it wasn't enough. Nor were the evenings with acquaintances in their cottages, cool evenings with a drink and the symphonies coming into the darkened rooms over the radio, and the good talk. As Robert Coe neared the autumn and his thirty-seventh birthday, he became aware for the first time in his meticulous life that there was something missing.

But summers end. "Seats on sale now for the next six weeks," the ads in the Sunday drama sections said one week, and the season had begun again.

For two weeks Robert Coe fulfilled his chores and then he came down with pneumonia. Not the dark, serious kind, but the kind that lays you up for a bit. He still was strapped to bed when the new Walter Ferry play came along with Lally Pate playing the

---

"That government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." It is commonly supposed that Lincoln originated the immortal phrase which closed this (Gettysburg) address; but did he? Herndon, his law partner, had given Lincoln, several years previously, a copy of Theodore Parker's addresses. Lincoln read and underscored in this book the words "Democracy is direct self-government, over all the people, by all the people, and for all the people." Theodore Parker may have borrowed this phrascology from Webster, who had said, four years earlier, in his famous reply to Hayne: "The people's government, made for the people, made by the people and answerable to the people." Webster may have borrowed from James Monroe, who had given voice to the same idea a third of a century earlier. And to whom was James Monroe indebted? Five hundred years before Monroe was born, Wycliff had said, in the preface to the translation of the Scriptures, that "this Bible is for the government of the people, by the people, and for the people." And long before Wycliff lived, more than 400 years before the birth of Christ, Cleon, in an address to the men of Athens, spoke of a ruler "of the people, by the people, and for the people." And from what source Cleon drew his inspiration is a matter lost in the fog and night of antiquity.

—DALE CARNEGIE:
Public Speaking and Influencing Men in Business
(Association Press).

---

part of a girl who married out of her religion and suffered the peculiar misery that such things so often and so unfortunately bring, and finally killed herself.

In the wrong hands, the role could have been burlesque and insufferable. Miss Pate's hands, the nine cold men—less one—decided, were the right ones. The heel-clicking was general. In Robert Coe's enforced absence, his assistant covered the show and followed the general suit. He loved her.

The play had been on for three weeks and was playing to standees when Mr. Whitson returned to his daily labors and dropped in to see Lally Pate.

Who is there to say that by this time his judgment had warped? Is there one of us can detect the fine line when sharp, impersonal observation becomes something different? Robert Coe wrote, that night in the solitude of the Mail city room:

It is a gaudy part and Miss Pate plays it for all it is worth. But whether it is acting, I am not prepared to admit, I do not think so. I remember Alice Brady too well, and Hayes and Cornell and Nazimova. Miss Pate is not an actress.

IF YOU ARE OF A ROMANTIC TURN OF MIND, AND even if you are not, there are few places in God's world with the fatal fascination of the oily, scummy East River on a fall night. When the moon is bright and the windows of the building in which you sit are opened, South Street has more wonderful mystery about it than Soho, more charm than Montmartre. The street lamps are the spotlights for the stage, and the strolling players come into its soft beam for a second and then vanish. The smell of the sea drifts up and the whistles of the ships keen with their acute melancholia.

IT was so, when Robert Coe Whitson stood looking out at it one night. Old songs. Little White Lies. "*The moon was all a-glow, and heaven was in your eyes. . . .*" They went through his head and for a second he never had gone to Harvard, and Ibsen was a name in a book. No man is an island, they have said.

"It took me a week to make up my mind to come here again," Lally Pate said, behind him, "and you probably think what isn't true—that I can't take it. But I don't care."

He turned and she still had on the faint stage make-up, and her blue eyes were angry. "I never thought I'd see you here again," he said. George S. Kaufman was not writing his dialogue.

"Maybe you were right the first time," she said, "but you've lost perspective. I'm not as bad in this play as you wrote."

"It's my privilege to think so," he said.

"I thought newspapermen all were high-minded and idealistic and felt they had a duty to their readers." The knife caught him between the second and third ribs.

"Holy smoke," he said, marking the first time that archaic term ever had been used by a Harvard man, "you can't stand there and tell me you have a better perspective on your acting than I have?"

She shook her head impatiently. "I *know* I'm not a bad actress," she said. "I'm not a good one, yet, but you can bet your last stuffed shirt that when I tell you you're out of focus now, I know what I'm talking about."

For a moment, he was halfway receptive. For a moment, he meditated and she stood there and looked at him and even his short hair didn't look bad. But thirty-seven-year-old drama critics are not prone to retracing their steps and correcting them. He looked away from the girl and out into the foggy river night.

"Well," he said, "we have a difference of opinion. And that, I guess, is that."

Behind him, for one outraged moment, Lally Pate became like every other female. She stamped her foot. "Oh, how I detest you!" she said, and when Robert Coe heard the catch in her voice he had to turn around, and when he did, he saw the tears starting from the corners of her eyes. "Ever since I've been old enough to stop reading Winnie the Pooh," she said, "I've wanted one thing in life—to be a great actress and to have *you* write that I was. Other teen-age girls get crushes on actors, but me, no, I have to be intrigued by a drama critic. And I never got over mine, the way the other girls get over Clark Gable. And now you turn out to be such a stinker and ——" but she couldn't finish. She turned and ran from the city room and again he could hear her heels click-clacking down the hall, until she was gone.

Outside the open window, the mists swirled and a foghorn sobbed. Robert Coe Whitson stood there shaking his head slowly and wondering what it was that was mixing up his orderly life. A slim girl with long blond hair who, if she forgot and became too excited, waved her elbows around so they looked quite angular. A skinny girl with blue eyes who, now that he finally could put his finger on it, was the one who had been walking across the front of his mind last summer on those Cape Cod nights when he should have been listening to the good conversation of his friends and savoring the excellent brandy.

THE PATINA OF OLD-MANISM THAT COVERS A thirty-seven-year-old who has been doing the same thing for fifteen years is not scraped off in a night by the flash of blue eyes or the sound of an angry voice. R. C. W. did what



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he might be expected to do. He made his way carefully through the rest of the season's first nights, and when the winter began to draw to its fretful close, he boarded a ship for Paris.

What he expected there, he had no idea. He thought it would be a dirty city and he found he was right, and he thought he would be different from the Parisians, in an oil-and-water way, and he was right. But there was no place in New York for him, just then, so he got used to the muddy coffee in the morning and he found that sitting along the *quai* and watching the incredibly dirty Seine wander casually along to its destiny in the English Channel could be soothing.

The warm, humid summer replaced the unbelievable and outrageous spring, and as in New York, the citizens cleared out of Paris. The city was empty and on a Sunday Robert Coe Whitson would walk slowly through its streets and lose himself a little in its hoary age. He could meditate too. So it goes, when you go three thousand miles away from a girl and try to get things straightened out in your mind, things like whether she could act and just how did it happen that you never had been involved deeply with any particular girl and was she really as important to you as she seemed sometimes when the night came down and Paris murmured a little of her casual hysteria in your ear, and you were lonely.

There was a night when the thing had him pretty well in its grip and he hunted out a hotel where he could send a cable. But, while he finished it and came passably close to sending it, he couldn't imagine what her address was or where he *could* send it, and he finally stuffed it into his pocket and went back into the night. He read it the next morning and it made him uneasy as well as bewildered—it really *didn't* make too much sense—so he burned it.

The summer ended. Paris was gone, and the potted plant on the window sill in the living room of the East 50th Street apartment still lived (courtesy of the cleaning woman), green and bright against the gray of the days and the East River. The season began anew.

And, sandwiched in with one morning's mail on the big, cigarette-burn-scarred desk in the corner of the Mail city room, the news from one of the press agents that there was to be a Juliet this season. The press release stated baldly:

> Rehearsals begin next week. It's the big step in the career of Lally Pate, who played the sensitive Mary Farrow in Star of Morning—played it so well, you remember, that the wager takers have erased from their books any odds on her missing fire as Juliet. She could do it, the feeling is.

A girl with blue eyes and bright blond hair that took to stringiness in the rain, doing Juliet. Juliet—of them *all*. The chink in the Harvard armor of Robert Coe Whitson. To say he knew Juliet was something of an understatement. *Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops: I must be gone and live, or stay and die. . . .*

Finnegan stopped by. "The scuttlebutt in Shubert Alley is ——" he began.

"Yes," Robert Coe Whitson said.

Finnegan pondered. "It sounds a little ambitious for her," he said finally.

Robert Coe stared up at him. "Ambitious," he repeated. He pounded the space bar on the typewriter a couple of times with his right thumb. "It's impossible! Doesn't she know how long it took the good ones—Jane Cowl, Ellen Terry, all of them—before they even *dreamed* of Juliet? Why, she'll ruin her career, and besides ——"

"Don't tell me," Finnegan said, moving along. "Tell her."

R.C.W. sat there, miserable at his typewriter, for a long time. Tell *her*. He knew there was nothing he would rather—and yet how *could* he? This time, they would *all* belt her. All nine of them, old and cold. The dogs. Drama critics. Dear heaven.

IT WAS THE FIRST TIME IN THE MEMORY OF the oldest first-nighters in the business that Robert Coe Whitson had turned up for an opening in a dinner jacket ("I think Shakespeare is a relative by marriage of Whitson's," an unemployed actor in the audience cracked to his companion. "He's just showing family respect."), but everything else was the same. There was no one in the seat next to him on the sixth-row aisle and he was as glum as ever. More so. Oh, yes—one difference. He slumped. Robert Coe Whitson always sat up straight and reasonably attentive, even if he planned to walk out in the middle of the first act. Now he slumped, an inch deeper in his seat with every passing minute before the curtain went up in the Majestic.

John Chapman turned around, looked speculatively at Robert Coe and then whispered to him, "How come they didn't bar you from this one?"

"Funny like a crutch," R.C.W. replied sourly.

Then there was the sound of the string trio, busy with Elizabethan music from somewhere in the hall behind a box, and finally the lights blanked out and two girls came out in front of the curtain and spoke the prologue about the star-cross'd lovers. They exited, right; there was a momentary hush and then the curtain went up and the first-night audience was transported to Verona and the clanking of swords and bucklers.

If you remember your Romeo, you know that it is Scene III before the nurse mumbles, "Where's this girl? what, Juliet!" and the loveliest of the Capulets and of Shakespearean heroines enters and asks, as they say in Lindy's at high noon, what's cooking.

Until that moment, that night in the Majestic, there were ten or fifteen minutes of good but unspectacular Shakespeare. The Benvolio was a skilled one, the Romeo a fair one. They gave the play a reasonable start—while everyone waited. You watch Macbeth to see his witchy lady scrub her hands in psychopathic terror. You watch Othello for the moment when the room is cleared and Iago sidles up to the footlights and in five minutes of warped malevolence explains just how he is going to stir things up. For Romeo—ah, for Romeo you watch for those magical few moments when Juliet first appears, and you must make up your mind if she *is* fourteen and *is* in love. If she fails, your play is gone and you might just as well finish out the evening in the little bar at Sardi's, brooding.

Robert Coe Whitson came up out o seat, up from the slump, when Lally Pat swered her nurse and came onstage. A few minutes later when she appeared a window and implored Romeo to be but s her love, he was joined by anybody an erybody in the audience who had slur more than three inches since the curtain up.

At one time or the other in the theate eryone from Stanislavsky to Stinky Shorty of the burlesque wheels has tri explain the meaning of good acting, bu one ever succeeds. Was Barrymore a actor or just a great personality? There answer—and there was no answer, this n if you wondered just what it was Lally was doing on the stage of the Majestic.

That which we call a rose . . .

There was a girl on the stage who was and beautiful and very much in love, and were right up there with her, suffering tortures of the damned. Whatever it wa caught you and held you tight and it n the tears come to your eyes in a sudden

It made the tears come to the eye Robert Coe Whitson, something that n had happened in his sixth-row aisle sea fore, and when Escalus bowed his head ended the story of woe, and the curtain scended, there was nothing for him to d rush up the aisle and out into the raucous tinny fall night of Broadway, the roar o plause fading from his ears as the doors c behind him. In the cab downtown wrestled with himself, and Daniel We never had a rougher time with the devi

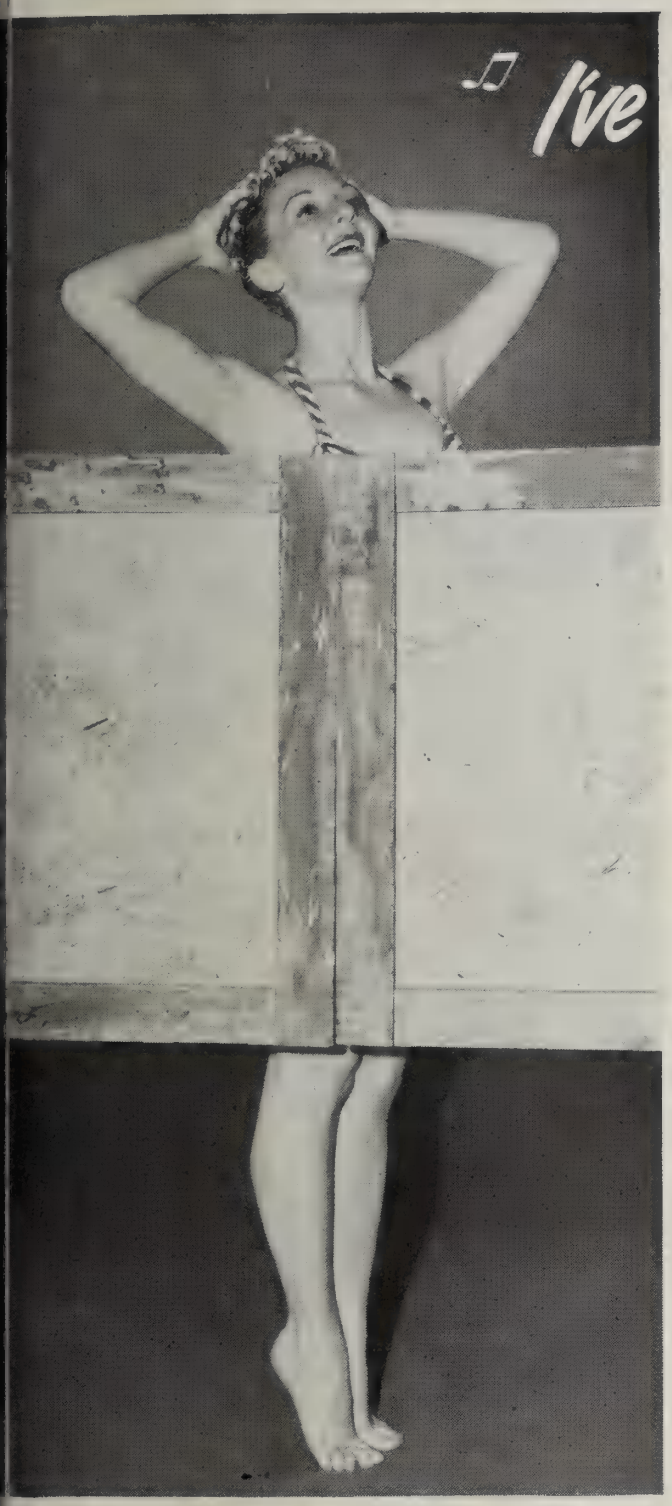
Robert Coe Whitson knew that his derful, his masterful impartiality was go he were a judge, he would have disqual himself from the case. But he was the dr critic of the Morning Mail and he had hour and twenty minutes to tell tomorr newspaper readers whether it was w while to send in their checks to the Maj box office for the coming weeks' performa

Finnegan said hello to him when he into the city room, but he only nodded went over to the burn-scarred desk. He for fifteen minutes, his back to the room, his eyes looking out into the East River n sharp this evening and clear and expect

(Continued on Page 128)



"Sure I still love you. I love your every gesture—the way you cook, the way you keep house, the way you darn socks."



I've found me a wonderful WAVE!

Says MARY MARTIN of "South Pacific"

"**Six nights every week** and twice on Wednesdays and Saturdays—my hair gets this sudsing," says Mary Martin, "and all it gets afterward to make it presentable is a few quick licks with a brush. That's why this Rayve Home Permanent is so wonderful—it really does make my hair behave as if it were naturally curly."



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Mary Martin has considerably shorter hair than *you* probably have. Though a Rayve wave is extra long-lasting—it doesn't mean a lot to *her*. Yet Rayve's *longer-lasting* curls are a big plus with most women.

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"You wouldn't think I'd have any hair left, would you?" she inquires in that warm, confiding voice of hers. "But the truth is, my darn hair has never been healthier! Rayve is very, very easy on your hair. I've tried them all, believe me—and really and truly there's a difference between a Rayve permanent and the rest. You really do get a softer, more natural curl.

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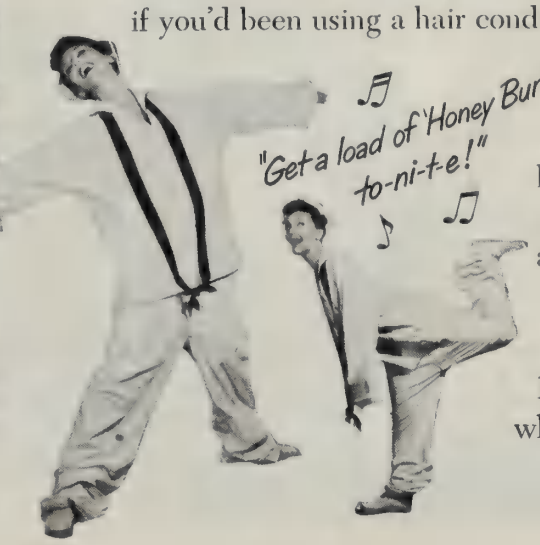
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But—I bought it. And when I paid the bill, I whistled! Partly with the well-known father's bill-shock. Partly for happiness. Because, Sally was right—there never *was* a prettier dress to get married in.

It's times like that—when we can buy something really important even if it *is* a luxury—that I feel like such a lucky guy.

I know the luckiest day of my life was when I signed up to save regularly through the Payroll Savings Plan at the office. I'd tried every which way to save before, but, brother, this *automatic* way is the only way that *works—for you—all the time!*

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(Continued from Page 126)

Finnegan finally called over. "Forty minutes, Bob," he said. That was all. The Irish are wise and all-knowing.

Robert Coe shook himself, with a little start, and then put paper and carbon into his typewriter. He wrote his review of the production of Romeo and Juliet in thirty-six minutes. Then he put on his topcoat, shrugged it closely around his neck and left.

"Going home, or would you like to have a hamburger downstairs?" Finnegan called.

"I'm going to join the merchant marine and sail around the world," Robert Coe replied. Then he was gone, leaving Finnegan to meditate on the similarity of symptoms between hasheesh smoking and love.

A tug breasted through the black silk waters of the river, her riding lights moving steadily. The nose of a rusted banana boat loomed in her slip, and a convertible with a couple of high-school couples humming I Wanna Go Home With You rumbled over South Street's cobblestones. Robert Coe Whitson stood for a moment in the doorway of the Mail building, darkened except for a single lamp in the lobby. It was as he turned to look up the street, finally, in search of a cab, that he saw Lally Pate, who had just emerged from one. She was walking toward him, sans Juliet's flowing robes, her white death-mask make-up looking strange and eerie against the light tweed topcoat she wore.

"I was wondering," she said and t stopped, not quite sure.

"How much difference does it make time, what I write?" he said, and this t they were not firing the talk at each other making it naturally, as if they had kn each other for a hundred years.

"None," she said. "None at all." looked at him. "I'll go on trying to be actress," she said, "no matter what. know you can't change that." She tu away from him, looking into the river, of beauty and hooting little sounds water lapping against the pilings.

He took the carbon of his story from hi side jacket pocket and put it into her h It was a nice hand and he held onto it f moment; then he tucked it up under his and started her walking north with him.

"The first love letter I ever wrote in life," he said, shaking his head, "and million and seventy-five thousand newspa readers are going to get a look at it." looked down at her and grinned. "Well," said, "there's no sense in doing things h way, is there?"

She didn't look up, but the nice hand ti ened on his arm and she skipped her fe little to get into step with him. They pa under the spotlight of a street lamp on corner and then they were gone into the River night. Will you ring down the curt please, professor? I thank you.

"WE KNEW WHAT WE WANTED"

(Continued from Page 114)

six-year-old sister. Mary was given extraordinary freedom, allowed to come and go as she liked with no questions asked. When only sixteen, she spent six weeks alone in Bermuda. The same year she acquired her own yellow Chrysler convertible and $75-a-month spending money. After that, she was rarely home with her quarreling family. It still hurts to remember, however, the time she came down with typhoid the evening her mother was planning a lavish dinner party for her younger sister. "Oh, Mary," exclaimed her mother, "how *tiresome* of you! Go to your room and lock the door." None of the guests at the gay party that evening suspected there was typhoid in the house.

After Mary had graduated from Holton-Arms, a finishing school in Washington, D.C., she underwent a serious thyroid operation. To overcome her extreme self-consciousness about the scar, the doctor advised her to get a job which would force her to mingle with people. She became a stock girl at Altman's, thrilled at becoming a member of a group and at last accomplishing something on her own. As she acquired confidence, she began "working up Fifth Avenue," with the dream of becoming a store buyer.

John Haines, mayor of Chicago during the Civil War, was nicknamed Copperstock Haines after his fondness for copper stocks. By a process of abbreviation, familiar to Americans, the policemen who were on his force came to be called "coppers." The expression caught on and was further abbreviated to *cops*, which is now common.

—DAVID T. ARMSTRONG.

In the meantime, Stewart had worked his way through Amherst on scholarships. "The eager-beaver type" (he says), he excelled equally at track and English lit, washed windows and stoked furnaces for pocket money. Graduating in 1931 at the depth of the depression, he became a Macy's sales clerk and a connoisseur of the 15-cent dinner at the Automat: 10 cents for a bowl of soup, five cents for a roll, and a free piece of lemon to float in his water for lemonade. While his Glen Ridge, New Jersey, family vacationed at their camp in Maine, he scrounged through the family jewel boxes for old broken pieces of gold to sell. Although Stewart's grandfather had made a fortune in the linen-thread business, his father, an inventor, had failed to inherit his practicality about money and it was generally feast or famine in the Coey family. But even on a pittance, Stewart managed to cut a swath as a gay blade about town. He could be seen in tails at New York's brilliant debuts, stuffing up on pheasant and champagne, with a nickel in his pocket subway fare to work the next morning. typical of Stewart's flair for the good that he learned to ski on the borax slid Saks'! Soon after, impeccably attired Saks' best ski togs, he directed their train up to the Adirondacks for exhilara week ends.

Stewart's and Mary's paths crossed Saks' one day when she tangled up a check and sought out the section man for help. He saw a little five-foot gi blue piqué with a white collar, very di blue eyes and freckles. He made a few castic remarks about her addition, and replied that she wished she had never Best's, where the section managers were gentlemen. Whereupon Stewart said, you little flower!" He picked up a ch bonnet, rammed it over her head and st off, leaving her choked with rage.

That very even however, he asked to a party at his ap ment. After a crisp gument about tr portation, Mary h ing out for a taxi, the impoverished S art for a subway, compromised, and w on a bus.

"She was impos spoiled," recalls S art, "but even so, clicked immediat She struck me lik small package of dynamite." Seven w later they were married.

They honeymooned in Maine, vis friends in Vermont and then quite sudd decided that department-store careers not what they wanted out of life. Betw them they had about $1500 in savings. T quit their jobs at Saks' and took of Mary's car for Vermont to buy a dese farmhouse. By this time, however, late tumn was setting in and the New Engl landscape was acquiring a pinched and b look. Nor was Stewart able to find any of job. They motored down to Connecti and through a friend's introduction Stew was hired as a teacher at the Fairfield Co try Day School. Mary was more than d ous about how they would live on his $15 month salary, but with characteristic they managed to rent a charming hous Aspetuck Corners for $35 a month.

(Continued on Page 130)

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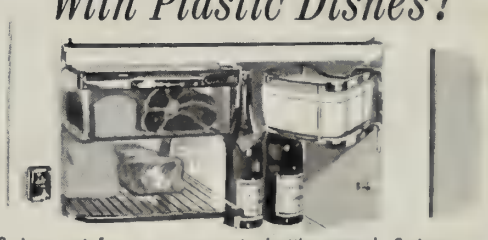


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If Veto isn't all we say it is, we'll gladly give your money back, plus tax and postage. Simply return unused portion to Colgate, Jersey City 2, New Jersey.

Veto Says "NO" to Perspiration and Odor!



(Continued from Page 128)

Stewart was appalled at his bride's complete ignorance of all housewifely tasks. "She not only couldn't boil water, she didn't even know how to use a can opener. Every time she had a button to cope with, she was used to ringing for a maid." He taught her how to make scrambled eggs, presented her with a copy of Fanny Farmer, and hoped for the best. The first cake she tried, she melted chocolate over boiling water, then dumped all the other ingredients into the double boiler with it. She stirred briskly until it began to harden, then popped it into the oven, with the most astounding and inedible results.

Then, across their laughter, tragedy struck and revealed in Mary depths of fortitude she never knew existed. After driving Stewart to his job one October morning, when roads were slippery with wet leaves, she skidded and stalled and was hit broadside by another car. Their own car was demolished and Mary a broken heap on the floor, with her teeth jarred loose, all her ribs on one side shattered, and a broken back.

After weeks in the hospital, she was brought home to Aspetuck Corners in a Bradford brace, a steel spine with claws to clutch her shoulders and belts to go about her middle. Once in it, Mary was helpless to get out or do anything except barely totter around. When Stewart left for school in the morning, he would belt her into it, and all day she would sit in the lonely cottage, watching the snow pile up against the windows, the pressure of the brace becoming increasingly intolerable until she was in tears of agony when he came home again at six-thirty. For eight months she endured this, trying to distract her mind from the pain and the loneliness by reading cookbooks (the basis, no doubt, of her excellent herb cookery today) and writing poetry (see poem at right, Aspetuck). Periodically her mother would arrive in a chauffeur-driven limousine with baskets of delicacies and beg her to come home to Bronxville. Mary, however, sensed that this was the real test of her marriage and refused to return to the undisciplined and unhappy life of her childhood.

Aspetuck

By Mary McKay Coey

And will the fires burn another year,
And curl the leaves with flames as fierce as these;
And will the far procession of the clouds,
Serene across the heavens, wind a frieze
Of majesty across the distant hill?
As long as time goes on and seasons pass
The farmer will immortalize the grass
In fragrant mounds of hay, his barn to fill.
The leaves will fall and yield their precious mold
That next year's birches, too, may drift in gold.
Strange magic alchemy distilled by frost
Will tell the flowers when their day is done,
Release the chestnuts from their prickly bur
And call the roll of apples, one by one.

She made a remarkable recovery except that she still cannot do heavy work (their only paid help today is a woman to do the ironing, Stewart cheerfully attending to the rest). Soon after, they moved to New Haven, where Stewart got an excellent job with the Bell system doing statistical research. "I have a facility for figures," he says, "but actually they bore me." While living there, they received the news that Mary's mother had taken a blanket and without waking the household had tiptoed down to the cellar and quietly turned on the gas.

Stewart continued to work at the New England Telephone Company until Pearl Harbor. One of the first in the company to enlist, he was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Army Air Forces and immediately ordered to Miami. The evening the news came, a group of friends helped pack up their eight-room house; by noon the next day they were off. As the daughter of a West Pointer, Mary was convinced that they would have quarters on the post, and insisted upon packing into the car a silk and ten-foot flagpole which stuck into shoulder blades all the way to Florida.

For eighteen months Mary and Pu their all-American mongrel, followed S art throughout thirty-nine states. F Sacramento, California, he got his order overseas and Mary sadly returned Puppy to a hotel room in New York. Sh once signed up with the Red Cross. Sw to absolute secrecy, on call twenty- hours a day, she was chosen for troop-tr port work. As the ships were always loa at night, this meant seven or eight hou running up and down the freezing docks coffee and doughnuts, returning to her r at dawn in a state of physical and emoti exhaustion.

One very cold night in December sh turned to her room at four A.M. and Puppy out for a walk as usual. She sta crying from the cold and loneliness; tears froze on her cheeks as they fell. next day, still feeling wretched, she tre herself to a hair-do and facial, only to when she came ou the drier that she a temperature of

A long and l bout in the hos with pneumo complicated b blood condition nally sent Mar search of rest an warm Southern She chose Delra cause some fa friends were g there, soon fell in with its frien small-town atm phere. She rente house on the ca and as her he improved busied self with USO w Stewart, meanw was with the ser command of the N Air Force, static in England, Fr and Luxemburg. kept a diary so he could go over Mary every day their two-and-a-h year absence f each other; in meantime they w daily.

Finally he go thirty-day leave, orders to proce the Pacific. D his stay, V-J Da curred and his was deactivated. He had been back from seas barely a month when an extraordi thing happened. Mary's younger sister, had been living in Montreal, wired tha was arriving at the Coeys' with a sixt day-old baby. Mary and Stewart met at the airport with supplies of bottles formula and diapers; a wise precaution the sister had simply thrown away e bottle and diaper used on the trip. After days, the sister departed without the l and hasn't been back since. Neither she her divorced husband appeared intere in Peter, so the Coeys, who adored him f the start, began legal proceedings to a him. Then Mary, who had longed for dren during the nine childless years of marriage, found she was pregnant. The just fourteen months' difference bet Peter, now four, and Clare, three. They both blond and blue-eyed, and look much alike (they are, of course, first cous

On Peter's fourth birthday, Mary w him a little story telling him about adoption. There was no reaction until eral days later when they overheard him someone on the beach, "I'm mummy's derful adopted boy!" Both Clare and P are now thoroughly familiar with the t and have "adopted" playthings. When

ake Your Mirror ... and Decide for Yourself !



you have hair on your lips, chin or eks which may what otherwise would be vely, satin-smooth skin? Are you as con- us of this blemish as those who greet ? Do you know that *ZiP* Epilator is as for the face as for the arms, legs and y because it is so bland in composition, the fastest way to remove hair?

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old enough, the Coeys intend telling him the whole story, but meanwhile his real mother to Peter is simply the Mimi in his prayers.

With two babies added suddenly to the household, the Coeys definitely needed bigger quarters, so with money inherited from both their families they built a $30,000 house in Delray over by the canal. They no sooner moved in than they realized the location was a costly mistake. Mary hates isolation; she likes lots of houses near her with doors and windows open so she can sense life going on inside; she likes to see cars go by and wave to people in them. Their new canal house was surrounded by winter-visitors' homes, boarded up except for a few months a year. She began to think about how much they had loved California during the war, and when they sold their new house, they decided to try living there.

This, too, was a mistake. Stewart, with the promise of a job with the telephone company in Los Angeles, bought a house in exclusive Brentwood, where many movie stars have their homes. Every morning they awakened to fog; the ocean was too cold for swimming; Mary saw no one on the streets but yardmen cleaning out the swimming pools. Worst of all to Mary, "Only one window in the whole house faced the street!"

NEXT MONTH

"LIFE is too wonderful to pass up for routine," Lucile Sheheen declares. "I have four sons, 15 to 7, and a perfect husband. Together we all fish, picnic, enjoy square dancing. My husband is on every committee in town, I am active in the American Legion Auxiliary, yet we always find time for baseball with the kids too.

"I'm known as a good housekeeper, for we have family teamwork, everybody helps, and we have a home we are proud of."

Meet the Austin Sheheens, of Camden, South Carolina, in

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY

By Earl and Dorothy Selby

How America Lives in the August LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

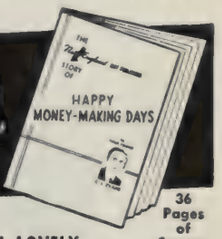
After six months they were ready to reappraise Delray as a permanent home: the wonderful, year-round warmth and sunshine; the informal friendliness of the people; the confidence they felt in Dr. Graham King, who was friend and mentor as well as doctor ("After all, we were pretty old to start raising two kids, and took it much too seriously"). Stewart drove back across the country so fast that Mary, occasionally noting the speedometer from the back seat, would call out, "Please, Stewart! Can't you slow down to a hundred?"

Their present home is all that the Coeys could desire. They built it a half mile from the ocean on a street where year-round residents live. Designed by architect Richard Hanna, it is striking enough in a community of beautiful ranch-type homes to attract half-a-dozen sight-seers to the front door daily. Considerable savings were made by leaving the concrete-block walls unplastered; outside they are coated with a weather-resistant paint in pale French gray, inside they are a stark white. There are no window sills, no baseboards, no doorknobs (circular metal inserts saved them $10 a door to install, say the Coeys). The open-beamed ceilings of this three-bedroom, two-bathroom house are painted pale aqua throughout and the floors are all terrazzo, an effect created by embedding white pebbles in concrete and grinding the surface to a marblelike finish. Aside from being a beautiful, light, airy house, it is a miracle of easy housekeeping. Nine big closets and built-in cupboards everywhere

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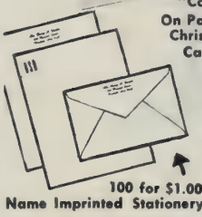
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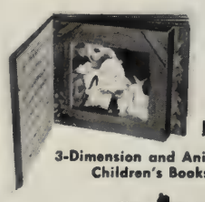


Metallic Christmas Cards

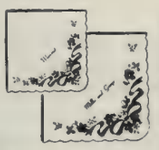
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make up for lack of cellar or attic; the pale gray woodwork resists fingerprints; the terrazzo floors never need wax or varnish, never suffer from sand or water during hurricane weather. The house cost $16,600 to build, about one third less than comparable new homes in the area. The architect's fee plus the lot and landscaping brought the total cost to $23,000. It is completely paid for, although the Coeys have by this time exhausted their reserves and Stewart is wondering how they will last out his firm's May-to-November closing.

He is always delighted, however, for an excuse to be with his family. The children, reflecting the devotion all around them, have never shown a spark of jealousy, although Clare, a charming and determined young lady, "is the squeaky wheel that gets the grease," says Stewart. Peter is an angelic child who can dance on his toes and sings like a lark. Both highly imaginative, they will not answer their mother until she recalls what characters they are pretending to be at the moment, from Virgin Mary and Joseph to sailfish.

Far from leading indolent lives in the sun, the Coeys budget every moment of the day, trying to crowd in just as much living as possible. Because the daily routine is so well planned, with Stewart pitching in to bathe or feed the children, or sewing on his own buttons in a pinch (Army style), Mary has time for a nap every day and is at the beach at least four mornings a week. Part of her strict daily ritual is writing in her diary, reading the New York Herald Tribune and writing to one of her sixty regular correspondents.

HOW THE COEYS SPEND THEIR MONEY

Food	$990
Milk	142
Car payments	888
Car upkeep	181
Electricity and gas	265
Water	97
Household help	325
Doctors and dentists	826
Medical drugs and hospital (Peter's tonsils)	261
Clothes	234
Entertainment	504
Newspapers and magazines	75
Peter's school (private)	375
Charities and gifts	156
Telephone	84
Insurance	260
Taxes	169
Miscellaneous	160
	$5992
Mary's income	$4535.37
Stewart's income (six months' work)	1497.60
	$6032.97

Slowly the townspeople of Delray are beginning to accept these "Northerners" as part of the real core of the town; Stewart is an usher at the Episcopal church. Peter and Clare are caught up in a whirl of birthday parties, Mary is getting interested in the Garden Club. It is hard, perhaps, to believe that with a background of impeccable family connections and solid business success, the Coeys deliberately ignore these things and make no pretense at keeping up with their rich Northern friends who breeze into Delray during the season.

In fact, Mary and Stewart prefer this Florida town in the summer when the society folk are gone from the beach, the specialty shops boarded up, and Fords replace the gleaming Cadillacs on the streets. Then Delray becomes, not a fashionable resort, but a small, friendly, forward-going American town, concerned with its churches and schools, band concerts, and football team. The best kind of town, the Coeys feel, with the best climate, to be found anywhere in the world for them and their children.

THE END

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He is well and brimming with energy, but mothers should guard their children against overexertion during the summer "polio months."

Protecting Your Child From Polio

By Dr. Herman N. Bundesen
President, Chicago Board of Health

he season approaches when the occurnce of poliomyelitis increases in some mmunities and mothers naturally come apprehensive, I am asked hunof questions:

all I keep Jimmy home from the ound and from the movies?" . . . "Is ing dangerous?" . . . "May we have over to play?" In short, "How can ect my child against getting polio?" se questions are natural and proper. to reply, however, that it is impossigive answers that will be right for all en in all places, for much depends the situation in your own locality.

For instance, if no polio has been reported near you, there is no sense in restricting your child with regard to ordinary play and amusements. But if there is an epidemic, the case may be quite different.

This does not mean, though, that there is nothing you can do to safeguard your family during the "polio months"—July, August and September—whether cases have shown up in your vicinity or not. There are several rules which I would like to emphasize strongly to all mothers for careful observance during the next three months.

The first is cleanliness. Take special pains, in particular, to see that your children wash their hands before eating. Do everything you can to get rid of flies and other insects. It has not been established that flies disseminate polio, but neither has it been established that they do not. Ridding your home and neighborhood of flies is an excellent health measure, and may have some effect upon polio.

Second, be watchful to prevent fatigue on your children's part, or chilling. Guard against all forms of overexertion in these danger months. Allow no swimming in very cold water, especially when a youngster is overheated.

Third, if symptoms of a cold, nausea, fever, stiffness or muscle soreness appear, call the doctor at once. Do not take a child with these symptoms to the doctor's office—if it is polio, you would thus endanger others—but ask the doctor to come to the house. An examination will usually tell quickly whether or not polio virus is present, and cases caught early are frequently cured with no bad effects whatsoever.

It is when an epidemic threatens that the time has come to think of further pro-

RATEFUL young mothers from aine to California tell us that octor Bundesen's baby booklets ve been of the greatest help to em in caring for their own babies. he first eight booklets cover your by's first eight months. They sell r 50 cents. The second series of oklets covers the baby's health om nine months to two years—ven booklets for 50 cents. A mplete book on the care of the by, a necessary supplement to e monthly booklets, OUR BABIES, o. 1345, is 50 cents. A booklet breast feeding, A DOCTOR'S RST DUTY TO THE MOTHER, No. 46, sells for 6 cents. Information prenatal care is given in BEFORE E BABY COMES, No. 2383, which priced at 50 cents. Address all quests to the Reference Library, ADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelia 5, Pennsylvania.

Are You a Quiz Kid on babies?





1. What can a new baby do that a 6-month-old baby can't?

A newborn can grasp your finger strongly enough to support his weight—an older baby can't. But don't let proud Daddy wake him up to do it; Baby needs his sleep. And to help prevent skin irritations that disturb sleep, apply pure, soothing Johnson's Baby Oil, after his bath and at every diaper change.



2. Should a baby go without clothes in hot weather?

Many babies are dressed too warmly on hot days, doctors observe. A diaper and sleeveless shirt are often enough—and sometimes Baby feels less prickly without the shirt. For another routine that helps end chafes and prickles . . . give silky sprinklings of Johnson's Baby Powder after frequent cooling baths.



3. May older brother or sister play with the baby?

Let brothers and sisters "help take care" of the baby, say the psychologists. Jealousy is forgotten when children can stand by importantly, handing Mother the Johnson's Baby Oil or Powder, and watching for Baby's smile when he feels that comforting, satiny smoothness on his tender skin.



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tective measures. Only the doctors and public-health authorities in your community are in a position to judge when that time has arrived. Usually they issue public warnings and instructions for mothers, who should also feel free to call upon their own doctors for advice when they have any doubt as to what to do. Your doctor would rather answer questions of this kind than have to treat youngsters afflicted with polio. Close touch with your own physician where there is an epidemic, or a threatened one, is the best protection we now know against this disease.

It is also advisable to avoid crowds. Health authorities will decide whether or not to keep open schools, movies and playgrounds, but it is your job to keep your children off crowded busses, trains, beaches and other places where they will mix with strangers, if there is any polio about. As for play with neighborhood children, ask your doctor about this. He will advise you from his knowledge of local conditions.

All the foregoing measures are accepted generally by health authorities and concurred in by the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. However, on one of the questions that come up most frequently, not all authorities are in agreement. That is the familiar one as to whether or not it is wise to have a child's tonsils and adenoids removed during the summer months, when polio is most likely to occur. Many mothers have been warned that this is dangerous and wonder whether or not the operation would actually increase the chances that the child will get polio.

Since we have made a special study of this subject in our own Chicago Health Department, our opinions may be helpful to mothers everywhere. After reviewing our records as well as all the evidence in the medical literature, our doctors and other experts on the subject have concluded there is no proof that children who have had recent tonsillectomies are more likely to get poliomyelitis than those who have not. However, the studies that have been made do point to one significant fact: among children who get polio, those who have had tonsillectomies within the past few weeks are *twice as likely* to get the deadly bulbar type that affects the throat and the upper respiratory area. As most mothers know, children with bulbar polio are in much greater danger than those with other forms of the disease. The fact that a polio epidemic may strike quickly and without forewarning during the months from July to October might thus expose to this added hazard the children who had been operated on within recent weeks, at a time when no apparent danger of polio existed.

What does all this add up to? Is the danger great enough to rule out tonsillectomies altogether during the summer months, even in areas where the incidence of polio is only normal?

A few years ago, when evidence of a connection between tonsillectomy and polio was first appearing and looked even more damaging than it does today, this was thought to be so. In Chicago, for example, we suggested that hospitals might aid in against polio by discontinuing all tomies and adenoidectomies du "polio season," and that all but necessary tooth extractions be avoi

Later, however, additional evide to believe that the situation was n gerous as it had at first appeared. I what our policy should be, we ha into consideration the fact that some reasons favoring tonsillect summertime. In the first place, t time of year when there are the fe and other infections of the nose a making it the safest time for opera that important standpoint. In mos our country, too, the climate is suc child is usually at his peak of gene robustness and resistance to infec other indication in favor of "sum gery." Finally, the very practical schooltime must be considered; du mer vacation the period covering and convalescence does not mean from study and other school acti important consideration, as every a school-age child knows.

How can mothers interpret all t ingly contradictory facts and indic decide what is best for the childre

The answer we have arrived at i suggests that here again, the prob be decided on the basis of the need. "Unless required as therape gencies, tonsillectomies or othe throat operations or any operative on the mouth, nose or throat had be done in the presence of an incre dence of poliomyelitis in the comm what we tell hospitals and doctors about our Health Department poli This means that the individual do talk over each case with parents, out the possible dangers involved i ation and taking into consider child's condition.

Unless the tonsils and adenoids enlarged so as to make breathing an ing difficult, I don't believe that remo sils and adenoids should be consider peutic emergency. If any poliomyel curred in the community I would r postponing tonsillectomy until later when new cases of polio have stopp ing.

If, in the opinion of the family d child's tonsils cause suffering or general health, then I would ap decision to operate at any time ex new cases of polio are emergin enough to make avoidance of expo disease uncertain.

In such cases, mothers should cially alert in observing the rules earlier in this article for avoiding and for reporting danger signals t tor immediately.

By following these rules and touch with the doctor when any occur, mothers need have no gre the safety of their children as an season approaches.

THE LITTLE PRINCESSES

(Continued from Page 44)

moving and appealing." Those words might have been written of Lilibet.

It was clear she was not happy about the South African trip. She would have liked to have matters fixed, and to be properly engaged before she went away, I know. Four months is a long, long time to a girl in love. Prince Philip was not in London at this time, but he rang her up every evening. She would grow restless as the hour they arranged came near. Then she would say to me, "Someone is going to phone me, Crawfie. I must go."

He came to the palace still. Sometimes they would walk in the gardens together. Often he was one of a theater or dancing party at which other young people, and usually Margaret, would also be present. They had very little time alone. I often felt that very few young people, in love as they two were, would have behaved with such self-control and discretion as they d time.

Prince Philip must have spoken ings to the King and Queen, and they had told him that they felt i best if they did not see each other There was to be nothing definit until after the South African visit

Margaret's life held no complic was still only a schoolgirl, but wa put her books away for a time a world, and she was wildly excite never been out of the British Is were new clothes to buy, a thing greatly enjoyed. Both Princesses pon allocation for this trip, tho by no means a lavish one.

This was the first occasion on w garet was given some real latit choice of her outfit, and a very g

of it. The pink wool coat that was far and wide by teen-agers of all was her own choice, as was the smart at with its two jaunty feathers.

e wardrobes were essential on this ecause of the different climates they move in, one day cold, the next few very hot. The official evening dresses ook with them were really beautiful. e frocks they were mostly, with wide and the lovely embroideries at which artnell excels. They also had two very nautical outfits for wear on the Van- with brass buttons and round sailor

came the maps of Africa, and we went er over the whole ground they were to and read up on all the places they visit. A special very beautiful train, The White Train, was to be their uarters while they were in Africa. It rranged something like the Royal n England, but more elaborately.

royal family were to sail from Ports- on February 1, 1947. At one time had been the idea I might accompany and I longed to go. My own romance, stponed, depressed me, and I thought ge would be wonderful. No one quite until the last possible moment just who be chosen to go, and there were many earchings and false hopes.

nzied ladies in waiting often came to om in those days to see if I knew any f what was in Their Majesties' minds hey did. "No one knows *what* to do, e. Whoever is finally chosen won't time to get their clothes. The King ueen don't realize fficult it is."

ssmakers in those were harried, short- d, coupon-conscious fficult. The ladies in g finally chosen to d great difficulty in g their clothes to- , just as they feared. also needed consider- ardrobes because of riety of climates.

King and Queen, about a month be- ey left, came up to the schoolroom and scussed various matters to do with aret, and both said they had been very d with the progress she had made. think we both realize that this break in e is perhaps a pity," said the Queen, t seemed too bad to separate the fam- t now."

s was the first and only intimation I ad that Their Majesties had faced the at a final break was coming.

one time we thought of taking you s, Crawfie. But Margaret would have time for lessons, and we have decided ust have a well-earned rest while we ay."

o you think, ma'am," I asked, "that ps the time has come to make a break ther? Margaret is growing up. On her from this trip I do not feel she will o schoolroom routine easily again."

awfie, don't suggest such a thing! Of she must go back to her lessons." The looked horrified.

y own mind I thought Her Majesty ot relish the thought of having to deal with what might prove to be a spoiled isorganized young girl when the party ck. I believe at that time I did not en- relish the prospect myself. Margaret lways had so much more of her own and so much more freedom than her In my own mind I had come to the sion that this very grown-up trip be the last straw. She was always l and headstrong. *When she comes back ll this*, I thought, *she will not settle down.* as wrong. Margaret's character is like l-cut diamond. It has facets in every ion which reflect all kinds of light.

eryone assembles in the Bow Room in alace when the family is going on a ey. Relations see them off from railway n or quayside.

The Bow Room is a very large state apartment on the ground floor. It has a big bow window that gives onto wide steps leading to the gardens. It was remodeled in 1844 and is done up now in red and gold.

The King and Queen came in, wearing their traveling clothes. The King had on his naval uniform and looked, I thought then, desperately tired. The Queen looked very sweet and pretty in her favorite blue. Lilibet was sad. We all thought she was loath to leave England. Margaret, very grown up in her pink coat and gay hat with its little feathers, hugged me hard.

"Write often, Crawfie," she said. "We look to you for news of the dogs and horses."

At the doorway she turned again for a moment and gave me a little look and a wave. I was very surprised to see there were tears in her eyes.

How empty and still it was when the cheers from the waiting crowds outside the palace gates had died away and they were gone!

Sir Harold Campbell and I were the only people left in that part of the palace. We both felt very sad. He too would have liked to go with them. He was utterly devoted to Lilibet, and bothered about all that had come and gone. He paced the floor, his hair ruffled, his hands behind his back.

"If they are to become engaged, it is a pity it could not have been announced before they sailed," he said. "I disliked seeing that dear child go away unhappy."

I have wondered since whether the King and Queen thought that maybe a trip abroad and the new sights and adventures to be found there, would make Lilibet forget what was, after all, her first love affair. She was so very young. Other parents have staked everything on the foreign journey and the long separation, often with some measure of success. They had nothing against Philip; indeed, they had always liked him, though whether or not he would have been the husband of their choice for Lilibet is a different matter. But they wanted her to be quite sure.

I am sure that nothing has such a decisive influence upon a man's course as his personal appearance, and not so much his appearance as his belief in its attractiveness or unattractiveness.

—LEO TOLSTOY.

There never had been any doubt in my mind. I knew she would not change. Where Lilibet gives her love and affection, she gives it once and for all.

She wrote him constantly. Her letters were sent back to him in the royal mailbag. No obstacles were ever put in her way. She had Philip's photograph with her on her dressing table or bureau throughout the whole trip. When her lady in waiting asked her once whether or not there was any truth in the stories that went around of a probable engagement, Lilibet told her to "wait and see."

A picture of them all on the Vanguard leaving England on February first shows the King and Queen looking pleased at the prospect of two weeks' rest at sea. Margaret, obviously very gay and excited, is beside them. Lilibet is standing at the ship's rail looking back sadly toward England.

About three weeks after they had left, there descended on England a winter we shall none of us forget. Everything froze. Temperatures were lower than in the memory of any living man. Roads became impassable with snow, and later icebound. Plumbing went out of action for weeks on end; water sources froze solid. To increase the general misery the fuel crisis, when the coal supply gave out, cut down still further our chances of keeping warm, or even for long spells every day doing any cooking. The wireless would issue its hateful message every morning, "There will be a fuel cut between the hours of -- and —" after which all current would be cut off.

I remember writing to Margaret and telling her I had cut my face on an icicle which had formed on my sheet in bed from my own breath. Food, never good since the war, became alarmingly worse. The cold weather

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stopped hens laying, food ships were held up in dock, and lorries could not get along roads. The country shops emptied because no one could get supplies to them. Trains did not run, or took several days on the way. In the worst of the blitz we had never had to endure anything like the discomfort and cold of those February and March days.

I was in Scotland at this time. Here things were even worse than in England. I wanted to go to Edinburgh to do some shopping. The journey normally took three quarters of an hour. But on this day the points on the railway had frozen, and the train stood on the Forth Bridge for two hours, unable to move. Down below, the Forth looked extremely uninviting, with ice forming on the water. The skies hung over us like a chill gray tent, and one got to the pitch of almost feeling the thaw would never come and the Ice Age had commenced.

I KEPT my promise and wrote regularly and fully to the Princesses. I gave them accounts of our somewhat macabre existence and the life we were leading. I sent them copies of the Aberdeen papers with pictures of sheep frozen stiff in the fields close to Birkhall.

The letters I got back were a great pleasure to me. They were also a wonderful picture of the different make-up of the two sisters. Margaret wrote with her usual gaiety, all about the fun they were having, how beautiful The White Train, which they used for their journey over Africa, was, how warm the sun, how wonderful the food.

"Nobody but you has written us," she said plaintively. "Papa has just written to Ulick to tell him to write at once and let us know how the horses are."

Lilibet wrote, immensely distressed by all that was going on in England in the bitter weather. It bothered her to feel she was far away having a good time, in a land so full of everything. She felt she ought to be at home.

Here is one of her letters:

H.M.S. Vanguard

15th Feb. 1947

Dear Crawfie: I thought I must write you just one line to let you know how we're getting on.

. . The first two days we went through a pretty bad time, and I for one would willingly have died, I was so miserable. I wasn't actually seasick but everything hurtled about so much, I found my eyes gave out, and it was exhausting trying to keep one's feet! However, as soon as I could stand upright without too much effort, I was perfectly all right and now with the sun and the lack of anything in particular to do, we all feel much better.

. . . The officers are charming and we have had great fun with them—I believe there are very few nasty Naval officers, as they would not be tolerated by the others in such close quarters. There are one or two real smashers, and I bet you'd have a WONDERFUL time if you were here—especially as there are three delightful Scottish subs!

. . . We hear terrible things about the weather and the fuel back at home. While we are scorching in the tropics, it makes it difficult for us to imagine exactly what is going on, and yet sometimes we feel (I say we but I really mean I) rather guilty to be right away from it all and that we should be enjoying ourselves so much.

. . . My heart rather sinks when I think of what is ahead of us we received the programmes by air today, and it is absolutely staggering how much they expect us to do and go on doing for so long at a stretch. I hope we shall survive, that's all!

Even after a fortnight I miss all the familiar things, and I should think we shall begin to long to be home again quite soon.

Do write to us—it's lovely to hear news from home 14 days without it is a long time so we've got to make up for it. I'll write again when I get the chance.

With love from

Lilibet

They sent me copies of the Cape Town Argus every day while they were away, so that I was able to keep in touch with

It was while the family were away o South African trip that my own affairs again filled my horizon, and I decided the time had come when I could, in all ness to the King and Queen, and the cesses, arrange for my own marriage to place as soon as the royal family retu from South Africa.

I did not quite know how I was to b this news to the King and Queen, who, well aware, relied on me to take char Margaret on their return.

I determined to confide in Queen M and to ask her advice. So I wrote and her of my decision, and the day before family were to get back I went to te Marlborough House. I was shown into garden with its neat lawn and pretty, kept flower beds. I made my deep curtsy kissed the Queen's hand. She then raised and kissed me on both cheeks.

"Come now, Crawfie, sit down and tel all about it," said Queen Mary in her way, meantime spearing for me a muffin small silver fork. Her Majesty never tou any food with her fingers.

I told her I was very well, and that I come to ask her advice, as I wanted to married. Queen Mary's first reaction w typical one. "My dear child. You can't l them!" she said, shocked.

I then told her the whole story, how I shelved the matter during the war y feeling it was my duty then to stay. E said surely the time had come when I n look for a life of my own.

"Princess Margaret is growing up fast now," I pointed out, "and I think w know in our own minds that it will no very long before Princess Elizabeth r ries."

"You think so? You think Lilibet marry him? I know nothing. No one has me. He seems a good boy, I think. Tell Crawfie, you who know her so well, wou be a success?"

I told her I thought they were very de in love, and that for the Princess there w never be any other man she would feel same for.

The old Queen sighed. "Well. We n wait and see, and hope for the best," she s She had lost her own eldest son throug love affair, and I think perhaps it had d lusioned her a little with romances of kind. Later she was to become very fon Philip.

As to my personal problem, Her Maj advised me to speak to the Queen when royal family got back, and see what he actions were.

"But," added Queen Mary, "I don't how they could manage without you. I d think they could spare you just now."

THERE is no doubt whatever that the can trip was a very great strain on the w family. For Lilibet it had been a long anxious separation from the man she lo It was four months since she had seen Ph For the King and Queen it was a great of journeying and exhausting work con on top of the strain of the war years, and Margaret it was a trip I considered her ther old enough nor strong enough to un take at that time. It had been too much all of them.

From Princess Elizabeth's lady in wait who was my dear friend Lady Marg Egerton, I learned that during the trip whole family were often quite ill. Someti Margaret would be so exhausted that would fall fast asleep when some appeara was due.

I shall never forget the shock I had w we all assembled at Buckingham Palace a to welcome them on their return. It wa exciting moment, watching them get ou the cars. We were all in the Grand Hal meet them. I had their pet dogs, who, after manner of dogs, seemed to have sensed e that morning that something was afoot.

I was horrified to see how thin Lilibet gone. She had also lost all her pretty c and looked pale and drawn. But she of a them had a sort of inner radiance, doubt

ons of her own. The lady in waiting that as the Vanguard steamed into she had danced a little jig of sheer de- being home again.

King and Queen looked positively ıt. I thought at first the King's hair ıe quite gray in his four months' ab- ater I saw it was just bleached by the . Margaret looked ill and tired out. ked the worst of them all, and I was very anxious about her.

gay they all were, and how happy to . The two Princesses hugged me and ne, and everyone seemed to be talk- nce. There was so much to tell, so ings to show me. The diamond com- of South Africa had given both the ses some very fine diamonds, and et had already made little sketches hers would be made up and what she lo with the two large diamonds left m a bracelet which was too large for

e was a pile of letters waiting for Lili- l she soon went off to her own room them and, I've no doubt, to telephone p. He did not appear at all at the re- ebrations. But later he came to din- small sports car was again to be seen tly at the side entrance. The old rou- an. Surely, we all thought, something arranged now.

not only on Lilibet's account that I hose days worked up and excited. I own problem. Presently I sent a note the Queen asking her if she would n a very urgent and important mat- personal nature.

t to Her Majesty's sitting room with graph of my husband-to-be under my nade my usual deep curtsy, and then ed the photograph to the Queen.

s, ma'am," I said, "is the urgent per- atter I have come to see you about." Queen took the photograph from me. obviously very surprised and some- sconcerted. She asked me his name, old her that it was George Buthlay t he came from Aberdeen.

tood for a long time saying nothing er. I broke this uncomfortable silence y and told her how at the start of the ad wanted very much to marry, and done so because I felt I had a duty to Majesties, and considered it would be f me to leave the Princesses when they most needed me. But now, I said, the time had come when I wanted a life of my own.

The Queen said gently, "Why, Crawfie, that was a great sacrifice you made. Does this mean you are going to leave us?" the Queen asked me. "You must see, Crawfie, that it would not be at all convenient just now. A change at this stage for Margaret is not at all desirable."

I assured the Queen that the last thing George and I wanted to do was upset Their Majesties' plans in any way, and that for the time being I would be prepared to carry on with my work and live at the palace for as long as they wished me to, even after I was married.

"After all, ma'am, it will not be for so very much longer that I shall be required here," I said. I waited, hoping perhaps the Queen would confide in me then what their intentions were for Lilibet, but she said nothing further, and I curtsied and withdrew.

I HAD expected to get Margaret back a very cross, spoiled and disorganized young person after all her travels and the compliments and grown-up treatment she had had, which had been more than sufficient to turn the head of any teen-age girl.

I was entirely wrong. She was as good as gold. I really think she was quite glad to get back to her peaceful schoolroom life for a little while, anyway. She arrived for lessons wearing as usual a very simple wool frock, carrying the same pencil box she had used as a small child. It was always full of very small pencils pared right down to the stub. This was a form of economy both the girls practiced, which had always amused me a lot. They used their erasers in the same way, down to the last rub. Obediently, Margaret settled down to her books again, for all the world as if she had never been away.

I now concentrated on getting her finished. We did a lot of history and literature and general reading, and concentrated more than before on poetry and modern plays. At one time I tried to arrange for Margaret to go to Sir Henry Marten for advanced history, as her sister had done. Nothing came of this scheme, however. For one thing, Sir Henry was far from well. For another, Margaret's social life became more and more demanding.

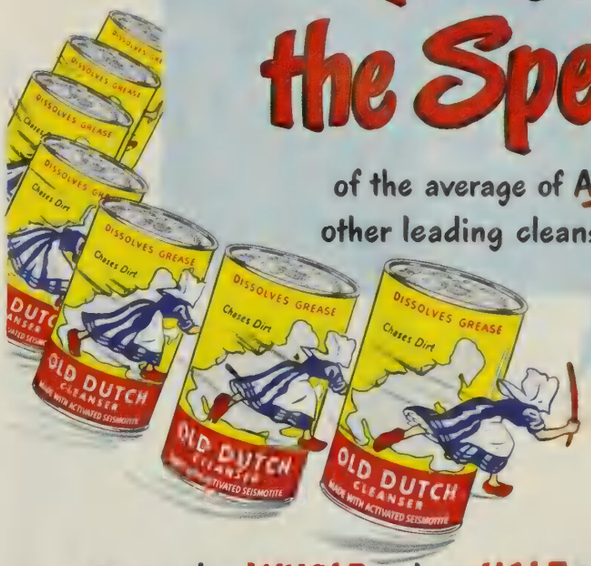
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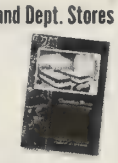


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disappeared from Lilibet's eyes. One day she poked her head into my room looking absolutely radiant.

"Crawfie," she said, "something is going to happen at last!"

"It's about time," was all I could say, and there was a big lump in my throat.

"He's coming tonight," she said, and then she kissed me and danced away.

Next morning was Wednesday, July ninth. Lilibet came to my room much earlier than usual. I have never seen her look lovelier than she did on that day, not even on her wedding morning. She wore a deep yellow frock, a shade that has always suited her very well. She closed the door behind her and held out her left hand.

Her engagement ring sparkled there. It was a large square diamond with smaller diamonds either side. At that time it was too large for her, and it had to go back to be made smaller. It was a ring they had chosen together secretly, but of course she had been unable to go and try it on.

That was a happy day for all of us. The morning papers announced in a Court Circular that the King had been graciously pleased to give his assent to the betrothal of his beloved daughter to Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten. Philip's naturalization papers had come through, and he had dropped his title of Prince. He was a junior officer now in the British Royal Navy, and had taken the family name of his uncle, Lord Louis Mountbatten, who had been his guardian most of his life and had given him the only home he had ever known.

The romance did something wonderful to the palace. All of a sudden the gloomy corridors seemed lighter. Everyone was immensely excited and pleased, for the tall, rather unconventional young man who had been around for some time had made many friends for himself. He appeared presently, looking very handsome and happy. I congratulated him and said how very glad I was that everything had come right for them at last.

He looked down at me and smiled. "I'm so proud of her, Crawfie."

"Sir, you have good reason to be. And who should know that better than I?" I replied.

Photographers as usual filled the horizon for a while. All question of lessons was shelved for the next few days. Margaret was sweet, happy in her sister's happiness as if it had been her own. She was growing out of her onetime objection to Lilibet's doing anything she could not do, or having a train longer than hers. The air was full of wedding talk and planning, which for me had a personal note. And Queen Mary, too, as usual, was thinking ahead, as evidenced by these letters to me:

July 8th 1947

From
Queen Mary
Marlborough House
S.W.1

You were talking to me on Sunday about Alah's having put away such a number of the Princesses' things, gifts given on vario sions, would it not be a good idea for see what Pss. E. has been given in t years of cushions, covers and oddmen have always seen lots of these kind of t the birthday and Xmas tables, and whe setting up house all these things come useful.

With regard to good and nice toy have been kept I feel that some of these be kept for *future* use as in these days that is made in this way equals what w in the past, besides being a prohibitiv Then I think a few toys which both Pr have played with ought to be kept as so as I was always being asked to *lend* som children's toys for exhibitions just out c est. I hope you will not mind my sugg and of course this needs no reply. We learn the great news on Thursday.

July 16

From
Queen Mary,
Marlborough House
S.W.1

I have thought of two more things of P You will remember that at your sugge gave her a charming pink leather blotter her writing table. I saw it once either Palace or at Windsor but never again, ought to be looked for, also for the love green leather autograph book with crown which my household gave her 18th birthday. Unfortunately Pss. E. take it to S. Africa when she ought to h lected many interesting autographs, and say I think the young couple look very I trust all will be well.

I had now decided my own marriage take place quietly during my next Scotland. I said nothing to the K Queen about this. It seemed to me th already enough on their hands. Both and I had already decided we wished married without any fuss.

Some weeks later, in September, the was at Holyrood House in Scotlan Margaret, and I was at home in Dunfe on my usual holiday. She telegraphed come to tea with her. I went wearing gagement ring for the first time. This b the subject up at once. It was no long sible to ignore the problem, or push i in the background for that future co ation which so often never took place

No one could have been kinder th Majesty. The Queen kissed me and me great happiness, but added, "I d you won't think of leaving us just ye going to be such a busy time."

Once again I made my promise would remain as long as I was needed, I realized this meant postponing still the real start of my married life or ma home of my own.

We then had tea. Later Margaret flu arms around my neck and said, "I am that you are going to stay near me, Cra

When Ainslee, handsome and cor ever, came in with the tea, the Queen

Other views, sizes and prices of Vogue Patterns on Page

Vogue Design No. 2580. Suit, 6 to 14. 50c.
Vogue Design No. 2549. One-piece dress, 2 to 8. 35c.
Vogue Design No. 2540. One-piece dress, 2 to 8. 35c.
Vogue Design No. 2548. "Easy-to-Make" housecoat, 4 to 10. 35c.
Vogue Design No. 6798. "Easy-to-Make" housecoat or brunchcoat; 12 to 2 30 to 38. 60c.
Junior Vogue Design No. 3338. One-piece dress; 9 to 15, 29½ to 33. 60c.
Vogue Design No. S-4097. Suit, 12 to 18, 30 to 36. $1.00.
Junior Vogue Design No. 3349. Two-piece dress and dickey; 9 to 15, 29½ to 33. 75c.



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him, "What do you think, Ainslie? Miss Crawford is also going to be married."

Ainslie congratulated me in his courtly way. I have often thought what a wonderful Archbishop of Canterbury he would have made had he applied his talents in other directions. He departed. When I went out to go home I found he had collected all his staff in the hall, where they stood lined up to congratulate me in their turn before I left.

George and I were married very quietly on September 16, 1947, by the Reverend Robert Dollar, B. D., in Dunfermline Abbey. We spent our honeymoon in Aberdeen. None of the royal family were invited to be present, but I had messages and telegrams from them all; in particular one from Margaret (reproduced on Page 42).

Later several wedding presents arrived. Queen Mary sent me a complete and very beautiful dinner service, the Princess Royal gave me a visitors' book. Princess Margaret, three bedside lamps, and Lilibet a coffee set.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Hurdy-Gurdy Song

By Fleur Conkling

Now is the time when the jingle of music
Wakens the shadows on sun-spattered street.
Now is the time for the chorale of children,
Pennies in small hands and skylarking feet.

Quick-eyed and eager, the genie of pleasure
Grinds out old melodies years can't destroy;
Taps a worn shoe to vociferate measure;
Urges the monkey his wiles to employ.

Windows fly open, and window-box flowers
Dance in the gay wind to rhapsodic beat.
Now is the time for hilarious revel
When children and blossoms and hand organ meet.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Margaret now came to the front much more. As soon as Lilibet was married, she would take her place as the Princess in the palace. Among her first grown-up duties was the launching of a ship, all on her own. She went to Ireland alone, except for a lady in waiting to look after her. One charming incident there was peculiarly Margaret. She was presented with a bouquet of red roses by a hot and blushing young sailor. And she smiled at him in a way that I am sure must have made his heart beat faster, and pulled a rose from her bouquet and gave it to him for his own.

It was the sort of endearing human thing that my little Duchess would have done years back when I first knew her. So many of Margaret's more charming ways are inherited from her mother.

This Ireland trip came as a blessing to George and me, still on our honeymoon in Scotland. It gave us a few more days together. Then I had to return south. We had a rather sad little farewell as I left on the night train. We did not know how long our separation was to be.

I arrived back at the palace to find Lilibet's wedding preparations under way. The place seemed to be knee-deep in tissue paper. Mr. Hartnell and his ladies were forever trooping up the stairs or hurrying down them, or waiting about disconsolately, drooping in anteroom or passage, where Bobo sometimes revived them with cups of tea.

THEY who minister to royalty do a lot of waiting about. I often wondered what the rest of Mr. Hartnell's clientele did in those days of the autumn collection.

Lilibet was very happy now, and happiness, as it so often does, had transfigured her. She was sweet and thoughtful of me, happy and thrilled that I had got married first. I remember how she came laughing into my room one day and I showed her an American newspaper which someone had sent me. GOVERNESS BEATS LIZ TO THE ALTAR, said the headlines.

We got a lot of amusement out of that. No one has ever given the Princess that particular nickname, as it happens, although Margaret sometimes in the bosom of the family has called her Lil.

Lilibet was immensely touched by the way her romance seemed to appeal to the world in general. Letters and telegrams came from every kind of place and person. Girls wrote her that they planned to marry on the same day. Sailors who had served with Philip wrote her from ships at sea. She would bring a sheaf of these messages to show me, touched almost to tears. I think it was the first time she realized how many people loved her who had never seen her, and just what it was she stood for.

WEDDING presents poured in. One day Lilibet asked me, "Crawfie, what have you done with George all this time?"

I told her George was in Scotland still, unable to make any plans until we knew what was to happen to me.

"But Crawfie, he must come to my wedding," Lilibet said, and promptly saw to it that George had an invitation. So he came south. We could meet but little in those busy days, but occasionally he came to the palace to see me.

Princess Elizabeth asked me to bring George to my rooms at the palace, in order that she and Princess Margaret should meet him. As soon as they were introduced, Lilibet said, "I hope you are going to keep Crawfie in order, because she has certainly bullied us for the last sixteen years!"

George said we all three talked the same way, and laughed and moved our hands alike. He was so struck by the charm of the two Princesses and how pleasant and easy they were, and like everyone else, he spoke especially of the beauty of Lilibet's face and the charming vivacity and quick wit of Margaret. Prince Philip also came in and George was presented to him.

George came again, I remember, the night before the wedding. We heard the most awful sounds coming from the old music room. They were all trying to sing Crimond, "The Lord is My Shepherd," because Lilibet wanted it at her wedding. They could not get the descant right, and they were humming it to Doctor McKee, organist of Westminster Abbey, who had come in.

We were swamped with wedding presents, and everything else was forgotten meantime. Margaret behaved like a grown-up young lady, and her parents both encouraged her. She was a real help and pleasure to them, there is no doubt, and they tended to forget she was still only a child.

Philip was now a constant visitor. He and Lilibet would be together in the sitting room, which I noticed he had improved a lot. Philip has strong ideas about furnishing. Soon after the courtship started I saw that a large sofa was drawn in front of the fire with the chairs on either side, instead of being isolated in the window, with two solitary chairs on the hearthrug. So already he had begun to use his influence, and instead of looking stiff and unlived in as I had often thought that sitting room did, it now had a homelike look.

The wedding day was fixed. I always felt myself that both the King and Queen would have preferred it to be put off until the spring or early summer when the weather was pleasant, and the reception could have been held in the gardens of the palace.

The young couple felt they had waited long enough. Like other young people, on this subject they had their own ideas.

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"Princess Pie

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-----HILDEGARDE'S PRINCESS PIE-----

For the crust: Use your own recipe or a prepared mix. Line a 9" pie plate or a baking dish (11"x7"x1½") with pastry. (If you use oblong dish, press points of fluted pastry over top edge of pan to prevent slipping.) Bake and cool.

For the filling: Melt 2 tbsps. butter or margarine in the top of a double boiler. Remove from heat. Add grated rind of 2 lemons, ¼ c. lemon juice, 1 c. sugar. Mix. Add 2 slightly beaten eggs; combine well. Cook over boiling water 6 min. or until thickened, stirring constantly. Cool. Stir up two 3-oz. pkgs. of cream cheese in a bowl until creamy. Add lemon mixture a little at a time. Pour filling into baked shell.

For the topping: A No. 2½ can Libby's Fruit Cocktail, thoroughly drained. Serve soon.

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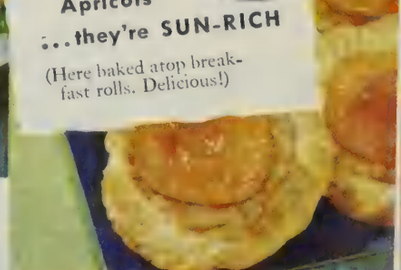
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CLOROX AMERICA'S FAVORITE BLEACH AND HOUSEHOLD DISINFECTANT

I did not bother Margaret with lessons. She had enough on hand. Nor did I feel that physically she had entirely recovered from the African tour. She still tired easily and refused to own when she was tired. I knew that once all the excitement had died down, we would make up for lost time.

The people of Wales sent a piece of Welsh gold for the wedding ring. This is a metal found only in very small quantities in Wales. It looks the same as any other yellow gold. The royal wedding rings are always made of it. Lilibet was particularly pleased when the piece that was to make her own ring arrived, and in that delightful way she had of always wanting to see Margaret wasn't left out, she told me, "There is enough for two rings. We can save a piece for Margaret."

They would walk about the gardens together, the two of them, Lilibet in her corn-colored wool dress, Philip very tall and slender, his arm through hers, his lint-fair head bent toward her. I could see them from my window, and I thought what a handsome couple they made.

I also thought it was probably a long time since anyone wore quite such unconventional garments around the palace. Philip's favorite kit was flannel trousers (not always very new or creased) and a tennis shirt with open neck, and often rolled-up sleeves. Hatless he would arrive, driving his own small sports car, always in a hurry to see Lilibet. Driving his own small sports car a great deal too fast!

Late one night after he had gone the telephone rang. A scared equerry came to inform the King that Lieutenant Mountbatten, on his way home, had skidded and overturned his car in a ditch. Lilibet had to be told. She was very upset and anxious, and insisted she speak to him on the telephone herself. I think she knew he was not the world's most cautious driver. Beyond a shaking, he was none the worse and apparently no more cautious.

Certain officials of the household, all of whom were devoted to Lilibet and had been her slaves since childhood, were greatly perturbed about this. They did not feel that Prince Philip should be allowed to drive the Heir to the Throne about London as he had been doing.

It was surprising to all of us that the King did not forbid him, but I have no doubt whatever that Philip was gravely cautioned by His Majesty. I know the Queen must have been very worried, because when the children were small she was forever saying to the King (not by any means a rash driver), "Darling, *do not go so fast!*"

Another side to the problem was the general reluctance of the palace chauffeurs to have Philip take out any of their beautifully kept cars, which might be returned to them with unsightly dents and buckled fenders.

THERE was another unfortunate incident not long afterward when once again Philip was driving, and at Hyde Park Corner they had a slight mixup with a taxicab. Lilibet came running in to me when they got home, very bothered.

"Oh, Crawfie, how am I to make mummie and papa realize that this time it *really* wasn't Philip's fault," she said. "It was the taxi. They will never believe it."

I saw the sketches of Lilibet's final choice of a wedding dress and patterns of the lovely material it was to be fashioned of as soon as Lilibet had made up her mind. I felt a very special interest in it, because the material finally chosen was woven and spun in my own home town, Dunfermline. There is a Swiss factory there that spins the particular weight Mr. Hartnell needed for his wonderful embroidery design. It had to be very strong, yet not heavy.

There was resentment in some quarters about the secrecy that was maintained over the wedding gown, and the bridesmaids' frocks. But I felt that in all Lilibet's romance she had been able to keep so little to herself and had been so dogged and hampered by rumor and speculation that it gave her pleasure to feel that she had something entirely private and all her own. Princesses like to forget, sometimes, how little they belong to themselves. Everything else to do with the wedding had been written about in the papers.

Some of the accounts were quite fantastic flights of fancy. Every aspect of the young people's future had been commented on and explored. There was no feeling at all for a young and sensitive girl, and what her reaction would be to public speculation on the number of children she might have, and what their rank would be.

Royalty earn every penny they get, for their loss of privacy at times like this.

Parcels began to pour in, hundreds of them, from all parts of the world. The contents of some of them were quite amazing. One evening the lady in waiting and I started after dinner to open some of them. The old schoolroom was by this time full of every kind of oddment. The Keeper of the King's Pictures had brought up a number of them for Lilibet to choose from, and so parcels were stacked in the lady in waiting's room, which soon looked like a depository in a railway station.

I always loved opening parcels, even if they were not for me. I picked one up, cut the string, removed several layers of paper, and found two soggy masses in my hand. I flung them away in horror. It was two slices of very burned and damp toast. With them came a letter from two young women who had been making toast when they heard the news of the Princess' engagement on the wireless. They were so excited and thrilled they burned their toast to a cinder, so sent the very toast to the Princess with a charming little letter of congratulation. How we laughed!

Another parcel that fell to me to open was very securely tied up with layer upon layer of stout paper.

"Whatever have you got there?" asked the lady in waiting.

"Something round and very heavy," I told her facetiously. "It's probably a bomb!"

I quickly snatched off the last piece of paper, holding the thing at arm's length. It was a large, rugged piece of rock. An old man from Wales had sent it for luck. It was, he said, a piece of Snowdon.

An old lady sent a lace underslip, beautiful hand-done Victorian work. It had been worn by the brides of her family for generations.

FOR the first time, an old-established convention was broken. Lilibet was allowed to keep presents that were sent her. At other royal weddings, presents were accepted only from persons the family knew. It would have been difficult to return gifts that were sent with such deep love and loyalty, but I often felt some of the priceless heirlooms that came should have remained in the families they really belonged to.

The letters were wonderfully touching. The Princess herself read every one of these. A lot of people sent their clothing coupons to help her with her trousseau, but these were always returned by registered post, with a letter of thanks from the Princess. It was not legal to give clothing coupons away.

Hundreds of beautiful handkerchiefs, linen, lace and the sheerest lawn were sent to her. There were hundreds of pairs of nylon stockings. Gloomy old Buckingham Palace suddenly took on the appearance of a treasure house. Queen Mary came one day and inspected the handkerchiefs thoughtfully through her lorgnette. Later she sent round a message saying that she would be glad to have any that could be spared. Her Majesty was always a great collector for bazaars.

The magnitude of it all bewildered Lilibet. She was, in those days, rushed off her feet, and hardly knew where she was. She had been so very simply brought up. Until quite recently her idea of a nice birthday or Christmas present had been a Victorian posy, a china ornament, or a needle book fashioned, with grief and pain, by her own hand. After

(Continued on Page 142)





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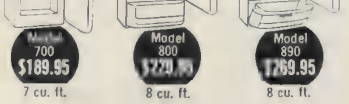
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(Continued from Page 140)

the scarcity, the make-do of the war years, this sudden lavishness and plenty was unnerving. I often thought it bothered Lilibet a little, in those days of austerity, to have so much when many had so little. She was always a thoughtful young person.

She had, like all other brides, a small extra allotment of coupons given to her by the Board of Trade, for her trousseau. But there was, besides, a great deal of material at the palace bought at different times and places by the Queen, and Queen Mary, to say nothing of gifts of silk and muslin, and brocades that came from distant parts of the empire. All this helped with the trousseau.

The wedding presents were displayed in St. James's Palace, which took on the appearance of an Ali Baba's cave of treasure—and horrors! People paid a shilling for admittance after the first day, when I believe it was five shillings. A very large sum was raised for charity in this manner. After the wedding the beautiful wedding dress was on view here too.

The crowds waiting to get in and have a look often would stretch for a mile along the Mall. We could see them waiting there from the palace windows.

Lilibet said, "I have so much! Crawfie, you are getting a home together also. You must share some of all this with me. Make out a list of the things you will be needing most."

I had great fun compiling the list, for in the midst of all this plenty, curtains for my own little home had presented a real problem.

The King had given me for my lifetime one of the Grace and Favour Houses which are in His Majesty's personal gift. This one was attached to Kensington Palace, looking over the Palace Green. It is a small cottage, designed by Christopher Wren. It looks as if it had got to London quite by mistake from some distant country place. It is built of lovely seasoned red brick, with a tiled roof and roses round the door. It has a little square garden behind a low white paling, where snapdragons, and lavender, and scented white Mrs. Simpkins border carnations grow. I had never before had a home of my own, and to me it seemed wonderful. Like a dream at last come true. I used to stand back to admire the name painted on the little white gate, NOTTINGHAM COTTAGE. Queen Mary knew the place well, as she had been born in Kensington Palace and in other days had often been to have tea in the cottage. Sometimes a flock of sheep are put to graze in the field over the way, and at evening the lamplighter trudges round still lighting up the old-fashioned gas lamps. The roar of the traffic in Kensington High Street sounds thin and far-off and in springtime the voices of the birds drown it altogether.

Margaret was almost as intrigued by my little house as I myself was. She frequently came down there with me to help me plan and choose my color schemes, and made many a useful suggestion. I could not help thinking, as she sang about the little rooms, what a wonderful housewife she herself would make, and how well she would run her home and how elegant and pretty she would make it look.

But I had my problems. Curtain materials and coverings for floors and furniture were not only in short supply, they were a truly terrible price.

These, together with various other matters, had to be shelved for the time being. I had too much to do, to bother about my own affairs. The wedding day was upon us. From the palace windows the whole world seemed aflutter with flags. The crowds had begun to gather the night before, and by daylight the whole Mall was a solid mass of people, with mounted police riding up and down on their splendid horses, keeping the main road clear. Great numbers had slept out, and were having picnic breakfasts, and cooking bacon over little stoves. It was funny to open the window and find, with the usual roaring noise, the smell of coffee drifting in.

What does a Queen do when, on an important state occasion, she sees another woman wearing a hat exactly like the one on her own head? Next month, in the final installment, "Crawfie" describes last-minute crises at the wedding of Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip; problems of royal bride in "setting up housekeeping"; Queen Mary's scrapbooks; the twelve typists hired to handle mail after the birth of Prince Charles. She explains how a princess's lady in waiting is chosen and why Princess Margaret's lady in waiting has an especially difficult role; "Crawfie's" own farewell to the royal household.

TELL ME DOCTOR

(Continued from Page 31)

"Punctual as a clock, all my life. I've been pretty sick this last month, though—quite different than it was either of those times before."

"You mean you've had trouble with nausea?"

"Yes, but that's not all. For the past month I've been bleeding."

"Bleeding for a whole month. Badly?"

"No, I wouldn't say badly—just a little, every day. Just a sort of *show*."

"I understand. Tell me, Mrs. Hoe, have you had any pain along with this bleeding?"

"Not very much—I'm just a little sore and sensitive."

"Right in the middle of the abdomen?"

"N-no, it seems to be on my left side, doctor."

"Well, Mrs. Hoe, I think that for all practical purposes we may assume you are pregnant. I'm going to take you into the examining room and give you the most careful examination I know how to perform."

"Do you think I'm in danger of miscarrying again, Doctor?"

"It could be. I'll be frank to say that I think you are in danger of something, and we'll make no more guesses until I've had the opportunity to find out."

After he had examined her, the doctor's face wore an unaccustomed grave expression as he explained his appraisal of the case to his patient.

"I think there is little room for doubt that you are pregnant," he began. "We could attempt to back up my opinion by the so-called rabbit test. However, I don't want to delay matters by waiting for it; and even if it were negative, I wouldn't be convinced. A negative result wouldn't be at all unusual in a case like yours."

"You talk as though there were something terrible the matter with me. Tell me, what is wrong?"

"I believe you have a pregnancy *outside* the womb."

"Why, how could that be?"

"It is not uncommon, especially where there has been a protracted lapse of time since preceding pregnancies—there's a reason for *that* too."

"I wish you would explain."

"Very well. In your case, where there is little doubt of your being pregnant, there are a number of probabilities to explain the bleeding. First, and most common, is the threatening abortion. This comes about either from a faulty embryo or an imperfect attachment of the embryo to the uterine wall. Next in frequency would be a condition found in the genital tract which would cause such bleeding. This may be due to a polyp growth, an area of erosion, or a varicose vein. Finally, and most distressing, is the pregnancy outside of the womb. This is known as an ectopic pregnancy, and my examination eliminates all the other possibilities and points definitely to such a condition."

"But why should this happen to me, after going through two previous pregnancies normally?"

"Your second pregnancy wasn't normal by any means. Didn't you tell me that you lost that one?"

"Well, that's true, but I mean that it was *inside* the womb."

"Agreed. But I believe that abortion was responsible for your present trouble."

"But that was so many years ago."

"You haven't become pregnant since then til the present occasion. I believe I can explain the reason for that too. You told me at you were quite sick and bled for a long ne, so that your doctor came to see you ev- day. You had no operation, however. rrect?"

"That is correct, but ——"

"Here's the way I reconstruct the episode. u aborted—accidentally, but all the material which was the product of conception d not come away. If it had, you wouldn't ve bled—much. What happened to you sn't at all unusual—in fact, it's a common currence. That material was allowed to y inside, and finally rotted away, after ich you stopped bleeding, and have felt rly well ever since."

"Certainly. I'm never sick."

"Now, why do you suppose you never be- me pregnant during all those years? Did u use means to prevent it?"

"No. I wanted more children."

"Precisely. Well, here's why I believe you dn't get them. It was because the inflamtion that was bound to be set up inside ur womb by all that rotting process that s going on there became transmitted to ur tubes and sealed them practically ht."

"I don't see how you can know that."

"I am deducing it by what I know of other es. Don't you see, something must have pened. You became pregnant twice with- t any trouble, and after the second episode u became barren for a period of years. ere was more than just k responsible for that."

"I still don't understand. I had my monthlies gularly all the time."

"The occurrence of regr periods would have d nothing to do with the oes. They would have continued if you d had no tubes at all."

"It's too complicated for me."

"Here's what was taking place. Every four eks your ovaries produced an *ovum*, an g, which quite likely may have found its y into the outer end of one or the other be and then became stranded because it s too large to pass a constricted spot which d developed as a result of that old inflamtion. That ovum is a big cell. It must have en a tight constriction in the tube, however, because it did not even allow any of ur husband's sperms to pass, and they are ch smaller than your ovum.

Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it.

"Now, this past June at least one of those rms *did* get past the constriction and met entrapped ovum in the process of trying make its way down to the womb. Pregncy thus took place, but instead of having resilient uterus, capable of great expansn and growth in its own right, to receive d foster it, it found itself in the fragile, conicted tube, where unfortunately it will ntinue to grow."

"Grow to be a child, doctor?"

"Mrs. Hoe, I am sorry to have to tell you t, in my judgment, it will not grow much ger than it is at present."

"Why, what will happen?"

"I believe that tube is due to rupture in very near future."

"Would that be serious?"

"Most serious. It would constitute a grave ergency."

"Are you sure? Are you positive there is chance of your being wrong in your diagsis?"

"Mrs. Hoe, I will be frank to say that I *not* positive, but I am convinced that I correct," the doctor told her. "Unfortately, there is no way to be absolutely sitive at this stage. In my judgment there no time to wait."

"Couldn't you take an X-ray picture, or mething?"

"Such a picture would give us little inrmation unless we attempted to infiltrate e uterus and tubes with opaque oil under essure, and that is something I would not re to do, believing that the left tube is ar the point of rupture at this very moment. I was able to feel it plainly during my examination, a soft, boggy mass the size of a plum, and extremely sensitive, as you well know."

"Yes, it hurt terribly."

"I was as gentle as possible. I have known such a mass to rupture during just that kind of examination, which was the reason I exercised so much care."

"But couldn't that mass be some other thing than . . . such a pregnancy?" Mrs. Hoe asked.

"It could. It could be a cystic ovary, for instance; but in my judgment all the evidence points the other way."

"And the womb itself is normal?"

"No, it is not. Unfortunately, the womb enlarges and becomes soft in these tubal pregnancies, just as it does in early, normal pregnancy. Naturally, that makes the diagnosis all the more difficult."

"What do you think should be done, Doctor?"

"Immediate operation."

"And you are not even positive of your diagnosis."

"I explained how I could not be absolutely positive, though I am convinced that I am correct. I'll go further and say that I would rather risk operation on a half dozen such cases as yours under those conditions, than neglect even one that demanded operation. The crisis in case of rupture would be that grave."

"Do you think I ought to have another opinion, Doctor?" the patient asked.

"That is your privilege, Mrs. Hoe. No opinion would change mine, however, and a dissenting one would only complicate matters."

"I think I'd like to talk to my family doctor."

"Do. I'll get him on the phone and explain what I've found, and then let you talk with him."

When Mrs. Hoe laid down the instrument, not many minutes later, she remarked, "Doctor Ball says to do as you advise."

"Shall we?"

"M'm, yes. My husband ——"

"Can we reach him by telephone?"

"He will be at his place of business now."

"We'll get him and tell him to come right over here."

"There's just one thing more I want to ask, Doctor. If this tube should rupture, what would happen?"

"Usually the patient goes into shock and when we do operate under emergency handicaps, we find the belly full of blood from ruptured vessels."

"And that always happens?"

"Not invariably. It is the usual. Occasionally the damage is not so great—it depends upon the point in the tube where the rupture occurs—and once in a blue moon a most unusual phenomenon happens."

"Yes?"

"The product of conception is forced back up the tube and outside, and comes to rest in some spot in the abdomen. Here it picks up a new blood supply, and may go on to full-term development among the intestines and other organs."

"And the baby lives?"

"Usually not. However, there are some cases on record in which the babies have survived."

"It's—it's incredible!"

"I think it's very wonderful how Nature keeps working toward the salvation of human life. Now, Mrs. Hoe, how about it?"

Mrs. Hoe drew a long breath. "You may send for my husband."

"Good! You are doing exactly right. Now we'll have to make some preparations."

He rang for his nurse, and instructed her: "Call the hospital and tell the operating room to get ready for an ectopic pregnancy at five o'clock. Have them send over the ambulance in an hour—I don't intend to take any chance of this patient having an accident on the way there."

(To Be Continued)

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The thick warm grass of midsummer is perfect under feet not yet steady, as the puppies explore a new world of sweet smells and bright sunshine.

Diary of Domesticity

By GLADYS TABER

THIS is midsummer in New England. The days are very hot and still, growing weather, and the nights are warm and dreamy. By August, the first breath of autumn blows in the air at night, but in July it seems as if it would be forever summer. The sky is a lazy blue, the sun sets serenely and rises with a pale clear brilliance over a countryside green and fruitful. Grass is our natural heritage in Connecticut, and if anyone excavates for a house or digs out a new road he has to hurry or the dirt will be overlaid with a soft fresh green as the grass comes in.

The sugar maples are so heavy with leaves that they almost bend with their own weight, and along the country roads the shadows are green and cool. But the hayfields are hot, and George is tanned to a deep mahogany when he rides in with a load of sweet-smelling hay. He works early and late, and the last load comes swaying down the road at dusk, softly gold in the tender light.

We get the weeding and hoeing done early in the day before the sun is too burning, and after supper we finish a few odd jobs like feeding the roses with manure water or pinching the side shoots from the tomatoes to give better tomatoes. The last planting of sweet corn goes in early in the month, and beets and carrots may be planted for winter use.

The beans are ready and we have been freezing them all week. One year we waited until they were too mature, and the result was dreadful. Now we pick them as fast as they develop a thin slender pod and rush them to the freezer as fast as possible. The modern stringless beans are easy to do; we snip the ends, drop the beans in boiling salted water, dip them in ice water, drain and pack whole. We time all our vegetables by the Government bulletin on freezing, but we skimp on that timing. If vegetables are very young and tender and you run from the garden to the back door and the water is already on, you can safely, we think, give them a very short blanching.

We do all the spinach we can now, too, and the pie cherries. The birds eat all our own cherry crop, but we can get them from the neighbors when they are just tur ripe. Fresh cherry pies are so good January!

Mamma used to make a special spi cherry preserve that I never learned to make, and I wish I knew her recip never learned, because it was my jo run the old cherry pitter. It was a gadget, except every few minutes a ch pit got caught in its throat, so it had t watched. If ever one solitary pit got in preserve, father would bite down o So mamma put a few in for flavor small cheesecloth bag and fished them afterward.

New tender string beans are good co with a little rosemary, and good co with butter, salt and pepper, and a sweet milk poured over at the last mi of cooking. I like them for supper as a dish, served in a big soup bowl and warm fresh bread and unsalted cou butter on the side.

Beans must never be picked when foliage is wet or the vines may spread and as we always have dew in the mornings, we have to wait until all delicate lace of cobwebs is off the grass garden before we begin picking.

I don't understand all the theories a picking. I used to rush out after breakfast to cut the roses, and now I hear they sh be cut at midday when the sap is stabil or something or other; so I have been d wrong by my flowers all these years. the main thing, I have found, is to cut flowers when they are not fully out. E the delicate yellow old-fashioned tea r last longer if they are brought in when little buds are still half folded. In an blue sugar bowl, they look lovely.

It is time to divide the bearded iris fact, it seems to me it is always tim divide something. This spring the mi the daffodils and narcissus were out, I the worst had happened: they all nee dividing. Then came the peonies—crow to suffocation and ready to move all the yard. The iris grows like mad in soil; we plant it everywhere we have inch of space, give away basketfuls, an desperation last year simply threw

put in the swamp, where we now
a iot of iris!
e Fourth of July, we have a family
y the farm pond. Don still loves
s, even though he graduated in
m the university, and Cicely and
and I love the sparklers that you
circles in the air. Too many chil-
injured every year on this particu-
nal holiday, and I wish all danger-
works could be banned everywhere.
et off a few stars and a few little un-
snakes and wave our sparklers.
h of July gives us a sense of pride in
ntry, and is a good holiday to cele-
nd it is a good time to remember the
pon which American independence
ed, and determine to cherish them.
il is growing so fast that she makes
armful when I pick her up. Gradu-
has persuaded the other dogs that
art of the family and they will play
r. When they all tear around the
onquil tears with them, running
s fast as she possibly can on her
ittle legs and bringing up the rear,
ead straight out, eyes shining with
ent.
Sister is about the right size for her
y roll the rugs up when they wrestle,
eve, the Irish, is quite an undertak-
sometimes Jonquil is tossed around
nall glowing ball. She picks herself
jumps in for more. She is the most
puppy I have ever known. If the
ll on her, she would jump up and
nd wag her tail the minute she was

eft her overnight with neighbors
e had to be away for a day, thinking
too young to stay
e grown dogs. and
e went to get her,
atty, the neigh-
ild, met us at the

Jonquil get along
t?" I asked.
y bounced up and down. "Oh, Jon-
d the life of her time," said Patty,
ad the life of her time." She added,
y."
is a family saying now. When we
specially nice picnic we end with the
nt, "We certainly had the life of our
day."
Biggs says, "You can put a Cover
puppy down anywhere and he will
" and this is an understatement. You
t a Cover Charge puppy down any-
and everybody will have the life of
e!
é has caught two very small mice
She has never been a natural mouser
er was, and has no feeling of respon-
for keeping the house free from them.
e was terribly proud of herself, never-
, and told me about it over and over in
mese. She explained the approach, the
, the scurry-flurry, the capture. Then
lained it all over again, to be sure I
iated her ability. Then she walked
sly away, leaving the mice to me!

week we went to the *smörgåsbord*
in the Grange Hall, which the home-
s put on for the Four-H Club. It was
derful occasion, and we all ate all we
hold. They had tables covered with
and yellow crepe paper so you could
ur plates and sit down to eat. Every-
ound a chair or bench first, and then
f the women laid their purses on the
o hold their place and went on to the
the hall where the long table was
with fifteen or twenty dishes of mar-
food. As I threaded my way through
owd, I thought that our valley is a
good place to live in, where a crowd
undred and fifty folk can use their
for place cards!
ep housework at a minimum when it
I do not like to heat myself up with
n when the thermometer is skiing up
p. We use paper napkins and plastic
mats, and the sheets dry in the sun
just fold them without ironing. Usu-
keep the load down to a very few
sport shirts and I iron these after dark in the summer kitchen, with both doors open to catch the cool air that breathes up from the pond.

I have finally learned to iron the yoke of a shirt first, but I still would never win a prize as an ironer. I can always iron some new wrinkles in a sleeve, especially around the cuff. I love to wash and hang the clean clothes on the line in the sweet summer air, but I do hate to iron a blouse and pick it up and look at it and realize the fatal truth that nobody would think it had ever been near an ironing board!

Meals are easy in July with the fresh vegetables coming in. To keep the kitchen comfortable, I often do a big roast or turkey during the evening, in a 300° F.–325° F. oven, while I am not in the kitchen.

For a change, we like pickled flounder fixed the way Bob Rhodes told us. This is a traditional recipe and a delicious one. You can use either fresh or frozen flounder. You combine ¾ cup vinegar with 2½ cups water, 2 sections garlic, minced, ½ teaspoon cumin seed, ¾ teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon pepper. Drop the flounder fillets in this and let them stand 12 hours in the refrigerator, then drain and dry, roll in corn meal and fry.

With this I like Rosie's corn bread, the recipe for which I grabbed from her the first time she served it when we were there for dinner. It is light and rich and melting good to eat. You cream together a scant ½ cup sugar and ½ cup shortening. Add 2 slightly beaten eggs. Sift together 1 cup corn meal, 1¼ cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 teaspoons baking powder. Add this alternately with ¾ cup milk to the egg mixture. Beat until mixed, but don't beat too long. Pour into a greased square pan and bake in a moderate oven, 375° F., about half an hour.

I love fools' experiments. I am always making them.
—CHARLES DARWIN.

In summer we seldom eat rich desserts, but now and then we do like a change from Bavarian cream or fruit compotes or sherbets. Then I make a nice versatile cake which is a kind of cross between a coffeecake and a dessert cake, very light in texture and not rich for hot weather. It is good for Sunday supper or Sunday breakfast, and wonderful with iced tea in the afternoon.

Most of our meals we eat outdoors, in the shade of the old apple trees in the daytime and in the quiet garden in the evening. This does involve some lugging from the kitchen, but with good-sized trays to load, it is not too difficult. We use ten-cent-store trays which Jill painted Colonial blue, and they hold everything we need to set on the picnic table. A rectangular tray, we find, holds more than a round or oval one.

After supper, we stack everything back on a couple of trays and carry them in and go out again to the garden where the sweet enchanted scent of the nicotiana is beginning to fill the air. How gently the seasons slide into one another in the country; there is no bitterness of ending here, no sharp change from fruit to bare bough. We mark the height of the delphinium spires today, the budding of the asters tomorrow.

Little Sister hunts an important rabbit and Linda rushes to help her. No rabbit could help knowing when Linda starts the chase, she squeals so loudly. Maeve takes a run over to see if George has put the cows to bed successfully, then she will take a swim and come out to shake all over us. An Irish setter can shake off more water than a Niagara.

Jonquil spends a happy hour in the July evening digging up all the perennials that have been nicely hoed around during the day. She is upended and up to her elbows in damp earth.

And over Stillmeadow, the stars shine with the same steadfast light, whiter now in midsummer, and closer than in winter. I feel as if I could gather a bouquet of them, white summer flowers of the sky, and carry them into the little old farmhouse.

But for the stars, it is enough to be!

THE END

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FORT WORTH CHILDREN'S MUSEUM

(Continued from Page 23)

consulted experts in the field of museums for children in 1939, and, at the same time, began promoting the idea of a future museum for Fort Worth. They visualized the project as an entertaining, constructive alternative to the vandalism and useless loitering often characteristic of children with too little to do.

Mr. J. P. Moore, superintendent of schools in Fort Worth, explains, "It was clear from the start that the Children's Museum idea carried out our philosophy of learning by *seeing* and *doing*. The museum gives the children a chance to learn under the guise of fun!"

The city's school board donated the museum's first home—two big sunny rooms on the second floor of the DeZavala elementary school. Starting with a roomful of exhibits from the Fort Worth Public Library, the museum received many presents from private collections. One of the most important initial steps in making museum visits run smoothly was the establishment of a volunteer curator service, with teachers and parents serving as guides and storytellers to the hordes of boys and girls who began pouring in after the museum's opening in February, 1945. The children kept coming back again and again, telling their friends, "You can really play with things we only read about in school!"

This modest beginning proved so popular and got such favorable reports from the local press and the children themselves that a bond issue of $300,000 for the building of a permanent home for the museum was voted in by Fort Worth citizens. It was made a part of the city's budget in October of 1945.

Although the museum is fortunate in having a number of generous contributions from its wealthier patrons, modest donations, as well as $10 yearly memberships, are received just as enthusiastically. The board of directors (made up of businessmen, teachers and mothers of museum-age children) feel that the more people taking an active part in the museum program, the more enthusiasm and widespread support for the future.

There is a fifty-cent membership for the children themselves, which, though it entitles them to no special privileges, carries with it a bright green badge bearing the organization's armadillo insigne. J. Lee Johnson, president of the board, says, "No child needs a membership card to get in, but the button gives him more of a feeling of belonging to the museum, and the museum belonging to him."

Early in 1946, the board invited John Ripley Forbes, young director of the Hornaday Memorial Foundation (set up by a famous naturalist for the purpose of encouraging new museums for children) to advise on the coordination of rapidly growing museum collections and program of activities. Mr. Forbes also helped in getting the first maintenance-fund drive under way. "The Hornaday Foundation doesn't give financial support," he explains, "but helps arouse the community's interest in supporting its own project. When the museum is on its own feet, it will be the community's responsibility."

In mid-September of 1947, the museum moved to its present home, a rambling, white-frame, twenty-room mansion at 1306 Summit Avenue. The welcoming, wide-pillared porch bears a card by the door, "Please come in without ringing the bell." From the top of a wall running along the back of the deep, shady lawn, children can see the site of the fortess where the last shot was fired by an outpost of Texas soldiers against the Indians. In the museum, they can play in a scale model of the old fort—a stockaded settlement of log cabins which comprised the city of Fort Worth only 101 years ago. A little girl who thought that the tiny flag on the fort had thirty stars on it because "there wasn't room for any more," now guides new visitors to the spot and explains proudly that "in those days there were only thirty states."

Throughout the building and its grounds, everything possible is done to avoid "museum mustiness." Taxidermists and habitat experts are always busy building new exhibits, and keeping familiar ones bright and colorful. Birds and animals are mounted in lifelike attitudes and posed in family groups; and traffic is heavy in the large room called the "Live Museum," which houses a lively collection of animals native to Texas. Here children from two years on up may make friends with a pet possum, a flying squirrel, several baby alligators and snakes, a "disarmed" skunk, and other fascinating and friendly creatures. David Bigelow, the museum's naturalist, plans to arrange a "checking-out" system, under which the children will be able to take home tame animals as they would borrow library books, learning the habits of the pets and how to care for them.

Every inch of space in the big house has been put to use. Display cases of foreign dolls and collections of Egyptian, Indian and medieval European objects line the wide halls; the tub in one of three upstairs bathrooms is a frog farm, supplying food for five hungry snakes. Outbuildings house a craft workshop, a movie theater, a planetarium and an authentic "pioneer house."

Though nothing is kept under lock and key, none of the tempting objects at the museum has ever been "borrowed" and taken home. Mrs. Anne H. Webb, attractive silver-haired director of the Children's Museum, wants every exhibit and program to be something the children can enjoy. "If people go through life only half awake to the beautiful things in nature all around them," she says, "and to the cultures of the past and present, it's because they never had a chance to learn to enjoy them when they were young. Our first job is to open the doors of a child's mind."

To do this job, the week's schedule includes twenty-one separate activities, with a wide choice provided for youngsters of all ages. Boys and girls are encouraged to settle on one or two main interests and stick with them for several years; and many of them develop hobbies which will grow up with them—skills in astronomy, metalwork, stamp collecting and even square-dancing!

More than one child has been spurred on by a hobby discovered at the museum to specialize in some field of natural science. One young girl, whom her teachers considered slow in school, became so fascinated with the rocks and fossils at the museum that she dug about eagerly for more information on geology. Her growing interest helped her progress in reading, led to study in related fields of science and history. She has since graduated from high school; and at college where she is majoring in geology, her professors consider her future bright "in a career not overcrowded with women."

Every Saturday, the Nature Trails Club's morning hikes introduce children to birds, rocks, trees and flowers in their natural surroundings. Jimmy Blake, an eighth-grader who lives on a farm six miles from town, hasn't missed a hike in over a year. He gets up at 6:30 every Saturday morning to finish chores, packs his own lunch, and rides his bike into town. "I used to go to cowboy shows with my buddy every Saturday afternoon," he says. "Now we have a lot more fun getting out in the woods to chase down different specimens. That's something you can take part in, and you can't say that for a show!"

For kids who want to learn more about the stars, Miss Charlie M. Noble (who taught celestial navigation and advanced mathematics in the wartime Navy V-12 program) directs the Friday-evening Astronomy Club. Its members, from seven to seventeen, chart the skies like old hands, and say Miss Noble "really knows her stuff." "She doesn't expect us to know everything, and if you say 'Beetle juice' for 'Betelgeuse,' she lets it slide—so long as you can identify the star."

To insure a chance to see "Betelgeuse," rain or shine, the Junior League recently gave the museum a $1000 Spitz Planetarium in Miss Noble's name. With the new machine the children can watch the heavens make a "twenty-four-hour turnaround" in five minutes, while they sit spellbound on long benches under the round awning that forms the planetarium's "sky."

In 1949, an average of 150 children every day attended the museum on individual and classroom visits and for programs and club meetings. With them, over the year, came 13,500 parents. The total of last year's contacts, including attendance and extension services to schools and hospitals, was 80,000—more than one fifth of Fort Worth's entire population of 350,000! The record for 1950 promises to surpass this figure, and sometime in the future the Summit Avenue headquarters will be replaced with a larger and more adequate building, tailor-made for museum activities.

For those children who are too ill or too crippled to visit the museum, a visiting curator system with traveling exhibits has been initiated. Staff members, assisted by volunteers, visit polio wards and children's hospitals with pets from the "Live Museum," dolls, pictures, games, war clubs from the Indian Gallery for bedridden little boys who are roughriding cowboys in their imaginary games. Youngsters from the state school for the blind are brought to the museum on regular visits. A future project for blind classes is a unique nature hike, with all the trail signs marked in Braille.

The many men and women, boys and girls who have "grown up with the museum" agree with John Forbes that, "The old type of museum with its hushed atmosphere, ponderous exhibits and long, boring labels is dead as the dodo. The Fort Worth program is one strong answer to the grave problem of juvenile delinquency. And it is a truly exciting link between recreation and education for our young people." THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

What Every Young Man Should Know

By G. M. White

When I was young, my mother said,
"Choose wisely, son, the girl you wed,
For women are creatures of great surprise.
Observe the eyes
And look for depth—there passion lies.
Above all, listen to her voice—
Tones tell all a little wit conceals.

"For lasting beauty, note the skin—
Does it reveal the blood within?
All lips can kiss, all lips betray.
Observe the way
They form the words, not what they say.
Consider how she holds her head—
A pride that never yields will hurt."

My mother added, "That's not all—
The *inner* ear must hear love's call.
Since women are creatures of great surprise
It is not wise
To marry a girl you can analyze."
This knowledge brought me happiness,
But I've been puzzled ever since.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

My, how speedy! My, how good!



LUNCHEON SHOW-OFF . . . IN 25 MINUTES!

Baked Tomatoes with Rice. Remove seeds and pulp from 6 firm tomatoes. Save pulp. Salt inside of tomatoes. Bake in shallow baking dish at 375°F. 15 minutes. Melt 2 tablespoons butter in saucepan; add ½ cup diced celery, ¼ cup diced green pepper, 2 tablespoons chopped onion. Cook 3 minutes. Add ½ package (⅔ cup) Minute Rice, ¾ cup water, ½ teaspoon salt, dash of pepper. Bring quickly to boil, uncovered, fluffing once or twice with fork. Remove from heat. Cover and let stand 10 minutes. Add tomato pulp. Fill baked shells with mixture. Bake 5 minutes longer. A heavenly dish—with the savory flavor *right through* the rice! Serves 6.

SUNDAY NIGHT NIFTY . . . IN 18 MINUTES!

Bacon 'n Egg Rice. Prepare 1 package (1⅓ cups) precooked Minute Rice as directed on package. Let stand 10 minutes. Add 5 slices cooked bacon, diced, and 2 hard-cooked eggs, diced. Melt 1 package (8 ounces) processed American cheese in double boiler. Add ½ cup milk and blend well. Place rice mixture on platter and top with cheese sauce. Then try to make people believe you turned out this luscious feast, with *perfect* rice, in so few minutes! Serves 6.

AMAZING NEW RICE DISCOVERY makes dazzling dishes a cinch to prepare!

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Just bring Minute Rice to a boil. No more cooking's needed! And this fancy, long-grained rice turns out fluffy, snow-white, and delicious *every time!*

There's no other rice like this sensational, precooked Minute Brand product! Keep several boxes on hand—and turn out speedy glamour-dishes by the dozen!



DEEP-SOUTH SPECIAL . . . IN 30 MINUTES!

Chicken-Rice Dinner Plate. It's the pride of Southern cooking—fried chicken and white-and-fluffy rice! But what old-time Southern cook, taking endless trouble, could count on getting such perfect rice *every time?* Just prepare speedy Minute Rice as directed on package. Serve with fried chicken and Birds Eye French-style Green Beans. Garnish with radish roses and parsley. Delicious!



SKILLET SUPPER . . . IN 18 MINUTES!

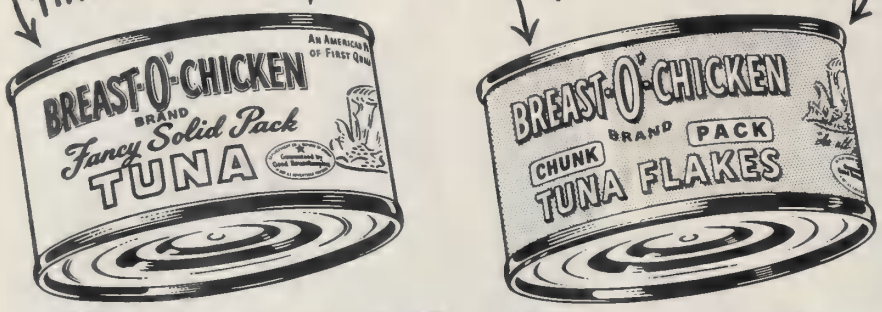
Rice-and-Beef Hash. One skillet can get you a lot of compliments with *this* Minute Rice inspiration! Sauté ¼ cup chopped green pepper and ¼ cup chopped onion in 2 tablespoons fat until golden brown. Add ½ pound ground beef; continue cooking 5 minutes. Add 1⅓ cups canned tomatoes, ½ cup hot water; ½ package (⅔ cup) Minute Rice, 1 teaspoon salt, and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Cover and simmer slowly 10 minutes and serve to 4 lucky people! Minute Rice *absorbs* that rich beef and tomato flavor to give you a treat no other rice could match!



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Little folks love Breast-O'-Chicken in sandwiches, salads and hot dishes (and if there's any left, big folks love it, too.) In the good old summer time, as Mrs. M.S. of Illinois writes, "Breast-O'-Chicken is so good to eat." Get a tin or two tomorrow. Breast-O'-Chicken... best O' tuna... packed in California for 25 years.

O' TUNA

FREE Recipe booklet. Write - Westgate-Sun Harbor Co., 1995 Bay Front, Dept. J-3. San Diego 13, California

COUNTRY SUPPER

(Continued from Page 56)

RAW-VEGETABLE APPETIZERS

Almost anything the garden provides may be used here, provided it's crisp and cold—radishes, crisp strips of celery, carrot sticks, strips of cucumber, scallions, slivers of cauliflower or even broccoli.

Sauce for the vegetables: Mix together 1½ cups mayonnaise, ⅔ cup chili sauce, 1½ tablespoons minced parsley, 1½ teaspoons minced chives, a little salt, ¾ teaspoon sugar, a dash or two of Tabasco sauce, and pepper to taste.

Since a porch supper may be a movable feast, it's our idea to serve the sauce in eggcups—one for each person. The cup is easy to hold and each person may dip with less drip.

Something hot besides the weather. You know how they always say "one hot dish at every meal"; and after all, you can't live all summer long on cold cuts and potato salad. It has been done, but I don't recommend it. So here's a dish that's both hearty and hot, and if you get to make it early in the day and set it aside to bake when the time comes, it'll do no harm. In fact, I feel it is the thing to do. Get everything done in the cool of the day if you can. Gives you such a nice smug feeling and a chance to take things easy when you *want* to take them easy.

HAM, NEW POTATOES AND PEAS IN CASSEROLE

Peel 2 pounds new potatoes and shell 4 pounds fresh peas. Or use 2 packages frozen peas. Slice enough baked ham thinly to weigh 1½ pounds. This dish is worth baking a half ham to have nice slices. Or—there *are* beautiful canned hams that produce the perfect slices. Cook the peas and potatoes separately until just tender in boiling salted water. Make 6 cups light cream sauce, using ½ cup butter or margarine, ½ cup flour, 5 cups milk and 1 cup light cream. Season with salt and pepper to taste and add 3 tablespoons grated cheese. Mix the drained peas and potatoes with the ham and sauce. Pour into a large casserole and bake until the sauce bubbles up and gets light brown, about half an hour in a moderate oven, 350° F. This dish may be made ready before you are set to bake and serve it. Allow about 40 to 45 minutes if the casserole has waited and cooled off before baking. Serves 6 to 8.

> **You may hear it said of me that I am disagreeable and cross-grained. Do not believe it. Let me but have my own way exactly in everything, with all about me precisely as I wish, and a sunnier or pleasanter creature does not exist.**
> —THOMAS CARLYLE.

Garden memories. I remember how proud I used to be, when I gardened more or less, of my sweet corn. Next to going out to pick peas while the dew was still on them, it's *something* when you come across an ear just ready to pluck, and then another and another until your basket is full and you find your way back through the tall stalks to husk and gloat over the harvest. A harvest—if you're a good gardener—that comes in succession all summer long, until the "killing" frosts. And then it's all over until another year. But one more word: corn at its best ought to be picked just before you are wanting it. For boiled corn, the water should be boiling like crazy, a teaspoon of sugar, and don't cook it to death. But to make a porch supper seem like a corn roast, we have grilled the fresh-picked corn under the broiler.

GRILLED CORN

Preheat the broiler. Boil the corn two minutes, drain. Have a dish of melted butter or margarine handy, brush the ears of corn, arrange the ears on a broiling rack as near the heat as possible. As the corn browns, turn the ears over and brush with more butter generously from time to time. This gives the ears an old-fashioned corn-roast flavor. When each ear is golden brown, lift onto a hot platter, sprinkle with salt and serve immediately. Corn may be done over an outdoor grill, if you *have* an outdoor grill.

You like it or you don't. Our most controversial vegetable is garlic. You like it in salads and a lot of other dishes, or you can't abide it no matter what. Personally, I can take it or leave it alone. But there *is* something special to be said for it, when it comes to garlic bread. And toasted crusty rolls with garlic are even better—more crust.

TOASTED ROLLS WITH GARLIC BUTTER

Cut crusty French rolls diagonally into 4 or 5 slices, but do not cut all the way through the roll. Separate the slices so you can butter and garlic them and still have a roll. Grate 1 small clove garlic into ¼ pound softened butter. Cream together well. Spread the garlic butter between the slices. Place the rolls on a cooky sheet and heat about 8 minutes in a moderate oven, 350° F. This amount of garlic butter will spread 8 rolls or a loaf of French bread.

Something like a "slump." Old-fashioned as wire bustles and flannel petticoats, the "slumps" and the "grunts" have had their day. But—like the rose that, called by any other name, would smell as sweet—these old dishes, touched up with a little modern passementerie, are still grand and good eating. They may not follow the old pattern exactly—in fact, they are generally better than the originals. And to prove it, this country supper winds up with one of these creations. Nowadays it's "pudding," and no more unimaginative or duller-edged word was ever coined. The genius who thought up "grunt" and "slump" and such expressive names for what we call "pudding" was inspired. Pity is that she's forever lost to us. And not even a simple stone records her life or notes her passing. Belatedly I offer praise to her memory—unknown though she may be.

PEACH-AND-RASPBERRY BATTER PUDDING

Peel and slice enough ripe peaches to make 5 cups. Wash and pick over enough fresh red raspberries to make 3 cups. Alternate the peaches and raspberries in 6 small glass ovenproof baking dishes, or bake in one larger casserole. Sprinkle ½ teaspoon lemon juice over each. Mix 1 cup sugar with 1 tablespoon cornstarch and ⅛ teaspoon salt and sprinkle over the top of the fruit. Cover and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., until the mixture is hot and begins to bubble—about 20 minutes. Remove the cover and drop 4 teaspoons of the following batter over the top of each:

Batter: Beat 1 egg until light and then gradually add ½ cup sugar and 3 tablespoons melted butter or margarine. Fold in 1 cup flour which has been sifted with 1 teaspoon baking powder and a pinch of salt. Moisten with 3 tablespoons milk and beat until smooth.

Bake uncovered another 25 minutes at the same heat until the batter browns and is done. Serve while still warm or cool with or without cream.

Flags will be flying. The Fourth of July—soon it will have come and gone. This year as never before—not since the republic came into being—we should, I think, raise the flag from every housetop. Call the bands to play their loudest, send the rockets twice as high and salute the Father of his Country with blunderbuss and cannon. And all to drown out the voices that would belittle and besmear us. And forever silence them while we remember the great men and gallant women whose faith and vision are our most precious heritage.

THE END

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UGUST, 1950

Ladies' Home

JOURNAL

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Belles on Their Toes—beginning the amusing sequel to Cheaper by the Dozen—It's even funnier

Hidden taxes take **One Third** of everyone's $50-a-week wage—A real life story

Marion Crawford concludes her story of **The Little Princesses**

Continuing Tell Me Doctor, Baby's First Year, Man in the House

Undiscovered

AMERICAN BEAUTIES



SALLY FRASER
Canoga Park, California
. . . and you should hear her too.

JOURNAL
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AUGUST, 1950

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HESSER



Sally and swing

From time to time the JOURNAL *cover features an Undiscovered American Beauty—a girl who has never previously modeled for money. Nominations are submitted by photographers throughout the country.*

We only wish we could supply a sound track with this month's cover, for *Sally Fraser* has a fine high soprano which has already won her a musical scholarship in the Los Angeles high-schools competition. Sally began her singing with a church solo, did so well she began taking lessons, and won two voice contests her first year.

Sally came to the warm San Fernando Valley from one of the coldest states in the country: North Dakota. Born there in the grim winter of 1932, she lived awhile in Minneapolis, then came with her folks to California eight years ago. Judging from her own fat scrapbook, it has been a very pleasant life. There are valentines, report cards bearing straight A's, football programs, pressed flowers, party hats—and pictures of boys *(see below for the most recent)*. There is also a little essay entitled Analysis of a Kiss, which sounds as though it were based on firsthand research.

Sally is fond of skiing, dancing, swimming and swinging *(above)*. Her favorite books are historical novels and "humorous biographies." We hope she likes this one. She was discovered for the JOURNAL by two of her neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Hesser, who have a studio in Canoga Park. Just shows you can't tell about beauty—it may jump right over your back fence.

Sally and friend



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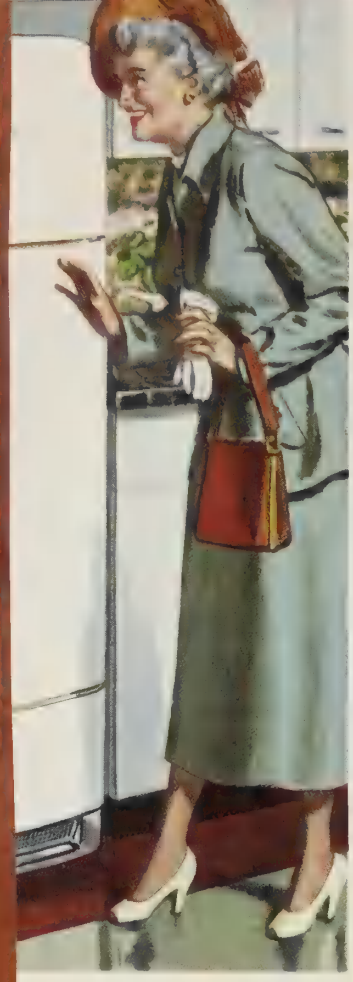
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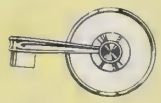
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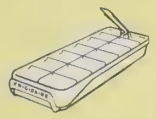
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Making Marriage Work

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS
Ph. D., Pennsylvania State College
Department of Psychology

A divorcee, now discontented with her new marriage, writes to her former husband: "I am crushed and defeated by the mess I've made of three lives. How can I go on?"

Learning From Failure

AFTER seven years of marriage to Frank, a physician, Margaret divorced him and married Bill, who had been their next-door neighbor. Six months later Frank received this letter:

"I know I shouldn't write to you. After all, Bill is my husband now, and all my loyalty should go to him. But our marriage hasn't brought me the happiness I hoped for. If *only* I could remember just the bad things about you, instead of the good. Bill tries to make me happy—but I shouldn't have married him or anyone else until what you did, felt and thought meant nothing to me. I am crushed and defeated by the mess I've made of three lives. How can I go on?

"MARGARET."

As her letter clearly shows, the divorce which ended Margaret's first marriage failed to solve her marriage problem. Although she thinks of her present marriage as a new situation, actually her unhappiness now stems from the very source which plagued her life with Frank—her own unstable personality.

Like many divorced women, Margaret thought that by changing partners she would escape her problem. Actually, she sought the impossible—escape from herself. Divorce rarely provides escape. And, like marriage, it never reforms anybody. Most marriage failures grow out of personality maladjustment, and divorce often aggravates maladjustment instead of relieving it.

Margaret's regrets seem mere self-indulgence. Her experience will be valuable only if she learns from it. If she can analyze her past behavior honestly, perhaps she can avoid repeating previous mistakes. But to brood about what might have been prevents making the best of what is.

The divorce must be accepted as final. The ex-wife who feels she still has a rightful place in her former husband's life—because of children or financial matters, or other ties—is handicapping herself as well as him. No real adjustment to the new life is possible while trying to preserve remnants of the old.

The first step for any divorced wife is to cultivate a realistic attitude—toward her previous marriage, toward a possible second marriage, and particularly toward herself. She cannot afford the attitude of helpless victim. For until she understands where and how she failed in her first marriage, she is only likely to repeat the disastrous pattern in her second.

(Continued on Page 18)

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NATIONAL AND AFFILIATED RETAIL HARDWARE ASSOCIATIONS

Our Readers Write us

Message for All Women

Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Dear Editors: Cancer killed my wife. I always felt that I was being considerate of her health and happiness in all ways—but now, thinking over the events that ended two years later in her death, I feel that I was almost criminally negligent. Knowing my wife to be a clear-thinking individual, not given to imaginary ills, I should have insisted on the doctor when she complained the first time. But weeks went by.

Finally, after an unsuccessful operation the surgeon called me in. "It's cancer in the lymph—no hope." I want to say to all women: For your sake and your loved one's sake, see a doctor at the first signs of "not feeling so well." A real doctor will not pooh-pooh the idea of examining a healthy-looking individual. Don't hesitate for lack of money. Most doctors give conscientious service regardless of money. Don't hesitate because you are afraid of what the verdict might be. If it is serious, it is going to be still more serious the longer you wait.

Sincerely yours,
(Name withheld by request.)

Cool and Contented



PHILIP SEALE

Wendy Susan Lipper

Denver, Colorado.

Dear Editors:
Of all the ads for baby food
This one should win the prize.
You see contentment in her mood
Though taken by surprise.

The milk she drinks is not from cans
Nor is it from a cow;
It is an ad for mother's milk:
Babe thrives on it—and how!

IRMA RICE MAYER,
Grandmother.

Does Sex Come First?

Sanford, North Carolina.

Dear Editors: I have just read Doctor Adams' latest Making Marriage Work. We women should by now know all the answers. If there were only some way for Doctor Adams to write similar articles for the men, and then make them required reading, we should see a downward trend in the divorce rate. But I disagree with his idea that the ability of husbands and wives to harmonize their attitudes affects and is affected by their sex adjustment.

I think he has definitely put the cart before the horse. The ability to adjust sexual attitudes depends entirely on how well their attitudes have harmonized during each day, month and over the years. Most sexual experiences come at the close of the day and should be a fitting climax to the activities of husband and wife during the day. So often they aren't.

(Continued on Page 8)

FRANCO-AMERICAN MEAL HINTS

Welcome Surprise for Dinner!

BAKED STUFFED TOMATOES with GRAVY



BAKED STUFFED TOMATOES with GRAVY

6 slices bread
2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine
2 tablespoons chopped onion
1 teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper
¼ teaspoon poultry seasoning
1 can Franco-American Beef Gravy
8 medium tomatoes

Heat oven to 350° F. (moderate). Soak bread in water; squeeze dry and break into small pieces. Combine with butter, onion, salt, pepper and poultry seasoning. Remove stems from tomatoes and scoop out a small amount of the pulp. Fill with stuffing. Place in a greased shallow baking dish; and pour on Franco-American Beef Gravy; bake at 350° F. for 30 minutes. Makes 8 servings.

Summer Night Menu

Chilled Cream of Chicken Soup with Chives
Baked Stuffed Tomatoes with Gravy
(Recipe above)
Steamed Lima Beans
Corn on the Cob
Cottage Cheese and Carrot Strips
Cantaloupe
Iced Tea or Coffee

Anne Marshall

Franco-American Beef Gravy makes the meal!

Made from the juices of selected beef . . . with that genuine roasting pan flavor! Delicious served with *any* meat-and-potato dinner. On sandwiches. In stews. Or add it to make your own gravy s-t-r-e-t-c-h.



FOR ANY FAMILY OCCASION...

"fresh up" with Seven-Up!



BE A "FRESH UP" FAMILY!

Sunday at the zoo! What a family day to remember—Freddie and Kay thrill to the bears' antics. And look what little brother is enjoying! Cheerful, clean-tasting 7-Up takes an active part in family fun at home . . . or anywhere. Seven-Up is *so pure—so good—so completely wholesome* that even the *very youngest* can "fresh up" just as often as they want . . . and with as much as they want, too.

Seven-Up, the *all-family* drink, is a part of *all-family* fun in millions of homes. So "fresh up" with 7-Up—the *all-family* drink. Order a case where you see those bright 7-Up signs.

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You like it . . . it likes you!



FAMILY GAME BOOKLET Family fun suggestions for youngsters and grownups! Send 20¢ in coin to FAMILY FUN, 1523 South 10th Street, St. Louis (4), Missouri, or your local Seven-Up Bottling Company.



BUY A CASE TODAY!

Best Deodorant News Ever!

New finer Mum more effective longer!

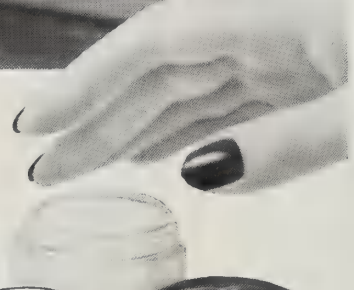


NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW INGREDIENT M-3—THAT PROTECTS AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

New Protection! Let the magic of new Mum protect you—*better, longer*. For today's Mum, with wonder-working M-3, safely protects against bacteria that *cause* underarm perspiration odor. Mum never merely "masks" odor—simply doesn't give it a chance to start.

New Creaminess! Mum is softer, creamier than ever. As gentle as a beauty cream. Smooths on easily, doesn't cake. And Mum is non-irritating to skin because it contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

New Fragrance! Even Mum's new perfume is special—a delicate flower fragrance created for Mum alone. This delightful cream deodorant contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Economical—no shrinkage, no waste.



REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Mum's protection grows and GROWS! Thanks to its new ingredient, M-3, Mum not only stops growth of odor-causing bacteria—but keeps down *future* bacteria growth. You actually *build up* protection with regular exclusive use of new Mum!

Now at your cosmetic counter!

New MUM *cream deodorant*

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

(Continued from Page 6)

Men have the very strange notion that all daylight disagreements can automatically be erased (like a tape recorder) when bedtime comes, and that regardless of how cruel, rude or ill-tempered they have been all day, they can go to bed at night and find a sweet, loving and responsive wife. My idea would be to build toward sex rather than to take sex in itself and build everything else to it. Sincerely,

(Name withheld by request)

H-Bomb

Rodeo, California.

Dear Editors: I think you published Lillian Gould's letter (June) in a tongue-in-cheek and hand-over-ears expectation of an explosion from indignant housewives who have found happiness. But I think I see what she means: she's merely a housewife while I'm a Homemaker.

Sincerely,
MADELINE LEAL.

Our letter editor selected this as the least explosive of the hundreds of replies to the writer of "Yes, Darling," and disappeared on a much-needed vacation.—ED.

Speaking for Thousands

Modesto, California.

Dear Editors: God bless the JOURNAL! There, I said it right out loud when the May issue arrived. What brought out this praise was Pearl Buck's feature, The Child Who Never Grew. Usually, I am content with an inward glow of pride in the wide scope and high quality of material in each new issue of the JOURNAL, but this time I wanted to be one of the first to express my praise.

Sincerely,
MRS. N. K. HOVEY.

Pearl Buck's story of her child evoked the greatest response of any single-issue feature so far this year. ED.

What Money Can't Buy

Melrose, Massachusetts.

Dear Editors: I was shocked and disturbed to read that "in a poll to discover what people consider the prime requisite for happiness, money came in first by a long margin." In thinking back over my life (I am seventy-six) I find that the things that have brought me the most happiness have had nothing to do with money. Happiness is a thing of the spirit, not dependent on material things. Money can make living more comfortable, and make it possible to do more for others, and so may be *one* help toward happiness, but the *prime requisite*—no, indeed! The things that make for true happiness are summed up in two great commandments: love God, and love thy neighbor.

Yours sincerely,
AMELIA S. LORING.

Russian Navy Learns of Peril

Cohasset, Massachusetts.

Dear Editors: I quote from a letter I received from my sister living in Tokyo:

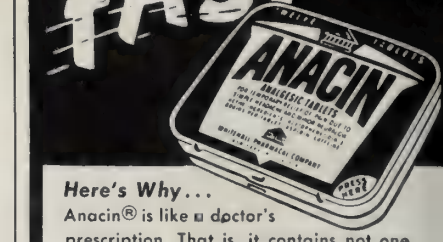
"On one of my excursions to our local dispensary, I happened to be alone in a small waiting room with three Russians, two of them army officers and one naval. The two army fellows were typical—they sat like a couple of great stone faces and never blinked an eye. The navy man, who was sitting next to me, started to read a magazine—the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, of all things! When he came to an ad for cold cream, he leaned over to me and asked me what it was. I told him and that was that. But the remarkable thing about it was that this man even spoke to me—they generally shun Americans. I was so amazed that I haven't quite got over it."

Is it possible that the JOURNAL has finally raised the Iron Curtain?

GENEVIEVE GOOD.

Robert Wood Johnson, one of this country's leading industrialists (Johnson & Johnson), once wrote us that the best way for the United States to combat communism would be to send 200,000 JOURNALS monthly to Soviet Russia for distribution. The idea had also occurred to Premier Stalin, who sternly prohibits their import to his benighted country.—ED.

RELIEVES HEADACHE NEURALGIA NEURITIS PAIN FAST



Here's Why...
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Home Facial Reveals A Lovelier Complexion.



★ Cleans pore openings
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★ Works wonders with tired lines in face

If you long for a lovelier, alluring complexion give yourself a home facial tonight wit Hopper® White Clay Pack. You'll enjoy th wonderful sensation — a feeling of freshnes a delicate, supple complexion such as you ma never have known before. Hopper White Cla Pack cleans pore openings, reduces ski blemishes, helps ease tired lines in your fac refreshes and revitalizes your skin. At dru and cosmetic counters.



"No More TIRED, DULL ACHE because of Varicose Veins!"

writes Mrs. Henry Niedorf, Walcott, Iowa

If *you* suffer from the pain and unsightliness of surface varicose veins or swollen legs, you, too, may find new relief, new beauty with *Bauer & Black* fashioned Elastic Stockings.

Made of genuine two-way stretch elastic for firm, comfortable support. Lightweight, neutral color and authentic fashioned leg and instep—they're almost invisible under sheer hose!

Ask your doctor's advice... then get *Bauer & Black* Elastic Stockings for real relief and beauty.



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Please send me your new FREE booklet about varicose veins, "New Comfort and Relief for You."

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City_____ Zone____ State_____



Hepped on no hips! Satin elastic coming and going. Airy Veil of Youth* on the sidelines. Long featherlight hipbones to the very top of its high-waisted hug. Pink or white with touches of blue. LeGant #613. Only $10.95. Pink or white nylon taffeta and nylon marquisette bra #2299. $3.50.



Sakes alive!—$5.95! Imagine . . . *all* "Veil of Youth" with a special double front panel for extra tummy tucking. Only 3½ ounces at that. White with blue trim. LeGant #705. (Matching girdle #704). White lace and broadcloth strapless bra #2083. $2.00.

You don't have to take pains to be pretty, precious!

Be magically comfy in Warner's *"Veil of Youth"* fabrics . . .

Up to now this weigh-nothing, do-everything elastic was measured out like cloth of gold for only the most expensive girdles.

Now, thanks to production magic, Warner's has worked a miracle. Put this precious net into dozens of new "slimmers." Priced them to fit the tiniest explain account. Planned many of them to fit just you in your very own 3-Way-Sizes.

1. **Your Warner's is your length . . .** whether you're a short, medium, long or extra long.
2. **. . . and your hip-size . . .** whether you have straight, average or full hips.
3. **. . . and your control . . .** whether you like a little or a lot.

Nifty for $7.50! Satin elastic fore and aft. "Veil of Youth" and light featherbones hold that hipline. Two-inch elastic top band. Pink or white etched with blue. LeGant #653. White broadcloth bra #2076. $2.00.





Satin for flattenin'. Two way-One way stretch—unexpectedly $5.95. Satin elastic front and back. "Veil of Youth" sides. Pink or white. LeGant #724. Cup-stitched white satin bra #2227. $1.50.



Pantie partner. No chance for a hip-slip. Exactly the same as LeGant #724 at left, except that it keeps you even more attractive when you're active. LeGant #725. $7.50. Pink or white cotton bra #2290. $1.50.

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Foundations and Bras

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Show the world a lovelier complexion—with your very *first cake* of Camay!



Mrs. Albert Malekoff
the former Jane Kasmer of Union City, N. J.

The most wonderful things can happen when your skin is soft and smooth! And your skin can be lovelier—really lovelier, with your *first cake* of Camay! Just change to regular care—and use Camay and Camay alone.

Never let a lesser soap touch your skin. You'll have a fresher, clearer, actually younger-looking complexion—with your *first cake* of Camay!

Camay—All That A Beauty Soap Should Be!

Where in the world will you find a finer beauty soap than Camay? It's so mild and gentle—so quick with its rich, creamy lather. And no other soap has ever quite captured the flattering fragrance of Camay. Yes—Camay gives you the finest kind of complexion care—your very *first cake* can bring a lovelier complexion!

THIS CAMAY BRIDE WON A LOVELIER SKIN AND A VERY HANDSOME HUSBAND!



Courtship in Hipboots! Even a trout stream can set the scene for romance—when one of the anglers has a Camay complexion like Jane's! She says: "Camay is my most treasured beauty aid. That creamy Camay lather has such gentle ways with my skin!"



Honeymoon on Wheels! Virginia's magnificent Luray Caverns was just one of the exciting stops on Jane and Albert's auto trip through the South. And Camay went along in Jane's kit! She says: "My *first cake* of Camay brought me new skin beauty. It can do the same for you!"



Camay--the soap of beautiful women

Ladies' Home
JOURNAL
Anne Gould and
Beatrice Blackmar Gould
Editors

The General Was a Lady

THERE is an army everybody knows, though few know much about it. It is the world's best-loved army, for it practices a faith in service to God and man that millions aspire to but few dare. In its arsenal is a force far more powerful than atomic energy, for it is as unconquerable as the dream of man, as lasting on this earth as human life. It marches beyond that momentary span, into whatever crude design mere mortals can hold of the eternal and the divine. It is an army with an idea. It consists mostly of women!

Celebrating its seventieth anniversary in the United States this year, the Salvation Army marks a life span of service that commands the deep respect of even those who smile at its symbolic street-corner devotions. The Salvation Army operates one of the largest chains of restaurants in the world, one of the largest chains of hotels, hostels and shelters, and quietly assists the needy through its 229,207 volunteer women workers. It provides a beacon of hope for forgotten men in the "Boweries" and "Skid Rows" of the nation; it cares for and rehabilitates thousands of unmarried mothers; it operates foster homes for children and builds better Americans through its boys' clubs. Gen. William Booth, its founder, summarized the motivation of the Salvation Army in a famous one-word Christmas message: "*Others.*"

In 1855, Catherine Mumford, who was to become Mrs. General Booth, advocated the ministry of women in long letters to her fiancé. He was against it, but after being married to Catherine for five years he changed his mind. At the age of thirty Mrs. Booth began to preach and she preached for thirty years. Of their eight children it was Evangeline, a charming, intelligent athlete, who was to become, in 1934, the first—and only—woman General of the Salvation Army.

A book, General Evangeline Booth of the Salvation Army (Scribner's, 1948), reveals the exciting story of her life. As commander of the army in the U. S., she planned and directed the program of help to the doughboys of World War I, for which President Wilson conferred upon her the Distinguished Service Medal. She was awarded an honorary degree of Master of Arts from Tufts College in 1921; in 1939 she received an honorary Doctor of Laws from Columbia University. She was received in Buckingham Palace by King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, and told of Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret singing her song, The World for God. Evangeline Booth's generalship, like the spirit of the Salvation Army, was one of accomplishment and adventure. Her biographer, P. W. Wilson, concludes: "The Army is now, as eighty years ago when Evangeline Booth was an infant, one of the world's indispensables." It is an army people should know more about and support freely. —G. M. WHITE.

A Primer on the "Cold War"

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

QUESTION: What is a "cold war"?

ANSWER: This odious phrase is used to describe a condition of division and enmity in which opponents are struggling with each other by every means except an armed clash, each meanwhile arming with ever more powerful weapons in anticipation of an attack from the other, and in the hope of deterring, through fear, such an attack.

Q.: How does such a condition arise?

A.: It arises when each believes, correctly or incorrectly, that the other has ambitions incompatible with its own security and way of life.

Q.: Is that belief, under present conditions, justifiable?

A.: Apparently so. Soviet communists have always maintained, and apparently sincerely, that there will be no security for the Soviet Union so long as any powerful part of the world is capitalist, which, in modern Soviet terms, means non-Stalinist. The Soviet Union is therefore compelled, by its basic theory, to indulge in a perpetual struggle, by all means compatible with its own security, with the noncommunist world. The growing conviction of other nations and cultures, also sincere, that this is the case has led to the present world alignments.

Q.: How do these alignments shape up?

A.: Two great powers, each with weaker states who have voluntarily or involuntarily associated themselves with the stronger, face each other. One is the Cominform bloc led by Russia; the other the Atlantic Pact countries, led by the United States. Some countries, such as Turkey, Japan and Korea, are associated with the Atlantic countries without being members of the Pact.

Q.: Is the whole world thus divided?

A.: No. In Europe, Sweden and Switzerland are neutral, and Finland, profiting by Sweden's neutrality, manages to maintain a degree of independence despite the fact that she is in the Soviet orbit. Jugoslavia, though communist, also stands aloof. In the Far East, India, while anticommunist, refuses to take sides. So does Israel, in the Middle East.

Q.: Which side is stronger?

A.: In man power, and because of its interior world position, embracing a contiguous land mass in the heart of the Eastern Hemisphere, the Soviet bloc is much the stronger. It already



includes nearly a quarter of the world's population. The Atlantic Pact countries and their associates are not contiguous. They are separated from one another geographically, and from the United States, in particular, by oceans. Their armies cannot quickly be mobilized for a common march. If the Soviets and the other Red armies decided to make a surprise invasion of any part of Europe or Asia they could do so, and then, if resisted, would have to be driven out. The United States and associates could not make a surprise invasion of the Soviet Union or its satellites. As far as land power is concerned, they are forced to take a defensive position only.

On the other hand, the Atlantic nations are immeasurably stronger industrially, mechanically and technologically. They can, if they wish to, outbuild the Soviet Union in every category of arms.

Q.: Which is stronger politically?

A.: This question is difficult to answer objectively. The Soviet associates, thus far, have the advantage of complete unity, but tyrannous unity. Even more than in Hitler's Reich, the "leadership principle" is in operation. Moscow dictates, and all the associates fall into line, regardless of separate national interests. In fact, Cominform associates, with the exception of the Soviet Union itself, have abandoned all sovereignty. This makes, temporarily at least, for compact, herdlike strength. The government of each is a despotic single-party dictatorship whose policies are not subject to popular criticism or consent. None can be ousted by the people.

The Atlantic Pact countries are associated as sovereign equals. Every common plan must be reached through negotiations, into which national interests introduce disagreements. The government of each has a powerful domestic opposition, seeking to frustrate some part of government policy. Often this leads to half measures and weakness.

The greatest waste we can make is that of time.
VOLTAIRE.

The Soviet Union and Cominform associates have more or less powerful fifth columns within non-Soviet countries. Composed of citizens of those countries, who directly or indirectly influence and confuse public opinion, engage in espionage and plan acts of sabotage in case of war, they are protected by the constitutional safeguards and civil liberties which Atlantic Pact nations extend to all their citizens.

The Atlantic Pact countries cannot organize similar fifth columns within the nations associated with the Soviets. Such espionage as they engage in must be of the conventional kind, and the punishment for even the suspicion of espionage, or any form of opposition, is swift and Draconic.

KNOWLEDGE of this creates great emotional and psychological uneasiness and fear in the Atlantic countries, encouraging confusing and depressing accusations, and sometimes leading governments or their opponents to take hysterical and ill-advised measures against the wrong people, thus dividing the nation.

Q.: With whom are the sympathies of most of the people of the world?

A.: The sympathies of most of the people are definitely not with the Soviet Union. No country, including Russia, has ever put a communist government (or any other dictatorship) into power by a majority vote. Without exception communists have come to power either by fomenting and winning a civil war, or by the device of the so-called "popular front," in which liberal or left-wing parties form a coalition with communists, giving communists positions of power, from which they are then able to seize the whole power. The cabinet or agency positions which they invariably seek are Public Security (police) and Justice. They then turn the police into a party power with which to capture the state. This they did openly in Czechoslovakia, and in a more gradual way in all the Cominform countries, including Russia itself. One need only imagine what cou happen in America if the FBI were head by a communist!

Q.: Has there ever been any danger of th in the Atlantic countries?

A.: There was a serious danger of it France and Italy immediately following th war, when the communist parties we represented in the governments. There always greater danger under a system proportional representation when no o party has enough votes to take full r sponsibility and must make a coalition wi others in order to govern. Then there is temptation for left-of-center parties to a sociate themselves with the communists order to obtain or stay in power.

Q.: Has this ever been attempted in th country?

A.: The party headed by Henry Wallac which entered the last national election was a coalition between left-wing Ne Dealers and the Communist Party.

Q.: So the sympathies of the people of t world are with the United States and t Atlantic countries?

A.: That, in my opinion, does not follo Soviet propaganda in behalf of communi policy has been so unsuccessful that t Soviets have practically abandoned it, pr ferring to stir up strife on other ground But Soviet anti-American propaganda h been much more successful. This prop ganda has assailed American atomic polic American "dollar imperialism," and Ame ican "warmongering." Sometimes Sovi propaganda has been greatly aided b American braggadocio, the large amount war talk which appears in our press, the o tentatious display of wealth abroad by bu ness interests that ha profited by Marshall A and too much emphasis American propaganda the high standard of li ing in this country. my opinion it is not go domestic or foreign pro aganda for President Truman to sa as he twice has done, that he would, necessary, "use the atom bomb again." T atom bomb is universally hated and fear and it would be wiser, as well as mo moral, to publicize on every occasion t offer in the Baruch Plan. There is more w talk in America than anywhere else in t world; and by and large the poor do n like the rich, nor are they interested in standard of living they cannot share. In number of international human problem we are seriously failing. Millions of peop in the non-Soviet world are still living camps, as displaced persons, and some these, who originally fled from Cominfor countries, are returning home, thorough disillusioned with western promises. O such person spreading his own story word of mouth is worth a score of hir communist agents. No sufficiently vigo ous, energetic or adequate program f permanently resettling the homeless h been launched by the non-Soviet world.

Q.: Where are the most dangerous area

A.: In Europe the most critical area Germany, because of the division of t country. If, however, Western Germa and France succeed in joining their ec nomic resources, the European moveme will grow and attract the rest of Germa The other critical areas are the Midd East and Southeast Asia. The former nee great economic reconstruction to solve t problem of Arab refugees from Israel, a narrow the shocking gap between the fe rich and the appalling poverty of the tee ing millions.

Q: Can we win the cold war?

A.: If by winning is meant the uncond tional surrender of the Soviet Union, or t conversion of the whole world to the Ame ican pattern, I do not think so. Or if t Soviets mean, by winning, that they will c tain world mastery, I do not think they c win, either, but will inevitably bring abo a hot war.

The cold war can end only when all go ernments determine to live, and let a

(Continued on Page 134)



Goodness!

You say you've never tasted KRAFT Mayonnaise!



Try Kraft Mayonnaise on Salads ...try it in Sandwiches, too!

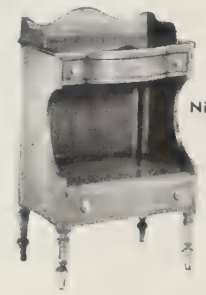
Chances are you'll like Kraft Mayonnaise even better than the kind you're using now. For Kraft's is true mayonnaise *at its finest* . . . satiny smooth, superbly rich, most exquisite in flavor. A master blend of really *choice* ingredients, this mayonnaise has a wonderfully *flattering* flavor, flavor that does wonders for everything it's served with. Do try Kraft's *soon* . . . on salads, in sandwiches, with seafoods. You'll see why it's the choice of discriminating women.

For easy, elegant parties...

Everybody loves "serve yourself" parties. They're so friendly, so easy. Yes, and they can be *elegant*, too! Shine up your best tray or platter... arrange your salad-sandwich makings with an eye to shape and color . . . and serve them with luxurious *Kraft* Mayonnaise. Compliments guaranteed.

A master blend of really choice ingredients

true mayonnaise *at its finest!*



Night Stand
$56.50



Night Stand
$41.50



Lady's
Desk
$80.50

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WILLETT
SOLID
Wildwood
CHERRY



NOW your bedroom in

Lovely Solid Cherry

FROM THE ELSWICK COLLECTION



Mirror
$21.50

Chest
$124.50



150 years ago, as the great days of 18th century cabinetmaking were coming to an end, artisans fashioned exquisitely graceful pieces like these for the fine homes of the land.

Today, you can have pieces like these, fashioned with time-consuming care by the most skilled cabinetmakers of our generation—in the best of all American cabinet woods, SOLID wild cherry, well seasoned and finely turned. You'll love the age-ripened color, the lovely details; you'll love the modest prices* too.

America's largest maker of solid maple and cherry furniture for living room, dining room and bedroom.

**For instance, all the pieces illustrated in the photograph above cost approximately $279. Also in open stock.*

CONSIDER H. WILLETT, INC., LOUISVILLE 11, KENTUCKY

Under-Cover Stuff

By BERNARDINE KIELTY

PHOTO BY GEORGE KARGER—PIX INC.



When Jean Arthur enters as Peter Pan, old hearts grow young.

PETER Pan is a theater treat for all ages, played so winsomely, as it is now, by Jean Arthur. Maybe because it reminds us of our own childhood, maybe because it is all that we like most to believe about childhood. But in a world of dialectic materialism, all we can say is, "Thank God for James Barrie!"

●

The little Princesses, you remember, used to love the Doctor Dolittle stories. Now the eleventh and last of the series is about to be published: DOCTOR DOLITTLE AND THE GREEN CANARY, *which* ***Hugh Lofting*** *wrote and illustrated before he died.*

And speaking of books for the young —— A BOOK OF CHILDREN'S LITERATURE, edited by ***Lillian Hollowell,*** is a contribution of inestimable value. Here is the world of stories—fairy tales, animal stories, fables, myths, hero tales, down to present-day realistic stories. Poetry from Mother Goose to Hilda Conkling. Fascinating facts that children delight in, like a list of gods and goddesses, Greek, Roman, Norse, with their titles and characteristics. Short biographies of authors. . . . Teachers would do well to look into it for school (it's a two-volume, expensive work); librarians also; and parents who could make it a Christmas present to all the children, because it is such an excellent source for reading aloud. Its thoughtful, meaty introduction is exclusively for grownups.

■

"A happy marriage," says André Maurois, "is a long conversation that always seems too short." Maurois is married to Simone de Caillavet, who as a child was admired by Proust, and who is likewise the daughter of the Madame de Caillavet who "made" Anatole France (the one who used to lead him to his desk every day after lunch, and who arranged Sunday *salons* so that the right people could listen to his extraordinarily witty

(Continued on Page 16)

REPRINTED COURTESY THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"I'm not grouchy. I just can't think of anything nice to say."



That Heavenly Feeling

THE FIRST NAME IN TEXTILES PRESENTS THE LAST WORD IN SHEETS

THAT HEAVENLY FEELING: Spin the softness of a fleecy white cloud with the silken smoothness of a rose petal... weave in the cool caress of a summer night's breeze... finish with the freshness of a morning in May... and you will have captured the exquisite new texture of Bibb *Combed* Percale Sheets.

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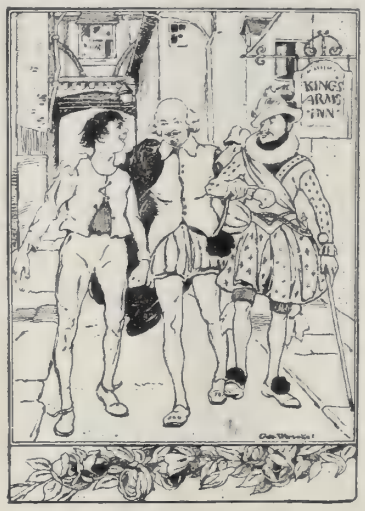
SOLD BY AMERICA'S FOREMOST PIANO DEALERS

(Continued from Page 14)

conversation). In the dedication of CRAINQUEBILLE, France acknowledges his debt to her: "To Madame de Caillavet, this book which I should not have written without her help, for without her help I should write no books."

•

SHAKESPEARE OF LONDON, by *Marchette Chute*, is far more than a current book. This is the best biography of Shakespeare ever written, in the opinion of most critics, and will doubtless outlive us all. This is Shakespeare as his contemporaries saw him. He was once life-size, as the author says, and this is her attempt at a life-sized portrait. She has used only contemporary



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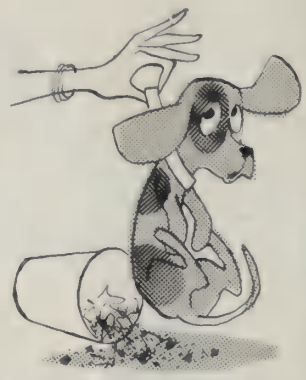
documents, with one exception, and that is dated 1635, nineteen years after Shakespeare's death, and was written by the last survivor of the original group that worked with Shakespeare in the theater.

This is a fascinating book bristling with theater news from the old Globe, with gossip about busy London of that day, with close-ups of Queen Elizabeth and her Court, and emerging from it all, William Shakespeare himself, natural, modest, very intelligent, and so worthy a friend! If you love Shakespeare—and who does not?—you will hold this book close to your heart.

Incidentally, Marchette Chute is one of three sisters, all tall, young, slender, and all three successful writers. (Look for stories in The Saturday Evening Post every now and then, signed B. J. Chute, usually about policemen or prize fighters. These are written by sister Joy, pretty, feminine, gay.) This summer Marchette and Joy are in England with their mother. While Marchette visits St. Helen's, Shakespeare's parish church in Bishopsgate, still miraculously intact, Joy goes to Scotland Yard with a personal letter to its chief, Sir Harold Scott, from the New York police force.

•

SUNRISE TO SUNSET is a good historical novel of Troy, New York, in the 1830's. Here are mill girls living in a factory dormitory, getting up before dawn, working for sixteen hours, and—when their strength holds out still getting a tang out of life. They wear a ribbon when they can buy one, and flirt when a good-looking macaroni comes their way. Author ***Samuel Hopkins Adams*** knows his upstate New York history and way of life, and paints a romantic story against the black pages of its labor exploitation.



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NEW "NO RINSE" DETERGENTS, women say, are made-to-order for Easy's high-speed spin-drying action. They skip the rinse, or spin-rinse for 60 seconds just to make *"doubly-sure"*.

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Get your EASY SPINDRIER now!

EVERY DAY MORE WOMEN SAY—"IT'S EASY FOR ME!"

MAKING MARRIAGE WORK

(Continued from Page 5)

If You're Shy With Men

JANE is a thoroughly nice girl whose face reflects her pleasant disposition. She enjoys helping her mother with the housework, and has herself become an expert cook. Nor are all her talents domestic, for she is a skilled pianist. When she is engaged in these familiar activities, or among her parents' friends, she is confident and at ease.

But in the company of an eligible man who might make her a good husband, poor Jane is lost. She is uncomfortable, awkward and all thumbs. She can think of nothing to say; any remark she ventures sounds stupid to her, and she blushes, hesitates and lets the conversation die.

Alone again, her face burns as she recalls her ineptitude, and she berates herself for acting this way. For she wants to get married, and she realizes she hasn't much chance of getting acquainted with a man—let alone attracting a husband—until she can control her shyness.

If you try to scrap what is permanent, it may scrap you. —GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

There's nothing abnormal about Jane. She recognizes her problem for what it is, but she doesn't know what to do about it. Worse still, she's ashamed of it, as though it were a deformity or character defect. If she only knew it, shyness is often associated with superior mentality, and many truly great people have suffered as Jane does.

If she will make the effort, Jane or any other girl can largely overcome shyness, without sacrificing natural dignity or modesty or other good traits. The effort is worth while, for though shyness is not a serious fault, it is a handicap, to the extent that it interferes with normal social life and chances of marriage.

- Start believing in yourself. Without false humility, list some of your good qualities. Merely seeing them on paper will help you believe in them. If you honestly compare your assets with those of your friends, don't you rate pretty well?
- Watch people you know who are troubled with shyness. Note that their difficulty is that they are looking at themselves instead of at others. This may help you to look outward instead of inward.
- Don't be a perfectionist, as shy people often are. Join the conversation, try the new game, take part in what's going on, even if you appear at less than your best. Nobody excels at everything—and good losers are usually popular.
- Perfect whatever skills you have. Take pride in each, whether it be driving a car, arranging flowers, or trimming a hat.
- Add to your social skills; most shy girls have too few. If the people you

(Continued on Page 21)





1

Gentler *bleaching action.....*

added protection for linens! Any man gets a lift from a snowy-white shirt. And when that shirt is made beautifully snowy-white with Clorox, the family budget gets a lift, too. For Clorox *conserves* costly linens . . . it's free from caustic, *extra gentle* on fabrics! Protect *your* white and color-fast cottons and linens with Clorox. They'll *look* good, *be* good for a long, long time!



2

Greater *disinfecting efficiency...*

added protection for health! Protecting family health by maintaining a sanitary home is the job of the lady of the house. And in millions of homes the favorite helper is Clorox . . . the fastest-acting, most efficient disinfectant of its kind! Public health departments recommend disinfection of the Clorox type. Make cleaning with Clorox a regular health habit. Directions on label.

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BIG VALUES FOR LITTLE BUDGETS!

Pennies work harder

when you spend them for this light-hearted dinette set that's designed to make mealtimes merry. Yes, the table seats six with ease, opens to a hospitable 52 inches. It's topped with Daystromite, that work-sparing, hard-wearing plastic. The husky chairs are comfortably padded, and cheerily upholstered in washable Pantex "Fantasy" designed by Raymond Loewy. Look for the name "Daystrom"—and be *sure* of high value at low prices. Other Daystrom sets from $49.95* to $199.50*.



Set, about $69.95—in red, blue, green, yellow or grey*



Table, 2 chairs, about $64.95; with 4 chairs, about $84.95**

Short of space?

Then this versatile little table has extra inches *built in!* Closed, it takes up little room, only 21 inches by 30. But two generous leaves snap up to give you a full 51-inch length when company comes! Every inch is washable—the Daystromite wonder top, the sleek chromed surfaces, even the Duran upholstery. At furniture and department stores, in five fiesta colors, with matching or contrasting chairs.

*Prices slightly higher in West and South

-it's DAYSTROM furniture!

Awarded the Fashion Academy Gold Medal for 1950

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Daystrom Corporation, Olean, N.Y.
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Add to your TOWLE whenever you like

A TEASPOON at a time — a serving piece every so often — a place setting now and then . . . there are any number of ways of collecting your TOWLE Sterling. And don't forget gifts! Your friends enjoy giving Sterling on birthdays and other gift occasions as much as you enjoy watching your set grow and grow.

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So — choose, from the collection of beautiful TOWLE solid silver patterns, the one that is perfect for you. Let your favorite TOWLE store register your pattern, and let them work out easy payments to suit your budget. You will find that TOWLE Sterling is not expensive. A single teaspoon can cost as little as $2.95, six-piece place settings start at $24.50.

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New!

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Give your garments that smart, professional look. Easy to make — rustproof and washable. 25 cents a card at notion counters. Now available in two new styles . . . Decorative and Combination.



Patents Pending

Prims "Cover a Button"

William Prym, Inc., Dayville, Connecticut

(Continued from Page 18)

know enjoy dancing and skating, canasta or bridge, learn to do these things at least well enough to be good company.

- Study the girls you know who are not shy. Their conversation and behavior may offer hints for your own.
- On social occasions, don't sit silent in a corner. Do something: pass the cigarettes, examine a painting, call someone's attention to the sunset—any activity, no matter how trivial, will relieve your tension and help you relax.
- When you meet a new man, remember that he may be self-conscious too. Take it for granted that he wants to make a good impression on you, make him feel that he is doing so—and you'll both soon be at ease.

Are You Too Shy?

These questions will be a valid test only if you can answer frankly and honestly. Think them through before checking *yes* or *no*.

1. **Do you think most people are better than you?**
2. **Are you easily embarrassed?**
3. **Do you feel inferior to several of your friends?**
4. **Are you constantly critical of yourself?**
5. **Do you spend much time daydreaming?**
6. **Are your feelings easily hurt?**
7. **Do you worry about past mistakes and blunders?**
8. **Are you envious of your girl friends?**
9. **Do criticism and worry upset you?**
10. **Are you dissatisfied with your past achievements?**
11. **Do you constantly seek praise and approval?**
12. **Are you ill at ease when meeting a new man?**
13. **Do little slips or breaks upset you?**
14. **Do you often feel alone at a party?**
15. **Does time seem to pass too slowly for you?**
16. **Does it embarrass you to be in the limelight?**
17. **Is it hard for you to conceal your feelings?**
18. **Do you blush or stammer easily?**
19. **Are you afraid you won't marry?**
20. **Do you find it hard to talk to an eligible male?**

If your answers are all "no" you are probably overconfident and aggressive. But if your "yes" answers total more than 12, you are too shy and self-conscious. Since this may hinder your dating, begin now to practice the suggestions on these pages.

Do You Agree?

Our marriage is happy except for my husband's indifference to me physically. What could cause this?

Poor health, anxiety or fatigue may be a factor. Also, individuals vary markedly in strength of sex interest. Your unresponsiveness in the early years of marriage may likewise be involved in his attitude.

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For velvet-smooth Beauty Lather that caresses your skin, leaves your body glowing with a warm blush of fragrant loveliness, enjoy a beauty bath with Bath Size Palmolive

IT'S EXQUISITE . . . It's economical. Big, *big* Bath Size Palmolive is perfect for tub or shower. Just the gentlest massage over your body creates a glorious beauty lather that leaves your skin glowing, alluring. Proper cleansing with this thrifty Bath Size smooths and softens your arms, back and shoulders . . . really gives you a lovelier complexion all over.

And its delicate, exciting scent leaves the merest hint of perfume on your skin—a delightful invitation to romance. Get Bath Size Palmolive today—for Palmolive's marvelous beauty lather means that you, too, may have a lovelier complexion from head-to-toe.

Hemstitched border, 72" x 108".
Reg. $6.15—only $5.50
in August. Monogram extra.

Plain white, 72" x 108".
Reg. $5.75—
only $5.15 in August.

Now... even the tip-top is at your finger-tips

For the first time in history . . . the loveliest, most luxurious sheets in history . . . go on sale in August. Yes! The sheet that dreams are made of . . . the one sheet so fine it can be called Supercale . . . is within your reach at last. Reach for it now!

Let your fingers thrill to its angel-skin coolness. Let your heart sing with the satisfaction that you, too, can own the very best. It's a satisfaction that will last through many long years. For Supercale by Wamsutta is made in only one quality . . . by the only Mill in the world that can make a sheet of such exquisite texture yet such robust strength. No wonder you'll remember this August for so many years to come!

Sculptured scallop border,
72" x 108". Reg. $6.95
—only $6.15 in August.

Imagine... as little as ~~$5.15~~ and

Supercale
SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES BY
WAMSUTTA

to

for less in August!

Even with your eyes closed you know it's Sup
the smoothest, silkiest sheet in the world!



WHAT'S he really like—the boy you date-dream about? You know if the name is Tom, Dick or Farley. You can tell at a glance if he's a blue-eyed blond, big and brawny—or just the way you like 'em, brown-eyed and crew-cut in the small economy size. But what is he like on the inside? What does he talk about when he's out with the boys? What does he think about when he's out with girls? And most important, what does he think about *you?*

Of course we can't give you *all* the answers (and you've got a long happy life ahead to figure them out for yourself), but we did find out a few. Here's how it happened. Last week we broke up a bull session with these six little words: *What do you think about girls?* The boys who chipped in their answers were all high-school seniors, with pretty definite ideas about themselves, and very definite ideas about girls. Some of their comments are sugar-coated compliments and some just aren't the sweet li'l' nothings you might have expected to hear. But tear out this list for "must do" study. That may be your next Friday's date who's talking!

• *"Girls should remember what most forget—a buck is hard to come by. Some girls act like they don't know from nothing when it comes to spending a five-dollar bill."*

Almost every high-school boy these days, especially in his junior-senior years, tries to find a part-time job. But lately those jobs are getting harder and harder to get. A lucky lad can sometimes make as much as $10 or $15 a week as a service-station attendant or a soda jerker. More likely he'll get 50 cents an hour cutting lawns or lugging boxes out of somebody's cellar. And if he's a big man on the school squad ("Every girl wants a crack at the guy with the letter sweater"), he probably won't be able to fit in a part-time job at all. What to do about it? Says one boy, "Tell gals to take it easy on the popcorn and trimmings on dates, and don't get mad about sitting home a night or two a week. What does she want—me and my money too?"

• *"Girls should get wise to kissing on a first date. Probably every boy will try it, but chances are he won't like it if you let him. That's just the way it is."*

Why all this pro-and-con controversy about first-date kisses? Even the boys didn't know that answer, but they did have definite opinions on the subject: "It's just not the thing to do. A girl seems cheap if she does. And it won't ruin her chances for the next date if she says 'No.'" On the first few dates, according to the boys, almost everyone uses party manners, tries to make a good impression and get acquainted. A boy likes to feel that his current doll likes him especially and doesn't show the same affection to everyone. So even if a boy does try to kiss a girl on the first night, he doesn't really expect her to co-operate—believe or it not!

• *"Studying seems to come more natural to girls, but no boy likes to feel like a dummy. Why don't girls give fellows credit for wanting to get good grades too?"*

Maybe it's a hang-over from the cave men when the big boys were rated higher on brawn than brain. But even now, when a boy tries to slip some study notes in his back pocket "the girls think he's kind of a brain trust or sissy." Most boys try to get their cramming done in school hours, listen hard in class and make a dash for the library during study hall. But sometimes they'd like to work overtime too. What do they want from girls? "Let them get over the idea a fellow's no he-man just because he's not out tearing around every night in the week. Fellows need a chance to study too."

• *"Too many girls are scared to take boys into their confidence, and that makes it tough for both of them. If a girl's parents tell her she has to be in at twelve o'clock, then why doesn't she say so?"*

The boys decided that setting the get-home hour for dates is "just a matter of manners," but then disagreed about just who was responsible! Some felt that a boy should ask the girl right at the start of the evening; the rest said, "The girl ought to let a fellow know—and if she doesn't bring it up, you figure it just doesn't matter." All agreed, however, that "if you like a girl you'll take her out whether she has to get home early or not" but preferred to date girls who could stay out till 12 or 12:30 for week-end dates and 1 or 2 o'clock for dances.

• *"There are a couple of pet peeves that most fellows have against girls because most girls have the same habits! They act too silly, and they're catty about other girls."*

Whether it's on a date or just around school, "girls knock themselves out giggling, making wisecracks and saying the same pet phrases over and over again. Right now the girls in our school say, 'That's my buddy, she is' all the time." Cat chatter makes boys feel self-conscious; too much noise makes them feel "like everybody is staring at us." Said one boy, "Girls give the impression sometimes that the only reason they date is to win some kind of race with their girl friends."

• *"We get a kick out of watching girls who flirt and act up—and then pretend to get annoyed with fellows for acting like wolves. Girls ought to realize that fellows know when they're doing things because they want attention."*

What's the meaning of all this double talk? The boys gave some examples. "Why do girls wear strapless formals and then spend the whole evening fussing and trying to hike them up higher? Didn't they look in the mirror before they left home?" . . . "And why do girls wear tight sweaters to school—and then pretend it's the *boy's* idea if he happens to look at them?" . . . "Every fellow likes attention from girls, but the word soon gets around about who are the cuddle-uppers—the girls who act lovely all evening then get mad if someone suggests kissing them good night."

• *"Maybe girls won't know what I mean, but boys will. We don't like gals who feel they have to 'pretend culture.'"*

Most girls worry about "What will I say on a date?" and boys say they wish girls would keep still once in a while! As one fellow complained, "Girls seem to think they have to know about everything from football to classical music—and if they don't, they say anything just to keep talking." In short, say the boys, they resent interruptions, know-it-all attitudes and "girls who put on a show of being interested in cultural subjects when fellows can tell they aren't interested at all." The best date is the girl who has learned to say, "I don't know—*you* tell me."

ANYBODY GOT T

Something on your mind you'd
troubles, girl troubles, worries
too many dates to nothing-doin
note to Maureen Daly, LADIES'
dependence Square, Philadelphi
we can come up with the righ

Juilliard
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of fashion" Fabulous FEATHEROY...

Juilliard's whisper-light, color-bright corduroy of luxuriously soft combed yarn . . . in a suit by Nardis of Dallas. See it at Arnold Constable, New York; Bullock's, Los Angeles and other better stores. If you're a sew-at-home, write for list of stores featuring Featheroy by-the-yard. A. D. Juilliard & Co., Inc., 10 West 10th Street, New York 18, N. Y.

Juilliard Featheroy
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VAT DYED-COMBED YARN



Freezer stocked with vegetables, lemonade served under the trees, summer is scheduled by the sun—Jonquil pursues the moles, undaunted by failure.

Diary of Domestici

GUM BASE, SUGAR, DEXTROSE, CORN SYR
NATURAL & ARTIFICIAL FLAVORS & ARTI
TOPPS CHEWING GUM, INC., BKLYN, N.Y.
TOPPS
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AMERIC
FAVORI

By GLADYS TABER

OUT in the corn patch, the stalks stand tall. The blades are green as sea water, the silk on the plump ears begins to turn to butterscotch in color. I love to walk on the soft earth between the corn rows; the cornfield makes its own world of green and gold and the only sound is the tender murmur of the corn itself. There is no trouble, no fear, only the deep peace of green things growing under a good sky.

George's corn, in the upper meadow, has the long heavy ears for the cows, and the red ears that hang by the fireplace in autumn, with the husks braided neatly. Our sweet corn in the lower garden is not so high and the ears are smaller, but how good those first ears taste! A few always ripen early and we pick them the instant they are ready; and with succession planting, we have some up to frost. There are many varieties and I think we have tried most. My favorite is whatever I happen to be eating at the moment.

I especially love the blue Mexican, for its color and the nutlike flavor of the kernels and the solid way they are set on the cob. But the old Golden Bantam is pretty near perfect. Some of the white varieties are sweeter and more tender, but of course the color of the yellow kinds is a treat in itself.

We begin to freeze corn as soon as there is any to pick. The farm freezer is already, by this time, stocked with vegetables and chicken. We never have enough corn, for when the children come home and we ask what they want for vegetable, they chorus, "Why not have corn?"

We do a few ears whole, but the best frozen corn is cut from the cob after the cob has been husked, dropped in boiling water for four to five minutes and dipped in ice water to cool it. A thin, very sharp knife is best, and I cut close to the cob, then with the back of the knife run over the cob to get the extra sweet milk out.

We use several kinds of containers, but the wide-mouth glass ones are very good for corn because you get a better pack. body agrees on how long you need to bl for freezing. When we began, our bulle advised ten minutes. We found this is long for best results and every year tend to cut the time a little, and we ha never had a failure.

The main rule is to freeze any fruit vegetable as soon as you can after picki My sister Jill brings the basket to the ba door and I stand with the screen open a a knife in my hand. The water is boil and ice cubes are swimming in the dishp

While we are at it, I make corn puddi for supper. To make this, I use a wh sauce of 2 tablespoons butter or margari 2 tablespoons flour, 1½ cups top milk, s to taste and ¼ teaspoon dry mustard stir in 2 cups cooked corn, 1 beaten egg a 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, p into a greased casserole, top with butte crumbs and a dash of Parmesan cheese bake in a moderate oven about 25 minut

Now the raw-vegetable salad comes i its own. I keep the salad bowl rubbed w garlic, the vegetables are crisp and fre and almost all of them are good slivered diced and tossed with a sharp French dre ing. Young celery leaves and carrot to add extra goodness to the greens. For t dressing, I vary it with wafers of meat chicken, or niblets of cheese. If the bowl a collection of greens, I stir in a one-minu egg and a half cup of toasted croutons a some grated Parmesan cheese in the Ca fornia style.

When Johannes is here, he makes his ov salad dressing in the bowl before putti the salad in, and his method is wonder to behold. He simply opens the refrigerat door and takes out all the little bowls leftovers. He stirs and tastes, adds chiv pours in sour cream, crumbles blue chee adds the leftover tomato bisque, locates bit of dried beef ——

(Continued on Page 78)



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America's Favorite Sheets for over a Century

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Juilliard Featheroy REG U S PAT OFF VAT DYED COMBED YARN



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Here's One Important Way—

TO FIGHT POLIO, KEEP *HANDS* REALLY CLEAN!

Public Health Authorities Urge This Care!

READ!

Advice on Care of Children

"Now, as never before . . . cleanliness is of extreme importance. Every child . . . should have at least one bath a day.

"BUT *CLEAN HANDS ARE MORE IMPORTANT THAN CLEAN FEET!* Every child should wash his hands before every meal or snack.

"He should, he must, wash hands after going to toilet.

"Mothers . . . should wash their hands before feeding children.

"Hands may carry polio infection into the body through the mouth.

—From Health officials' statements published during 1949 Polio epidemic.

ORDINARY WASH-UPS *MISS* MUCH DIRT BUT **LAVA** SOAP GETS HANDS TRULY CLEAN . . . LIGHTNING-FAST!



GROUND-IN GREASE—STUBBORN GRIME . . . in 30 to 50 seconds LAVA has it out, off, down the drain—hands *really CLEAN!*

Swiftly routs the ground-in grime . . . washes hands cleaner, faster, than ordinary toilet soaps ever can. Yet LAVA SOAP is amazingly gentle . . . even for women or toddlers!

There is nothing medicinal about LAVA Soap. But its hygienic value is vital, *because it gets hands really clean . . . extra clean . . . extra fast!* Such a simple, easy precaution . . . yet so important!

LAVA Soap has special, super-swift action. Its rich, creamy lather contains 50,000 tiny, dirt-lifting cleaners per inch. They loosen and rout dirt out of skin-creases . . . around the finger-nails and knuckle-wrinkles.

Yet LAVA is amazingly gentle, even for women's skin. It *contains the same soothing ingredient as costly hand-lotions.*

It's so easy—with LAVA—to be *sure* of clean hands. True, if you wash long and hard enough, any good soap *can* clean hands.

But LAVA routs the *ground-in* grime . . . gets dirtiest hands *cleaner, quicker,* than ordinary soaps can. Get LAVA Soap today . . . *and be sure* of CLEAN hands!



©1950, The Procter & Gamble Co.

During the Polio months, CLEAN HANDS are a first Precaution!

ALL HANDS NEED **LAVA** *SOAP!*

the good gray bar with the snowy, creamy, clean-up lather!

(Continued from Page 26) Both organically and emotionally, babies will show how successful this education has been. Some who've been denied a close tie to their mothers may react with croup, asthma or digestive disturbances. Others may suck their thumbs, roll their heads excessively, or express their deprivation in temper tantrums, retarded walking and speech. Such children, as they grow older, will turn against themselves the energy that should flow to other people. Lost jobs, broken friendships and marriages are familiar results of thwarting in early life.

Thus, the middle of his first year is none too soon to ask whether baby's in harmony with his home. Doctor Ribble points out that, from six months on, a satisfied child can usually adjust to a slight change of routine and to a brief absence from his mother. He won't desert good eating and sleeping habits, lose ground in vocal talents or bodily ease. One less stable, on the other hand, may cry and be wakeful; while the least secure will show organic disorders.

Doctor Ribble suggests one simple test to size up your baby's psychological status. On an average day, when you wake him from his nap, does he look first at you, then at his bottle, and seem to know the difference between the two? Does he crow and wave his arms in a welcome to you both? If he does, this indicates good mental response. Or is his reaction to your appearance an immediate crying jag? Does he seem vaguely restless and unable to distinguish between what he's fed and the person who gives it? Such behavior tells you he's anxious and afraid of disappointment. Perhaps he's been ill or left alone too often. Perhaps, without knowing it, you've let him go hungry. More attention, play and mothering are his best tonic.

Less simple to handle is the baby who refuses to work at all for what he needs. His interest in his mother and food is fleeting. He seems passive and uncaring for what goes on around him. Easily distracted, he may even fall asleep before a meal is ready. Talk to your doctor about his problems, for he may need special help to develop as he should. Every baby's healthy body should have a healthy mind to guide it and—never underestimate yourself—both are yours for the giving.



Food fads may start now as baby learns to tell what he likes from the other kind. but he swallows well and (after a fashion) can even raise the spoon to his mouth. Meat soup, zwieback, whole-grain cereals and pudding are often added to his diet.



Chewing's a favorite indoor sport. Dana has cut her first two milk teeth. X ray would show permanent ones formed below.



Brother David totes Dana's reveille bottle. Average baby sleeps 16 hours a day, should have a room of his own by now, if possible.



Growing up emotionally: at the half-year mark, babies have strong pro and con feelings, may treat mother to temper tantrums as well as love and affection. Most turn their heads toward a familiar voice, enjoy making noises, can even produce some syllablelike sounds.



NEXT MONTH

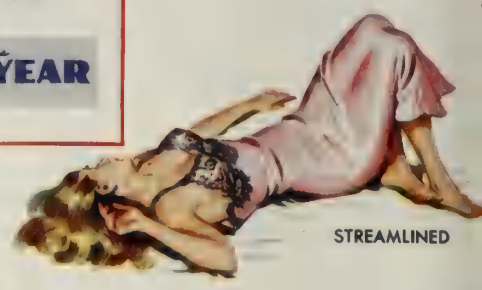
A day in the life of a seven-month-old

Up and doing and on the go is Dana's recipe for the good life. After the morning trip to market, she'll nap in her carriage or play there. But passers-by, dogs, cats and cars are so interesting that she needs a strap to keep her "in bounds."





Englander alone makes a mattress of Airfoam* by GOODYEAR



America wakes up to

THE NEW SLEEP



ON AN *Airfoam* MATTRESS



Also available in wood rose stripe



All the proof you need. Just press down on Airfoam. Feel how it molds itself to your hand, responds with a buoyant "uplift."

No other foundation works like this. Joined only through the middle by flexible steel bands, each spring in the upper half is free to adjust individually to every move. Lower part acts as a unit, supports body in the firm, healthful manner doctors recommend.



...at a new low price...with a 20-YEAR guarantee!

Now you can get an Englander Mattress of Goodyear's Airfoam for $59.75

This is the wonderful new mattress that is sleeping the country! It's genuine Airfoam—yet it costs no more than a good innerspring mattress. That's because Englander and Goodyear teamed up to develop it—put their heads together to bring America a brand-new standard of sleep. And what glorious sleep it is! Airfoam's millions of tiny air cells cradle you, suspend you, soothe you into the soundest, sweetest sleep of your life.

When used with Englander's special Red-Line* Foundation, whole unit guaranteed for 20 years

An Airfoam mattress requires a special type of support that ordinary box springs just cannot provide. To fill this need Englander engineers have designed a *special* foundation—the Englander Red-Line Foundation—made to order for Airfoam. So scientifically matched are they that we guarantee them for 20 years against any defects in material or workmanship when used together.

Both for the price of a conventional mattress and box spring $119.50

Other Englander Red-Line mattresses and companion box springs (both twin and full size) from $39.75 to $79.75

Englander

AMERICA'S MOST LUXURIOUS MATTRESS

*TM The Englander Company, Inc. *TM The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

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Tell me, Doctor —PART 7

you want a baby and haven't become pregnant, both you and your husband should talk with your doctor.

By HENRY B. SAFFORD, M.D.

THERE was the vestige of a frown upon the doctor's face as he added a comment at the bottom of the history card he was just completing, then zed up to appraise the patient who had n ushered into his consulting room.

Mrs. Roe, what is the nature of your plaint?"

I have been married three years, Doc- and have not yet succeeded in becom- pregnant."

. smile took the place of the lingering vn. "You could not have come at a e auspicious time," the doctor an- nced. "I have just been obliged to tell atient who wants a baby more than thing in the world that she must not, ler any circumstances, go through the erience."

I don't think I understand," Mrs. Roe d.

This young woman is one of my ies—I brought her into the world more rs ago than I like to realize. Since she tracted scarlet fever at the age of six, has had a badly damaged heart. In te of that she married in due course of e, and about five years ago she became gnant."

I suppose that was bad—on account of heart."

Nothing could have been worse. How- er, I wasn't consulted about either her rriage or her ensuing pregnancy, and I ubt whether she would have listened to advice. When she came to me, she was her fourth month; she was actually sping for breath, and her ankles were ollen to nearly twice their normal size. rious heart trouble, you understand. In te of the technical difficulties involved, would have terminated her pregnancy ht then; but she would have none of my vice. Contrary to my better judgment, agreed to see her through with the help one of the best cardiac specialists in the y.

To make a long story short, I termi- ted her pregnancy during the eighth nth by a Caesarean operation. I wanted make her permanently sterile then, but e would not permit it. We recovered an derdeveloped child which, however, sur- ved until an unfortunate accident six nths ago. Obviously, the mother, too, rvived. Now she comes to me and an- unces that she proposes to have another by.

"'If you are determined to end your life,' old her, 'don't count on my help.'

"'But you helped me before, and you can do it again,' she insisted.

"'No!' I said. 'Once is enough.'

"Then she burst into tears, and I am very, very much afraid that I haven't been blessed with the eloquence to convince her that a repetition of her experience is almost certain to end in a tragedy."

"She certainly is unfortunate."

"So many are. There's a woman who wants children and can become pregnant and yet shouldn't, and here's one who wants children and can't become pregnant and, I dare say, should. All muddled up. You see why I might have acted a little sourly when you came in. Now let's get down to the difficulty you consulted me about. You say you have been married three years?"

"Yes, Doctor."

"And never used contraceptive measures?"

"No. Why, one of the chief reasons I married was to have a baby."

"Excellent!" said the doctor. "What kind of man is your husband?"

"Why, he's—he's a fine, big fellow ——"

"In good health?"

"Ever since I've known him. In fact, he was quite an athlete once."

"Has he ever undergone a physical examination, to your knowledge?"

"Why, he must have—he was in the service more than two years."

"Well, I don't mean just that kind of physical examination, though general fitness counts. Has he ever had his semen examined?"

"I couldn't say—he never mentioned it."

"It is highly important. It would be futile to treat you for some condition when all the time your husband might conceivably be incapable of making you pregnant."

"What would he have to do?"

"Provide a fresh specimen of semen which would be examined to see if there were sperms present, and if they were normal and active."

"Do you do that?"

"No, I only treat women. I could send him to a good man, however."

"I'll speak to my husband about it."

"I find some men are reluctant to submit to such an examination. It is only fair to you, after all. I wouldn't want to perform a serious operation on you, for example, before I was sure that your husband was fertile. In former years, many women were operated upon in the belief that it would help their ability to conceive, only to find subsequently that the husbands were sterile."

"I can see that. I don't think he will refuse."

(Continued on Page 104)

pyright, 1950, by Henry B. Safford, M.D. This is seventh of a series of articles taken from the book be published early in 1951 by Renbayle House, Publishers, Inc., New York, N. Y.

THIS ADVERTISEMENT READ AND APPROVED BY A WELL-KNOWN PROFESSOR OF PEDIATRICS



"O-oh, do I love to be babied *with soft, gentle Chix diapers!*"

No fretty baby here . . . for Chix extra-absorbent diapers gently cradle baby . . . give real protection, as well. Famous Cushion-Weave makes Chix diapers so caressingly soft . . . yet Chix save precious time for mother. Chix wash easier, dry faster than ordinary diapers. Baby *your* baby with Chix. You'll love smart Dude Diapers by Chix, too, in pastel colors!

* * *

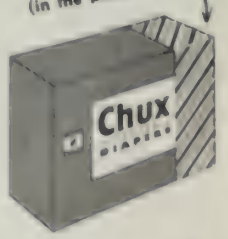


"I wear Chux, on Mother's busy days!"

Super-soft, cottoned facing . . . thirsty cellulose layers . . . water repellent backing make *Chux* the ideal diapers for busy days or traveling with baby. No washing problems . . . simply throw Chux away!

* * *

For disposable diapers, it's **Chux!** (in the pink box)



For washable diapers, it's **Chix!** (in the blue box)



SEND FOR YOUR CHIX SAMPLE KIT!

Contains a Chix Diaper, a Chux Disposable Diaper, sample Chix Diaper Liners, and the helpful booklet, "Common Sense in Dressing Baby."

CLIP COUPON AND MAIL TO:

Chicopee Mills, Inc. Dept. LH-8
47 Worth Street, New York 13, N. Y.

I enclose 25¢ in coin for a Chix Sample Kit.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

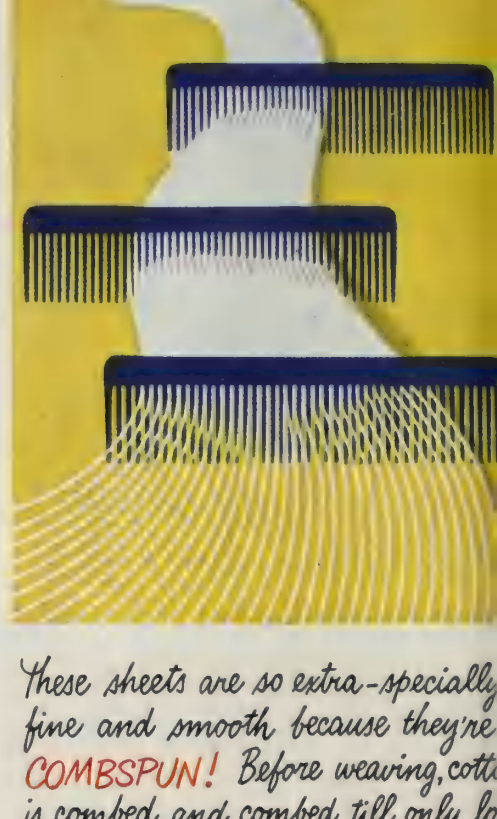
Surprise! Heavenly sheets that let budgets say "yes"!



Your CANNON GIRL says: Imagine! Luxurious sheets you've dreamed about – at prices that'll open your eyes wide!



None other than Cannon Combspun Percales – as white and soft and carefully-made as a baby's CHRISTENING DRESS!



These sheets are so extra-specially fine and smooth because they're COMBSPUN! Before weaving, cotto is combed and combed till only lo sleek fibers remain...



Your precious Cannon Combspun Percales are FOAM-LIGHT (for easier laundering) WHALE-STRONG (for extra wear).



Also available in enchanting pastel WATER COLORS, real color magic for your bedroom. (Priced slightly higher.)



Compare for beauty! Compare for val And go home with the best sheet bu all-CANNON COMBSPUN PERCALE

Cannon Combspun Percale Sheets

TRADE MARK CANNON

CANNON TOWELS . . . STOCKINGS . . . BLANKETS . . . BEDSPREADS ★ CANNON MILLS, INC., NEW YORK 13, N. Y.

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Journal about Town

Gossip about people you know, editors you like, and what goes on in New York

Fifty Years Ago In The Journal



IN August, 1900, Collis Huntington, the railroad magnate who reduced the time between New York and San Francisco from six months to six days, died. August Belmont's sloop won the Astor Cup; swarms of grasshoppers at Kalamazoo even stopped trains, and Chicago's Swift and Co. announced they would not employ any cigarette smokers.

An Entire House on One Floor is featured in the August, 1900, JOURNAL. A fourteen-room Spanish-type mansion. "It has attracted much attention, and several smaller homes have been built upon the same plan."

Conversation and Good Form in Public Places: "*It is no longer considered good form to say a word against anyone. Gossip, thank goodness, is going out of fashion.*"

Sweet potatoes: "Yes, sweet potatoes would be injurious if used during the entire season three times a day," believes cooking expert Mrs. Rorer.

Seven-Course Luncheon: "First soup, then half a shaddock or some strawberries with hulls on. Then a fish dish with rolls, followed by creamed sweetbreads. Next broiled chicken with rice and peas. Then a salad with cream cheese and wafers. Any dainty dessert will do, such as charlotte or ice cream, with cake and coffee."

Fashion note: "*Shopping skirts are frequently worn six inches from the ground by city women, who find it a difficult matter to carry packages and lift a skirt as well.*"

Advises Mrs. Burton Kingsland: "A bachelor may live where he likes without loss of social position if he belongs to one good club."





"For outstanding work in divergent fields"—Ann Batchelder, L.H.D.

WHEN we see *Ann Batchelder* now around the Workshop, it's *Doctor* Batchelder, if you please. For by unanimous vote of the trustees and faculty of Bowling Green State University, at Bowling Green, Ohio, the degree of Doctor of Humane Letters was conferred on your and our Miss B. at the commencement exercises—in recognition of her outstanding work in widely divergent fields, with which most of you are familiar. And as you can see, the cap and gown and the crimson stole are most becoming to Ann Batchelder, L.H.D.

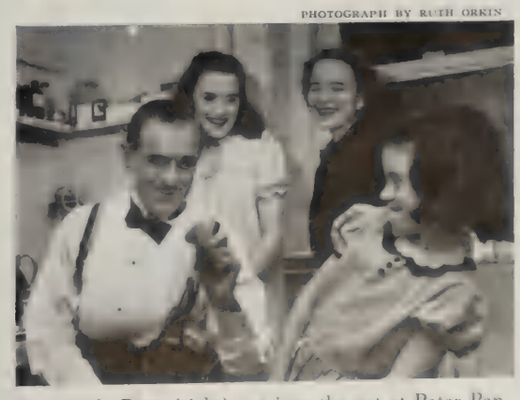
When Gladys Denny Shultz's daughter, who's been living in Costa Rica, was having her baby down in that little Central American country, she had difficulty at times getting in touch with her two doctors, they were both so busy with affairs of state: her pediatrician being the Costa Rican Vice-President; her obstetrician, the Minister of Health.

It pays to marry an architect, the young wife of one tells *Richard Pratt;* for hers can design not only buildings but also her clothes. Right now, with her first baby on the way, he's finished up her whole maternity wardrobe. The outfit she showed Mr. P. is a black-and-white hound's-tooth jacket and black skirt—very chic. She wears the jacket belted now, but later on will wear it unbelted, and her husband plans to put some buckram in the back of the jacket to make it flare out behind to counteract the flare in front. His first job was a remodeling one—a suit for his wife made from an old one of his; his second, a strapless evening gown, as svelte and sheer as a slick modern house.

Which reminds us of ***Harrie T. Lindeberg****, architect of many handsome houses since World War I, who designed a one-piece garment for himself—shorts and shirt, with necktie attached, plain and patterned, cutting down dressing time and laundry bills both.*

Today there are 5,452,000 more women over 14 years in the U. S. than in 1940. There are 6,806,000 more married women living with their husbands, 117,000 more married women living apart from their husbands, 1,292,000 more widows and divorcees, 2,762,000 *fewer* single women. . . . Women thrive on marriage, according to insurance-company statistics. During the last half century, the death rate of married women has fallen from 16 per 1000 to 8 per 1000. For unmarried women—spinsters, widows and divorcees—the decline was only two fifths of that. . . . It takes the average American factory worker about eight minutes to earn enough money to buy five pounds of potatoes, or a quart of milk, or a pack of cigarettes, based on current New York prices. If the average English worker wanted to buy these same quantities in London, he would have to work fourteen minutes for the potatoes, nineteen minutes for the milk, and nearly one hour and twenty minutes for the cigarettes.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RUTH ORKIN



Even little Dina (right) got into the act at Peter Pan.

When *Ruth Mary Packard* told us the other day that she was going to take her seven-year-old daughter Dina to see Peter Pan, we fixed it up for her to take Dina backstage and meet *Marcia Henderson* and *Boris Karloff*, who play the parts of Wendy and Captain Hook. Well, it was a case of love at first sight, all around—Wendy, Captain Hook and Dina; so much so that Karloff asked Dina to come backstage again between the acts and after the play. At the end, in Wendy's dressing room, Marcia Henderson asked Dina, "Remember when I was starting up the steps to the woods where the pirates were lurking? Well, who was the child down there in the audience who screamed out, 'WENDY, DON'T GO!'?" . . . "That was me," said Dina.

We asked a friend where she'd come by the unusually attractive Paris dress she was wearing. Turns out she had bought it for $75 at a very intimate private sale held by the ***Duchess of Windsor*** *just before she left for Europe with her husband. May*

ACME



The Duchess of Windsor.

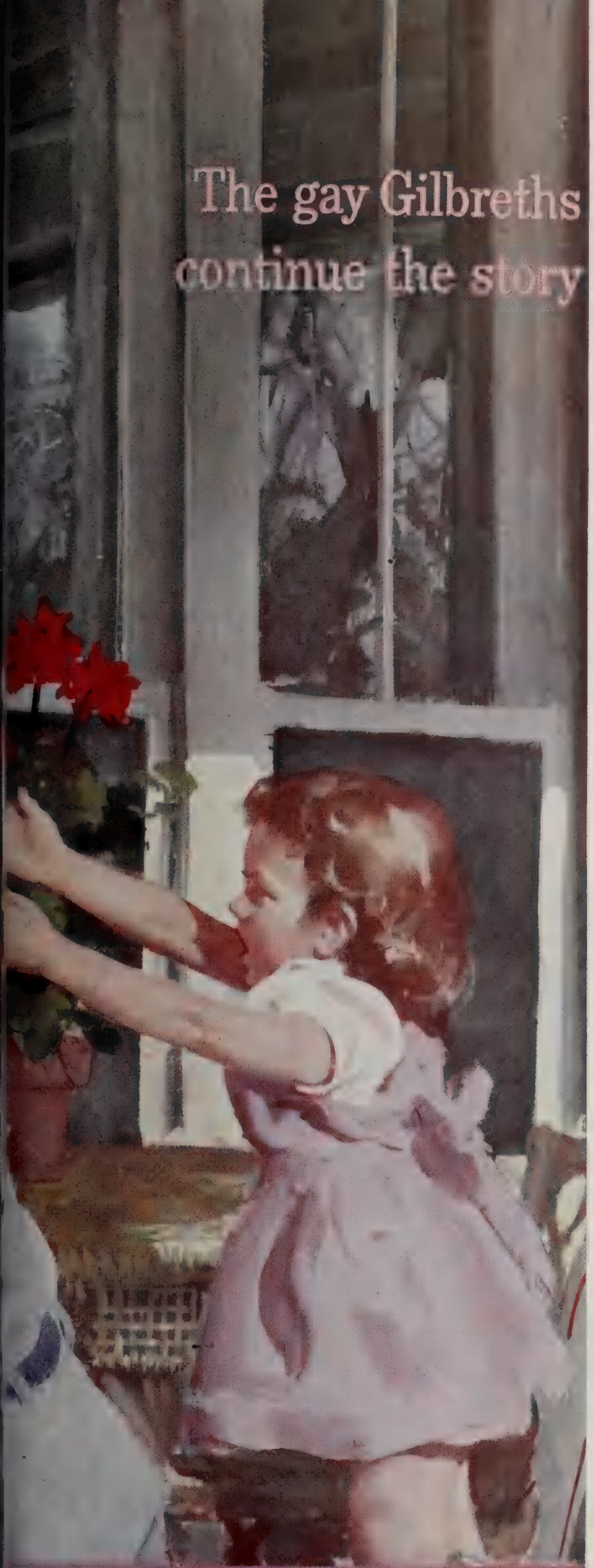
have been thirty or more of the Duchess' dresses, and hats, marked from $50 to $100, from which her friends could choose, and, as far as we know, all were chosen.

Out in Hollywood recently, when ***Sara Churchill*** saw ***Wilhela Cushman***, she said, "You know, those two dresses you gave me to be photographed in for the JOURNAL are the luckiest dresses I've ever worn. One I was married in, and it was in the dinner dress that I took my first screen test and got my contract." Wilhela asked the wartime Prime Minister's actress daughter what her first picture was going to be. "That's another lucky thing," Sara said. "All my life I've dreamed of dancing with ***Fred Astaire***, and now, in Royal Wedding, I'm really going to do it!"

ILLUSTRATED BY



Belles on Their



The gay Gilbreths of CHEAPER BY THE DOZEN continue the story of their life together – minus Father

First of Three Parts

By FRANK B. GILBRETH, JR., and ERNESTINE GILBRETH CAREY

Foreword: Mother is Lillian Moller Gilbreth, and Dad was Frank Bunker Gilbreth. Their consulting firm of Gilbreth, Inc., specialized in timesaving and in making workers' jobs easier to do. They were the originators of motion study, and among the first in the scientific-management field. • Dad died in 1924, leaving Mother with eleven children, the oldest of whom was eighteen. He also left a good many wonderful memories and an "efficiency" system of family life under which the children helped Mother run the house. Without the system, without the esprit de corps which he had instilled, Mother's job might have been too much for her. ▪ But it was Mother who made the system work. Mother became the family breadwinner, filled the place of two parents, guided her children individually through the growing pains of adolescence, kept the family together. In her spare time, so to speak, she became one of the foremost management engineers in the world. ▪ This is a book about the Gilbreth family after Dad died. It is primarily the story of Mother.

SOMETHING FOR DAD

MOTHER was going to Europe and would leave us by ourselves. It was not an easy thing, but it was something she had to do for Dad. For us too. Frank carried her suitcases down the front steps to a taxicab parked under the porte-cochere of our house in Montclair, New Jersey. The driver climbed out of his air-cooled Franklin, and gave a hand.

"You the oldest boy?" he asked Frank.

Frank told him he was. Frank was thirteen.

"It's going to be tough on your mother. All you kids, and you the oldest boy."

Everyone knew it was going to be tough. There wasn't any use talking about that.

"I'll put them on the train myself," said the driver, pointing his head at the suitcases. "I heard about your father."

Frank climbed the stairs and joined the rest of us on the porch, just outside the front door. That was where we usually said good-by when Dad went away on trips.

Dad had died three days before, on June 14, 1924. It seemed longer. He had had a heart attack at the railroad station in Montclair. It had happened in a telephone booth; he was talking with Mother over the phone.

Mother held out her arms—and we knew then that what had seemed the end of everything might be just a beginning.

Dad liked regimentation and for everything to be done by a system. He even had assigned each of us a number, which he used for routing intrafamily correspondence and memoranda. Mother wasn't that way. But from habit we lined up on the porch as we would have for Dad—by ages and in a sort of company-front formation.

Anne, the oldest—she was eighteen—was at the tall end of the line. Jane, the youngest—not quite two—was at the short end. In between were Ernestine, Martha, Frank, Bill, Lillian, Fred, Dan, Jack and Bob. Anne told us to "dress right" on her. Dad always liked the line to be straight. We waited there for Mother.

We still weren't accustomed to seeing her in black. She looked tense and alone as she pushed open the screen door and came to the head of the steps. We wished she'd let some of us go with her to the boat, or at least to the Montclair station.

(Continued on Page 60)

Copyright, 1950, by Frank B. Gilbreth, Jr., and Ernestine Gilbreth Carey

Toes

You Can't Dance Alone

By RUTH LAMSON

THE way it began, "What do you want for Christmas, Jennie?" my mother asked. "And, oh, yes, your birthday." *And, oh, yes, your birthday.* There ought to be a law. Having children at Christmas is pretty poor timing, if you ask me, which nobody did. But this year I could bear it better—Santa Claus was bringing me eighteen, the year of the great big answers.

As I saw it, eighteen opened a door and suddenly you became mature and well adjusted with a perfect sense of values, your mother quit waiting up for you, and no more piecing between meals. The world paused an instant to let you catch hold. I mean nineteen scares you, it's the jumping-off place: but eighteen—wonderful age, wonderfully confused hoping me.

My eighteen had just one dark place in it, named Mitch Summers.

"What about the Christmas Dance?" mama followed up in a leading way. "Will your white net do?"

In other words: Do you want a new formal for Christmas-birthday? Ordinarily, in my spontaneous right mind, I'd leap into an opening like that with glad cries. My white net—I wore it to the holiday dance way back last year when merely a junior, with Mitch; before the Summers family moved to the city. Mitch's two gardenias were put away with it in the dress box; nothing breaks your heart like an old gardenia still bravely trying to smell sweet. The white net; in that dress a person could close a person's eyes and make like Pelham Higgins Townsend was Mitch.

"It will do nicely," I said.

"Good gracious, the millennium!" Mama viewed me as she would a curiosity under glass. "Are you sure, dear? Speak now or never. I expect to be up to the tens in Christmas and no dressmaking, remember. And kindly bear in mind the budget won't take any darling dress out of any shopwindow at the final frantic minute."

"I am sure," I said. At seventeen you are always sure.

And then, on the eleventh of December, Mitch came back.

How could I know he'd come back? He wasn't the writing type; I thought he'd gone forever. But he came back and it was all over Sierra Center High School like a chem experiment: "Mitch is back!" with open speculative glances at me.

"Will you faint here?" Chotzie said. "Or will you sit down for it?"

Chotzie: we'd been best friends all year; I was trying to exert a good influence on her, but she was still going steady with

(Continued on Page 122)

ILLUSTRATED BY Joe Lefevre




-the year of
the great big answers

"The last time for me,
the last time," is that terrible minute
which is the first time
in love



Camilla would always remember the silence of the woods and the way Andy had laughed.

Last day of all



By MARGARET and LESLIE GORDON BARNARD

IN just a little while now they would go. They would leave behind this lovely place. They would leave behind . . . Andy. "You must pack, dear," mother was saying. She looked in, her arm full of dresses still on their hangers, to see how Camilla was getting on. Outside in the sharp sunlight the sea lay blue and calm and endless. People passed by on the road, talking and laughing. One of them called to Miss Hartford, down on the veranda, "Want to come to Eagle Head with us tomorrow?" Tomorrow they would still be here. They didn't have to take the noon bus. They didn't know what it was to have a tight knot of pain inside.

Camilla picked up a dress and began to fold it aimlessly. It was the yellow one with embroidered daisies that she had worn the very first Sunday. Andy's eyes had widened when she purposely walked out on the veranda just as he came around from the back door, all dressed up himself. Her fingers trembled now as she smoothed the creased folds. She wouldn't cry. Crying was like a storm that didn't clear the air. It couldn't change anything. Life was so queer. You couldn't understand it sometimes. She hadn't even wanted to come here to Sandford, but her mother and father had thought it sounded like the different kind of holiday they needed this year.

"There's a place for you!" someone had said. "Off the beaten track. Pushed right out into the Atlantic. You'd like it, Bill. You'd all like it, I'm positive. There are a couple of boarding places, quite simple, but the food's good and there's lots of fresh air. I could give you the addresses."

"Sounds just the thing," father had said.

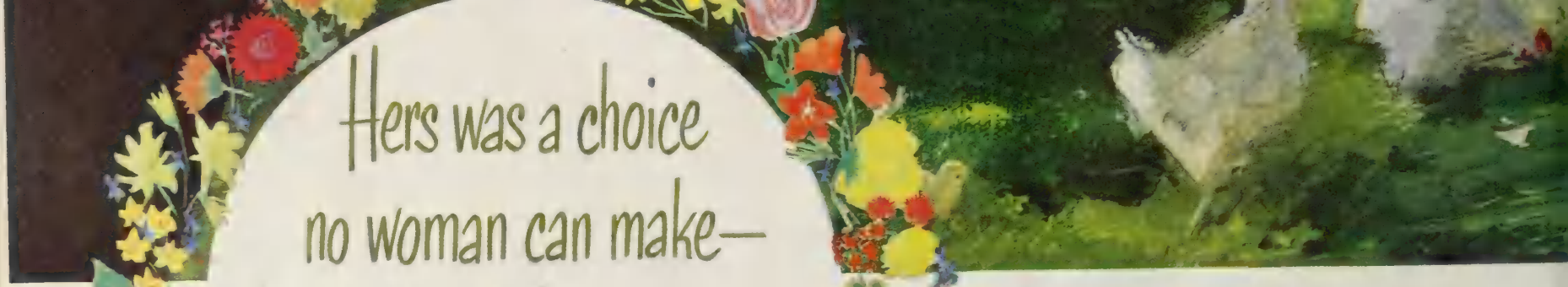
Mother was glad to have it settled, after all the talk and folders and correspondence they had been through. They would go down by train to some little way station where a bus would meet them.

"What about me?" Camilla had cried, a bit obstinate and sulky because Judy and Kay and the rest were going to hotels with swimming pools and tennis courts, where you met all kinds of people and anything exciting could happen; or else to camps where they had riding and sailing instructors and everything. Nobody ever heard of Sandford.

Even in her berth on the train, the green curtains swaying, the locomotive whistle wailing, hoarse-throated, through the night, she lay there thinking, *How dull. How dull it's going to be. How dull, how dull*, the wheels making a refrain of it. And all the time the train was rushing her toward Andy. Right after breakfast it slowed for their stop, jerking a little, as if it, too, were heavy with sleep, clumsy and reluctant.

"This way, please," the porter said.

Then there was the smell of steam, of coal smoke on fresh air, very fresh—in fact, quite *(Continued on Page 128)*



Hers was a choice no woman can make— her husband's happiness, or the life of her child

By ANNE HOMER WARNER

THEY found the place by accident, rented it on an impulse and almost at once they were sorry.

"Those apple blossoms were responsible," Ben said on the wa home. "We must have been out of our minds! Five hours' driv from the city, and nothing to do but stagnate."

Lydia agreed. She would be lonelier than ever now; she knew sh had been beguiled by a momentary vision of happiness, without foun dation. "I suppose you could call up the agent, and forfeit the deposit."

"Good idea," Ben said. "I'll do it first thing in the morning."

But Sharon didn't understand what her parents were talking about an so she was ecstatic. "I can have a pony," she kept repeating over and ove in a singsong voice, "and a baby lamb, and a puppy and some kittens.

"An entire menagerie, in fact," Ben muttered, but under his breath, because he loved his little daughter.

They had made the trip to Vermont to find a camp for Sharon. They had talked to camp heads and counselors, and inspected cabins, and been told that their child would have expert supervision. After a while the word "supervision" had begun to get on their nerves. Somehow it made Sharon sound like a whole army of raw recruits, instead of one little girl with brown braids, and gaps where her second teeth would eventually be.

On the way home, still undecided about camps, they had stopped for lunch at the Kerby Inn, and fallen into conversation with Mr. Barton, the proprietor. Quite by chance he had happened to mention that there were a number of nearby places to rent, and that he was also in the real-estate business. So, without being in the least serious about the project, they had gone with him after lunch to look at some houses that he had on his list.

The first one he showed them was a big rambling farmhouse on a hill overlooking an apple orchard. The barn had been fixed up as a studio, with a large picture window; and there were chicken runs, sheds and a number of smaller buildings. With a vague feeling of adventure they had wandered around, exclaiming over the lilac bushes and the spring, and a small brook that trickled over rocks.

"I could build a dam," Ben had said.

Lydia had looked around her, aware of a sweetness in the air, and an almost intoxicating quietness. She'd tried to picture Ben building a dam. And it had flashed into her mind that perhaps up here they could find the thing they had lost.

But they never would have been so impulsive if Sharon hadn't become almost wild with excitement. As soon as she got out of the car the little girl began dashing around, inspecting the *(Continued on Page 83)*





COMBINE

Coming back down the aisle, radiant Lilibet paused unexpectedly in front of her parents and swept them a beautiful curtsy.

The Little Princesses

THE HAPPY BRIDE, THE PROUD MOTHER — *By Marion Crawford*

Former Royal Governess

In this final installment of her memoirs as governess to Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose of England, Marion Crawford tells the behind-the-scenes story of Lilibet's wedding. Crawfie married before Lilibet, but stayed on to help with the wedding, and complete Margaret's education.

VIII

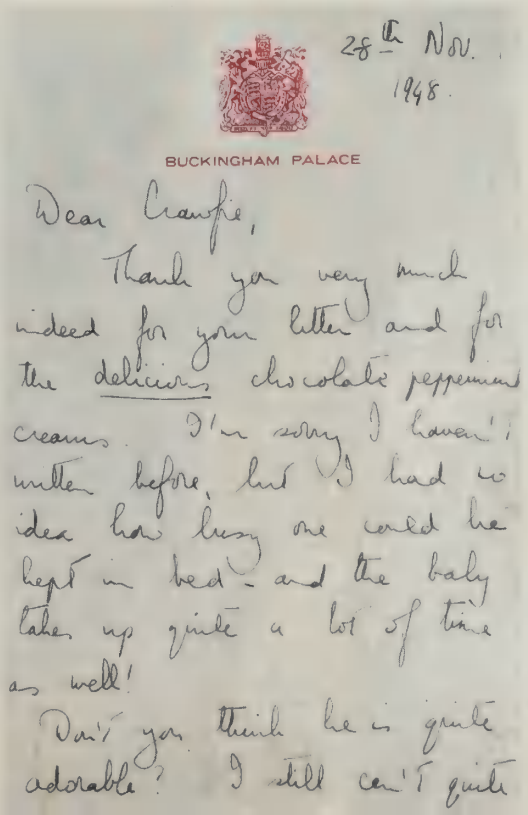
ON the evening before the wedding of Princess Elizabeth, there had been no last-minute festivities inside the palace, no party or gathering of any kind. There was too much to do. The King and Queen and their daughters dined quietly together. After that there was a mass of detail to be gone into, for tomorrow's function. Gold chairs were stacked up in the banqueting rooms. The whole air smelled of flowers.

Lilibet went to bed very early. Philip had looked in during the evening and said his last good night to her. She came up to her room, singing. There was a lovely feeling in the palace that night. We were all of us happy because she was happy, and things had at last gone right for her.

I don't think any of us had very much sleep. I went along to Lilibet's room very early in the morning, and found her in her dressing gown, peeping excitedly out the window at the crowds. "I can't believe it's really happening, Crawfie," she said. "I have to keep pinching myself."

She had been down as usual for the session with papa and mummie in their room. They must all have been a little sad that morning, as people are when it comes to last times. Standing there, peeping through the curtain, she looked such a child still, it was difficult to realize she was grown up, and would today be a bride. I stood in the doorway for a moment, looking back at her, and I could not help remembering that small golden-headed little girl I had first seen—could it *really* be all of sixteen years ago?—sitting up in bed, the cord of her dressing gown tied to the bedposts, driving her imaginary team round the park. I thought of Alah, and how dearly she would have loved this day, with her darling decked out in splendor, and surrounded with all the magnificence and ceremony Alah always felt to be a princess' due.

Of course there were the usual last-minute crises, the tensions common to any home on a wedding morning. The bouquet got lost. A footman remembered receiving it and bringing it upstairs, but what happened to it after that nobody could imagine. It had gone! When the



28th Nov. 1948.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE

Dear Crawfie,

Thank you very much indeed for your letter and for the delicious chocolate peppermint creams. I'm sorry I haven't written before, but I had no idea how busy one could be kept in bed — and the baby takes up quite a lot of time as well!

Don't you think he is quite adorable? I still can't quite

At her wedding, Lilibet sat Crawfie close to the King and Queen, saying, "You must be near us, as you have been all these years." KEYSTONE

Lilibet was delighted her baby came during first year of marriage, said she wanted three more: "After all, it's what we're made for."



KEYSTONE

Lilibet got a new puppy during her honeymoon, stopped in at palace to look for a dog leash. "My horrid sister has taken all the leads," she said, vexed. Footman finally found old chewed one, and she took dog on rest of honeymoon.



INP

King and Queen wistfully watching the wedding carriage roll out palace gate. Dignified Queen shed no motherly tears, but as carriage went by she suddenly picked up her skirts, ran a few steps after it, throwing rose petals on it.

"I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S REALLY HAPPENING, CRAWFIE, I HAVE TO KEEP PINCHING MYSELF," SAID LILIBET.

uproar was at its height, the footman suddenly remembered he had bethought himself to put it into a cupboard to keep cool.

Then Lilibet decided she must wear a certain wedding-present string of pearls, and she sent for them, only to be told they could not be found either. After much agitation, someone remembered they had been sent over with the rest of the wedding presents to St. James's Palace, and were on view there.

Her private secretary, Mr. John Colville, volunteered to go over and fetch them for her. He departed at the double. Unfortunately, the detectives on duty at St. James's did not know Mr. Colville. They listened to his story and thought it extremely fishy. They were taking no risks. In vain he pleaded with them: they refused to let him have the pearls. In the end, he was allowed to take them back to the palace with a policeman and a couple of detectives accompanying him, ready to pounce should he show any tendency to melt into the crowds!

The only person who remained throughout calm and cool was the stanch Bobo. She dressed her Princess, and then went over to the abbey to be on hand to take care of her when she arrived there.

The Queen looked beautiful that day. She wore a dress of apricot-colored silk brocade, which I thought immensely more becoming to her than her usual shades of pastel violet, blue or mauve. The dress was plainly and simply cut, and with it went an apricot-colored hat, and wonderful jewels that caught the light in a thousand different colors as she moved. She wore, that day, no fuss or feathers, and her face was the face of my little Duchess painted by Sorin long ago.

She must have remembered another great occasion when she had driven through just such crowds and rejoicings, to marry the man she loved. Through the years I had had many reasons for admiring the Queen's self-control, but never more greatly than on her daughter's wedding morning. And I thought, as I watched her enter the abbey and kneel for a moment in prayer, that the most she could ask for her child was the happiness she herself had found in her own marriage.

Lilibet had arranged seats for George and myself in Poets' Corner, not far from the King and Queen. "You must be near us," she said, "as you have been all these years."

There is always a nerve-racking moment, waiting for the bride to appear. It had been a dull morning, but now for a few moments a thin, watery sun fell through the stained-glass windows, lighting the feathers and silks and jewels of the waiting guests. I remember feeling sick in my tummy, just as I did on our pantomime mornings, or before a state ball. The bells that hold such heart-rending memories for all of us clashed out overhead, and every time the doors opened to admit anyone we heard far off that curious murmur that is the voice of a crowd. The organ played softly. We were all of us on tenterhooks, lest something had gone wrong since we left the palace. I know I saw the Queen give a little sigh of relief when at last the great doors were thrown open and the Princess came.

A Princess she looked, that morning. She was pale. She had used hardly any make-up. Her veil was a white *(Continued on Page 143)*

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LONDON EVENING STANDARD



WIDE WORLD



Lilibet's last public appearance before baby was born; baby's first public appearance—in pram Lilibet had as baby. Margaret fussed over active Lilibet, pressed pillows on her, gave her footstools, scolded.

COMBINE



"I still can't believe he is really mine," Lilibet wrote to Crawfie, soon after baby was born, "but perhaps that always happens to new parents. Anyway, this particular boy's parents couldn't be more proud."



WIDE WORLD

Lilibet insisted on having her baby in her own room at the palace "amongst the things I know." She fixed up his nursery herself, and packed him a cupboard with her own beloved toys—little soldiers, china mice, families of Teddy bears.



EUROPEAN

Family reluctantly asked Margaret to stay home two nights a week after Crawfie complained girl was exhausting herself going out every night. "We are only young once," Queen said indulgently. "We want her to have a good time."

Crawfie retired in 1949 after almost 17 years as royal governess. "I can never tell you how grateful I am for all your devotion and love for Lilibet and Margaret," Queen wrote. "Thank you with all my heart."





UP TO NOW, you've dressed with more haste than care for eight-o'clock classes, and with considerably more care for eight-o'clock dates. Now you're looking for a job, or you have a job.

Your clothes will help you, or let you down. Organize them or they'll disorganize you. Spark them with your imagination or they'll grow tiresome. You'll indicate your fashion knowledge by the cut of your suit—perhaps a box jacket, slim skirt, though walking ease in skirts is always permissible. You'll remember, or learn, that a jersey dress is the easiest keeper, and a natural for old or new belts and scarves. August weather calls for a silk or rayon-crepe dress, summer weight, fallish color. A black dinner dress is forever the necessary jewel. Your coat for everything can be a bright color—red or bittersweet this year.

Fall 1950's business girl likes the fashion of an oxford-gray flannel suit ($49.95), with a chamois wool vest, velvet sailor by Richard Englander, calfskin bag and walking shoes.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAROLD HALMA



She changes her suit for dinner with velvet-trimmed red jersey blouse, Suzy's veiled hat, crystal star pins.



early-straight coat goes with every-
ning; around $50, comes in winter red.



A long-sleeved rayon-crepe, all-year fashion, $17.95, by Henry Rosenfeld, ocelot belt.



Crisp look for office: jacquard cotton shirt, skirt with braid trim by Raissa Masket, around $22.

FASHION AND YOUR FIRST JOB . . .

Use your wits and save your well-earned dollars by having a plan that includes: a suit and a jersey dress in gray to wear with any known color; two or three velvet hats—they cost so little; cotton shirts in white or autumn colors; cotton gloves; a big gold-and-crystal stickpin that goes on beret, bag or collar. • By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal



nful, fashion-right pleated two-piece jersey
y Stanley Wyllins, around $25. Mr. Alf's hat.



Dinner dress, a two-piece pleated rayon, by Hannah Troy, $39.95, velvet belt and hat, white gloves.



The red coat can be changed with velvet hat, leopard tie, black suède gloves, bag, pumps.

FASHION PORTRAITS

of women across the nation . . .

names and faces you know, wearing

first fall fashions that would fit

perfectly into the wardrobes of

thousands of other American women.

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BONSSAGRIVES

Senator from Maine, Mrs. Margaret Chase Smith, dressed for luncheon in a two-piece navy-blue faille, veiled felt hat, calfskin bag.



Mrs. Brien McMahon, wife of the senator from Connecticut, in a slim navy-blue wool coat-dress.



Mrs. Sigourney B. Olney, Jr., of Seattle, likes the velveteen suit fashion worn with velvet beret, baum martens.

Mrs. Leonard K. Firestone, of Beverly Hills, California, wears a black jersey suit with white satin gilet, black fox.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN ENGSTEAD





PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY BEAUCHAMP

Mrs. Bertrand L. Taylor III, of New York, in a black taffeta afternoon suit.

THE JOURNAL'S *Little Gem*





Pearl-buttoned plaid rayon surah blouse matches the coat lining. Vogue Design No. 7115, "Easy-to-Make" blouse, 12 to 20. Slim skirt matches the coat, Vogue Design No. 6949, 24 to 32 waist measure.

JEWELRY BY SEAMAN SCHEPPS

Figure-flattering, slim coat of velvety navy-blue wool, viewed side and front. It has a black velvet collar, and is also effective trimmed with braid. Plaid lining. Vogue Design No. S-4126, 12 to 20.

HAT BY ELIZABETH MARKS, SCARF AND BAG BY MR. JOHN, GLOVES BY ANDRÉ DAVID



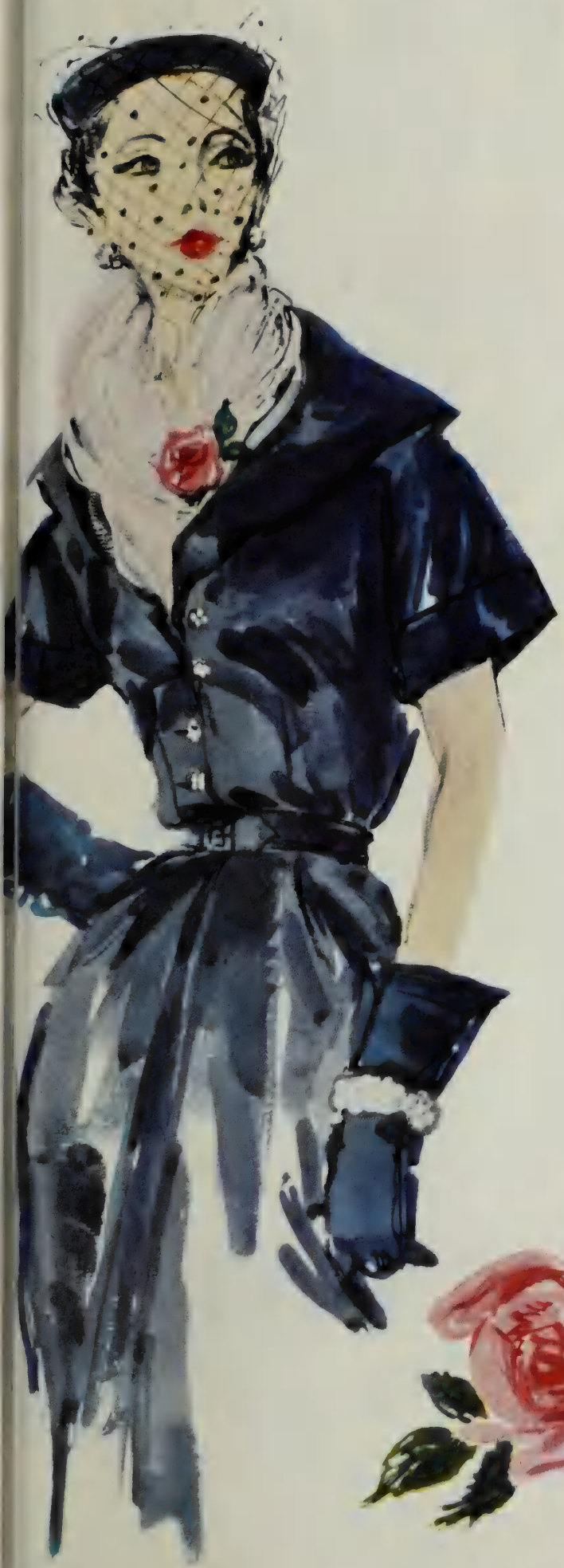
PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ontario. (*Connecticut residents please add sales tax.)

A GEM of a wardrobe is ideally small. Each piece must fill its needs as perfectly as possible. Having one wool dress instead of three means that more thought and money can go into it. We stress the value of fine fabrics and workmanship. We recently asked a reader what her idea of a GEM of a dress was, and she answered, "It's just the kind of a dress I need" . . . and that is exactly the way we feel about it. It's the perfect kind of dress whether it's casual or dressy. It is never extreme in design, fabric or color. It is a dress which takes kindly to scarves, belts and jewelry . . . which takes a change of buttons each season. A GEM of a coat is one that flatters your figure. If it is slim, as ours is, it must be fitted to perfection. Your lining is gay in plaid rayon surah . . . especially if you make a blouse to match. (When you tire of the plaid, a plain lining can be substituted.) You may like it with braid buttons and a bit of braid on the pocket flaps . . . braid is an important fall fashion detail. We think a fitted coat and a matching skirt is a pleasant change from a suit with a loose coat. If you do not have the confidence to tackle a coat yourself, take a well-designed pattern to a competent local tailor. You have the pleasure of selecting a quality fabric, choosing the pattern and criticizing the fit. If you make the coat yourself, remember a tailor will put in bound buttonholes for you (if you are concerned about making them on heavy fabric), or you can make them with the buttonhole attachment on your sewing machine. It is difficult to find a GEM of a dress or coat, but once you have found it you will never want to part with it. • By NORA O'LEARY

Back and other views and prices are on Page 129.

CF A WARDROBE





Day in, day out . . . you will love this casual dress of pale yellow kasha-type wool. It has a leopard-fur belt. Vogue Couturier Design No. 562, one-piece dress. 12 to 20.

BELT BY BEN KING, SCARF BY BROOKE CADWALLADER



DRAWINGS BY MARGARET SOMMERFELD

Beautifully simple midnight-blue satin to wear to dinner, to the theater. Vogue Design No. 7156, one-piece dress. 12 to 20. Pale malines and a rose at the neck. At left, black velvet bag with slit pocket for handkerchief; laced velvet sandal; silk-chiffon rose—your evening accessories.

VELVET BAG BY MILCH, SHOE BY EVINS

If only it were

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

AMY had run all the way back from the party, but when she reached the corner she knew she was too late. The big red house was brightly lighted, a car she recognized as the doctor's was in the drive, and a police siren was shrieking and coming closer.

She was gasping for breath as she stood there, her knees shaking under her, and her face, had anyone seen it, showing complete despair. There was no one near, however. It was the dinner hour for the unfashionable neighborhood, which ate between six and seven. The bitter cold had driven even the dog walkers inside, and the police car had not yet appeared, although the siren sounded closer.

She tried to think, standing there in her mink coat and with the wind blowing the feathers of her party hat in every direction. She looked precisely what she was, a stoutish handsome woman in her thirties, with a square jaw and a rather bitter mouth, who had obviously been to a smart reception and was on her way home. Only she was not going home; not to face the police, or the doctor, or ——

Her mind stopped there, as if it could not go on. But she dared not stay where she was. She turned and gasped her way around the corner, walking stiffly, not noting where she was going. After a few blocks she found herself in front of an apartment house, and stood there staring at it. She and Jessie had quarreled over it, she remembered. She had wanted to give up the big unwieldy house and go there, and Jessie had objected.

"I love it, Amy," she said. "It's the only house I've ever known. I was born here, you know. Even if you weren't, I should think the fact that mother ——"

"It was only mother's by her second marriage," Amy said sharply. "I have no sentiment about that."

"You never liked my father, did you?" Jessie inquired. "Why not, Amy? He was kind to you."

"I was only his stepchild. When you came along I was fourteen. It wasn't easy."

That had been only a few months ago. But then there had been the accident and there was no question of moving Jessie, even after she came home from the hospital. Her back had been hurt, so she had to spend her time in bed or on her chaise longue.

Amy moved toward the wall out of the wind. She was breathing easier, but she still could not decide what to do. Her head was aching viciously again, as it had the day of the accident. Jessie had suggested a drive in the fresh air to help it, and in spite of Jessie's protests Amy had taken the wheel. Then, somewhere out in the country, Jessie had said casually:

"Ranny Mason has asked me to the concert next Saturday. I hope you don't mind, Amy."

"Mind! Why should I mind?" Amy said stolidly. And somehow the car *(Continued on Page 135)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER BIGGS

The servants whispered that *he* was back again to

Miss Jessie, and *wasn't Miss Amy's nose out of joint!*


Yesterday
They lay down
to sleep...
one to die
before she waked

The hidden tax bill on $50 a week

Every good citizen recognizes the need for taxes. Our schools, roads, police, our military services, our public-health and welfare facilities—all these depend on them, along with many other essentials of a democratic society. This article is not intended as a suggestion that taxes are not necessary. It is intended as a suggestion that when families with $50-a-week income pay almost one third of their money out in hidden taxes, they should know it, and should concern themselves with whether this tax money—our country's joint money—is being carefully and wisely spent.—The Editors.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOSEPH DI PI

"Mamma, can I have some more meat?" "Sorry, son, I've just given the rest to Uncle Sam."

How much do you pay in taxes? Do you really know?

This is a dollar-and-cents real-life story about a man who pays practically no income tax but who nonetheless works about one week out of three *to pay his taxes. The paradox lies in hidden taxes from which no one who spends money is exempt. To find out how these work and what they cost, the* Ladies' Home Journal *asked a family in the low-income bracket to keep a four-week diary of their spending, and then asked tax experts in producing and merchandising fields to estimate carefully the amount of taxes in the cost of each item purchased. This story is the startling result.*

ELEANOR and Bob F. live in a small New Jersey town, 2500 pop., as the sign says. Their home, which they've furnished themselves, is a rented two-bedroom apartment in a four-family white frame house, fronting on the railroad station. Their older son, Bobby, is just eleven, and in the fifth grade; Chuckie is going on five. Eleanor is a pretty, round-cheeked, comfortable sort of person; Bob is rangy, ambitious and good-looking.

They have been married almost fourteen years. When they got home from their honeymoon they had $100, a three-room apartment, some furniture and some wedding gifts.

They also had a chicken coop, for Bob's hobby was the raising of Bantams for show. The coop is gone now; the hobby cost too much. Instead, Bob uses what spare time he can find to build up a side venture in the buying and selling of used auto parts. Last year he had made enough on it to make a down payment on a pickup truck. But all profits go into paying for the truck and cannot be counted in the family income.

Their income comes from Bob's wages. He is a spinner operator in the town's meter factory. His pay is $50 a week, but about five weeks a year, when the factory is rushed with orders and he works on Saturdays, $15 a week is added to his pay. Their annual income is thus around $2675 a year, about $800 below the family average.

A man earning $50 weekly, with two children and a wife, pays only $1.24 a year income tax, but he also pays for planning for his retirement (Social Security) and, in New Jersey, state unemployment-insurance premiums. Thus, when Bob turns his pay check of $50 over to Eleanor on Thursday evenings, there are already two tax deductions from it: old-age benefits . . . . . $ .75
state unemployment-and-disability insurance 50
leaving them with a weekly income of $48.75.

When the Journal asked Eleanor to keep a day-by-day, penny-by-penny account for four weeks of all she spent, she grinned and said that wouldn't be hard—"We don't spend much."

Eleanor is the one in this family who handles the money; she takes the check every Friday down the street to the bank, and as soon as it is cashed, she immediately puts $3.00
of it away in her Christmas Club fund. There is no tax on saving this—but when the family get around to spending it on their usual ties, shirts, shaving lotion, costume jewelry and toys, there will be a variety of taxes. Since most of these are what the Government calls "luxuries," many will take a straight 20 per cent excise tax; but they, as well as the "nonluxuries," will incur other taxes indirectly—concealed in the price. Of each $3, there will be an estimated 1.05
going to pay taxes.

Eleanor doesn't think about this, however, any more than she thinks about Christmas until it is almost upon her. She has the weekly grocery and odds-and-ends shopping to do. Food is their biggest expenditure, although no one spends any money in restaurants, and Eleanor is an expert cook who knows what to do with a leftover. She packs Bob's lunch each morning and sometimes, on demand, packs *(Continued on Page 118)*

THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

By HARLAN MILLER

When we remodeled our living room I installed a somewhat elaborate mail slot through the wall beside the front door. . . . And if nine tenths of the mail slid on into a wastebasket and vanished unread, it wouldn't be much loss, and one delivery of the clamorous stuff a day is plenty for me.

◊

Of the eleven radios in our house, the only one that's never needed repairs is the one in my basement bathroom. It's scarcely been moved in seventeen years and it stays tuned to one station; it goes on when the light's turned on; and no one fiddles with it.

◊

I must remember to tell my wife's bridge club that the air hostess on the Pan-American plane which flew me from B.A. to Rio served lunch in thirty minutes to fifty-five people, as many as live around our block, with no fuss at all. (Maybe the system could be adapted to our private parties?)

◊

Maybe one reason why our neighbors don't carry out their good resolves to invite our kids' teachers to dinner is that most of us parents, in the presence of any teacher, still feel like small boys and girls ourselves. (But *this* year, right after Labor Day ——)

◊

It always gives me a twinge when one of our friends decides to sell the old homestead and move into an apartment which "we can lock up when we go on trips." . . . Though it's not quite so final as moving to Florida or California.

◊

"Wouldn't there be heck to pay," broods Peter Comfort, raking the gravel path in his wife's garden, "if women were really as thin as the figures in the fashion ads? An ordinary hug would fracture 'em."

◊

Ah, for a modern Breughel to paint in one picture the myriad things a child finds to do on a summer day! (And for a Merlin to slow up the flight of the days for us adults.)

◊

Our proudest neighbor is the one with four air-conditioned rooms in his house. He keeps his machines turned on so strong that he's forced to wear a wool bathrobe on the warmest days.

◊

If they taught girls in school to use their voices more charmingly, I'm inclined to think there'd be fewer bachelor girls. (And fewer bachelors, of course.)



Much as I love to dive, I've left the diving board to the young fry since my Dream Girl told me I didn't have the figure for a swan dive. . . . My slightly convex figure looks better when dunked neck-deep.

◊

After stumbling around Latin America like a deaf-mute because of my vanished Spanish and non-existent Portuguese, I'm reviving my reign of terror at breakfast: five new foreign words every morning. (Plus a short poem standing up after dinner.) But I've broken those vows before.

◊

On the first hot day the older members at the club look daggers at the young whippersnappers who take off their neckties at lunch. And on the second hot day they appear necktieless themselves. (All except a few of civilization's pennant bearers in vests and stiff collars.)

◊

After twenty years with the same sturdy refrigerator, we've exiled it to the basement. (Incidentally, it revived my faith in American industry.) Our new one, alas, still has no lock, but anything I mustn't eat I can now padlock in the old one.

◊

If all our friends who took piano lessons as children were laid end to end they wouldn't produce as much music on a piano as they can equipped with combs, tissue paper and bazookas.

As I understand Margaret Mead's new book on sex, the reason men invent airplanes or pole-vault fifteen feet is their secret chagrin at not being able to bear babies. . . . And now may we hear from a male anthropologist?

◊

On my recent thirty-day flight around South America on the clipper planes, I phoned my durable Glamour Girl from Peru, Chile, Argentina and Brazil. It wasn't too expensive (cheaper'n an orchid a week) and I can now talk about it for the next twenty years.

◊

Our neighborhood's No. 1 feminist doesn't care how much the men worry about Russia and wars, so long as the girls keep the young men parked under the neighborhood's lamp-posts, in the shadows, and lay plans for their china and linen and silver and golden weddings.

◊

I don't know how much our children'll cost us from obstetrician to wedding reception. But they've paid their way in sheer fun. . . . When our youngest at six sat down on the running board of the car, in our driveway, looked up at the stars and exclaimed "Isn't it a wonderful world!" he paid for his college tuition.

◊

The man next door has surrendered to the psychiatrists. He is now convinced that the friction between him and his boy is attributable to the fact that he forced the boy to eat his eggs at age four, and made him wear a cap in cold weather.

◊

Often I'm haunted by a fear that our Yankee civilization is wasting on knickknacks and bric-a-brac too much of its energy that ought to be devoted to new houses built on 150-foot lots to last 150 years.

◊

"The way they gush about a new girdle or a new bra," says Betty Comfort, behaving like a martyr with the lawn hose, "you'd think the future of the human race depended on 'em!"

◊

When your wife overlooks a fault that chafes your conscience . . . and you find letters from Junior awaiting you in Lima, B.A. (about his allowance) and Rio . . . and your daughter neatly sorts and files your twenty-year accumulation of papers and mementos . . . and your youngest at ten proposes "Let's start our bedtime talks again every night" . . . then you want to telegraph somebody that the preacher who married you must immediately be promoted at least to the rank of bishop.

COOL COLORFUL COLLECTION

By Ann Batchelder



IT'S a beautiful morning—the grass is green and needs cutting, I notice, but who cares? It's green and pushes itself up as it pleases and carpets the lawn nicely. I know that the crab grass and the faded dandelions are bandying smart remarks back and forth about the mower boy, and the rocks won't budge an inch no matter what.

The brook tinkles along like a ukulele, and the sun makes a mirror in every pool that Narcissus might bend over and lose himself in the self-adored face that never failed him and never grew dim. Yes, it's a wonderful day, an August day, the beginning of the end of summer. Down in the orchard garden there are the late flowers. But more than those, there are the late strawberries, and the ever-bearing raspberry bushes hang heavy with fruit (the birds have their share, but so do we).

August is hot—but hot. Well, to take up the agenda of this meeting, let's get down to business and bring up the various matters that are pressing for a hearing at this gathering.

Here we present, introduce and bring to your attention a group of as young and sprightly, cool and colorful summer dishes as you'll come across in many a long day. And if I get my metaphors mixed, give it no mind. After all, it's August, and it's hard to keep such things as metaphors on the mind.

Here's something special. And I'm going to put it on the special shelf, which means that it's going in right now, ahead of more important and imposing things. Just because it is so special, and *that* means the receipt for sesame bread sticks! They're delicious with any summer salad, including these.

SESAME BREAD STICKS

Dissolve ½ cake compressed yeast or ½ package quick dry yeast (1 teaspoon) in 2 tablespoons lukewarm water, according to directions on the package. Melt ½ cup shortening in 6 tablespoons scalded milk and cool to lukewarm. Stir in dissolved-yeast mixture. Sift together 2 cups flour, ¾ teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon sugar in a large bowl. Make a well in center of dry ingredients. Add liquids all at once and beat until dough comes away from sides of bowl. Set in a warm place to rise until double in bulk. Punch down.

Pinch off pieces of dough no bigger than a walnut. Roll between palms of your hands or on a board into pencil-thin strips only ¼" thick and about 6" long. Let the strips dry about 10 minutes. Then dip in beaten egg (1 egg is enough for this receipt), then roll in hulled sesame seeds (you'll need ¼ pound). Arrange the sticks on ungreased baking sheets or line cooky sheets with aluminum foil—but no greasing, mind now. Bake without rising (except what they do in the oven, and you can't help *that*) in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., until a light golden tan and very crisp. Takes about 25 minutes at this slow speed. Don't try to hurry them in a hotter oven: they get mad and cut up like four-year-olds if you do. Makes about 5 dozen. Store in a tightly covered tin to keep them crisp. (The tin won't be occupied long.)

More substantial, but beautiful. If American cooks didn't invent jellied salads and jellied desserts, then I don't know my history book or have mislaid my dream book. There never was such a transformer and lifter-upper as gelatin. We take it for granted, use it all the time, yet it does a thousand lovely

(Continued on Page 82)



Receipts

LIME-AND-MINT FRUIT SALAD

COTTAGE-CHEESE SNOWCAPS

AVOCADO-RIBBON ASPIC

SHRIMP-AND-CUCUMBER RING

SESAME BREAD STICKS

FROZEN FRUIT SALAD

FROZEN COFFEE MOUSSE WITH PEACHES

CANTALOUPE SUPREME

COCONUT BAVARIAN CREAM WITH RASPBERRIES

PHOTO BY STUART-POWLER

Fine a Day



PHOTO BY WE

By Ann Batchelder

1 Like meeting an old friend, a book worth reading once is worth reading again. Right now I'm reading for the nth time a story called Lazarus, by the great Russian author Andreyev. And it's not my last reading either.

2 Salads are more than asides and grace notes to a luncheon or dinner. Try serving a big bowl of chicken-and-white-grape salad for your really up-and-up buffet. Crisp toast fingers are your best bet with this.

3 Another buffet treat is a tray of the small round tomatoes, hollowed out. The pulp chopped and mixed with chopped cucumber and shrimp mixed with lemon mayonnaise. Fill the tomatoes with this and serve with mayonnaise in which chopped cress is mixed, and garnish with cress. This is tasty to the tongue and beautiful to the eye.

4 Here's a sandwich, new to me: Spread cucumber slices with creamed Roquefort cheese, put between small rounds of bread spread with water-cress butter.

5 Years ago I toyed with the first shrimp puffs ever to show up in a surprise package. I hadn't seen any for a very long time until I came across them the other day in a pretty fancy food shop.

6 They look like little pinkish chips when you get them. But—heat some shortening in a frying pan, fairly deep, drop in the chips and, lo and behold, they grow and puff and come out looking like rose petals. Salt them very little and serve them hot. Nice to have them back again, for they're different and wonderful on the hors-d'oeuvre tray or with salads.

7 For tea, among the sweet sandwiches don't fail to include little ones made with lime marmalade. It goes with tea like candles and roses.

8 Broiled bananas with steak are enjoying a well-earned popularity hereabouts. All you do is peel and split them lengthwise, sprinkle with lemon juice and a little brown sugar and broil them until they're nice and tender—not too soft. And they are delicious with ham too.

9 *From an old cookbook:* "The introduction of cooking stoves in our kitchens can scarcely be described as anything but calamitous. Think what the careless domestic can do to spoil the food that came from the Dutch ovens and the spits in perfect and unspoiled delicacy. The wary housewife now has one more watch to set upon her table." Now our ranges do the watching!

10 Let us see what more can be done about spinach. It's here to stay, I'm sure. Ever try a spinach pie? Make a good flaky crust and line a deep pie plate. Brush the crust with the white of an egg and prick it with a fork. Bake until the crust is set but not completely done.

11 *Second Step:* Now cook your spinach in as little water as possible. When it's done, drain it like all get out. Chop it fine and season it with salt, pepper, nutmeg and two tablespoons butter. Mix a chopped hard-boiled egg with the spinach. Put a layer in the crust, sprinkle well with Parmesan or grated Cheddar cheese, cover with another layer, add little pieces of butter and more cheese and bake in an oven at 350° F. until the cheese is melted, about twenty-five minutes. You may change your mind about spinach.

12 Here's an Italian dish that I am as partial to as the pastor to a chicken-pie supper when he knows which pie is which. It's fine for a luncheon and goes well with ham or fried chicken for any kind of supper.

13 This is what you do. Cook, with milk—*not* water—some farina or wheat cereal as the directions tell you. Spread it out on a glass platter and let it cool. Then cut it into rounds half an inch thick and the size of a half dollar. Put some butter in a large glass pie plate, then a layer of the rounds, cover with Parmesan cheese, then another layer, more cheese and butter and bake until brown—they won't get *very* brown. Serve sizzling hot in the plate you baked them in. And they're called *gnocchi*.

14 A main dish for dinner, after a jellied-soup beginning, is the white meat of cooked turkey, sliced, done in a wonderfully seasoned cream sauce to which has been added a cup of sliced sautéed mushrooms and some chopped green peppers. Serve very hot on rice or even on toast.

15 Pretty slick for the chafing dish—and perfect for a buffet—are creamed mushrooms. But here's the gimmick. When ready, add half a cup of crumbled French-fried onions. Get them in cans. They're very crisp and crumble easy as easy. It's a touch. Try it with canned mushroom soup.

16 A wonderful thing to go with smoked turkey, cold meat or cheese is Morello-cherry jam—delicious and worth getting acquainted with.

17 Here's a breezy little number by way of a dessert. Take half a pound of creamed cottage cheese. Add a little cream. Stir in a heaping teaspoon of cocoa or powdered chocolate, a few drops of vanilla and a pinch of salt. Mix well. Chill and serve with hot chocolate sauce. One teaspoon of powdered coffee does the same trick if you like Mocha flavor.

18 As pretty a garnish as you could wish for: very thin slices of scallions floating atop a cup of tomato bouillon.

19 Skipping lightly from crag to crag brings me to veal chops; and I haven't said a word about these since I don't know when. But you'll like this kind.

THE OLD BRIDGE

Staunch as the dwellers on these granite hills
The old bridge stands.
Here is a destiny that time fulfills,
Defying man's destroying hands.

20 *First Chapter:* Brown six veal chops in butter or margarine. Put them in one layer in a large glass baking dish. Between the chops and around them put plenty of minced raw onion. Put a big tablespoon of boiled rice on each chop. On top of the rice arrange thick slices of tomatoes. Chop the rest of the tomatoes and put this on the onion.

21 *Second Chapter:* Season your dish with salt, pepper and a pinch of *orégano*. Now pour over all a cup of liquid—might be chicken broth or consommé. Bake, covered, in a moderate oven, 350° F., for an hour and a half or until the chops are very tender. A green salad and fried green peppers with mushrooms are pretty elegant with this.

22 *Tropical note:* Ever try to crack a coconut? The ax will do it. Also a hatchet. But it's a lot of exercise. Put the hard shell in a shallow pan—to catch the milk—and leave it in a 300° F. oven till the shell cracks. It really does.

23 Take some potatoes with the largest waist measures you can find. Boil them. Let them cool. Slice. Dust with flour and brown well on both sides in butter or margarine. Spread half the slices with deviled ham and put together with unspread ones, as you'd do a sandwich. Serve right away.

24 Try this one in your omelet pan. Beat four eggs lightly. Add half a can of condensed mushroom soup. Season with salt and pepper. Cook as you do an omelet and garnish with orange slices, cress and broiled mushrooms.

25 To vary the French-toast routine, spread bread slices with sharp Cheddar cheese. Put two slices together—sandwichlike. Cut into four strips and dip in eggs beaten up with milk and fry. Serve hot—but *very* hot—and very good.

26 For P.M. tea or 1 P.M. luncheon, make a receipt of biscuits. Add to the mixture two teaspoons of sugar and the grated rind of half a big lemon. Cut them small. Splendid with jam or marmalade.

27 Mix cream cheese with Gruyère or Roquefort and make softer with chili sauce. Salt and add a few finely chopped ripe olives. Very tasty.

28 *Herb-and-spice division:* Sweet basil is a must with any tomato dish, from salad to bake to broil to fry. Corn dishes stand up like a maid of honor if given pepper. Nutmeg or mace with broccoli and spinach.

29 Mash and purée some ripe bananas. Add a little sugar and beat up with lemon juice to taste. Chill and serve with lemon or orange ice. Very cool.

30 *Word-to-the-wise dept.* No dinner is better than the coffee that comes after. Remember—the curtain line is the one the reviewers remember.

31 The month is done. Quite a lot of cooking has been done since we started out. Keep cool, feel cool and be as cool as August will let you be. Bear in mind that, come Christmas, you'll be longing for these long, hot, lazy days. In the meantime—time's a-wasting.



BEAT-THE-HEAT

3 LUNCHES

. . . delicious and quick

WITH SOUP AS THE ONE HOT DISH



ANNE MARSHALL
Director Home Economics
Campbell Soup Company

BY Anne Marshall

How to feed the family well these late summer days, and yet keep cool while doing so—that's a problem every woman faces. Nowadays, more and more women are coming up with the answer. As the one hot dish needed in every family meal, they're serving soup, chosen for deliciousness and nourishment. Soups like these on this page take but a jiffy to prepare—and how *good* they are! Trust your family to find *that* out!

#1 **BRIGHT BID TO APPETITES**—on one of those "too-hot-to-eat" days—is the soup most folks like best: zesty tomato soup. It appeals to the children no less than to the grown-ups. Sandwiches, fruit and a beverage complete the invitation.

Tomato Soup
Cream Cheese and Jelly Sandwich
Peach **Chocolate Milk**

#2 **ALWAYS A FAMILY FAVORITE**—hearty, homey chicken noodle soup. Folks just naturally take to it, and mothers are glad to know this includes the youngsters, for it's so good for them, so nourishing. Yes, tempting is the word for this lunch.

Chicken Noodle Soup
Summer Vegetable Salad **Iced Tea**





#3 **"HERE'S A PARTY!"**—says cream of mushroom soup, the moment guests sit down and catch that appetizing aroma. The soup is so delicious, so rich and creamy, it always encourages eating. Try this "entertaining" lunch built around it.

Cream of Mushroom Soup
Pineapple Basket **Tea Sandwiches**
Lemonade



Summer's Busy Shelf

A well-stocked shelf of fine prepared soups can be so helpful in summer. With a nice choice of soups on the shelf, the one hot dish can be varied delightfully, and so keep meals *interesting* to the family even on the hottest summer day.

The doctor advises a patient about

HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE



DOCTOR: "Your recent physical examination showed that you are in good condition, although your blood pressure is up. Additional tests and examinations I have made indicate that you have *uncomplicated* high blood pressure. This means that no underlying diseases or infections are causing your condition.

"Actually, high blood pressure, or hypertension, may be slight, moderate, or severe. Even when it is severe, many people continue to lead active, normal lives for many years simply by following the doctor's advice and by adopting healthful living habits."

PATIENT: "Just what is high blood pressure?"

DOCTOR: "It is a condition that results when the blood flowing through the body's small vessels meets increased resistance. This is usually brought about by the narrowing of these small vessels. This narrowing may occur in response to emotional or other factors.

"Everybody's blood pressure varies from time to time. However, when these blood vessels remain *constantly* tightened up, persistent high blood pressure results."

PATIENT: "How does high blood pressure cause harm?"

DOCTOR: "Mainly by placing an additional strain on the heart and blood vessels. This, in turn, causes enlargement of the left ventricle of the heart. As a result, the efficiency of the heart's chief pumping chamber is lessened. Then, too, the arteries wear out sooner than they would if the blood pressure were normal."

PATIENT: "I understand. Now, Doctor, what can I do to help myself?"

DOCTOR: "First, *learn to avoid worry and mental strain*. For example, if there are situations which always upset you, make a special effort to avoid them. Slow down—go through your daily routine without undue fuss or hurry. The calmer you become, the more your blood vessels tend to relax—and thus help to lower your blood pressure. You must also *get your weight down to what is normal for you and keep it there, you must get plenty of sleep and rest, and you must not neglect having periodic health examinations*."

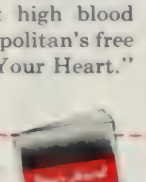
PATIENT: "What about the new treatments . . . special diets and drugs?"

DOCTOR: "In *selected* cases, the newer forms of treatment are often helpful. Some of the newer drugs may be helpful in many cases but owing to the wide variation in the causes of high blood pressure, these should only be taken with the advice of your physician. Various diets in which salt, protein, and fats are restricted have often benefited some patients. But in your case, like many others, simple common sense treatment usually produces good results."

Knowledge of what causes high blood pressure is increasing, thanks to research supported by the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund and others. In fact, there is hope that both preventive and curative measures may be found as research continues. For more information about high blood pressure, write for Metropolitan's free booklet, 80J, entitled "Your Heart."

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

Please send me a copy of your booklet, 80J, "Your Heart."



Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

BELLES ON THEIR TOES

(Continued from Page 35)

Mother stood there, tall, slim and quite beautiful. Her figure never even whispered that she had had a dozen children.* Her veil was pushed back over her hat, and her face was white and taut.

A few strands of red hair, the only part of Mother's person that wouldn't do her bidding, curled defiantly from under her hat. Everything else was black and white.

Whenever Dad said good-by there on the porch, he always made believe we were secretly glad to get rid of him. Nothing could have been farther from the truth, because we worshiped him, and he knew it. But he'd say we were only waiting for him to get out of earshot before we'd start a wild celebration that would run far into the night. He'd tell us our long faces didn't fool *him* any, and that someday he was going to ride around the block and come back and catch us decking the halls with boughs of holly, building a bonfire, burning him in effigy, and—the biggest sin of all—even using one of his Durham-Duplex razors.

Mother didn't want us to know how she felt about leaving, so she smiled and tried to act like Dad.

"Those long faces don't fool me any," she boomed as heartily as she could. "Just as soon as I'm out of sight ——" The boom dropped to a whisper, and then she couldn't go on at all. She held out her arms and we broke ranks and burrowed into them.

She didn't trust herself to talk for a while, and neither did we. Finally she pulled herself loose and started down the stairs. Just before she got to the cab, she turned and looked at us—at each one of us.

Mother has a way of making each child know he means something very special to her. Not just as one of the group, but as an individual person who has his own special claim on her heart.

"I love you so," she said quietly. "I wouldn't leave you, if it didn't seem the only way we can stay together later on. You know that, don't you?"

We knew it, all right. Most of Dad's money had gone back into his business. Mother was going to try to operate the business herself—that was one reason the trip to Europe was necessary. If she failed, the family might have to be divided or to move in on Mother's relatives on the West Coast.

MOTHER'S mother had invited all of us to come and live with her, in Oakland, California. Since there were so many of us, Mother thought it would be a bit of an imposition—more, in fact, than she was willing to impose on anyone, even her own mother. Several of Dad's friends had offered to adopt some of us. None of us wanted that.

"Don't worry about us," Anne assured Mother now. "Everything will be hotsy, honest!"

"I'm sure it will, dear," Mother smiled. "Not only hotsy, but totsy too."

The driver started to help her into the cab. "I'm sorry about your husband," he said.

"Thank you very much." Now Mother's voice sounded far away.

"I talked to a fellow that saw it happen. It must have been an awful shock for you."

"Shut up," Frank whispered fiercely. "Why can't he just shut up?"

Anne nudged Frank sharply, and he was quiet.

We got back into line as the cab started down the driveway. We could see Mother waving from the window in the back.

Lillian, who was ten, burst into tears. "I want to go with Mother," she sobbed. "Tell her to come back."

Anne took two steps and stood in front of Lill, blocking her from view. "I told you not to do that," Anne said between her teeth. "I told you the first one who did that before Mother left I'm going to murder." Anne sounded as if she meant it too.

"I can't help it," Lill cried. "She's got to come back."

All the way up Eagle Rock Way, we coul see Mother waving. We smiled and wave back. Lill stopped crying before the car w out of sight, and Anne stepped aside so th Lill could wave too.

The car disappeared around a curve, ar Lill burst into tears again. "I didn't mea to," she sobbed. "Honest, I didn't."

"It's all right," Anne told her. "We kno you didn't."

"Do you think she could see me at the en when I was waving?"

"I'm sure she could," Anne said. "C course she could, honey." Anne burst in tears herself.

We went back into the house, and su denly we didn't feel so depressed any mo Perhaps it was the saying good-by we ha dreaded, even more than being witho Mother. Mother had gone on trips befo and we had lived through them. And she be back in a little more than a month.

"Everybody," said Anne, drying her tea "did fine. I think Mother was proud of us

"We'll get things running like clockwo around here," Ernestine told us. "Moth won't know us when she gets back."

WE began to see that what seemed the e of everything might really be just a begi ning. There was even a certain exhilarati in knowing that Mother had had enou confidence in us to leave us by ourselves.

"Yes, sir," said Anne, almost gaily, "e erything went so well that, for the first tim I think we're going to make a go of it." S was fairly beaming now. "Everybody h haved so well I could kiss you all."

"I knew it," said Bill, ducking. "The mi ute Mother leaves, you start making threats

Anne grabbed him, and planted a resoun ing, moist smack on the side of his neck. E struggled, giggled and hollered. The no sounded fine after three days of whispe The tension began to drain out of us.

"I know we're going to be able to stay t gether," Ernestine said. "I'm so sure of now that I could almost go build that bonf Dad always talked about."

"Let's see," Anne grinned. "Where's t nearest holly tree?"

"You keep away from his razors, though Frank warned. "I'll be needing those o day."

Ernestine and Martha hooted. Bill me tioned something about how the cat wou be fully competent to lick off any whisk that Frank had at present or might produ for years to come. Anne kissed Bill loud again, and he hollered some more. Frank r an exploratory hand across his chin, b there was no sound of sandpaper.

Mother sailed with the tide that morni aboard the Scythia for England.

Dad had been scheduled to speak at t London Power Conference, and to presi over a session of the World Congress of S entific Management, at the Masaryk Aca emy, in Prague, Czechoslovakia. Those we two honors that meant his work in moti study and the elimination of fatigue in indu try was being recognized internationally.

Dad had been a consulting engineer a efficiency expert, specializing in big industr He was the creator of motion study, whic as one skeptic alleged—and Dad never d nied—was designed to "make it easy to wo hard."

Dad's method was to study a worker's m tions, and then to cut down those motio often by redesigning the machinery that t man operated. Mother was his business pa ner. She had given him a dozen children a had written with him a half-dozen books e plaining motion study. Now she wanted make certain that he received the recognit the European meetings would bring. And did we.

She had been invited to substitute for h at the two sessions. At first it seemed out the question to accept. And then it seem to be the one opportunity of keeping the fa ily together. Engineering was, and still is man's field. Mother knew there would difficulties in trying to continue Dad's bu

*Mary, the next to oldest, died of diphtheria in 1912.

s. But if she made a success of her two eches in Europe, before some of the big- t engineers in the world, she might have easier time in convincing Dad's clients it she could do the work.

Mother wasn't accustomed to making de- ons. Those, in the past, had been left to d. He had set the pattern, and she had owed it. Even the idea of twelve children l been his originally. But if Dad thought idea was good, Mother was convinced it s marvelous.

There was a time when Mother wept easily, en she was afraid of walking alone at ht, when a lightning storm would send her ddering into a dark closet. All that ended day Dad died. It ended because it *had* to l. It ended because of the realization that at she really feared was that something uld separate them.

Well, what she had feared had happened, l tears would not wash out a word of it. So gave his speech in London and presided him in Prague. And she was not afraid more.

AD used to complain that if the Bureau of ndards in Washington ever needed a pre- definition or an exact measurement of a k of All Trades Who Was Master of None, it would have to do was to build a glass e, create a vacuum therein, chill to degrees centigrade, and send for Tom. Tom had been with the family for seven- n years, as Dad's handy n. The title should not taken too literally. In a usehold whose routine bound by a chain of ciency, Tom was un- stionably the weakest

Tom knew a little some- ng about everything. t enough to fix it if it were broken, but ugh to think he could. He was unwilling oncede that any job was too big for him, or t he had not done a similar, but infinitely re difficult, job before. He never forgot a take, either, and so was able to keep king the same errors over and over again.

Tom was of Irish descent, small, light- ted and tough. Although no longer young n when he first came to work for us, he clung to the belief that the bigger they e the harder they fell. As a result, he metimes presented a battered and swollen earance, and would walk around the se announcing darkly:

I don't take nothing from nobody, unner- nd? Nothing from nobody."

He was always evasive when asked how he received the bruises, but would manage leave with the inquirer the impression t the six club-swinging bullies who sprang him in the dark, when his back was ned, would be released from the hospital fortnight or so.

Tom liked children and animals, and all of were immensely fond of him. Before ther left, she had decided that it would necessary to discharge either the cook or n, as an economy move. It never occurred ny of us, or to Tom, that he should be one to go.

Why, Tom," Martha had said, putting words what all of us were thinking, ould be willing to cut off his right arm for

e would have too. There was no guaranty, ugh, that in his eagerness to oblige he ldn't have got rattled and cut off his left by mistake.

o the cook had departed and Tom had ed permanently into the kitchen. He wore a butcher's apron and a chef's cap, boasted that he never had followed a pe in his life. This last was all too obvious veryone.

he discharging of the cook was the only nomy measure Mother had had time to t. She hadn't said anything about our ing other expenses. But Mother made it licy never to tell us to do the things she ught we were old enough to do without npting.

When Mother said good-by, for instance, there was no last-minute outpouring about being good, and going to bed early, and brushing our teeth and doing what Anne told us. We knew Mother wanted those things done, so there was no need for her to repeat them. She may have worried—of course she worried—about whether we'd do them or not. But she didn't intend to show any lack of confidence unless we gave her reason.

There was no doubt that the immediate problem was saving money. For the time being, perhaps indefinitely, there would be little or no money coming in. When there are eleven children in a family, there is always money going out.

We talked economy in the dining room before lunch, an hour or so after Mother's departure. From an odor not unlike that of burning leaves, we gathered that Tom was having trouble with the cooking again. Part of the economy drive would have to be aimed in that direction.

Anne had been left $600 to run the family during Mother's five-week absence. That included the cost of our tickets to Nantucket, Massachusetts, because we intended to spend the summer at our cottage there, as usual. Mother had made boat reservations from New York to New Bedford, Massachusetts, and from New Bedford to Nantucket, an island off Cape Cod, and Anne was to pay for them when we picked them up. We thought it would be a good idea to spend only $300, and to turn the rest back to Mother, as a surprise, when she joined us at Nantucket.

"In the first place," Anne told us, "there is the milk bill. Thirteen quarts a day. More than three gallons."

Anne was sitting at Mother's place, at the head of the oval dining-room table. As the oldest one at home, the senior officer present, she was automatically in command. Ten feet away, in Dad's place, sat Frank. The rest of us, including Bob and Jane, who were still in high chairs, sat around the perimeter. Anne had Dad's check stubs, some bills and the family budget book spread out before her.

"The milk bill alone amounts to more than fifty dollars a month," she said. "I don't see how Daddy paid for all these things. Cheaper by the dozen, nothing!"

We decided we could get along with only nine quarts, without anyone's dying of malnutrition.

"Each of us is going to have to sacrifice a little," Anne continued, thumbing through the check stubs.

SHE called out the amounts on the stubs and what they were for. Food and clothes. We were going to have to cut down on them. Doctors' bills. We didn't intend to have any. Dentists' bills. Everybody's teeth that needed straightening had been straightened. Tobacco. Certainly not. Gasoline. We had already sold Dad's car. Dancing school ——

"Frank and I," Bill suggested, "could do our part by cutting out dancing school." Bill was eleven, and it was a fight every Monday afternoon to get him into his Buster Brown collar and patent-leather pumps.

"We *couldn't* ask you to do that," Martha smirked.

"We're willing to sacrifice a little," Bill said.

Dancing school went into the discard, and Bill ran a relieved finger around his soft and unbuttoned collar. Also abandoned were music lessons, which everybody sacrificed without too much reluctance.

We drew the line at cutting allowances, since all of us thought Dad kept them trimmed pretty close to the bone. But we did institute a series of fines that would reduce our take-home pay. Leaving on an electric light or the cold water would cost the offender two cents; hot water, four cents; failure to do any of the things on the process charts, five cents.

Dad had the household organized on an efficiency basis, just as he organized a fac-

(Continued on Page 63)

Education's first goal is the power of distinguishing what is first-rate from what is not.

—SIR RICHARD LIVINGSTONE.

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!





Not a soap, not a cream— Halo cannot leave dulling, dirt-catching soap film!

Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather —needs no special rinse!



Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp!



Halo leaves hair soft, manageable— shining with colorful natural highlights!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily cream shampoos leaves dulling, dirt-catching film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils. Thus Halo *glorifies* your hair the very first time you use it. Ask for Halo—*America's favorite shampoo*—at any drug or cosmetic counter!



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

So often every week versatile Velveeta is just the thing!





O.K. ANYTIME BECAUSE

- EVERYBODY LIKES ITS MILD CHEDDAR CHEESE FLAVOR
- SO EASY! VELVEETA ALWAYS SPREADS, SLICES, TOASTS, MELTS PERFECTLY
- RICH IN MILK NUTRIENTS THE WHOLE FAMILY NEEDS
- DIGESTIBLE AS MILK ITSELF!

Whether it's a snack for Junior's gang or your own canasta guests—Velveeta is just the thing! Lots of fine food value from milk for those hungry kids, *and* this cheese food has such a talent for making *gala* snacks, too (note the Nutburgers, for instance). Besides this, hot Velveeta *sauce* casts a delicious golden spell over vegetables and even leftover meats; gives you a magic key to thrifty, nutritious main dishes. Let the 2-lb. Velveeta loaf be your right-hand-*helper* many times every week!



VELVEETA NUTBURGERS. Blend together 1 c. chopped peanuts, ¼ c. pickle relish, ¼ c. Kraft Mayonnaise, ⅛ tsp. Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper to taste. Split 5 round buns in half and spread bottom halves with nut mixture. Top each with a generous slice of Velveeta. Place in moderate (350°) oven for 10 min. or until Velveeta melts. Cover with top halves of buns and serve at once.



YOUR GARDENER'S PRIDE...GLORIFIED!



GARDEN GLORY. For the sauce melt ½ lb. Velveeta in the top of a double boiler. Gradually blend in ¼ cup of milk. Place whole baked tomatoes in the center of a chop plate; arrange hot cooked broccoli around the edge. Pour the smooth, golden Velveeta sauce over the broccoli.

INDOORS OR OUT GOLDEN NUTBURGERS HIT THE SPOT!



Wonderful new book on cheese cookery! Every woman w loves to serve unusual dishes will want "THE CHEE COOKBOOK," by Marye Dahnke, Director of Consu Service for Kraft Foods Company. Two-hundred twe four pages; 250 recipes; washable cover. Get it at your lo book store or send $2.00 and your name and address to publishers, A. A. Wyn, Inc., 23 W. 47th St., New York

VELVEETA IS THE QUALITY CHEESE FOOD...MADE BY KRAFT

(Continued from Page 61)

y. He believed that what worked in a ısehold would work in a factory, and what rked in a factory would work in a house- d—especially if the household happened have eleven children. The process charts, t developed for industry, were an exam- . They told each of us what we were sup- ed to do, and when we were supposed to it.

The charts were in the boys' and girls' throoms, upstairs. They listed duties such washing the dishes, making the beds, mbing hair, brushing teeth, weighing our- ves, listening for fifteen minutes a day to nch and German language records on the onograph, sweeping and dusting.

Dad had things broken down to such a fine nt that Lillian, who wasn't tall enough to ch table tops and high shelves, dusted the and the lower shelves. Ernestine did the s and the high shelves.

We decided we could eat much more aply if we cut out roasts and steaks, ex- t perhaps on Sundays. Ernestine was a d shopper, so she would plan the meals, ssing such items as frankfurters and baked ns, and she would do most of the buying. already got our canned goods from whole- rs, so we couldn't save there.

Ernestine also would try to teach Tom the essity of putting such ingredients as bak- powder into the corn muffins, and of add- water to fresh vegetables before placing n on the stove.

Martha, who was the most efficient of all s and could keep her money the longest, put in charge of the budget. She also ld supervise the packing of clothes for ıtucket.

We talked about the matter of college. ıe had just completed her sophomore year mith. Dad wasn't a college man himself, had believed that two colleges were bet- han one. At Dad's suggestion, Anne had le plans to transfer that fall to the Uni- ity of Michigan. Ernestine had gradu- from high school the night before Dad . She was registered at Smith and was to t taking her college-board examinations couple of days.

We knew Mother wouldn't allow either of girls to change plans. She insisted that ehow or other she was going to send all of hrough college. Dad had wanted that. s for our getting odd jobs to contribute ıe income, maybe that would come later. the time being, at least for the summer, he older ones would be needed at home. I don't have to tell you," Anne said, ing significantly at the bigger children, ıt a lot depends on how things go this mer."

wouldn't want anyone to adopt me, d you, Dan?" Fred asked. Fred was n and he and Dan, who was one year ıger, were inseparable.

Heck, no," said Dan. "I wouldn't *let* ne adopt me, would you, Fred?"

Where did you ever get an idea like ?" Anne asked. "Nobody's going to be ted, especially if everything goes thly while Mother's gone."

the time that Tom announced lunch eady, all the household duties had been ated and the new economy budget was lance.

was Ernestine's turn to bring in the She eyed askance a leg of lamb that she ed in from the kitchen. It was burned st black and was festooned with charred to halves, which looked as if they had ne a part of the lamb—a part that ed lancing and bandages.

nestine was the only member of the fam- no didn't get along well with Tom. They had a running feud that had started before, when she had proudly presented picture of herself and he had announced ıe intended to hang it in the pantry as a pellent.

w, without saying anything, but with ace of a martyr who intended to co- te if it meant poisoning all of us, Ernes- placed the platter in front of Anne.

ne was caught off guard. "What," she ed in genuine alarm, "is that? Get it out of here quickly, you hear me? And tell Tom no one is in the mood for his jokes."

"It is supposed to be a leg of lamb," Ernestine said through pursed lips.

"How do you know?" Anne challenged distrustfully.

"I asked him and that's what he said. Leg of lamb."

Anne turned the platter around, studying the contents from all angles. "Any lamb with a leg like that," she said, "had better see a veterinarian."

"I'm beginning to think we should have kept the cook and got rid of that man," Ernestine announced.

"Hush!" Anne warned. "He'll hear you."

"I don't care if he does."

Tom appeared red-faced and furious at the butler's pantry door. "You don't, eh?" he shouted, reaching behind him to untie his apron. "All right, just for that I quit."

Tom sometimes quit as often as three times in a single day, so the dramatic announcement didn't have too much effect.

"I don't have to work here, you know," he continued. "I ain't no slave." He took off the apron and waved it in Ernestine's face.

"No one wants you to quit," Anne told him. "We all know we couldn't get along without Tom, don't we, Ernestine?"

Ernestine caught Anne's threatening glance and finally nodded reluctantly. "I suppose so," she said.

"There," Anne smiled sweetly. "You see?" "What's the matter with the lamb?" Tom asked, somewhat mollified.

"Nothing," Anne replied, "except that it seems just a mite well done. We like our lamb just a little rarer."

"It's lamb rangoon," said Tom, as if that clinched the argument. "And lamb rangoon has to be well done."

"Well, why didn't you say so?" Anne asked. "That explains everything."

"Nobody never gives me a chance to explain nothing around here, that's why," Tom mumbled, as he disappeared into the kitchen, tying his apron back on. "You work and slave to make them a special dish like lamb rangoon and then they try to fire you. After seventeen years with the family too."

"It still looks like something that had better not be touched until the coroner arrives," Ernestine whispered.

"Lamb rangoon," Anne muttered. "I've seen rubber boots that looked more appetizing." Then, realizing that as the oldest she was setting a bad example, she started carving, and added, "I'll bet it's good, though."

"Yummy," said Martha sarcastically.

"We'll try to get the cooking straightened out before Mother comes back," Anne promised. "Come on, now. Get the rest of the food, Ernestine. And bring in some cold cereal for those who don't want lamb."

Bill developed a high fever and broke out with spots that afternoon. By the time the doctor arrived, Ernestine and Martha were feverish and pimply. Ernestine wanted to cover herself with cold cream and powder, and still take her examinations, but the doctor put her to bed. By noon the next day, all eleven of us were broken out and bedridden.

No catastrophe ever befell any of us but that Tom, sometime in the distant past, had experienced the same trouble, only more so.

If one of our boys stepped on a nail, Tom would allay fears of lockjaw by describing how *he* once had stepped on a *spike* that went all the way through his foot and into his ankle. Not only that, but he'd take off his shoe and show you the scar.

When Bill broke out with spots, Tom was the first to discover them, and hurriedly ordered Bill to bed.

"But I don't feel sick," Bill protested. "Just scratchy."

"Don't tell me nothing," Tom commanded. "You're sick as a dog."

"Just scratchy," Bill repeated, scratching himself.

"I tole you wunst, and I ain't going to tell you again," Tom said. "Get to bed, now. And if you don't stop scratching yourself you'll be out of the club for a hundret years."

Only members of Tom's club were admitted to the kitchen after supper. This was true even before he became cook, because Tom always had presided over the kitchen once the day's duties were done.

For club members who were in good standing, Tom sometimes would play the harmonica, pop corn, distribute candy and perform card tricks. Those who were out of the club could come no closer to the activities than the back hall. The door was left open, and they were allowed to watch, but not to eat or otherwise participate.

The older children, while professing scorn for Tom's club, frequently were found in the kitchen after supper—if they were fortunate enough to be in his good graces. To the younger ones, banishment from the club was a trip to Siberia's steppes.

Tom's minimum excommunication, when meting out expulsion, was for a hundred years. Actually, this meant only about fifteen minutes, because Tom's heart was soft. The maximum, anathema, was for a thousand years and four days. This might mean an entire evening, although the sentence was often mitigated if one could manage to look repentant enough.

After Bill had climbed into his pajamas, Tom called Anne to break the news.

Anne groaned. "That's the last straw! Just when I was beginning to think things might go smoothly."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Secrets

By W. H. Auden

That we are always glad
When the Ugly Princess parting the bushes
To find out why the woodcutter's children are happy
Disturbs a hornet's nest, that we feel no pity
When the informer is trapped by the gang in a steam room,
That we howl with joy
When the shortsighted Professor of Icelandic
Pronounces the Greek inscription
A Runic riddle which he then translates,

Denouncing by proxy our commonest fault as our worst;
That, waiting in his room for a friend,
We start so soon to turn over his letters,
That with such assurance we repeat as our own
Another's story, that, dear me, how often
We kiss in order to tell,
Defines precisely what we mean by love:
To share a secret.

The joke, which we seldom see, is on us;
For only true hearts know how little it matters
What the secret is they keep:
An old, a new, a blue, a borrowed something,
Anything will do for children
Made in God's image and therefore
Not like the others, not like our dear dumb friends
Who, poor things, have nothing to hide,
Not, thank God, like our Father either
From Whom no secrets are hid.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



KEEP cool with Kool-Aid. It's easy and economical. There's an oasis of soothing refreshment in every polar pitcherful. Plenty of frosty, flavorful goodness in every Kool-Aid ice box treat, too. Choice of 6 delicious flavors. Recipes on every package. Try these: Cool, creamy frozen desserts; colorful, fascinating home-made frozen suckers for the children . . . made in a jiffy.



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That makes bread many-good-foods-in-one.

All those good foods in it—foods that are rich in protein, calcium, iron and other essential elements—make bread a splendid source of the energy you need to keep going all day long.

And bread, according to nutritionists, is no more fattening than any other food that gives you as much of the energy you need!

So—toast a slice for breakfast. Make sandwiches for lunch. Help yourself to the bread that helps *you* at dinner and between-meals.

Remember! Penny for penny, enriched bread (the kind a baker bakes) provides more of the things the body needs—more generously—than any other food you eat at every meal.

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Bakers of America

Eat more BREAD...your best food buy

"It's all right, Anne," Bill assured her. "I don't feel sick."

"I hear you scratching under them covers," Tom warned him. "I ain't deef, you know. I ain't blind. I tole you twicet, and I ain't going to tell you again. Mind now!"

"I'd better call the doctor," Anne sighed.

"I could tell you how to dose him," Tom said, "but ——"

"Oh, no, you don't," Bill shouted. "I know your doses."

"Remember what Dad told you about dosing them," Anne said.

"I remember." Tom's tone was injured. "I could cure Bill, but I got my orders. I can take a hint."

Anne leaned over and studied Bill's spots. "It looks like a rash or the hives to me," she said.

"Hives," Tom grunted. "He's sick as a dog, I tell you. Of course, he ain't as sick as I was wunst when ——"

"He ate some of that burned rangoon ——" Anne stopped quickly. "Maybe he ate something that didn't agree with him."

"Didn't agree with him?" Tom asked. And then accusingly to Bill: "Have you been sneaking out and eating down street again? You don't know what goes into the food they give you at them drugstores."

Bill shook his head.

"Anyway, it ain't his stomach," said Tom. "I know what it is, all right, but your father give me my orders, so I dassent tell you."

"He gave them to you the time we had the measles and you said it was scarlet fever, didn't he, Tom?" Bill said.

"That was the time," Tom conceded.

"Heck, anyone can make a simple little mistake like that, eh, Tom?" Bill asked. Bill was one of Tom's stanchest defenders, and was usually in the club.

"You scared Mother half to death," Anne said accusingly.

"I still ain't sure it *wasn't* that neither," said Tom.

Anne went to telephone Doctor Burton, and Tom paced the floor of the room shared by Frank and Bill.

"Of course," he muttered for the benefit of those of us who had assembled to see Bill's spots, "I don't know nothing about it. I'm stupit, I am. I'm so stupit that even though I seen a hundret cases just like it in the war, I don't know what it is. I seen them dying like flies from it."

"Is it really bad?" Bill asked. "Will everybody catch it?"

"You'll catch it, you bold thing you, if you don't stop scratching. You'll be out of the club for a hundret years."

"Not that!" Ernestine protested in mock terror. "Anything but that."

Tom pretended not to hear. But there was no doubt that Ernestine—or The Princess, as Tom sometimes called her with an exaggerated courtesy—was out of the club for a thousand years and four days.

Tom resumed his pacing and mumbling. "I was an orderly in a horsepittle for ten months during the war for nothing. Had my eyes closed all the time. Sure I did."

Lettuce is like conversation: it must be fresh and crisp, so sparkling that you scarcely notice the bitter in it.
—CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

THE war to which Tom alluded was the Spanish-American. If, as Tom frequently alleged, he actually had served as a hospital orderly, medicine had progressed considerably since those days. For Tom placed all his reliance on quinine and castor oil. And we weren't completely sure he knew that the practice of bleeding the patient had been pretty generally discontinued.

What was good medicine for humans, he believed, was equally beneficial for animals. Tom was a collector of pets, both wild and domesticated, much to the disgust of Dad. Dad used to complain that feeding almost a score of human mouths was more than any white man's burden, and that it was an outrage to be required to give sustenance to the fauna which followed Tom home or begged handouts on the kitchen window sill.

Let one of Tom's pets show up with a warm nose, sagging beak, coated tongue, fetid breath or bloodshot eye, and Tom wo swiftly mix a dose of castor oil and Quin Remedy, add a bit of sugar to make the d more palatable, and force the solution throu the mouth or down the bill of the debilita creature.

None of them ever died or seemed to h a lasting grudge. But Tom's cat, Fourteer Tom numbered his cats progressively would get down on her belly and start sne ing toward the back door every time she s him reach up over the kitchen sink, where kept the Quinine Remedy.

Tom's diagnoses for persons other th himself were varied, uninhibited and sor times exotic. But when he was sick hims he always diagnosed the ailment as pleuri regardless of whether the symptom wer bleeding nose or a swollen foot. On these casions he would send out for the Quin Remedy's large economy flagon, and it ne failed him.

ERNESTINE and Martha were in bed, too, the time Doctor Burton arrived.

Whenever the doctor came to our hou Tom was the medical orderly again. said "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," and sucked in his stomach. Doctor Burton kn of Tom's claims of medical experience, a assured himself of Tom's co-operation treating him as a learned colleague in profession.

"What is it?" Anne asked anxiously, Doctor Burton leaned over Bill's bed. "T keeps hinting that it's something seriou

"He says he's seen them die like flies fr it," Bill said. "But all it does is itch."

"It's obvious, eh, Tom said the physician.

"Yes, sir. Only wouldn't tell them noth because Mr. Gilbreth ma me promise."

"Anyone can see chicken pox. No need make an examinati would you say so, Tom

"Is that all?" Anne sighed.

"That's what I thought, sir," said To "Either that or smallpox, I wasn't s which."

"It's nothing to worry about," Doc Burton told Anne.

"I'm not worried," said Anne, glaring Tom, "now that I know it isn't leprosy cholera."

"You'll all be up and around again i few days," Doctor Burton assured her.

"What do you mean 'all'? Anne as him. "Chicken pox is a children's disea isn't it?"

"Have any of you had chicken pox?"

"I guess not," Anne admitted.

"Then you'll all get it. But Tom will t good care of you."

"Yes, *sir*," Tom beamed.

"I'll have some medicine sent arour the doctor continued. "And, Tom, I'll co on you to see they keep regular."

"I've got just the thing," said Tom, ar was obvious that Doctor Burton's med standing had skyrocketed in his estimat

"Castor oil," moaned Bill.

"A little castor oil never hurt anyo Doctor Burton agreed.

"Did you hear that, Tom?" Bill s grasping at a straw. "Doctor Burton sa little."

"That's right," the doctor cautio "Not too much." He turned to Tom suppose you've had chicken pox?"

"No, sir," said Tom. "When I was a I had something that looked just lik Some people even *said* it was chicken But it turned out to be ——"

"Pleurisy." Doctor Burton nodded sa

"That's the only disease that ever giv any trouble."

The next day, when it became app that all of us had chicken pox, Anne had move all the boys' beds into Frank Bill's room, and all the girls' beds Mother and Dad's room. The rooms adjacent; by leaving the door open, could supervise both wards from her be

(Continued on Page 66)

How to coax an appetite in 20 easy minutes!



Reach up on your pantry-shelf for Armour Vienna Sausages—those plump and tender "two-bite" franks with the delicious smoky flavor. "Heat gently in a little butter or margarine," says Marie Gifford, Armour's famous home economist, "and serve with scrambled Cloverbloom Eggs." 20 minutes does it—and Eggs Viennese *do things* to listless appetites, too! Seems as though folks just can't get enough of these skinless spiced-just-right Vienna Sausages that are all fine Armour beef and pork—no filler added. If you haven't got some in your pantry now, better get some today!



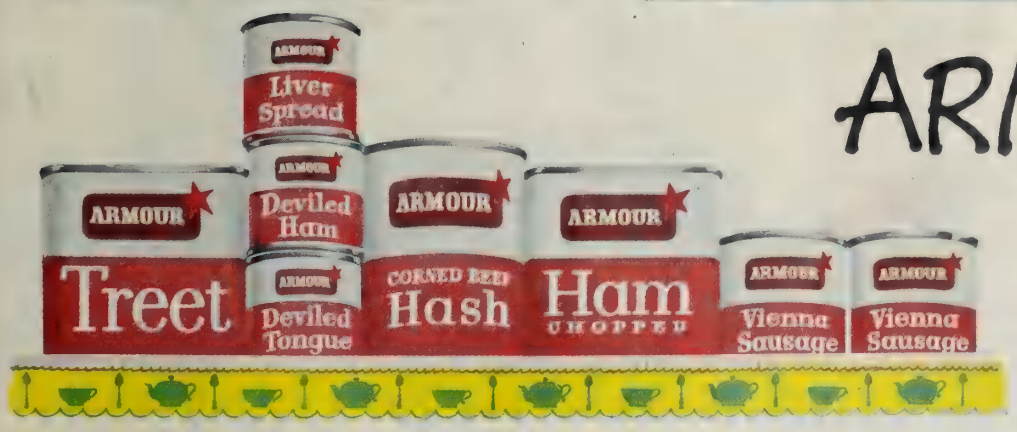
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Codfish Cakes
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Chicken Croquettes
Tasty chicken meat mixed with potatoes and palate-pleasing seasonings. Nothing to add. Just shape and fry.







PACKED IN ROMANTIC GLOUCESTER-BY-THE-SEA

ON SALE AT ALL GOOD GROCERS

(Continued from Page 64)

Anne had no intention of letting any mass epidemic interfere with the family routine. She had each of us get up long enough to wash, remake our beds, weigh ourselves and make the notations on the process charts.

We got the phonograph from the boys' bathroom—we usually listened to the language records while we were taking baths or otherwise occupied in what Dad called periods of unavoidable delay—and set it up in the doorway between the two wards. We played French and German records for fifteen minutes.

Then Anne got up and looked at the charts to make sure everyone had done what he was supposed to do.

"That's fine," she sighed as she crawled back into bed. "Now we can enjoy poor health. And a pox on the first person who gets me up again."

None of us felt very sick. We sang for a while, with the boys' ward carrying the melody and the girls' ward an alto. Sometimes, to get the song just right, the boys would sing their part alone, and the girls would sing theirs alone, and then we'd try them together. We sang Yes, We Have No Bananas . . . Oh, Gee, Oh Gosh, Oh Golly, I'm in Love . . . Last Night on the Back Porch . . . You've Got to See Mama Every Night or You Can't See Mama at All. Then we played some of the new dance records and sang along with them. What'll I Do? . . . All Alone by the Telephone . . . Charlie My Boy . . . Limehouse Blues and The Prisoner's Song. We didn't mind being sick, and we hoped Mother wouldn't find out and worry about us.

After a while, we could hear the sound of a spoon clinking against a glass down in the kitchen, and we knew Tom was mixing castor oil with orange juice and sugar. All the boys, from Frank on down the line, immediately feigned deep sleep.

Tom brought the castor oil upstairs, one glass at a time. The stirring grew progressively louder as he mounted the back stairs and walked through the upstairs hall to the wards. When he arrived with the first dose, the boys were snoring.

"You don't fool me none," Tom told them. "I can see them eyes winking. I'll be up with your medicine in a few minutes."

He knocked noisily on the open door of the girls' ward, with his head modestly averted. Tom always made an elaborate ceremony of knocking before entering one of the girls' rooms. He thought that the knocking was a waste of time, and alleged that he had, at one time or another, changed all their diapers. But Dad and Mother insisted on it. When Tom did, by mistake, happen on one of the girls who was not fully dressed, he never could understand—or made believe he couldn't understand—the ensuing commotion. "That's all right," he'd say, while the girl dived shrieking into a closet. "It don't embarrass me none. I don't mind. I don't mind." Now, after knocking, he asked:

"All right if I come in, Anne?" He stirred the castor oil harder and louder than ever.

"I guess so," Anne conceded.

"Ain't nobody here," said Ernestine, "but us chickenpoxers."

Tom entered and bowed low to Ernestine, The Princess. "Here you are, Your Highness," he said. "I've brung you a present from the Grand Doochess." He held out the glass.

"Anne first," Ernestine protested. "She's the oldest. Besides, you've probably spiked my drink."

"Where'd you learn talk like that?" said Tom, genuinely shocked. "I'm going to tell your mother on you when she gets home."

"It's something," said Ernestine, quoting Dad, "that I learned on my mother's knee and later at certain other joints."

"Here, hand me that glass and for goodness' sakes be quiet, both of you," said Anne.

"Oh, what's the use?" Ernestine wailed. "All right, give it to me." Having reached the decision, she grabbed the glass before her will power deserted her, and drained it.

"Good girl, Ernie," Tom beamed. "You're in the club. How was it?"

Remembering she was supposed to set a good example, she smiled bravely. "Delicious," she gulped. "Positively delicious."

"See what I tole you?" Tom said. "The orange juice cuts the taste."

"That's right," Ernestine lied. "Positively delicious."

"Do you want some more?" Tom asked hopefully. "I wouldn't mind fixing you another glass."

"No," Ernestine shouted. "I mean, no thank you. It was mighty good, but that was plenty."

"Tomorrow, then," said Tom, as he departed for the kitchen to mix Anne's dose.

"I never had so much castor oil in my life," Ernestine whispered to Anne. "The old idiot must think I'm as irregular as a French verb."

"If you don't mind," Anne pleaded, "please keep quiet until I've had mine. My heart bleeds for you, but please hold your oily tongue."

Anne, Martha and finally Frank all faced up to their responsibilities by taking their medicine and managing to smack their lips and say it was good.

But when Tom came to Bill the era of cooperation ended.

In the first place, Bill wouldn't wake up, and the more Tom shook him, the louder he snored.

"I never seen such a sound sleeper," said Tom, deciding it was time for psychology. "Well if I can't wake him for his castor oil, I'd better do the next best thing."

Bill's snores shook the bedroom.

"Does anyone," said Tom, "know where the hot-water bag is?"

Bill thought he knew what that meant. He rolled over and opened an eye. "Where am I?" he asked sleepily. "What time is it?"

"It's time," said Tom, shoving a glass in Bill's face, "to drink this."

"What is it?" Bill asked, stalling as long as possible.

"You know what it is," hollered Tom, whose patience was becoming exhausted. "Now swalley it."

"I don't like it."

"How do you know you don't like it, when you ain't tasted it?"

"I've tasted it before. It tastes nasty."

"Look," Tom said deliberately. "Ast Anne. Ast Ernestine. Ast Martha. Ast Frank. It's good. It's delicious."

"I know them. They're just setting good examples."

Tom now played his hole card. "Look," he purred, "I've got another glass just like this one, out in the hall. If you be a good boy and drink this, I'll drink that—just to show you how good it is."

By now all the younger boys were frankly awake, and watching. Bill considered the offer carefully.

"How do I know," he asked suspiciously, "that there's castor oil in the other glass?"

"You can take my word for it, can't you?" Tom was shouting again.

"I don't think so."

"Call me a liar, then," said Tom. "Call me a liar."

He went to the hall and came back, holding a glass in each hand.

"Take your choice. If that ain't fair, I don't know what is."

"When I take mine, will you drink a glass with me?" Fred asked.

"Sure," said Tom. "It's delicious. Ast Anne."

"How about me?" Dan wanted to know.

"Certainly."

"And me?" said Jack.

"Me too," Lillian shouted from the girls' ward.

"Everybody," Tom agreed. "All hands and the cook."

Bill examined the glasses closely, and the girls came in to watch him make his choice. The glasses contained the same amount of orange juice, but there was one very obvious difference. On the surface of the juice in one glass were only a few bubbles of oil. On the surface of the other floated almost a half inch of solid oil.

"I'll take this one," said Bill, pointing to the glass with a few bubbles.

"You're sure you want that one?" Tom asked innocently. "I don't see no difference."

"Don't try to wiggle out of it," said Bill. "That's the one I want." He was about to take the glass when he looked up and saw Ernestine just barely shake her head.

"Sure you don't want to change your mind?" said Tom, obviously pleased with the way things were going.

"Okay," said Bill, "you talked me into it. I'll change my mind." He grabbed the glass with all the oil on top.

"Hey, wait a minute," Tom protested, and there was genuine terror in his voice. "You don't want that one. If you look clost, you can see it's loaded with oil. Here's the one you want."

But it was too late. Bill drank orange juice and salad oil. "Delicious," he grinned. "Positively delicious."

Tom looked with distaste at the glass he was holding. He managed a smile, but it was

(Continued on Page 69)



"She painted it for you herself!"

"My Mom buys the BEST!"





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It's a PACIFIC sheet BY PACIFIC MILLS . . . WEAVERS OF FINE COTTONS, RAYONS, WOOLENS AND WORSTEDS

(Continued from Page 66)

eak one. "Good boy, Bill," he muttered
lly.
Am I in the club for drinking my
licine, Tom?"
I guess so."
For a thousand years and four days?"
om nodded glumly.
Are you going to drink yours now, Tom?"
le nodded again.
And are you going to drink a glass with
an, Fred, Dan, Jack, Bob and Jane, like
promised?"
om looked around him. The girls were
ng their lips to keep from laughing. Frank
buried his head in his pillow.
Drink it," said Bill.
It's delicious," said Ernestine. "Ast
e."
looks could have killed, The Princess'
y would have been in an advanced stage
igor mortis.
Ast Ernestine," said Martha.
Ast Martha," said Frank.
Ast Frank," said Bill.
I don't know why I work here." Tom
k his head dully. "Seventeen years with
family and when I start to get a little
they try to poison me. A hundret and
nty million people in the country, and I
to be the one who works here."
No," said Anne. "Don't drink it, Tom.
as only a joke, and not a very good one,
ess. We're sorry, Tom."
om stepped back with dignity, favored
ith a withering glance, and drained his
s. Then he stalked out of the room, de-
ded to the kitchen, and returned with
bottle of castor oil and
oon. He handed them
rnestine, and he didn't
et to bow.
Here, Doochess," he
. "I know who put him
o it. I seen that guilty
. I ain't deef, you
w. I ain't blind. Now
get the rest of them
ake their medicine, like the doctor said."
e left the room again, only this time he
ked out, bowing, curtsying and grasping
forelock.
rnestine tried to hand the bottle to Anne,
Anne wouldn't take it. "It's your re-
nsibility," Ernestine said. "You're the
st."
Tom's right," Anne replied. "I seen that
ty look, too, Doochess, so it's up to you.
legate the responsibility."

If a nation expects to be ignorant and free, in a state of civilization, it expects what never was and never will be. —THOMAS JEFFERSON.

ARTHA was red-haired, freckled and ob-
ous of the fact that within the last year
had grown tall, slender and curvy—very
vy. The realization was to come in time—
ut the time that the freckles, with con-
rable prompting from Martha, started to
ppear. But for the moment she preferred
e-serge bloomers to skirts, middie blouses
weaters, and bicycles to rumble seats.
Martha was casual, easygoing, steady and
vorite with everybody. Efficiency came
er naturally, partly because of her tem-
ament; partly because she was at the age
n the mere mention of work had a de-
ssing effect. If possible, work was to be
ided altogether. If not, it was to be dis-
ed of as rapidly as possible, and with a
imum of fatigue. Hence, efficiency.
he had just finished her sophomore year
igh school, during which she had broken
e's and Ernestine's previous records by
rying home her own books fewer than a
en times. She accepted her male carriers
tter-of-factly, without attributing their
ention to anything going on under her
y nose. Our house was almost two miles
n Montclair High School, and Anne and
estine used to say that Martha selected
gentlemen friends solely on their ability
carry heavy weights for long distances.
We recovered from chicken pox in a com-
atively short time, and Martha took over
job of supervising the packing for Nan-
ket. She had Frank and Bill bring three
nks from the attic to the upstairs hall. We
ried our clothes to her, and she made sure
we had everything we needed before she let us put them in the trunks. Martha herself was established in a comfortable chair, and didn't have to move.

To simplify the matter of logistics, Martha had drawn up a number of check-off lists, from which she seemed to derive more than her share of satisfaction. Martha usually was on the receiving end of orders from Anne and Ernestine, and it was an especial pleasure for her to have an opportunity to boss them now.

"Name!" she began by asking Anne, when Anne appeared in the hall with a pile of her own clothes. "Speak out loudly so I can hear you."

"My cow!" Anne replied. "It's all right to be efficient, but don't carry it too far."

"Do you," said Martha, offering to hand her the check-off lists, "want to supervise the packing?"

Anne admitted she didn't.

"Then be good enough, please, just to answer a few simple questions. Name!"

"Paavo Nurmi, the Flying Finn," Anne told her. "Age, eighteen. Hobbies, taking orders and impudence from a mere slip of a girl."

"Speak out loudly so I can hear you," Martha said, thumbing through her papers and coming up with Anne's check-off sheet.

"Oh, what's the use!" Anne snorted. And then shouting, answered, "Anne."

"Good," Martha beamed. "Dresses?"

"Six."

Martha made a note of it. "Bathing suit?"

"Sure does, Mr. Bones. Suits just fine."

"Speak out loudly so I can hear you."

"One," Anne hollered. "You're so efficient, I'll bet you're rocking with the grain of the wood."

After running through the complete list, all the way from hairpins to shoe trees, Martha directed Anne where to stow her clothes. Then the rest of us, by ages, stepped up, gave our names, and went through the same routine.

Each older child, besides being responsible for himself, was responsible for a younger child. Anne was responsible for Jane, Ernestine for Jack, Martha for Bob, and Frank for Dan. This applied not only to packing clothes, but to any family project or emergency. In the event of fire, or when crossing a street, or when it came to writing up the daily jobs on the process charts, the older ones were supposed to help their particular charges. Bill, Lillian and Fred were in the intermediate group—old enough to look out for themselves, but not old enough to help anyone else.

Once the clothes were packed, together with sheets, blankets, tools, dolls, games, scrapbooks, crystal detectors and headphones, stamp collections, free samples and other articles that couldn't possibly be left behind, we devoted our attention to Departure Day.

Martha, meanwhile, had taken over the budget. Martha was not ungenerous with her own money, although it didn't exactly flow through her fingers. But when it came to handling Mother's money, her fingers had to be pried apart and twisted. It was a waste of time to tell Martha that you can't take it with you. She had long since made up her mind that, if that were the case, no sensible person would even dream of going.

She drew up requisition slips that we had to fill out in triplicate in order to buy anything for the house or to get our weekly allowances. We agreed with Bill that it seemed a lot of trouble to go to for fifteen cents a week.

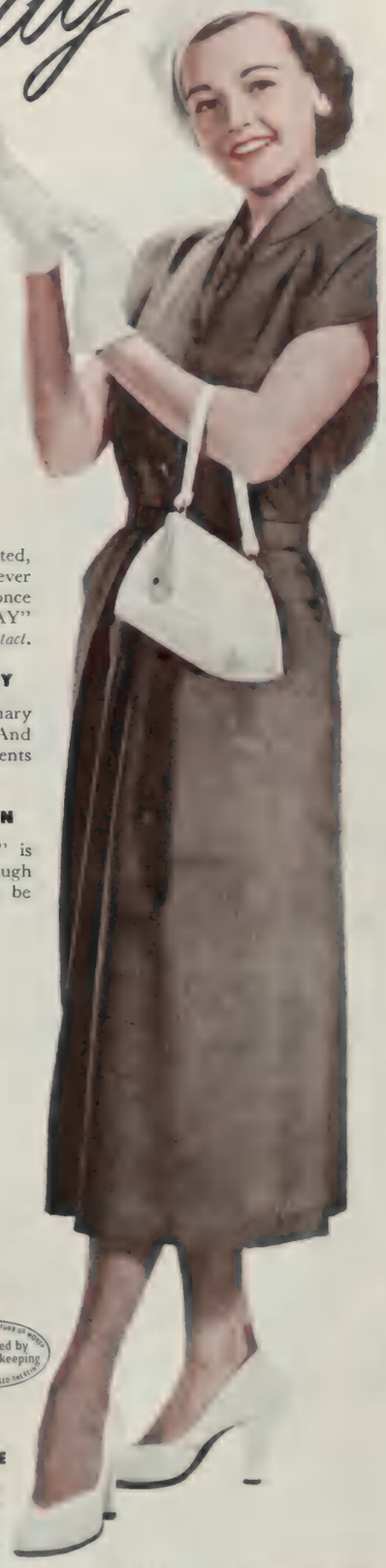
To get to Nantucket, it would be necessary to take a Lackawanna train from Montclair to Hoboken, a ferry from Hoboken to New York, a night boat from New York to New Bedford, Massachusetts, and the Nantucket boat from New Bedford to our destination. We knew that the transferring, with all our suitcases and the younger children, was going to be a job. But the trip on the night boat

(Continued on Page 71)

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SHE CLEANED THOROUGHLY

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WHITE AND CHOCOLATE FUDGE

Just add milk—



Milk is *all* you add (fresh or evaporated) — no eggs, flavoring, or extras of any kind required. These are *complete* mixes.

(Continued from Page 69)

is cheaper than going to New Bedford by
iin.

Martha, who had been duly identified by
me at the bank, cashed a check and went
to New York to pick up the reservations.
e was appalled and unnerved when the
an at the ticket office on the dock told her
e total cost.

"There must be some mistake," she told
n. "It's Nantucket we're going to, not
iris, France. Would you mind adding it up
ain?"

The man added again, and then Martha
ecked him—twice. When she finally be-
me convinced that there was no mistake,
e decided to turn back two of the five state-
oms Mother had reserved, and to exchange
o of the full-fare tickets for half fares.

When she returned from the city, Martha,
istling with indignation, told Ernestine
d Anne about the prices. She also explained
out turning in the staterooms and ex-
anging the tickets.

"So I saved better than twenty dollars,"
e concluded. "There'll have to be four of
in each of two staterooms, and three in
e other."

"Good night," said Anne. "Even three
rsons in one of those staterooms is a slum.
it I guess we'll manage somehow."

"Of course we will," Martha agreed.
nd think of saving ——"

"Wait a minute," Anne interrupted.
'ou've forgotten all about Tom. Where's
going to sleep?"

"And if you try to tell us he can sleep in
e of our staterooms," Ernestine put in,
ll I can say is that's carrying economy a
le too far."

"It certainly is," Anne agreed. "The very
a!"

"I'll scrub floors," Ernestine announced
matically. "I'll clean out the rest rooms
the Hudson Tubes. But I will not ——"

"Neither will I," said Anne.

"I didn't forget about him," Martha in-
ted. "And for cat's sakes put down those
ub brushes and get up off your hands and
ees."

"Where's he going to sleep, then?" Anne
ked.

"Well," said Martha, "he was complain-
just the other day about how he never
ot a wink on the way to Nantucket. So
e doesn't sleep anyway, what's the use of
owing away perfectly good money?"

"You can't do that to him," Anne pro-
ted. "You go right back to New York
d get another stateroom."

"It's all right," Martha insisted. "I al-
dy told him about it."

"Poor Tom," Anne sympathized. "What
he say?"

"Oh, you know Tom. He grumbled about
undred and twenty million people in the
ntry, and about how Lincoln freed all the
ves but one. But he didn't really object."

"Poor Tom!" Anne repeated. "My cow!"

"I don't know why he puts up with us,"
nestine agreed.

"Look," said Martha, fishing angrily in
pocket for the checkbook. "Do either of
u want to take over the budget? I ask you,
you?"

"I guess it wasn't such a bad idea after
" Anne hastily assured her.

"And you did," Ernestine pointed out,
ve more than twenty dollars of Mother's
ney."

"Perfectly good money," amended Martha,
o obviously considered all currency of the
lm to be eminently satisfactory. "And I
uldn't have done it if he hadn't said he
n't sleep."

"It's all right, I guess," said Anne, "but
v about those two half fares?"

"What about them?" Martha demanded
ligerently, fishing for the checkbook again.

"Put that thing away," Anne told her.
m in charge here, and I'm not going to
e checkbooks, check-off sheets, manifests
ills of lading waved in my face every time
pen my mouth."

"Frank might possibly be able to get
ay with a half-fare ticket, but not you,"
nestine said.

"I'd like to know why not," Martha replied indignantly. "I'm a little tall, I admit. But I certainly can bend my knees when I go up the gangplank."

"It's not just your being tall," Ernestine said significantly.

"Well, what is it then?"

"For goodness' sakes," said Anne, looking. "Just look at yourself."

Martha glanced down and shrugged. "Oh, that," she said. "My gosh, nobody pays any attention to things like that."

Our train for Hoboken left in the early afternoon. We didn't want to have to pay for more than one taxicab, so five of the older children, including Ernestine, who was in charge, walked from the house to the station. Anne and Tom, with the five youngest children and all our suitcases, waited at the house for a taxi. The suitcases were lined up on the front steps, and Anne had her charges washed and ready, when the cab finally appeared.

It wasn't until the suitcases were stowed away and the children packed into the taxi that Anne discovered Tom was missing. She called him, but he didn't answer. She unlocked the front door and searched the house. In the kitchen she found Tom's cap, a cage with our two canaries, and an empty cardboard box with holes punched in the top. But no Tom.

The cabdriver kept blowing his horn, and Anne went out front to pacify him. The children were jumping and crawling around the car, and Bob was sitting in the driver's lap.

"If you're the ringmaster," the driver told Anne, reaching into the back seat and rescuing his hat from Jack, "you'd better get this show on the road. I've got other stops to make this afternoon, you know."

"I'm doing the best I can," Anne said. "We'll be ready in a minute. I think our cook is looking for his cat."

"How about Mr. Chairman?" Fred asked.

Anne snapped her fingers. "I knew I forgot something. Where is he?"

Mr. Chairman was our dog, a sort of collie. He was there, barking at the cab and growling at the driver.

"Get a leash on him," Anne told Fred. "Don't let him get away."

Tom came running down Eagle Rock Way. "Fourteen," he panted, "ain't nowhere to be found."

"We'll have to leave her," Anne said. "We're late for the train right now. Get into the cab, quick."

"Leave Fourteen?" Tom asked incredulously. "Are you crazy?"

"Please. We simply must catch the train."

"What do you think I am?" Tom snapped. "I ain't going to leave that cat. If she don't go, I don't go."

"We've got Mr. Chairman," Anne begged. "And you've got the canaries."

"But I ain't got Fourteen."

"Damn it," Anne shouted. "I've planned this trip for better than two weeks. I planned it right down to the last bath and shined shoe. A plague of chicken pox didn't delay it and no cat is going to ruin it. Now get into that cab."

Tom never had heard Anne swear before, and he was impressed. "I ain't even got my cap," he said. "Nor the birds neither."

"Go get them," Anne told him, "and be damned quick about it."

"You heard what the lady said," the driver put in. "I got other stops to make."

Tom went, mumbling but hurrying. "I wisht your father could hear you talk like that. He'd learn you. He'd learn you good, you bold thing you." Tom was still mumbling when he returned in a jogging half-run, with his cap and the cage, and got into the cab. "He'd learn you, all right. Swearing like a cabdriver in front of all them children. You ain't too big to spank neither."

Anne locked the front door and jumped into the cab.

"One cab for seven people, eight suitcases, a dog and two canaries," the driver inventoried as we started down the driveway. "You should have ordered three at least."

"We're not too crowded," Anne said as cheerfully as she could.

"Is that dog housebroken?"

"Usually," Anne lied.

"I don't think my insurance covers this."

"It probably does," she laughed weakly, "if you have an act-of-God clause."

A block from the house, we saw Fourteen. The cab stopped, Tom called, and there was a streak of orange as the cat dived into his lap and then perched on his shoulder.

"Look at that," Tom crowed, all his complaints forgotten. "She was waiting on us. Smartest cat I ever seen, bar none."

"Are there any other passengers or livestock we are supposed to pick up?" the driver asked.

"No," Anne told him sheepishly.

"No cows, goats or other children?"

"No."

"You sure we got them all?"

"Yes."

"And may one inquire where the destination is at?"

"Oh, excuse me," said Anne. "The Lackawanna Station."

"I thought maybe it was Overbrook. You know, the Funny Farm."

"No," Anne said meekly. "The Lackawanna Station. Please."

She leaned back in the seat and tried to adjust Jane a little more comfortably on her lap. She closed her eyes and thought of Mother, now safe in England. She thought of previous trips, when we had driven to New Bedford and taken the Nantucket boat from there. She thought of Dad—strong, gay and dependable—sitting behind the wheel of our old Pierce Arrow, blowing his bulb horns and shouting "Road hog" at the drivers who swerved for their lives as we went barreling by in a cloud of smoke.

From Anne's standpoint, at least, the remainder of the trip to Nantucket had only about half the earmarks of a howling success—the howling half.

The hubbub of the night-boat dock demoralized Mr. Chairman, and he yapped, howled and had to be dragged stiff-legged along the dock and to the gangplank. Every two or three steps, Frank would stop and bat him, to try to keep him quiet, but the wallops only made Mr. Chairman yap and howl all the louder. Tom, with Fourteen and the bird cage under one arm and a bulging wicker suitcase under the other, kept shouting threats about how he'd dose the dog good if he didn't shut up.

Each of the older children held the hand of his particular younger charge, and carried a suitcase. Martha discouraged eager porters, who came running to meet us, by telling them we were too poor to afford them.

By the time we single-filed up the gangplank, which Martha negotiated almost on her knees, the rails were lined with grinning spectators. Anne and Ernestine looked straight ahead, pretending not to notice, but the rest of us waved and grinned back.

"Carry your bags?" said a porter who was coming down the gangplank from the ship.

"No," shouted Frank, who sometimes read College Humor, "let them walk."

That was the sort of joke that appealed to Tom, and he laughed deafeningly, through his nose as always. "Henc, henc, henc, henc," he cackled. "That's a hot one."

The purser was so engrossed by our entrance that he made no pretense of checking to see whether we had enough full-fare tickets. He did insist, though, that Mr. Chairman and Fourteen be checked with the freight, down in the hold. All through the night you could hear Mr. Chairman complaining about that.

We were allowed to keep the birds, and they ended up in Anne's stateroom, where she shared the lower berth with Jane, while Fred and Dan shared the upper. Anne wouldn't let either Jane or Dan drink any liquids after six o'clock, but the inevitable occurred anyway.

It wasn't until the following morning, when we had transferred at New Bedford to the Nantucket boat, that Anne discovered Morton Dykes.

Morton was an Amherst man, and a sheik whom Anne rated high on her hit caravan. He was very tall—six feet seven or eight—and thin, but quite good-looking in his patent-leather hair and Oxford bags. He and Anne had had a good many dates that spring, while she was at Smith. We had often heard her talk about him, but never had seen him before.

It wasn't necessary to check animals with the freight on the Nantucket boat. Morton bumped into Anne on the upper deck, where all of us—including the birds, dog and cat—were gathered. "Bumped" is the word, because it soon became apparent that, so far as Morton was concerned, the meeting was not only unpremeditated and unrehearsed, but undesired.

"For goodness' sakes," said Anne, trying to straighten out her dress, which had been rumpled beyond repair by Jane, "look who's here. Hello, Morton."

"Hello," Morton almost whispered, edging away as if Anne had something he didn't want to catch. "Good to see you."

"Good to see you too," said Anne enthusiastically. When Anne was enthused, her voice had all the modulation of a cheerleader's in the last minutes of the final quarter. Morton edged still farther away. "I knew you and your mother were coming to Nantucket," she added, "but I had no idea we'd be on the same boat."

"We were on the night boat with you too," Morton reported resentfully. "We saw you come aboard."

"Oh, you did?" was all Anne could manage.

Morton asked, "Was that your dog that howled all night?"

"I didn't hear anything," Anne said.

Morton edged some more, and Anne finally realized that he didn't want to be mistaken for one of our group. The realization made her furious.

"Come on over," she said, "and meet everybody. Pull up a chair and make yourself at home."

"No, thanks. I've got to run."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Hunters

BY JOAN AUCOURT

Too late the gay fowl in the brilliant air
Remarks the waiting hunter on the hill.
Before the wing beats once more on the wind
The fine high voyage stops, the bird is still.

Too late, and always just too late, the cat
Retreats its great head between leaf and leaf.
The great gold snarl is silenced, the great gold eye
Closed with the final vision of its grief.

And even below the safe, soft, crystal sea
The secret fish is stopped upon the hook,
Between the last ledge of Atlantic rock
And the next landfall that its fancy took.

So how shall we, who have no habitat
Securer than the traffic in the street
Escape unlikely and untimely ends?
And if we should escape, would it be meet?

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



Hit for a hot night... SPAM SUMMER PLATTER

SEE HOW EASY . . . Stuffed celery: mash cream cheese with sweet cream to give butter-like consistency; add grated onion, dash of Worcestershire; fill celery stalks and dust with paprika. Stuffed tomatoes: make tomato cups by slicing off top and removing core; fill with shredded cabbage drenched with French dressing or mayonnaise. With sliced Swiss cheese, bread, and appetizing SPAM, dinner's ready—and so's the family.

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"Why don't you bring your mother up here, and we'll all sit together?"

The suggestion caused Morton to drop all pretense of edging, and to break into an open retreat. "See you around," he whispered over his shoulder.

"Or," Anne hollered after him, "we could all come and sit with you."

Morton disappeared down a ladder to the lower decks.

"So that's Morton Dykes," Ernestine said. "Gee, he's cute—and so tall. The least you could have done was introduce me."

"I tried," Anne told her bitterly. "You heard me try."

"The whole boat heard you," Martha said. "If you ask me, he's a bean pole and a wet smack."

"You're just judging him as a potential book carrier," Ernestine grinned. "You know those tall, thin ones get tired easily."

"He seemed to be in a hurry to get somewhere," Martha said. "Does he always edge that way, like a crab?"

"He was ashamed of us," said Anne. "Well, any feeling I may have had for him in the past is dead. Completely dead."

"Why would anyone be ashamed of us?" Bill wanted to know. "You girls are crazy. He looked to me like he had heard about our chicken pox, and he hasn't had them."

"Martha's right," Ernestine agreed. "He is a wet smack."

"Dead," Anne repeated dramatically. "Completely dead."

ALL of us, but especially Anne, were glad to see our cottage at Nantucket. Dad had named the cottage The Shoe, in honor of Mother, because he said she was like the old lady who lived in one. The Shoe was flanked by two circular lighthouses, which Dad had bought years before from the Government. One lighthouse had been used by Dad as a study, and the other by us as an overflow dormitory.

We wondered how Nantucket was going to be without Dad. He had left his mark on every room in The Shoe. There were the dot-and-dash messages he had painted on the ceilings over our beds, the summer he decided we should learn the Morse code. There were the astronomical diagrams he had painted billboard fashion on the dining-room walls, showing the size of the earth and other planets, as compared with big stars. There were photographs of nebulae and constellations that had been given Dad by Harvard University, and which he had hung only two feet from the floor, so that even the smallest children could see them.

We went from room to room, looking at everything and finding it good.

The trunks had followed us from the express office at the dock. Martha opened them in the dining room, found a comfortable chair, and started giving us instructions about unpacking them.

Everyone came and got his clothes, and put them in the bureaus. Tom fed the animals and cleaned the kitchen. Frank and Bill put up the screens. Anne and Ernestine swept away a winter's accumulation of sand and dust.

"That's the most efficient house opening we ever had," Anne told us when we were through. "Everyone did a fine job, particularly Martha on the packing."

"Martha is Dad all over again," Ernestine agreed. "She's naturally efficient."

Martha grinned happily, pushed herself up from her chair, and started over to the trunks to get her own clothes. Someplace between the chair and the trunks, a terrible realization struck her. She knew the trunks would be empty, and they were. She knew, too, there wasn't any use asking if anyone had picked up her clothes by mistake.

"Don't anybody ever say I'm efficient again," she squealed.

"Of course you're efficient," said Anne. "Stop fishing for any more compliments. I just finished saying you did a fine job on the packing, and we've got everything we need."

"We haven't got my clothes or bathing suit," Martha shouted, "and we need those. I haven't got a stitch except what I've got on my back."

"Nonsense," Anne said. "They must be around someplace. Who took Martha's clothes?"

Martha shook her head, and she was near tears. "No use to look. I remember now. I didn't pack them."

"But the check-off lists?" Anne asked. "How could you forget your own clothes?"

"I don't know."

"You sure you didn't pack them?"

"The check-off lists were for everybody else," Martha said. "Since I was doing the packing, there wasn't any use to have one for me."

"That means we'll have to get you a whole new outfit."

"No we won't," Martha insisted. "The budget can't stand it. I'll go around in a barrel first."

The boys started giggling, and Anne and Ernestine couldn't help but join in. Bill sat down in the chair Martha had vacated, and made believe he was thumbing through a sheaf of papers.

"Name?" he asked Martha.

"Speak out so we can hear you," said Frank.

Martha managed a sick grin. "Mud," she said. "I admit it. Age, almost fifteen. Favorite pastime, eating crow."

Anne still wanted Martha to go down to the village and buy some clothes and a bathing suit, but Martha was determined not to waste the money.

"I just need some things to bum around in," she said. "I'm not a boy-crazy flapper trying to impress an Amherst man. I'll find something."

Anne and Ernestine agreed they'd hand her down some clothes, and Frank said he'd hand up a sweat shirt, some jerseys and a pair of dungarees.

"Swell," Martha said. "I don't have to worry about a bathing suit, because I can wear Mother's until she gets here. And I'll write her to be sure to pick up my suit when she stops by Montclair."

"I can see you in Mother's suit," Ernestine scoffed. "Why, it's practically a Gay Nineties model."

"Who cares about that?" Martha said. "All I want is something to cover me. You two make me sick."

Mother wasn't a swimmer and didn't like the water. She did occasionally wade in up to her knees, splash some water on her shoulders, duck down almost to her elbows, and then hurry home. If she met any of us en route to the beach, she'd inform us through blue lips and chattering teeth, that surf that day seemed particularly refreshing. The waves on the bathing beach never got more than a foot high during a full gale, but even in a flat calm it was surf to Mother.

MOTHER'S suit left nothing exposed. Even Dad, who insisted that the girls wear black old-fashioned models, had to admit that Mother carried modesty a little to the extreme, and that she seemed to put on more than she took off when she prepared to go in the water.

Her suit had numerous appurtenances, including a sash and a bandanna. But its two principal components were a black undergarment, that started with a hug-me-tight neck and ended several inches below the knees, and a huge, long, black, billowing outer garment, that Dad said might be useful to Barnum and Bailey if it were dyed khaki. The outer garment had long sleeves and hung down to Mother's ankles, while themselves were encased in black cotton stockings and high bathing shoes.

"Mother's suit is out of the question," Anne told Martha. "You'd look completely ridiculous in it."

"If it's good enough for Mother," said Martha, "it's good enough for me. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, talking about her clothes like that."

"It's not her clothes that are ridiculous," Anne said. "A few years ago, everybody wore suits like that, and a good many people Mother's age still do. But it would look ridiculous on you."

's not much more ridiculous than the Dad made us wear," Martha protested. ıave to wear a black thing underneath, ort of dresses too."

know it," Anne admitted. "But at ours end at the knees and have short s."

ıad taken Anne years to get Dad to her and the other girls to bob their nd wear short skirts, silk stockings and s. Dad hadn't approved of the style that had set in since the war. He said were purely temporary, that girls ually would come to their senses, and ct that everyone else dressed that way no difference. He had refused to yield ıore than the sleeves and a couple of around the hems of the girls' swim- outfits. It was a sore point with the dest girls.

rtha kept insisting to Anne that she look all right in Mother's suit, and finally gave in.

l right," Anne said. "If you don't care ou look, I suppose I don't. And since of us should go out with boys until er gets here, I guess you can't do tine and me any permanent damage."

nk, Bill and the younger children al- had on their suits, and the two boys he younger ones down to the beach, was only a couple of hundred yards he cottage. Martha said she'd slip on er's suit and join them. Anne and tine had to finish sorting sheets and ets, and told Martha they'd be down ut half an hour.

vas late afternoon when the two oldest nally reached the beach. Both of them ired from the jour- Nantucket and the work. They sighed relief as they sank in the warm sand, all of us but Mar- ere sitting. Martha ıe best swimmer and in the family, and stay in the water for hours without g cold.

his is the life," said Anne, stretching contentedly. "This is what I've been ing of ever since the chicken pox. I everything is going to be much simpler ıow on."

ill you take me out over my head?" ısked her. "Frank took us in, but he take us over our heads."

a little while," Anne agreed sleepily. t want to get a little of what sun's still She lay down flat on her back. "Will ne make that dog stop shaking sand all ıe?"

nk leaned over and whacked Mr. man, but it didn't do any good.

ɔbody ever takes me out over my Jack complained.

here's Martha?" Ernestine asked. at the raft?"

ık nodded.

ɔw does she look in Mother's suit?"

an, she looks grand," Frank said en- stically. "You ought to see her."

l bet," Ernestine smiled. "Miss At- City of Eighteen-ninety."

e's out there," said Frank, "with that inny man we saw on the boat."

sat up suddenly, now wide awake. on Dykes?" she said. "You mean he's Martha in that outfit? My cow! What think of us now?"

ıat do you care?" Ernestine grinned. feeling for him is dead, remember?"

mpletely dead," Bill echoed.

didn't seem to mind the way her suit Frank said. "Every time she dives, ɔs her back on the raft. You'd think s crippled or something."

e shaded her eyes and looked out to- he float. It was easy to pick out Mor- ecause he stood almost a foot taller nyone else. But at first she couldn't Martha.

on't see anyone in Mother's suit," she It ought to be conspicuous enough."

ı a trim, curvy, black-clad figure hit ringboard and went into a beautiful jackknife that was unmistakably Martha's. A red head emerged from the water and a hand waved casually to the tall boy on the raft, who waved back vigorously. There was a wake of spray as Martha Australian-crawled back to the beach.

"Where did she get *that* suit?" yelled Ernestine, who had seen the dive too. "What would Dad say?"

"What will Mother say?" Anne asked.

Martha blew water out of her nose, tossed the hair out of her eyes, and started up the beach to join us. Frank and Bill, clicking their tongues as loudly as if they were a couple of Decency Leaguers who had stumbled into a nudist camp, ran to her with towels. They made a great pretense of turning their heads away, and of hiding their eyes with their hands.

THE beach wasn't very crowded at that time of day, but those who were there were sitting up and watching.

"You boys stop that," Anne stage-whispered. "I'm ashamed of you!"

"Here, Martha, quick," Frank said, pretending not to hear. "Drape these towels around you. If you hurry, the beach policeman may not even notice."

"Besides," said Bill, "we don't want you to catch pneumonia."

"Would you two," Martha inquired good-naturedly, pushing them and the towels aside, "like a good punch in the nose?" She sank down nonchalantly in the sand between Anne and Ernestine, and attempted to even old scores with Mr. Chairman by shaking her wet hair at him. "Boy," she said, "the water out there's really the cats."

She didn't seem to notice Anne's and Ernestine's frigid stares.

"Saw a friend of yours out there," she told Anne. "What a wet smack. You ought to see him in a bathing suit. More of a beanpole than ever."

Martha was wearing what appeared to be a tight-fitting black union suit. If you looked at it closely, you could tell it was the under part of Mother's suit, with the legs and sleeves rolled up as far as they would roll. It wasn't any more extreme than the bathing suits which other girls were wearing, but Anne and Ernestine were shocked almost beyond words.

"Go back," Anne finally whispered to her, "and get the outer half of it. The idea!"

"And," said Ernestine, "roll down those legs."

Jack still wanted Anne to take him out over his head, but she didn't hear him.

"I blush for you," Anne told Martha. "What will Mother say?"

"What have I done now?" Martha asked. "What's this all about?"

"You know perfectly well," said Anne, "so don't try to act so innocent."

"If you mean that sheik of yours, you don't have to worry. He's a wet smack who always wants to help you up on the raft. I'm wise to him."

"Let's leave Morton out of the conversation," said Anne.

"I never saw anybody so jealous," Martha complained. "Why, I wouldn't touch your ten-foot beanpole with a pole."

"He's not my ten-foot beanpole," said Anne. "And I'm not talking about him. I'm talking about that bathing suit."

"You said it was all right to wear it."

"I said it was all right to wear all of it. Not just the under half."

"You didn't think I was going to wear the outer part, too, did you?"

"Of course we did," Ernestine said. "You know perfectly well we did."

"So that's what you meant when you said I'd look ridiculous." Martha started to laugh. "I can see myself in that black tent, can't you? I don't wonder you thought everyone would stare at me. Why, I couldn't swim a stroke in that sea anchor—you should have known that."

"Martha," said Ernestine. "Listen, Martha. It's not decent. You shouldn't walk out

(Continued on Page 76)

We are growing serious, and let me tell you that's the very next step to being dull.
—JOSEPH ADDISON.



"What affects the wear of NYLON stockings?"



THIS IS ONLY ONE OF THE QUESTIONS ANSWERED IN THIS ISSUE OF THE

DU PONT NYLON INFORMATION SERVICE



"Does Du Pont make nylon stockings?"

No! Stockings are made by hundreds of manufacturers. Some of these may elect to mark their stockings "Made of Du Pont Nylon" to inform you that they have used the nylon textile fiber made by Du Pont.

"What affects the wear of nylon stockings?"

The life of your lovely nylon stockings depends on many things—fabric construction, proper fit and length, care in handling, whether you fasten your garters in the heaver, welt part of the stockings, and, of course, denier.



"What is denier?"

Denier is the weight and thickness of each thread in nylon stockings. You can buy stockings in 15, 20, 30, 40, 50, and 70 denier. The larger the denier number, the stronger the thread. A 15 denier thread is only half as heavy and half as strong as a 30 denier thread. Before 1948 most stockings were of the heavier 30 or 40 denier. Today, however, because of their sheer, leg-flattering beauty, many women prefer the 15 denier stockings. You can have your choice.



"How can I avoid runs and snags?"

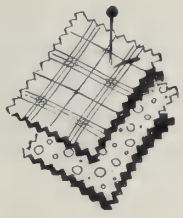


Gentle care means longer wear. Keep your hands and nails smooth, remove rings and other jewelry when you handle your stockings. After rinsing out stockings, dry them over a smooth rod—you know how quickly they dry. Keep them in hosiery cases or wrapped in facial tissues. Remember, too, the right size for your foot and leg is important for long wear. If stockings fit so tightly the fabric is strained, you lose out on durability. But too loose, wrinkled stockings may increase snagging.



"Is nylon warm or cool?"

Surprisingly enough, fabrics made with this fabulous fiber can be either. Nylon fabrics can be just as warm, or as cool, as other fabrics made of other fibers. What makes a fabric warm? Thickness, yarn construction and a great number of insulating air pockets. Spun nylon products like sweaters and socks are as warm and snug as you could ever want them. What makes a fabric cool? Thinness and the ease with which air can pass through it. Sheer nylon lingerie is cool and comfortable, more so when the fabric is designed to let air circulate.



"What are the advantages of fabrics which contain nylon and other fibers?"

In 100%-nylon fabrics, all of nylon's easy-living properties are put to work to give the maximum of easy care, long wear. However, textile designers also blend or combine versatile nylon with other fibers, such as rayon, silk, wool and cotton, to create many new, exciting and valuable fabrics. Nylon's amazing strength, light weight, and abrasion-resistance, for instance, can give new and better performance to familiar fabrics in lingerie, upholstery and suitings.



"Why do some nylon slips cost more than other nylon slips?"

There is as much variation in products made of nylon as there is in products made of any other fiber. Du Pont makes the nylon fiber. Your satisfaction with a finished garment depends not alone on the fiber, but on how well that fiber is woven or knitted into a fabric—and the skill with which the fabric is cut and fitted. It depends on honest workmanship—for example, good seam construction. One product made of nylon may cost a lot more than another—and be worth every penny. Worth it—because you are paying for better design, better styling and better detail of tailoring.



"Can nylon fabrics be made with permanent pleats?"

Indeed they can—when they're properly heat-set. A special heat treatment is used by manufacturers to set glamorous accordion pleats into nylon fabrics—the kind you've marveled at in delicate slips, petticoats and gowns. When nylon pleats have been properly heat-set, you can wash them again and again—without a single worry about the pleats coming out!



"Do I have to iron my nylon blouses?"

Many nylon fabrics look completely right without any ironing. There are others that look better after a light pressing with a cool iron. Lucky for you, nylon is easy to iron—even easier if you remember not to wring tightly, but to squeeze the water out gently. Hang each one up while still wet, and smooth wrinkles out with your hands. When you do iron nylon, use a cool iron—275°—or the "rayon" or "nylon" setting.



"WHY DO YOU HAVE A NYLON INFORMATION SERVICE?"

Because of the widespread use and popularity of products made of nylon fibers, a lot of people have had a lot of eager, interested questions about nylon. As a service to you who buy and use nylon products, we are running this series of advertisements aimed at answering some of those queries.

However, remember Du Pont does not manufacture nylon slips, shirts, dresses or stockings. Du Pont makes the basic fiber, or yarn, from which nylon products are made. Like the products of steel or aluminum used in the manufacturing of automobiles, refrigerators or washing machines, we make a basic material, nylon. This basic material in turn is used by hundreds of manufacturers to make finished nylon products.



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Exciting! This new three-way hair loveliness . . .



Better than a soap! Better than a liquid! Kay Daumit's *cream* shampoo with lanolin. Jars: $2, $1. Jars and tubes: 49¢, 25¢.

1 **Leaves hair silken soft,** instantly manageable . . . first wondrous result of a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Makes lavish, lanolin-blessed lather even in hardest water. No more unruly, soap-dulled locks. Leaves hair soft, obedient, for any style hair-do.

2 **Leaves hair sparkling** with star-bright sheen. No other shampoo has the same magic blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin to bring out every highlight. No special rinse needed with Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

3 **Leaves hair fragrantly clean,** free of loose dandruff. Famous hairdressers insist on Lustre-Creme, the world's leading cream shampoo. Yes, tonight, show *him* a lovelier you —after a Lustre-Creme shampoo!

(Continued from Page 73)

of your boudoir in that thing. Here, take this towel, dear."

"We could bury her with sand until everyone goes home," Fred suggested hopefully.

"It shows every curve," Anne said. "It leaves nothing to the imagination."

"I'm getting tired of being bossed," Martha hollered. "Always thinking about how you look, and never thinking about how you swim. Besides, there's nothing to imagine."

Anne was patient. "You know Dad's rules for girls in this family. Modesty, Martha. Modesty."

"But nobody wears two-piece suits any more. You think you're flappers, but you don't realize that times have changed. I've got a right to live my own life."

"You know the rules as well as we do," Anne continued. "Two-piece bathing suits. Skirts at least to the knees, black stockings, and a minimum of skin showing. What would Mother say?"

"I'll bet," said Martha, "she'd say times have changed, and that I could wear the same kind of suit other girls are wearing. And I'll bet, when she said it, you two would race each other downtown to get one-piece suits."

"That shows," Anne announced, "how well you know Mother."

"Yes, sir," Martha nodded, obviously deriving a good bit of satisfaction from the mental picture, "when she said it, it would be on your mark, get set, go."

"But she wouldn't say it," Anne insisted. "She'd die if she saw you like that."

"All right," Martha surrendered. "You're the boss, and I've got to do what you say. I'll wear the rest of it. But I'm going to take a hem of at least a foot in the bottom. And I positively draw the line at black stockings this summer."

Martha got up and, disdaining the offer of towels, headed back toward the cottage. There was no doubt that Mother's suit never looked better.

"I think," Ernestine told Anne, "that we could all do away with black stockings. No one else wears them."

Anne nodded. "I was thinking the same thing. As Martha says, times do change. Even Dad probably would admit that. Probably."

"And you know she did look mighty cute in that one-piece job."

"I suppose she did," said Anne. "In a childish sort of way, of course."

"That's what I mean—in a childish sort of way," Ernestine went on. "And it must be much easier to swim when you have just one piece."

"I guess it is," Anne agreed. "Lord knows I don't like the idea of two-piece suits any better than she does—if as well. But you know I can't repeal any rules behind Mother's back and —— Hey, wait a minute. Whose side are you on, anyway?"

"Yours," Ernestine said. "I suppose. I wasn't going to take off the outer part of my suit, honest! Just the stockings."

Anne shaded her eyes and looked out at the float again. The tall, thin figure was still there.

"Will you take me out over my head now, Anne?" Jack asked. "Nobody ever takes me out over my head."

"I guess so," said Anne, putting on her bandanna and shaking the sand from between the two layers of her outfit. She took Jack by the hand and Ernestine took Bob. They started slowly into the water.

THE remainder of the two weeks before Mother's arrival went comparatively smoothly. The economy budget stayed in balance. Ernestine had moderate success in improving the cooking. Martha looked swaddled, but eminently respectable, in Mother's shortened bathing suit.

There is no denying, though, that tempers were wearing thin. Anne's pep talks were beginning to sound hollow, and fights were increasingly frequent. A steadying adult hand was needed, and most of us realized it.

There was one fight in which the whole family took part, that started when Frank complained about the frequency with which Ernestine placed clam chowder on the menu. Ernestine was especially fond of cla Not only that, but we got the clams nothing by digging them ourselves. Fr could either take clams or leave them al preferably the latter. He thought that c chowder four times in a single week was much to take, even under an austerity gram. Someplace during the climax of argument, Frank picked up his bowl chowder and inverted it over Ernesti head.

With clams draped over her ears, Er tine arose silently, picked up her chow bowl, and repeated the process on Fra Fists started to fly, in a mass battle pitted the clam lovers against the clam durers. Anne finally managed to res peace, but not until all the chowder b had been emptied.

WE didn't have a bathtub or a showe The Shoe, since Dad thought bathing in water was more healthful, so we had to on our bathing suits and go down to beach to wash our hair.

By then, having let off steam, every was in a high if clammy good humor. T were considerable giggling, tripping, g natured sand throwing and pinching as ran down to the water. The neighbors, being stone deaf, must have heard the thr of mutilation and death that had emerg few minutes before from our cottage. In event, they seemed astounded to see all unscathed, except for clams and potatoe our hair, and apparently on the bes terms.

Anne deducted twenty cents from of our allowances, which meant that som the younger children didn't get any spen money for two weeks, and there wasn't repetition.

Mother wrote daily, and her letters tained personal messages for each child. could hardly wait to see Jack swim, and was mighty proud he had learned. She tainly wouldn't forget Martha's bathing when she passed through Montclair. Er tine shouldn't worry about missing her lege boards—it might be best anyway for to take a postgraduate year at high sch and start college after that, when the fa would be a little more settled. Most im tant of all, the talks at London and Pra had gone well—very well, she thought. she had plans for opening a motion-st school at our house in Montclair.

All of us would be on the steps, wai for Mr. Conway, the mailman, in the m ings. There was a calendar, with a red c around Mother's arrival date, hanging the chimney in the dining room. Each m ing at breakfast Lillian, who was in ch of the calendar, marked off another

The morning before Mother's arrival washed and oiled the floors, waxed furniture, polished brass, scrubbed wind and trimmed the bayberry bushes in front yard. Everybody, including T pitched in, and when we were through house was cleaner than it was in the be ning, is now, or probably ever shall be.

We went for a quick swim, more for itary reasons than for relaxation, and put on our best clothes. Everybody loo fine, even Martha in her hand-me-do

Ernestine had bought a large roast supper, and spent a good part of the afternoon telling Tom what she intende do to him, and how she intended to tor his cat, if he charred a single inch of i was the first roast we had had since we Montclair.

Lillian was stationed at the top of taller lighthouse, as a lookout for the N tucket boat. As soon as the smoke was vis she let us know, and Anne lined us up in dining room for a final inspection.

"Everyone's alive and whole," she be "and nobody's in jail. So I guess we d pretty good job."

She cleared her throat and paced floor in front of us.

"You all know," she said in her oratorical style, "that I don't enjoy mal speeches."

This was something we didn't know at because there were few things Anne enjo

ore. Before she went to college, she had
en a mainstay of the high-school debating
am, and drove her arguments home with
ch enthusiasm that her coach used to tell
r she was supposed merely to stump her
ponents, not tree them.

"Now that I am about to relinquish my
thority," she continued, "I want to thank
u one and all for your fine spirit of co-
eration. I would caution you about two
ngs," she said: "Don't reveal to Mother
out the disgraceful clam-chowder episode,
Martha's wearing insufficient clothing to
e beach the day we arrived."

"What's she talking about, Fred?" Dan
ispered loudly. "And why is she hollering
d sticking out her arms like that?"

"Search me, Dan," Fred whispered back
t as loudly.

"I'm talking about this," said Anne, for-
ting her role as public speaker and leaning
er so her face was on the level of theirs.
f you tell Mother about the clam chowder,
about the day Martha wore the under
f of Mother's suit to the beach, I'll
rder you."

"You mean," asked Fred, "the day she
s naked except for that black under-
ar?"

"I like that!" Martha protested.

"That's just what I mean," Anne nodded.
Mother'd die if she heard it."

We started for the dock. Jane walked
ne of the way by herself, and then Anne
l Ernestine carried her together, in a
ir they made of their hands and wrists.
knew Mother would want to see all of
when her boat pulled in.

n a person's lifetime there may be not
re than half-a-dozen occasions that he
look back to in the certain knowledge
t right then, at that moment, there was
m for nothing but happiness in his heart.
e walk to the boat that afternoon was one
hose occasions.

E steamer rounded Brant Point and we
ld begin to distinguish the passengers.
I think I see Mother," Lillian shouted
athlessly.

Where?" we asked her. "Where?"

illian was too excited to tell us. "Mother,"
screamed, and then jumped up and down
hat Anne had to grab her dress to keep
away from the edge of the dock.

hen we all saw her. She was waving, and
ooked as if perhaps she were jumping up
down a little too. She was still dressed in
ow's clothes, but her coloring had come
back. Perhaps it was just a trick of the wind, which was billowing her dress behind her and may have accounted for the jaunty angle of her hat, but she seemed stronger and more sure of herself than we had ever seen her before.

In a matter of minutes, the boat was tied to the dock and Mother was coming down the gangplank, struggling with two suitcases. Martha wasn't the only one thinking about saving tips.

PEOPLE stood back and gave us room as we descended on her. First it was a mass greeting, and then we could tell that she was picking out each of us, and checking us off in her mind.

"It's so good to be home," she said. "I can't tell you how I felt when I saw all of you standing on the dock."

We said it was good to have her home. With the youngest ones hanging onto her skirts, and the rest of us trying to get as close as we could, we started walking down the dock.

"I believe that every one of you has grown," Mother told us, "and all of you look so tan and well!"

"You should have seen us with the chicken pox," Fred said. "We didn't look so well then."

"We were sick as dogs," Dan agreed. "And we took castor oil, too, Mother."

"That was fine," Mother said absently. "I knew you'd do ——" She stopped dead. "Chicken pox?" she said. "What about chicken pox?"

"Didn't we write you about that?" Anne asked innocently.

"Mercy Maude," said Mother. "You know perfectly well that you didn't. Who had it, dear?"

"All of us," Anne grinned. "We got it the day you left." She turned to the boys. "You might at least have waited until Mother got home, to break the news."

"That wasn't one of the things you told us not to tell," Fred said defensively.

"You didn't have anything else, did you?" Mother asked.

Anne shook her head.

"Anything else happen you didn't write me about?"

"That was the only important thing. Really!"

Mother reached out, over the heads of Bob and Jack, and squeezed Anne impulsively around the waist. Anne looked as if whatever she had been through in the last five weeks had been worth while.



"Elaine, darling—has he made you happy?"

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Ernestine personally supervised the final stages of the roast beef, and it was red and tender. There were candles on the dinner table, and we used the good silver. No holly was to be had on Nantucket, at least in the summertime, but we decked the halls with boughs of bayberry.

Mother thought the roast beef was delicious, and made a point of complimenting Tom on it.

"It ain't done quite as much as it ought to be," Tom told her, "but we got a lot of cooks around here spoiling the cloth."

"I'm afraid," Mother said to us after Tom had retired to the kitchen, "that we won't be able to have roast beef as often as we used to. That'll be all right, won't it?"

"We know it," Martha said. "You don't have to worry about that."

"We're used to substitutes," Frank put in.

"We'll have to rely a little more on less expensive things like—well, liver, cold cuts, fish and clam chowder."

"I love clam chowder," said Ernestine, glaring at Frank. "We'll have some of that real soon."

"She eats it until it comes out of her ears." Frank smirked complacently. Then, imitating Tom, he laughed through his nose. "Henc, henc, I'm sorry for what I done, but henc, henc, henc."

"What's the matter, dear?" Mother asked. "Is something stuck in your windpipe? Hit him on the back, Bill."

"There's nothing the matter with him," said Bill, who obliged anyway, with all his might.

"It's just a noise he makes," Anne explained.

"Oh," said Mother, obviously relieved. "That's good. Only I don't believe I'd ever make a noise like that unless I had to, dear."

Anne thought we were skating too close to the clam-chowder episode, and was eager to change the subject.

"I think it's time for Martha's surprise," she said. "What do you think, Mother, we only spent three hundred dollars of the money you gave us."

"Why, you couldn't have," Mother replied. "The tickets to Nantucket must have cost . . . and Martha wrote she had forgotten her clothes . . . and the milk bill —— You didn't sell anything, did you, dear?" Mother asked.

"That was my surprise, you speechmaker you," Martha protested. "You said I could tell her."

"That's what I want you to do," Anne said. "You were in charge of the budget, so you're the one to tell her."

"Yes, you tell me, dear," Mother nodded.

"We spent two hundred and ninety-six dollars and five cents," said Martha, who always knew the bank balance down to the last penny.

"I don't know how you did it," Mother told us, shaking her head. "Why, if we can keep going at that rate, I know everything will be all right."

"And we've been eating like kings," Ernestine put in.

"I'd like for you to help me run the house, just as you've been doing," Mother said. "And I'd like for Martha to keep the budget—goodness knows I never could manage money that well."

"You'll have to make out a requisition form in triplicate when you want even two cents for a stamp," Anne warned.

"No she won't either," Martha said. "Mother's an exception. She'll only have to make out one form, and I'll fill out the two duplicates."

"Thank you, dear," said Mother. She sounded as if she meant it.

Mother had brought each of us a present. Not expensive presents, such as Dad used to bring when he returned from Europe, she explained. Just something to let us know she'd been thinking of us.

She brought out the presents while we were finishing our dessert. There were Czech dolls for Jane and Lillian, and Paris hats for Martha, Ernestine and Anne. The girls' presents were a big success. But the boys had trouble hiding their disappointment, when they unwrapped their packages and found that each contained a blue beret.

"All the men in France are wearing them," Mother said. "I thought you might like to start the style over here."

"They're just what we've always wanted," Frank said stoutly, trying to banish from his mind what might happen to him and Bill if they wore the berets to school.

"I guess," said Mother, "that I don't know as much about getting presents for boys as your father did. That's something I'm going to have to learn, isn't it?"

"Dad never brought anything better," Bill protested. "Just old stuff like knives and watches."

"You're good boys," Mother said. "I'll remember about old stuff like that if I go away again."

Martha asked if Mother had remembered to bring the bathing suit from Montclair.

Mother shook her head. "I had some business in New York, and couldn't spare the time to go to Montclair. So I picked you up a suit at Macy's instead." She handed Martha a package.

"If it comes below my knees," said Martha, fumbling with the wrappings, "can I take a hem in it?"

"Goodness, it won't come below you knees." Mother laughed. "It's a one-piec suit."

"One piece?" Anne and Ernestine shoute together.

"No girls wear those old-fashioned two piece suits any more, do they?" Mothe asked.

"We do," said Ernestine. "Remembe Dad's rules."

"Modesty," Anne recited flatly. "Skirt at least to the knees. Black stockings. And minimum of skin showing."

"Times change," Mother told them, "an your father would have changed with them In most things, he was a good bit ahead o his time. I'll admit he usually stayed pretty far behind them when it came to how h daughters should dress."

Martha held up the suit. It was light blu and had a low-cut neck.

"If you say 'On your mark, get set, go to me," Ernestine told her, "I'll scratch you eyes out."

"You'll have to beat me to them," sai Anne. "Besides, my fingernails are longe than yours."

Martha looked at the two oldest girls, an there was sympathy in her glance. "I won der if the budget couldn't stand new suits fo Anne and Ernestine," she asked.

"Those old maids would be too modest Frank put in.

The two girls didn't say anything, but the looked at Mother.

"I believe the budget can stand a knife fo each of the boys," Mother said. "But don't believe we need any more bathin suits." She handed Anne and Ernestine eac a package like Martha's.

(To be Continued)

DIARY OF DOMESTICITY

(Continued from Page 24)

"I always think," he says, stirring happily, "salad dressing should never be the same twice!"

We eat most of our meals outdoors, in the Quiet Garden, under the apple trees, down by the pond. For this reason, our eating equipment has to be portable. Last summer, the stone fireplace in the barbecue collapsed and rebuilding it would have been fearfully expensive. Its feet were in soft soil and it just began to sink and sink until finally it bent in the chimney. We have grand plans for making a terrace out of the fallen stones, but moving the stones is hard work.

The portable grills are inexpensive, and we found the change very nice, for the fire just rolls along with us, wherever we feel like eating. A small, even charcoal fire cooks hamburgers or chicken like a charm, and the side counter keeps rolls hot.

Maeve and the cockers keep to the shade on the hot days, but Esmé, in Siamese style, sits right in the sun on the top of the fence. Jonquil is growing so fast that every day she seems a size bigger. A thoroughly healthy puppy is a joy to pick up; Jonquil's solid, compact body is electric with vigor, her legs are foursquare as posts, and now deeply furred with wheat-gold. She still chews on anything she can find. Especially she likes to chew wood, and we have to be quicker than lightning to prevent her devouring the kindling. I think her stomach must be paneled in pine by now, and yet she never seems to be in trouble over it.

Jonquil is pure undiluted charm twenty-four hours a day. None of the home dogs had any use for her when she came, but her winning ways have made her a part of the group. Even Sister will pull on an old towel with her, and Susie rolls in the grass wrestling noisily with her, the black and the gold so beautiful to watch.

She can hear the sound of a breaking eggshell from any part of the house, and rushes to the kitchen to state that eggs are her favorite food. When we get back from dog-training class, the buffet is served to the working dogs, scrambled farm eggs. Jonquil has hers, too, waking up in plenty of time.

My favorite dog tale this week is about Bogi, who belongs to Louise Rucks. Billy Rucks phoned his mother from the university that he wanted Bogi sent down for a visual-speech exam, a demonstration to be given on how to show a dog, operate a camera, do something you know. So Bogi was dispatched to the university, and when a neighbor called up, Louise told her about it. An hour later she phoned again.

"Louise," she said, "we have been having the most awful argument. I told the family you said Bogi was going to school at the university. Taking a course in how to operate the camera, and learning to speak. Though I suppose that is just barking for this or that. Now I know you tell the truth, and if you say Bogi is going to school, I am sure he is. But just what courses *is* he taking? The family wants to know."

The wit of conversation consists more in finding it in others than in showing a great deal yourself. He who goes from your conversation pleased with himself and his own wit is perfectly well pleased with you.
—BRUYÈRE.

Louise cleared it up, but she says she has been wondering ever since if Bogi couldn't learn to operate a camera as well as anybody!

Every year when the lemons are ripe, we get a box of them from the back yard of Mrs. McKinnon, in California. Big and golden and fully ripe, they are as perfect as jewels. This year we froze the juice from some of them, and now in the hot afternoons we have frosty lemonade with the rich tang of fresh ripe lemons, and it is delicious. I keep a pitcher filled with fruit drink always ready: sometimes I add other juices to the lemon, put in a bottle of dry ginger ale or soda, and float a mint leaf in every glass.

When the neighbors drop in, we can cool off in the shade with lemonade and watercress or lettuce sandwiches. When the children have been swimming, I add a platter of deviled eggs so we can put supper off at least until six o'clock. The favorite deviled egg at Stillmeadow is done with curry and mayonnaise. I mash the yolks very fine first and tuck a small bit of olive in the center.

The countryside has a haze of heat over it, so all the color is soft and dreamy. The sky has a lucid clarity; it is the most serene sky we have in any season. Every small house on the back roads has a clipped, even lawn and borders of annuals. The zinnias are wine and salmon and butter colored. Tea roses and marigolds and Heavenly Blue morning-glory and snapdragons riot in the gardens, and the gladioli are opening their elegance to the sun.

When I drive to the village and see the glory of bloom, the plainest house is beautiful, and it makes me think that it is the same with people. Not everyone can be glamorous or beautiful, but even the plainest woman can seem lovely if she has flowering thoughts. I make a new resolve to keep my own as much like these unspoiled country gardens as possible. No room for the weeds of hate and despair in a well-tended flower plot.

The village volunteer firemen give the annual clambake on the hottest, clearest day of all. Down in the green meadow by the river, the men lug great trays of clams and chicken and potatoes and sweet corn, and the women, this time only, sit pleasantly at the long wooden trestle tables and exchange recipes and plan new quilt designs.

George has been up since dawn. He personally has picked enough chickens to feed the county; now he is opening clams. We all eat clams by the dozen, right out of the shell, then we stop and play horseshoes for a while and then eat just a few more clams. Meanwhile the steam begins to rise, that heavenly odor of seaweed, clam juice, chicken broth, corn and potatoes. Finally the great racks are lifted out and there is the feast, and the butter drips richly over the corn, and everybody eats on half the afternoon while the men pour the hot dark coffee and serve the dessert to those still able to think of it.

The volunteer fire department is our pride. The men leave the harrows idling, the hay half loaded, and race to the sound of the lon siren. At night, after a fourteen-hour-day work in the summer fields, they will rou up from sleep and start the car and thund off down the night roads to the alarm. The get scant verbal thanks, but they have th whole valley feeling secure, and the clam bake celebrates another year in which n forest fire has gained a hold.

In the evening, in the Quiet Garden, th fragrance of the nicotiana is so lovely makes me ache. The white and dark-garn flowers are massed all around the little pick fence; they have long slender throats lik silver trumpets, the petals open out flat the end, and the scent is pure music, roma tic as a Viennese waltz, glamorous as fir love.

Little Sister and Jonquil are digging a la mole hole, ruining the one smooth place the lawn. Their upended rears are quiverin with joy. One of the nicest things about coc ers, I think, is that they never are depresse at failure. They never have, any of the caught a mole, but who knows?

I like to think of my favorite poem Faith Baldwin's. And repeat it aloud to t white moon over the house, and the flowe breathing so sweetly under it:

"I have come back to quiet ways; to things
Of silent wonder, instinct with delight;
To dusk, that closes in like darkling wings
To primrose dawns and lamplit, hearth-wa night;
To mending bag, to laughter, and old books,
To loud-voiced clock and table laid for tea
And that brown urchin of a dog who looks
From sandwich plate to mistress, wistfully ——"

And as I gather Jonquil in my arms a urge Sister from the inconvenience of t mole, I walk to the house.

"Thus, Lord, my spirit keep—in humblen
In still simplicity of gentle days,
This house, the love within it, lean to bless
And hold our feet upon the homely ways."

THE E

PHOTO BY DONALD STUART



On class nights, dinner is really speedy for Jean and Phil.

least once a week we like to
a few friends and drive to
Beach, have a swim, and grill
eaks and corn which never
good at home. Phil has de-
and made his own grill and is
f on these beach safaris."

ROASTED CORN

he husks on the corn and wrap it
eaweed. Roast directly over the
l fire. There should be no flame,
owing embers, to avoid burn-
corn. When corn is done, strip
seaweed and husks and drench
s with butter or margarine.

eachgoers: If there isn't enough
l around, just dip the whole ears
salt water, soaking the husks
hen wrap them in what seaweed
ve.

don't live near the seashore you
one of two things and still have
s roast corn: Soak the corn in
sks in a pail of water before
g. You won't have the flavor of
but it's still mighty good.

his: The corn is butter-roasted.
he corn and lay each ear on
thick squares of aluminum
read the corn with soft but-
d sprinkle with salt and pep-
rap foil around corn, sealing
es with a fold. Place directly on
ls and cook about 6 minutes,
once or twice. (We've done
loors under a broiler, too, and
s fine.) Everyone gets a "bun-
d unwraps his own. None of
ss and fuss with the husks when
n is cooked and ready to eat.

THURSDAY
Workshop Night

Hamburgers
h Sour-Cream Dressing
Summer Squash
Watermelon
Iced Coffee

least one night a week, usually
ay, we work together at mak-
refinishing furniture. We've
sing the dinette for such proj-
at our meals in the living room. Phil has just finished putting the 'works' for our record player in an old refinished washstand. I did the rubbing and scraping. We're working on a bookcase. Next project, a lamp base made from copper tubing. Thursdays we have an early dinner so we can really get something accomplished."

HAMBURGERS—
SOUR-CREAM DRESSING

Season and sauté hamburgers in just a little shortening, as you would if you were serving them on buns. When done to your taste—rare, medium or well done—remove to hot plates. Pour ½ cup thick commercial sour cream and 2 tablespoons minced chives into pan. Heat a few minutes, stirring around to loosen the brown bits, and pour sauce over hamburgers.

FRIDAY
Twilight Horseback Ride Before Dinner

Tomato Juice
Tuna-Salad Mold
Sherbet
Coffee

"Sometimes we like to go horseback riding before dinner. On these nights, dinner is later than usual. Knowing we'll be hot and hungry when we get home, I have everything fixed ahead of time. Nothing to do but serve it."

TUNA-SALAD MOLD

Soften ½ envelope (½ tablespoon) unflavored gelatin in 2 tablespoons cold water. Dissolve in ⅓ cup hot water. Add 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 teaspoons prepared mustard, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon paprika and 1 teaspoon grated onion. Chill until partially set. Mix in well 1 seven-ounce can flaked tuna fish, ½ cup chopped celery and ¼ cup heavy cream, whipped. Pour into a mold or individual molds or custard cups. Chill until firm. Serve with mayonnaise or Russian dressing—or no dressing at all, if that's the way you like it. Garnish with relishes and raw vegetables.

Pull up a chair and a cracker and sample the

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Look for Borden's Cheese Spreads at your favorite food store. Sample all nine and keep your favorites always at hand on your pantry shelf . . . **Vera-Sharp . . . Smokey . . . Cheese 'N Bacon . . . Pimento . . . Relish . . . Olive Pimento . . . Pineapple . . . Liederkranz Brand . . . Blue.**



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Take 'em out of the package . . .

No Mixing!

Put 'em in the oven and let 'em bake!





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Fresh, fresh, fresh! Ballard OvenReadys are made of fine, wholesome ingredients (including pure vegetable shortening) . . . packed ten-to-a-package, then rushed to your grocer's refrigerator. Nothing quite like 'em. Serve some *tonight!*





BALLARD OvenReady BISCUITS!

Distributed exclusively by Kraft

COOL COLORFUL COLLECTION

(Continued from Page 56)

tricks for us who cook and those who only wait and eat. It sparkles like a diamond pendant; it glistens like dew on a freshly opened rose. It makes a dull dish forget forever its dullness and apply the make-up of beauty and distinction. And here is a group of sparkling beauties as intriguing as a rainbow and as delicious as some fabulous dish served to a begum perched on a ceremonial elephant, or a movie star making an entrance at the Ritz. See what you think. Here's No. 1. More to come.

LIME-AND-MINT FRUIT SALAD

Drain 1 No. 2½ can pear halves. Add 1 cup chopped mint leaves to 5 cups water and 1 cup pear sirup. Bring to a boil slowly and boil 1 minute. Pour over 3 packages lime-flavored gelatin and stir until the gelatin is dissolved. Let it stand 15 minutes to develop flavor, then strain to remove the mint. Chill the gelatin until thick but not set. Add 2 cups diced canned pears and 1 cup honeydew-melon balls—use your ball scoop for these. Pour the whole works into a 2-quart mold; a melon mold is pretty satisfactory, especially on the getting-out end. Chill until set. Unmold and serve with cottage-cheese snowcaps and salad greens. This salad, including the snowcaps, can be made one day and served the next. Serves 6 to 8.

Another humdinger. Excuse it, please, but that's what it is; and if this is slang (old-fashioned slang at that), let it go. This receipt deals with the simple, everyday things on the kitchen shelves and in the nice cool refrigerator (and today a front pew in the refrigerator wouldn't be so bad), and it's as dainty as a flower-trimmed hat at a garden party. And when you make it, you'll tell *me* that I didn't tell the half of it, for it goes well with any fruit salad. Cottage cheese and fruit are buddies from way back. One of the end pieces from luncheons to lunch boxes.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Summer Dusk

By Genneva Dickey Watson

That summer evening we laughed—
  Young girls in the dusk of the park;
Did our voices soar away
  Light and clear in the dark,
Joyous always, forever free,
As the voices of all the young
  should be?

In this evening dusk long after,
  From the bicycle path on the hill
I hear the same clear laughter
  As they wheel and swoop, and are still. . . .
Long, long has it circled the earth,
This joyous music of innocent
  mirth.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

COTTAGE-CHEESE SNOWCAPS

Soften 1 envelope unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup cold water. Heat over hot water until the gelatin is dissolved. Stir into 2 cups dry cottage cheese that has been mixed with ¾ cup rich milk or cream. Add ½ teaspoon salt and mix well. Pour into small individual molds. Chill until firm. Turn out and serve with lime fruit salad.

Takes time—but pays off. This No. 2 on the list is a last word in elegance, and when I say it pays off that's what I mean. It's a little more—shall I say tricky?—than some, but you can't rock on the front porch all day watching Mr. Brown cutting his lawn in all this heat, and at the same time come up with a dish like this. What's more, if you are going to give a party, you have to get ready for it sometime.

AVOCADO-RIBBON ASPIC

This is a 3-layer affair in loaf shape.

(1) *Avocado layer:* Soften 1 envelope unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup cold water. Add ½ cup boiling water. Stir in 1 teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons lemon juice and a few drops Tabasco sauce. Cool until thick. Stir in 1½ cups sieved ripe avocado (meat from 2 small or 1 large peeled avocado). Add 1 or 2 dro green vegetable coloring to make it the col you like. A drop at a time does it. Pour in a loaf pan 9x5", 2½" deep. Chill until almost but not quite firm. While this is settin prepare the cheese layer (or you could ha started this layer while the first part w cooling. No doubt you thought this up all yourself!).

(2) *Cheese layer:* Soften 2 teaspoons u flavored gelatin in ¼ cup cold water. D solve over boiling water. Mix 4 three-oun packages cream cheese with ½ cup mil adding the milk gradually. Blend in 1 te spoon salt, ⅔ cup mayonnaise and ¼ te spoon Worcestershire sauce. Stir in the d solved gelatin. Spread over almost-fi avocado layer. Chill.

(3) *Tomato layer:* Simmer 3 cups toma juice with ½ bay leaf, 2 whole cloves, 2 o sprigs parsley, 2 sticks celery, ¾ teaspo salt and a dash of cayenne for 10 minut Strain. Soften 1½ envelopes unflavored ge tin in ⅓ cup cold water. After a few m utes, add to hot tomato juice with 1½ tab spoons vinegar a 1½ teaspoons grat onion. Chill until begins to thicken a pour out on the che layer when the che layer is almost fir

Chill the wh thing now until fir Turn out and garn with tomato quart and greens. Ser sliced. Serves 10 12. This is wonder with cold meats or itself. Mayonnaise Russian dressing i neat number to se with this if you w dressing.

Jade and coral in a ring. *That* i shrimp-and-cucu ber salad. My, wh you can do with yo patio parties, yo suppers and lun eons when you ha such things to with! And you'll tice that the indispensable gelatin stri right along with the best of them. You the lucky girls! Try this charmer and th say that the world has gone to pot if y can.

SHRIMP-AND-CUCUMBER RING

Cook 2 pounds fresh or frozen shrimp i cups water seasoned with 1 teaspoon s 1 bay leaf, 1 onion, sliced, 1 slice lemon sprig parsley, celery tops and a few p percorns. Shell the shrimp and take out black vein. The frozen ones are ready. Str and save the shrimp broth.

Soften 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin ½ cup cold water. Dissolve in 3 cups shrimp broth. Season with ⅓ cup lem juice, 2 teaspoons grated onion, 2 teaspoo salt, a little black pepper, dash of Taba and ½ teaspoon dry mustard. Chill u thick but not set. Add 1½ cups diced cook or canned lobster meat, 1½ cups shrimp, cup diced celery, 1 cup cucumber, peeled a chopped, and 3 tablespoons chopped s pickle.

If you want more pretty, add green col ing until you get the shade you like. P into 1½-quart ring mold. Chill until fir Unmold and garnish with sliced cucu bers, lobster claws and shrimp. Serve w mayonnaise dressing. Serves 6 to 8.

It's a wonderful thing. There isn't a b ter or more useful number than this one. I just right for a light summer luncheon di and it serves equally well as a salad-dess combination.

FROZEN FRUIT SALAD

Mix together ¾ cup diced canned pineapple, ½ cup orange sections, cut into small pieces, about a dozen maraschino cherries, minced, ripe banana, diced, and 4 marshmallows, clipped into small pieces with kitchen scissors. Add ¼ cup coarsely chopped pecans, ¼ teaspoon finely chopped crystallized ginger and a pinch of salt. Soften 1 teaspoon unflavored gelatin in 2 tablespoons orange juice. Dissolve in 3 tablespoons hot pineapple juice or sirup drained from canned pineapple. Let cool, but don't let it set. Mix the dissolved gelatin with the fruit and nuts. Whip 1 cup heavy cream stiff and sweeten with 2 tablespoons sugar. Mix with ½ cup mayonnaise and fold into fruit-and-gelatin mixture until everything sticks closer than a distant relative waiting for the will to be read.

Fill 8 muffin or cupcake-size fluted paper baking cups or 4 larger paper casserole cups. Set the cups in the freezing trays and freeze until firm. It takes about 2½ hours. The cups will hold their shape better if set in custard cups. If you have a large freezing compartment, set the cups right in the muffin pan. Or, if you have plenty of fluted paper baking cups, fit 3 or 4 cups together (for support) before filling. When ready to serve, peel the paper away, turn out upside down in lettuce cups and garnish with watermelon balls or any fruit you like best.

Speaking of favorites. Here comes a modest little group of August desserts, and each one is saying "Take me, take me." Well, take them all. They'll play fair and maybe you won't play any favorites. I shan't tell you my favorite. But I've *got* one, same as other people have, but I'm not telling. I hate for you to guess, but it could be ——

FROZEN COFFEE MOUSSE

Soften 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin in ½ cup cold water. Let it stand 5 minutes. Scald 2½ cups milk. Add 4 teaspoons instant coffee or powdered decaffeinated coffee. Stir until. Add softened gelatin and stir until dissolved, then add ½ cup sugar, ½ cup white corn sirup and a pinch of salt. Stir until the sugar is dissolved. Chill until thick. Fold in 2 cups heavy cream, whipped. Now beat 4 egg whites stiff but not dry and fold into the coffee-cream mixture. Pour into two quart freezing trays. Set up refrigerator to coldest position. Freeze (about 30 minutes) until mixture is frozen ¼" around the edges. Scrape it into a chilled bowl. Beat quickly with rotary beater or electric beater until blended. Don't "linger longer" over this, as the old song says. Return to freezing trays and freeze until set. Makes 2 quarts. Serve with sliced and sugared fresh peaches.

Never pick a melon right out of the patch? If you haven't, you've missed an unforgettable experience. The broad thick leaves cover the ground, there doesn't seem to be a melon within a mile, and then, suddenly, you come on what you came to find—if luck is with you. There, smiling up at you in the sweet summer air, the sunshine and the dew-bewildered vines, is your prize. A cantaloupe. Ripened on the vine, not on some spurious counter in a store down the street. You press it gently, tenderly lift it from its hidden bed, warm and sweet and perfumed as only God can perfume His gifts to man. And if it pleases you, here is one, but only one out of a hundred ways you can make that cantaloupe sing. See if I haven't told this right.

CANTALOUPE SUPREME

Cut 3 small ripe cantaloupes in half. Remove the seeds. Scoop out the pulp in small spoonfuls and chop fine. Place the shells in the refrigerator to chill. Add ¾ cup orange juice, 1½ tablespoons lemon juice, 1½ tablespoons sugar and a pinch of salt to the cantaloupe pulp. Mix well. Freeze the pulp until mushy. Stir well; freeze a little longer, but not solid. Fill the shells with the frozen pulp. Garnish with a spoonful of lime or lemon sherbet and a sprig of mint. Serves 6.

For a de luxe cantaloupe à la mode, fill the shells half full with the frozen-cantaloupe pulp and fill up the rest with ice cream.

The raspberries have it. Quite a combination, raspberries and coconut. I remember when I was beginning to be interested in what went on in the kitchen and what a range (coal one, then) was all about, that I developed a passionate love for coconut. I can't remember how or why or what brought it on, but coconut had me in its grip. That the family didn't have coconut in their soup and mashed potatoes as well as in pies and cakes was one of those minor miracles. Looking into the subject later, this combination seems just right for August.

COCONUT BAVARIAN CREAM WITH RASPBERRIES

Soften 1½ envelopes unflavored gelatin in ¼ cup cold water. Heat 1½ cups milk and dissolve gelatin in it. Add ½ cup sugar, a pinch of salt, ½ teaspoon almond flavoring and 1 cup grated fresh coconut. Cool until it begins to thicken but not set. Whip 1 cup heavy cream and fold in. Pour into a 1-quart mold. Chill overnight to develop the full flavor of the coconut. Turn out, sprinkle with coconut and serve with a border of fresh raspberries or sliced peaches. Serves 6.

Another day. "Say au revoir but not good-by" was a sentimental tune in the so-called gay nineties. Well, compared with things as they are now, I guess they *were* gay. So I'll say au revoir but not good-by, leaving you with a cool, colorful collection and selection to do you proud—comes the day. And I expect all A's on your report.

A SUMMER IN THE COUNTRY

(Continued from Page 41)

tbuildings, and the barn, and the chicken ns.

Ben watched her for a while. Finally he d to Lydia, "It might not be a bad idea just one summer." But he spoke warily. Lydia thought of Greenwich, where they d spent most of their other summers. She ought of the country clubs, the parties, and en she thought about Betsey Rogers. Ben d never confessed his infatuation for Bet-, but it had been obvious to everyone. *Perhaps this is what we need,* she thought. *might even be like that first year, when I still d a job, and Ben bought our dinners at a icatessen.*

She said finally, without much conviction, Ve could try it anyhow, and see how it rks."

But now they were driving home, and dia saw already that the project was not ly dreary, but pointless.

She said, "The place is too large, and we uldn't know a soul!"

"It's also too far from the city," Ben said. "I'd be able to get up only week ends, except for part of August."

"Now I can have a pony!" Sharon chanted. "And a baby lamb!" Sharon was sparkling.

Lydia said, "Sharon, you don't have to go to camp. You can stay in Greenwich with us, and we'll buy you a pony anyhow."

"But where would I keep it?"

"In the garage," Ben said.

They all considered this. The Greenwich house was built on a rocky knoll. It had a brick-and-stucco facing, a flagstone terrace.

"Could I?" Sharon asked.

Ben sighed. "No, you couldn't," he said.

They were in Massachusetts now, passing through one town after another.

Lydia said, "You're right. It was those apple blossoms. And they'd all be gone by the time we moved in."

"The brook would still be there," Ben said. And he added thoughtfully, "We might get someone to share it with us."



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Look for fresh *tender-grown* Swift's Premium Chicken with the tag on the wing or quick-frozen in the picture package.



BUTTER CRISP tender-grown CHICKEN

1 *tender-grown* Swift's Premium Chicken, cut for frying
Swift's Brookfield Butter
Shortening
1 cup Flour
1 teaspoon Salt
¼ teaspoon Pepper

- Put flour and seasonings in paper sack. Shake 3 or 4 pieces of chicken in the sack at a time to coat.
- Heat enough butter and shortening (half of each) in a heavy skillet to make ⅛ inch layer.
- Place chicken in hot fat. Brown on both sides.
- Place chicken, one layer deep, in shallow baking pan. Pour melted butter over pieces.
- Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) until tender, about 40 minutes. Baste with melted butter every 15 minutes.



"Who?"

"Some other couple."

Lydia lapsed into silence. She was remembering the feeling she had had, looking at the apple blossoms—so feathery and pink and white, almost ethereal. It was a sensation she used to have often ten years ago—as though the world were too beautiful to encompass, yet as though the essence of it belonged to her. When she was twenty she hadn't been afraid of anything. She had battled offices until she'd landed a job in an art department. She had married Ben when he had no money at all. And she had expected every year to be better than the one before. She thought of the Greenwich house—of the two well-trained servants, the station wagon, the rounds of parties and activities.

She said, "We'd be crazy to bury ourselves off in the wilds like that."

They had turned into one of the big parkways. It was growing dark, so that they saw, coming and going, a stream of lights. Lydia looked at her husband. It was hard to believe that when he'd lost his job the first year of their marriage, he'd spent two nights pacing the floor, and she had had to comfort and reassure him.

"How about the Dixons?" Ben asked. "Sharon could play with their boys."

"Then you do want to go!" she said accusingly.

Ben kept his eyes on the road. "It would be fun for Sharon, and it might be a change," he said. "We could always leave."

Sharon was asleep now, with her head against her mother's shoulder. The cars hummed toward them along the parkway, and Vermont seemed more than two hundred miles away.

"All right, I'll talk to Kathie Dixon," Lydia said. "We can always come back if we don't like it."

Afterward they were never quite sure what decided them. But they had a number of stories they told their friends.

"We just happened to stop at this inn for lunch," Lydia would say, "and the owner was a nice old Vermonter, who insisted on showing us some houses."

Ben's explanations were all based on the sporting possibilities. "Most of the brooks were swarming with trout," he'd tell his New York acquaintances. "And what partridge cover, if you wanted to go up in the fall!"

The day after they returned from their trip Sharon whacked off her braids with a pair of blunt scissors. "It's more fun to ride a pony when your hair is short," she explained.

Lydia was aghast. She knew quite definitely now that she didn't want to go to Vermont. But she was beginning to feel trapped, as though the decision had somehow been taken out of her hands. She had Sharon's hair properly cut in a beauty parlor, and then drove over to see Kathie.

The Dixons lived in a part of town that formed a border line between the big estates and the commercial section. They had moved to Greenwich only three years before; but their easygoing friendliness had made them immediately popular.

LYDIA found Kathie out back, hanging up clothes. She said apologetically, "This is a dreadful time to call. I should have phoned first."

Kathie laughed. "I shouldn't be doing laundry in the middle of the afternoon, but I seem to be behind in everything. Anyhow, I'm glad of an excuse to sit down for a while, so come on in."

Sharon stayed outside to play on the swing with the boys, while Lydia and Kathie settled down in the sun porch.

Lydia said at once, "I know you'll think this is crazy, because it is crazy!" Then she told about the trip to Vermont. She said, "The house is big and just perfect for children. But I don't feel equal to undertaking it alone." She looked at Kathie, who seemed so self-possessed and capable. "It would be perfect for the children. But whether the rest of us would like it is another matter."

Kathie smiled vaguely. "I'm sure the boys would adore it; but Hank can't get much vacation this summer."

"He and Ben could drive up week ends." And Lydia added hastily, "I'm not so sur myself that it's a good idea. But since Be and I have already contracted for the place we would take care of the rent. There'd onl be food and incidentals to share."

When Lydia said that, Kathie tried to as semble her thoughts and really listen to thi unexpected suggestion.

She asked uncertainly, "Then you've al ready rented a house?"

Lydia laughed. "We did it on impulse without even talking it over. Apple-blosson fever is what Ben calls it!"

KATHIE'S mind began to race then, in th same feverish way it had raced last nigh during that dreadful session with Hank. Sh did not think coherently, but she found her self once more snatching blindly, yet in stinctively, at any possible out. Nevertheless she maintained her poise, and said, with th utmost casualness:

"I don't suppose it would be very expen sive."

"Vermont! Gracious, no. You buy you chickens and stuff from nearby farmers And of course two families together woul make it cost even less."

Kathie nodded. "We could take turns wit the cooking, and keep everything very sim ple."

"Oh, I imagine I could persuade Bella t come; and we have to pay her wages any how, so you wouldn't need to bother wit that." Lydia smiled confidently. "I'm sur we could arrange the domestic part easily."

Kathie's head was throbbing now. But sh felt no resentment against Lydia, who had house on Round Point, and two servant and probably no money worries at all. Sh was only conscious more than ever of a grow ing rage against herself. Because how ha they landed in such a mess? What had don this to them? No catastrophe, with the ex ception of Ronny's fractured leg, and the should have been prepared for emergencies And no obvious extravagance, that she coul put her finger on. Just a gradual, day-by-da financial deterioration, until now they wer faced with terrifying consequences, an didn't know where to turn.

She said finally, "I'll talk it over wit Hank tonight. We were thinking we migh try to rent the house this summer."

"But where would Hank live?"

"Oh, in town someplace." (In a dollar-a day room, eating in cafeterias.) "Probably a his club," she said. "Then he wouldn't hav to commute." And she added impulsively "It was wonderful of you to think of us Lydia. It really sounds heavenly."

Lydia looked at Kathie, whose dark gra eyes were thoughtful now. And she had t fight against a familiar pang of envy. Fo Kathie and Hank Dixon were known to be deeply devoted couple. . . . And suddenl Lydia wondered if she would like watchin the Dixons together all summer long. The weren't obvious; they didn't flaunt their a fection for each other. But it was alway there, pervasive and inescapable.

She said uncertainly, "We don't want t rush you into anything. You might not lik Vermont at all."

"I've visited in Vermont," Kathie sai "and I've always loved it. Why don't I tal to Hank tonight, and let you know?"

Lydia collected Sharon soon after tha and drove off in the station wagon. She fe committed now, and very uneasy. For they went to Vermont she would be stuc there for most of the summer.

After Lydia had left, Kathie tried to thin coherently, and see how this Vermont ide fitted in with their present predicament. B the boys came in right then, and began pla ing with trains on the floor, and that di tracted her. Ronny was six, and Pete fou

Kathie watched them run the trains ov the brick flooring on the sun porch. And s thought, *We never should have bought th house!*

It wasn't an elaborate house, just sev rooms and an attached garage. And they thought that if they bought it the boys wou have a real home, and they'd all have a co munity life. But as it turned out, the mo

ge was too big, even before they capped it th a second one.

So the house had been partly responsible. d the club, and rising prices, and the car ich was secondhand and had to have a new otor, and all the fun of meeting new people d entertaining them. They knew now that ey hadn't been sensible. Optimism and ppiness had carried them along, past the int where they should have started worry- g. And then Hank's income had begun to le. He was in the insurance business, and eral of his best clients had either died or ved away. Finally they did try to econo- ze. But by that time they were in so deep it when they started to cut down it didn't m to help very much.

Last night they'd really tried to face ngs, and Hank had struggled for hours h bills and figures. Most of the accounts re overdue, and they'd made several loans the bank. But when Kathie said guiltily, shouldn't have bought so much at Blake's t month!" Hank put his hand over hers d squeezed it reassuringly.

They tried to be matter-of-fact, but after hile the atmosphere in the living room be- ne charged with a vague, yet menacing, r. What happened to you when you uldn't meet your commitments? Kathie ought, *What will happen to Hank?* If you re a salesman you ded confidence in ler to make good; all s worry was partly sponsible for their luced income. Hank n't meet his friends lunch any more; in- ad, he grabbed a dwich at a drug- re. He had given up f and tennis, and s trying to work hts. But generally nightwork made n nervous, so that next day he was der an even greater ain.

After two hours of uggling with figures, nk glanced up and iled at his wife. But saw that she looked d and thinner, and he hated that. He ought, *What happens to your wife when you n't take care of her? What happens to your s? And how did all this come about? Just a r ago we were on the crest of the wave!*

"We'll have to take care of the more press- bills first," Hank said finally. "And what- r happens, we must meet the interest at bank."

"We could sell the house."

"That's out of the question till we get rid the second mortgage. I asked Thorpe out it. And if we let the bank take over, ere will we live?"

Where would they live? What did you do a situation like this? Kathie looked at nk, and thought passionately, *I won't let be hurt. I won't!*

She made coffee and tried to help with the ures. But she'd never been good at them, d now they blurred and danced crazily in nt of her eyes. She turned away, so he uldn't notice. For the dizziness only in- ased her panic. It was a symptom of her gnancy, but Hank didn't know about t yet. And she couldn't tell him, not now, en he was under such a dreadful strain.

NALLY Hank added only the most ines- able debts and compared the total with ir balance in the bank. Then he threw the per down on his desk. "I still can't figure w we got into this," he said. "I should 've seen it coming long ago."

"Just a lot of different things," Kathie ex- ined. "Ronny's leg, for instance."

Ronny's leg had had to be reset to prevent meness; the total cost had been over a usand dollars. But Hank dismissed that use. His eyes were dazed with worry now, face drawn with fatigue.

"We'll manage," he said. "We're bound to. eryone gets into a crisis now and then."

But do they? Kathie wondered. Most people kept up a front, so that you never really knew. . . . But she was afraid that this would break Hank, and shadow the children's lives. Most of all, she was just afraid.

So now, with Lydia gone, she sat out on the sun porch, watching the children, and wondering if Vermont might not be some sort of answer. They would escape their bad credit for a while; they might even be able to postpone the crisis until there was a turn for the better. For somehow Hank had to be protected from failure; though it still seemed to her almost inconceivable that just the lack of money could be such a threat to them all.

A WEEK later Lydia said to her husband at breakfast, "The Dixons have decided to come with us to Vermont, though I had to convince them it would be extremely cheap. Apparently they're worried about expenses."

Ben glanced up from his paper. "Good enough," he said, and went back to his reading.

She said finally, "I spoke to Bella. She's not enthusiastic about Vermont, or about cooking for such a crowd. But she says she'll try it."

Bella had been with them five years. She was famous for her soufflés and her roasts. But she was not adaptable.

Ben put down his coffee cup. "I hope this isn't going to make a lot of trouble for you."

"So do I. It would be easier to stay right here. But now, with the Dixons planning to come, it's too late to back out."

They left for Vermont in the middle of June. On the initial trip they took two cars—the Farwells' convertible and also their station wagon, since the Dixons' car was in the garage for repairs. Hank Dixon drove the station wagon, taking as passengers Bella and the three children. Because it was more comfortable, Kathie and Lydia went in the convertible with Ben; and Kathie soon found herself relaxing in comfort against the leather seat.

Bella, the cook, sat in the front seat of the station wagon, silent and disapproving, but the three children whooped it up in back, chattering endlessly. Sharon, at eight, was the oldest; so naturally she was an authority on farms and instructed the others.

She said, "We're going to make a pond and have ducks. And if we have chickens, too, I'll let you help me gather the eggs. But Pete must be careful not to drop them."

Pete, the youngest, didn't mind the note of authority; he was used to it. He said, "And I can help feed them grain, can't I, daddy?"

"Sure thing, Pete. It's fun."

Hank was beginning to relax now; for he saw that it was a good idea getting Kathie and the children up into the mountains. Now he could cope with the mess by himself, and maybe when they all came home he'd have things straightened out.

But in his heart he knew that that was wishful thinking, for just yesterday he'd had his first personal dunning visit. A man had come to the office about the lapsed payments on the washing machine, and he'd had to say, "I guess you'd better take it back. But wait until Monday, when my wife is gone."

Now he thought, *I can help her with the wash; the heavy stuff, anyway.* And then he heard a wrangle developing in the back of the car.

"Hey, hey, what's up?"

"Ronny wants to feed the pony," Sharon said shakily. "And that's my job."

Hank considered this. He said, "Who's going to rub down his coat?"

"I am!" all three shouted.

Bella muttered something disapproving under her breath. Hank glanced at her and

When persons make extravagant promises that they aren't likely to keep, someone is sure to say, "That's a lot of 'blarney.'" Contrary to general opinion, the word is not derived from the famous Blarney stone. Centuries ago, the Irish Lord Clancarty was a prisoner of Sir George Carew. So long as he was in detention, Clancarty made fervent and repeated promises to deliver to the English his strong castle of Blarney. But for every new promise, the Irish nobleman would invent some plausible excuse for delay in carrying it out. So any promise that he made came to be called "Blarney," and in popular usage the word soon came to stand for all vain promises.

—WEBB B. GARRISON.



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thought, *Bella isn't going to last long with this gang!* But he hoped Kathie wouldn't have to work too hard. She'd been looking almost ill these last few weeks.

He said, "There are lots of jobs with a pony. Why don't you take turns? One give him his food, one can give him water, and the third can rub down his coat."

This launched a babble of eager plans; and Hank tried to stop worrying, and share their enthusiasm. Because it was always this way when the children were around. They had so much confidence. And that, of course, was it. You couldn't let them down.

The Farwells had planned to stop at a well-known inn for lunch, but it turned out that the Dixons had brought along a picnic, with enough for everyone. They made two stops, looking for a proper place, and finally found one, just off the road near a brook. Kathie doled out paper plates, Hank made a fire, and the children cut sticks to roast hot dogs.

Lydia said guiltily, "I should have brought something."

She felt alien, and at a loss. The Dixons seemed to know how to have fun in a way that she and Ben had forgotten long ago. And this picnic was an example, because right away it turned out to be fun. Bella stayed in the car while they brought her lunch to her on a plate.

Kathie picked at her potato salad, only pretending to eat. The ride in the car had rested her, but now that queazy feeling was coming back again.

"What's the matter? Not hungry?" Hank asked, and he sounded anxious.

"Of course. I'm just about starved," she said hastily. "The air does it, and driving."

Ben put down his plate and stretched comfortably. "Two more hours and we'll be there," he said. "I hope you two like the place. We may have talked it up too much."

"I'm sure we'll love it!" Kathie said.

They reached Kerby in the middle of the afternoon. Ben stopped at the inn for the keys; and then the two cars drove up the winding dirt road through the orchard. When they arrived at the house Kathie said, "Oh, it's nice!"

The first couple of hours were given over entirely to practical matters—allotting rooms, going down to the store for food, getting out sheets and blankets. By evening, matters were fairly well arranged, and they sat out on the broad front porch, resting. The orchard was pale green now, but the mountains were darker, almost blue.

"It's beautiful," Kathie said. "As beautiful as anything I've ever seen." She smiled at Hank. "Aren't you glad we decided to come?"

"Sure thing!" He was sitting next to her, and now he looped his finger and thumb around her wrist. It was a simple gesture, companionable, friendly. But seeing it, Lydia felt almost suffocated.

She said, "These are the worst chairs I've ever encountered. Tomorrow I'll write to New York for some porch furniture."

"Good idea," Ben agreed.

Kathie reined in her thoughts, but not quite successfully. Whenever the Farwells needed something, they bought it. And that must make life so simple!

BECAUSE they were paying the rent, it was taken for granted that Ben and Lydia should have the most desirable bedroom. And though this was by no means luxurious, it was a large, square-shaped room, with a private bath. There were six windows, and a view of hills and fields that almost took your breath away.

Ben hung his suits in the closet in his usual methodical fashion. "Not bad," he said. "I think we're going to like it here."

"So do I," Lydia agreed. She thought of Kathie and Hank. And suddenly she felt she could no longer endure the way she and Ben skated on the surface of life—making a polite conventional pretense of marriage, but really sharing nothing at all. She turned, suddenly, and looked at him. "Do you remember New Hampshire, and the time we got lost climbing a mountain?"

She was reaching deep into the past when she asked that, for they had spent their honeymoon in New Hampshire ten years ago. But she saw that Ben looked completely blank. She smiled, though she felt unbearably depressed.

"Smithville," she said. "Don't you remember?"

"Oh, sure, of course." Ben picked up another suit and looped it over a hanger.

Nevertheless she persisted, driven by some impulse that she didn't altogether understand. She stood at the window, staring out at the high, impeccable mountains. And she asked a dangerous question. She said, "Ben, do you love me?"

He really looked at her then. "Of course. You know I do." But he sounded surprised, and vaguely uneasy. Then he vanished into the closet again, and she heard him shoving something around on a shelf. Finally he emerged, with a pair of trousers over his arm. "Perhaps you'd better send these to the cleaners," he suggested cheerfully. "I'm going to need them next week."

So Ben considered the subject finished! Lydia walked over to her suitcase, and started unpacking dresses and shoes.

Actually nothing had happened. She had known for almost two years that Ben was losing interest in her. But she had been afraid to face the issue, thinking it preferable to carry on the empty routine of their life together. Perhaps it was the strain of watching Kathie and Hank that had made her suddenly want to know where she stood.

Ben seemed to think there was nothing wrong with their marriage; but she knew that her whole personality was withering as a result of it. And she thought, *I've been too fearful, too passive, ready to accept anything for the sake of outward appearances.*

The trouble was that she was still afraid, lonely, unsure of herself. She knew Ben didn't mean to hurt her. He had simply managed to shove her into the background of his life. He didn't turn to her, the way he used to; he didn't need her, as he had in the early years of her marriage.

It was an issue that couldn't be evaded any longer; somehow she must make that clear to him. But before she could formulate anything Sharon burst into the room. Their little girl's face was smudged and rosy, and her brown eyes sparkled.

"There's a secret place in the back of the barn," she said breathlessly, "and we're going to make a clubhouse!"

Ben smiled. "That's fine," he said. "Are you going to invite me to join your club?"

"You can't *join* it!" Sharon protested. "But we'll invite you to a party."

"It's time for your bath," Lydia said quietly. "You can have it here with us. Don't you think this is a very nice house, Sharon?"

"I think it's the most wonderful house the whole world!" Sharon exclaimed e nestly. "And Ronny and Pete do too."

Lydia smiled. "Their parents agree, for nately. I was so afraid they'd be dis pointed."

The only person who actually disliked Vermont house was Bella, the cook. Fr the very first, she considered everyth wrong. The stove didn't work properly, refrigerator was too small. And the way Dixon boys trooped through the kitchen enough to drive her out of her mind.

The day after their arrival Ben, Hank the three children went on a scouting t returning with a kitten, a puppy and chickens. When Bella saw that, she deci then and there that she couldn't stay. spoke to Lydia.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Farwell," she said, " with my bad back and these stairs I d see how I can manage. My health wo break down before the summer was ov

They all tried persuasion, but when and Hank drove back to Greenwich Sun afternoon, Bella went with them. Ly phoned Mr. Barton, and told him their dicament.

He didn't seem at all surprised; and he at once, "Lloyd Baxter's girl is working way through the University of Verm Maybe I can persuade her to help you o

Jenny Baxter came to work the next and the children adored her. She showed t how to feed and water the chickens, and knew a place up near Pawlet where could buy a pony. Lydia soon realized Jenny was a find—for she understood all complexities of country life, and she di mind the stove, or the hot-water sys either.

THE next week end Jenny went with t to buy the pony, and then arranged for father, who had a dairy farm, to driv back in the truck. Sharon named him S and that night she was so excited that burst into tears in the middle of supper. children were eating early, at a wooden t in the big bright kitchen; and to quiet Jenny told them a story.

Jenny didn't finish her work until late t night, but Martin Somers called for he his jeep, and drove her home.

"Do you think you're going to like i he asked.

Jenny laughed. "The pay is good, and kids are sweet. They're all nice people, they let me do things in my own way. I s pose they think they're camping out!"

Martin drove her across the valley to father's farm. He said, "Maybe I'll d

(Continued on Page 88)



"I suggest you see another psychiatrist, Mr. Hatcher—after listening to the story of your life, I find I've taken an intense dislike to you."

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(Continued from Page 86)

painting of that apple orchard of theirs. That way I can keep an eye on you."

Jenny smiled; but just the same, she was confused. She didn't understand Martin, and she couldn't stop thinking about him. He was a successful artist; and two years ago he'd come to Vermont and turned a ramshackle old barn into a studio. He used it only a few months of the year, but during those months he took his noonday dinner at her parents' farm.

Now she turned and looked at him—a big independent young man in his late twenties, forceful, sometimes abstracted, other times as friendly and confiding as a member of the family. And that was it, of course. He liked her. He took her to square dances and the movies, and several times she'd posed for him. But the major part of his life was mysterious to her—colorful, and not quite real. Winters he taught at an art school in New York, and lived alone in an apartment in Greenwich Village. And last December he'd flown to Mexico for a month of painting there. But he mentioned these things only casually, for he treated everything as more or less of a joke, until he went off into one of his difficult moods.

There was an almost full moon, and when Martin had parked the jeep back of her house, he turned and looked at her. Even after two years, Jenny hadn't got used to the impersonal way he had of studying her face. Or the things he said, either, for she never knew whether to be flattered or not. He had told her she was exceptionally paintable; that the lines of her jaw and cheekbones, and the wide spacing of her eyes, fulfilled a certain tradition not easy to find. Sometimes he'd tie a scarf around her hair or loop it about her shoulders. Then he'd study the effect for as long as half an hour. And Jenny would find her heart pounding, her throat dry. But finally he would untie the scarf, and say, "Try standing over by the well."

Now it was the same, for after five minutes of silence, and a heaviness around her heart, so that she could scarcely breathe, he merely shrugged.

"No one has ever painted a woman successfully in moonlight," he said. "What happened to those blueberry pies your mother was making?"

Moonlight and food in the same breath! That was Martin for you! Jenny laughed, and jumped out onto the soft ground. "Come on in, and we'll see."

She loved feeding him, for he had a big frame, and ate with tremendous gusto. She was sure the breakfasts and suppers he cooked himself on his electric plate were insufficient. But she and her mother made up for it by giving him a tremendous noonday meal.

Now she led the way into the big kitchen, and turned on the light. She rummaged in the icebox and cupboards, and got out cold lamb, bread and butter, the blueberry pie, and an assortment of preserves. She moved the coffeepot to the front of the stove, and raked up the coals.

MARTIN fell to at once, as she'd known he would. He ate for ten minutes in silence. Then he looked up and grinned. "The Debussy records came today," he said. "When you have time, I'll play them for you."

"I'll be free tomorrow afternoon," she said.

He had never made love to her, or even tried to kiss her. But often, after she'd posed for him, he'd play her music in his studio. Jenny didn't understand the tunes, but sometimes, listening, her nerves would begin to tingle, and she'd feel a mounting tension all through her mind and body.

"Tomorrow, then. If I do a picture of their orchard, will you be able to pose?"

"Probably. They're awfully easygoing, and I could keep an eye on the children at the same time."

She poured them each a cup of coffee, and sat down at the table with him. She wished she hadn't had to work this summer, but it had never occurred to her not to. All the Baxters in her generation, and the preceding one, had graduated from college. It had become a family tradition. Afterward the men usually went back to their farms, and the women taught school until they married.

Martin drank a second cup of coffee. He said, "I'll be up Monday, and look the place over. I don't want too much green."

Jenny laughed. "How can you get away from it?"

"By picking the right foreground, chiefly." And he added, with a grin, "A girl with yellow hair and brown eyes, for instance. You have good skin tones, Jenny. Wear that sweater."

"All right."

She put away the meat, and stacked the dishes in the sink. And she kept her tone light and casual, for it was always like this. He took her for granted, and ordered her around. And probably he didn't know that he filled her life with such a maze of color that everything in the past and future paled into insignificance, and finally ceased to matter in any way at all.

LYDIA was only mildly surprised when Jenny came to her Monday morning with a rather odd request. "Martin Somers, the one who comes for me in the jeep, wanted me to ask you if he could paint up here."

"Paint?"

"Yes, do a picture of the orchard."

"Oh." Lydia was amused, and of course acquiescent. By now she knew she would comply with just about anything Jenny requested, for Jenny had turned out to be a jewel. "Of course, Jenny," she said at once. "Are there many artists around here?"

"Quite a few, but none as good as Martin."

Something in the girl's voice, both proud and shy, caused Lydia to glance at her a second time. But as usual, Jenny's serene young face told her nothing.

"By all means," she said with a smile. "Tell him to come any time."

Kathie knew she had been letting the days slip by, lulled into false security by the peace of the countryside. But the next Monday, after lunch, when she went up to her room to lie down, she decided she would really have to face things. It was a small room, with sloping eaves, and faded pink-and-blue wallpaper. But to Kathie it had become a sort of refuge.

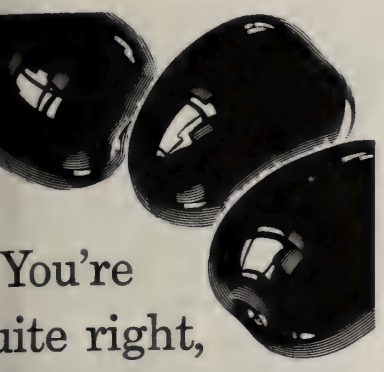
She knew she was having a difficult pregnancy, worse than either of the others. But she hadn't told Hank, she hadn't been to a doctor, actually she hadn't even acknowledged the thing that was happening to her.

The window was open, the air was just pleasantly cool against her face. But as soon as she sank back against the pillow, she felt the fatigue and the illness beginning to claim her. And that was the trouble, of course; it was too easy to give in, and not let yourself think. She tried to pull her mind back into coherence. There were, after all, only two alternatives. Never in her life had she considered an abortion, but now she tried to

After a while Kathie began to cry, passively, letting the tears trickle down her cheeks. And of course that didn't mean anything either. It was part of her condition; a well-known symptom. She decided that she was truly and completely a coward, not facing anything, not willing to make even that sacrifice for Hank. Perhaps she should tell him, and let him make the decision. But Hank was too upset to be confronted with such a problem now. At all costs he had to be protected. Finally she fell asleep, without deciding anything at all.

That Monday, after lunch, Lydia took her book out onto the front porch, and stretched out on the new glider which had just arrived from New York. She saw right away that Jenny's young man had arrived, and was setting up his easel about a hundred yards from the house. After a while Jenny joined him, holding Sharon by the hand; and it became evident that both Jenny and Sharon were going to be in the picture—for they sat together on a log, while the brawny young man studied them intently.

Lydia was amused, but somewhat annoyed too. Sharon was supposed to be having her nap, and Jenny hadn't asked permission to include the child in a venture of this sort



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DASH THAT MAKES THE DISH

Nevertheless, she continued to watch, and she realized before long that the young man had arranged Jenny and Sharon in a really charming mother-and-daughter pose. Surprisingly enough, he was very assured and professional in his actions—placing the easel, examining the light, looping a scarf carelessly about Jenny's throat. Finally he started to paint; but almost at once he threw down his brush, somewhat impatiently, and went over and arranged Sharon's hair—or, rather, disarranged it.

Seeing that, Lydia knew just how he must feel. Before her marriage she had studied art; she had even kept on with it for a while afterward. And now she could remember that all-important first step of arranging your subject. Then you were tense with excitement, but often distressed, too, for so much was at stake—the composition, the shading, the final effect. She wondered now if it had been a mistake to give up her art and let the years slide by, and so many other things claim her time.

After about an hour Jenny and Sharon left, but the young man continued to paint. By now Lydia was really curious, and so she put down her book and strolled across the stubby grass.

"Good afternoon," she said. "I'm Mrs. Farwell, Sharon's mother. Does my daughter make a good model?"

Her voice was friendly, even cordial. But his response was vague to the point of rudeness, for he merely nodded and went on painting.

Lydia felt a quite natural resentment. She stepped closer and looked at the painting. And at once all her resentment vanished. Lydia had always felt that artists had certain prerogatives. And this man was an artist.

She watched him quietly for several minutes, feeling like an intruder, yet unable to tear herself away. "You have something of Renoir," Lydia said finally.

"When I'm through," he said, "you won't think that."

She subsided at once, knowing it had been wrong to make a comparison. She saw that the little girl in the painting did not quite have Sharon's features; but he had caught indelibly that elusive little personality, so earthy and shy and lovable.

He seemed to have forgotten she was there, and so she continued to watch. The clouds he was painting weren't the clouds she saw at all. The mountains, so far, were nothing but purplish blobs. But every stroke he took with the brush was sure and purposeful.

Finally she said, on impulse, "Couldn't I get you a cold drink of some sort?"

"Jenny's doing that right now," he said.

Once more she subsided. And so that she wouldn't disturb him, she retreated a few feet, and sat on a small hummock of grass. She watched him mix the paints, and attack the difficult foreground—putting in a blob of pink where she would have settled for the dead green which was actually there.

Finally he stepped back and examined his work.

"What do you think of it?" he asked.

"That shadow behind Jenny is really wonderful," she said.

For the first time he turned and looked at her. "You know painting?"

It was ridiculous to feel flustered, and Lydia knew it. But her answer was shy, almost an apology. "I studied a little before I was married. And I was in the art department of a magazine—just line drawings and things like that."

He did not shrug the answer off as she had feared. Instead, he said matter-of-factly, "If you do any Vermont landscapes, watch out for the green. It's treacherous."

She said doubtfully, "Perhaps I should have brought my paints with me. I've been so busy, I haven't had much time."

Martin turned back to his work. "I'll bring some stuff over tomorrow, if you like. But don't expect me to teach you. I have too much of that in New York."

Lydia started to protest, to say she was afraid she'd forgotten even the rudiments of painting. But just then Jenny came out with a tray cold drinks, sandwiches and cake.

When she saw Lydia she said, "Wouldn't you like some of this fruit punch, Mrs. Farwell?"

"Why, yes," Lydia said. "I'd love it."

Jenny brought another glass, and they all sat on the grass, savoring the sun and the summer breeze, and talking of this and that—the weather, the crops, and an auction that was going to be held in the village the following week. Sharon and the two little boys had cookies and bottles of pop; afterward they began racing around in circles, their spirits high. Lydia felt more relaxed than she had in months.

The next morning, while they were still having breakfast, Martin Somers drove up in his jeep with the painting equipment. At Lydia's invitation he joined them, and had two cups of coffee, and an ample supply of bacon, eggs and toast.

When he had finished he said, "Jenny is convinced I don't get enough breakfast, and now she'll really have it in for me!" He glanced at Jenny as he spoke, and there was a faintly teasing, yet affectionate, note in his voice.

Kathie sat at the breakfast table, feeling, as she did so often lately, like a spectator, watching them all from a distance. She saw at once that Martin Somers was a robust and stimulating person. But now her illness, and the constant effort to conceal it, put her at a disadvantage. She didn't so much resent vitality as fear it.

I don't know of any aspect in which Earth appears to better advantage than as a playground for small children. —E. S. MARTIN: The Luxury of Children (Harper & Bros.).

It soon turned out that Sharon was not enthusiastic about posing that morning. So Martin promised, as a reward, that he would take them all for a ride in his jeep.

"Me, too?" Ronny asked. "And me?" Pete echoed.

Martin laughed. "Of course. All three of you."

The boys were beside themselves with excitement. "You come, too," Ronny begged Kathie. And little Pete climbed all over her. "Please, mommie, you come too!"

"In the jeep? Gracious, no!" Kathie protested.

"Why not? It'll be fun!"

Fun! And then she thought, *Why not?* Perhaps this was the answer. She would go for a ride in the jeep. She would stop being careful. For what was she protecting? Disaster for them all.

"All right," she agreed. "I've never been in a jeep, and it sounds like fun."

Lydia stayed behind to do the ordering, and Jenny to start the beds and the dishes. Kathie and the children climbed into the jeep, and Martin said:

"Now hang on, everyone, and I'll show you what this bus can do!"

He was reasonably careful, but he took them over fields and into ditches. He showed them the different speeds, and what happened when you came to a big rock and ran right over it. The children screamed with excitement, and Kathie began, almost at once, to feel ill. She clung to the seat, and soon there were sharp pains in her back, so that every jolt seemed to shake her apart. The ride lasted fifteen minutes, but it seemed like fifteen hours.

Toward the end of it Martin glanced over his shoulder and said at once, on a note of concern, "Say, Mrs. Dixon, you're looking pretty pale. I'm sorry if I've bounced you around."

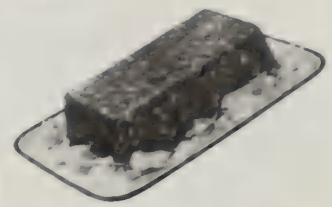
He drove back slowly, ignoring the children's protests, and helped her out onto the ground.

"Too soon after breakfast, maybe," he said, still contrite.

Kathie managed a laugh. "Yes, that must be it."

She escaped to her room, and lay down. The pains were worse now; she was almost certain to have a miscarriage. She pulled a comforter over her, and lay very still.

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Very gradually the pains began to subside, and after a while she fell asleep. When she woke at noon she was feeling better; and she knew almost at once that nothing was going to happen. Her first sensation was one of profound relief. But then she was ashamed of being glad. Because everything was just the same; nothing had really been changed at all.

Lydia set up her easel unobtrusively, and at a discreet distance from Martin's. She promised herself that she wouldn't ask for help, or interrupt him in any way. But she needn't have worried, because almost at once he became so absorbed in his work that it was obvious that he'd forgotten she was there.

Finally she started to draft a rough sketch on her own canvas. She worked self-consciously at first, and heard every word of the monotonous little story Jenny was telling Sharon to keep her quiet. But after a while she became interested in what she was doing. She had tried to choose a simple subject—a view of the valley, with a piece of road cutting across the middle ground. But of course it wasn't simple at all.

After almost two hours Martin came over and took the brush. "Here, do this," he said, and made two bold strokes that ruined entirely her whole careful plan. She looked at him, feeling lighthearted, quite flushed with energy and pleasure.

"Is that what you do to your pupils?" she asked.

But he wasn't in any mood for banter. He stepped back a few feet, and continued to look at her picture. "Let yourself go," he said. "Don't be careful at first. Try to get the feel of it."

"Shall I start over?"

"Not necessarily. Just paint out the foreground and the mountains."

She laughed. "In other words, the entire picture."

He relaxed and grinned. "Not quite. The road's all right. You've got something there that's worth going on with."

It was not exactly high praise, but Lydia was pleased. At least he considered her picture worthy of criticism, though he'd told her to paint most of it out.

Martin stayed for lunch without even being asked. Afterward he relaxed on the front porch for half an hour, and drank two cups of black coffee.

Lydia sat on the porch steps, so that she was looking straight out at their breath-taking view. After ten minutes of silence she said, "I wish you'd do a portrait of Sharon. Just by herself, you know."

"I never do portraits on commission," he said. "But I'm going to paint you."

Lydia was startled. She didn't know how to answer, but apparently Martin didn't expect her to.

"We'll make it a study of a modern woman," he said. "The polished vacuum type. Not that you quite fit that description, but it'll be symbolic. You can wear those slacks, and that green silk blouse; but we'll have to do something about your hair."

"What's wrong with my hair?"

"Not sleek enough. Have you ever brushed it back into a knot?"

She was angry. "So I'm a polished vacuum," she said.

"Not altogether. This isn't to be a portrait."

The reply took the wind out of her sails. How did you fight with a man like that? She turned her head, and saw that he was yawning. She said irritably, "Anyhow, I'm not sure that I'll pose."

He reached in his pocket for a pipe. "You can sit in that green chair, the one with the aluminum arms; and you can be smoking."

She didn't know whether he was teasing her, or whether he was really serious about the project. She looked over at him, but she could tell nothing from his face.

She laughed. "You certainly make it sound attractive. Me with aluminum arms!"

"You are attractive, though," he said. "Poised. All of a piece, except for those green eyes."

"They're not green."

"At the moment they are."

"Well, when I'm wearing this blouse

It was an absurd conversation—and eq absurd to be having it on the front porch Vermont house, with a quite unpredic young man.

He stood up. "Come on, let's get to w he said.

She had planned to rest that aftern She was really tired from standing so lo front of an easel. But now she was asha to admit fatigue, even to herself. Besides realized she wanted to return to the pic

Two days later Hank and Ben drove u a long Fourth of July week end. Ben arra for memberships at the club, and then en the golf tournament. He had already di ered two friends of close friends, and s thing about the informality appealed to

"The greens are like fairways, and the ways are on a par with the average rou he said. "But that brook crossing the hole is quite a hazard!"

Kathie and Hank were upset abou club membership. They couldn't afford i yet they hated to say so. They talked it in their room. Almost unconsciously the formed the habit of retiring to the little ing room to discuss their worries.

Hank said, "I don't want to sponge o Farwells; you know that."

He was standing at one of the small dows, looking out at the elm tree. And K couldn't help noticing how tired he look exhausted really, white and strained, w nervous tightness around his mouth. business of sponging on the Farwells wa a drop in the ocean of their problems. yet it was important. Hank's pride w stake, his stature as an individual.

She said, "I don't believe they mind Lydia was saying just yesterday that mont was a lot cheaper than Greenwic

"It's all in the point of view," Hank He sounded bitter, and yet he didn't where to direct his bitterness. Certain wasn't Ben Farwell's fault that he'd m success of business. He sat down in the wicker armchair, and lighted a cigarett said, "Last week I looked into the apart situation in New York. But the prices a out of line. Even a cold-water flat, in a area, costs more than a decent place years ago."

Kathie tried to imagine their two ros tle boys living in the slums. But the pr of planning the future invariably exha them both. They came up against one wall after another—and then they look at each other, confused, each about his own role in what had happ

She said finally, "Perhaps we should up here, darling. A lot of people do, and certainly save money."

Hank shook his head. "You can't away," he said. His voice trailed off. But he looked at her and smiled. "Just the we have a lot, Kathie. Each other, an kids, and our health. If we can just cut our overhead, and pay back a few debts, be all right."

"I know, darling," she said a little br lessly. And she wondered if he'd noticed she'd begun to thicken, just slightly, ar the waist.

Seeing Kathie smile made Hank fee ter. She had such a pretty mouth. He ha ways loved her mouth, and her dark eyes. He had planned to tell her that the was calling in their note, leaving him jus weeks' grace. But now he decided on an course instead. He would try to borrow Ben Farwell. The first chance he got, ask for a loan. Everything in him rev against it; everything but that look in ie's gray eyes.

Ben was changing from his golfing s into blue jeans. He'd bought a new r Abercrombie's, and he was going to tr stream that ran through the orchard.

"Some of those pools," he said ha "should be just swarming with trout."

When he was dressed, he went ov equipment—examining with loving ca box of flies (silver doctors, gray hackles, coachmen), the tapered line, the new

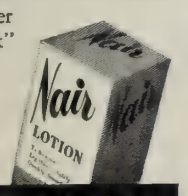
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Cosmetic lotion to
remove hair safely

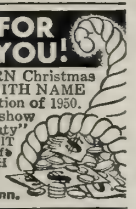


FOR LEGS THAT DELIGHT USE NAIR TONIGHT 79¢ plus tax

SO EASY! Sell America's Leading 21 Card Christmas Assortments. Samples on approval. New, national, Money making Gift Items. Don't delay. Write today.
IN ART STUDIOS, Dept. 5, Vermilion, Ohio.

FREE SAMPLES
50 for $1.00
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CHRISTMAS CARDS and STATIONERY

PLENTY OF CASH FOR YOU!



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ls. Gorgeous Folders low as 50 for $1 WITH NAME
RINTED in Brand New Way. Sensation of 1950.
on sight from FREE SAMPLES. Also show
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s, Religious, Everyday Boxes. EXTRA CASH
US. Don't delay. Write for samples NOW
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S. Pauline, Dept. E-21, Memphis 4, Tenn.

EXTRA DOLLARS THE EASY WAY

how unusual Christmas cards—they sell themselves!
OUR PROFIT—up to 50¢ a box. Wide selection for
imprinting, sell 25 or 50 for $1 up to 25 for $6.75, perfect for busi-
oncerns. ALSO: 3 different "feature" boxes 21 unique cards; as-
d plastics, color metallics, fine etchings, humorous, religious, gift
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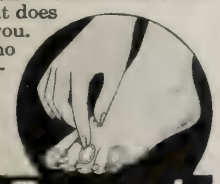
Corns?

NOW! LASTEST RELIEF EVER

1. INSTANTLY—Stops Painful Shoe Friction, Lifts Pressure
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Other Method Does All These Things For You!

wonder Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are the
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Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

He said, "We'll have a mess of trout for breakfast tomorrow. You can tell Jenny."

Lydia was absorbed in a book Martin had given her; but now she glanced up and nodded automatically. After only three brief visits Ben was enthusiastic about Vermont. He had talked to the farmers about crops, and to the summer people about the fishing and hunting. And he was almost an authority on the complications of growing apples. But then, Ben had always been like that—outgoing, enthusiastic, self-sufficient. Now, in his new waders and khaki fishing vest, he looked undeniably attractive.

It had always troubled her, the way Ben did everything well, and nothing quite from within. But now she was absorbed in an occupation of her own. After only two days, this painting business had become close to an obsession. She found herself thinking about it at night, before she dropped off to sleep. And in the morning she couldn't wait to get up, and started again. The first picture had been more or less of a failure. But this new one had possibilities; and Martin had started showing her how to mix paints.

Ben slung the fishing basket over his shoulder. "It was really a find, this place," he said with satisfaction. "I've asked the Drakes over, and the Cummingses."

Lydia nodded again. "I'll do something about hors d'oeuvres," she agreed. "Perhaps Martin can stay too."

"The painter?"

"Yes. I showed you that picture he's doing of Sharon and Jenny."

"Sure. Let's have him. He seems like a nice guy," Ben said. And then he left, whistling to himself as he walked down through the orchard to try his luck in the brook.

At five-thirty that afternoon Jenny worked in the kitchen, wrapping slivers of anchovy around cream-cheese balls, and spreading caviar on small squares of toast. The children were having their supper at the big wooden table, and every so often Mr. Farwell would come out for more ice, or Mrs. Farwell to replenish the platter of hors d'oeuvres. Jenny had never minded being in the kitchen while the summer people had their parties. But now she kept thinking of Martin, on the front porch with the others.

It was foolish to mind; but every now and then she would hear his deep, careless voice, and then the appreciative laughter that would follow. As usual, Martin was the lion of the occasion, and they were all playing up to him—even the Drakes, who were wealthy summer people from Chicago, and the Cummingses, who had bought a place at the top of the mountain and were running a ski lodge. But it was always that way with Martin.

She knew she would never understand him; but she was pretty sure he didn't understand himself either. It would be a mistake to love anyone like that; Jenny was sure of it. You would never know where you stood, what misdirected impulse might change the course of your life.

Last night she had gone with him to his studio to listen to the Debussy, and afterward she had made a big pot of coffee and some sandwiches, in the curtained-off space he called a kitchen. She had stayed until midnight because he said he didn't feel like sleep. And she had listened to him converse, in that disjointed way of his. They had talked about children, and he had said, "You ought to have a dozen, Jenny. The girls will be beautiful, and the boys will have fun." He was always making remarks like that, and she never even tried to answer. Finally he had made some sketches of her—not poses, just quick line drawings, when she stood up to pour his coffee, or leaned back against the arm of the makeshift sofa. Altogether it had been a nice, companionable evening. But afterward she had stayed awake for hours, thinking over the things he had said, and the way he looked at her sometimes, almost as though she belonged to him.

She hurried to retrieve a glass of milk which little Pete Dixon was about to sweep onto the floor. Then she returned to the sink. But through the open living-room window she could hear Martin's voice.

"There's not a model in New York to compare with Jenny," he was saying. "I've tried half a dozen; but they're all self-conscious, and their expressions are . . . well, empty."

Not a model in New York. It was like a slow ache in her chest, this familiar, almost desperate uncertainty. Because she never knew whether to be glad or hurt. He liked to paint her; he needed her for that.

Ben Farwell went out onto the porch. He was enjoying himself enormously. Lydia, he saw, was talking to Martin Somers. She was sitting on the porch steps with her back against a post, her head tilted slightly. And she looked different. He couldn't put his finger on it, but the way she was laughing, and something about the expression in her greenish-hazel eyes, wasn't quite in keeping with what he'd come to expect. Lydia had always been a good hostess, observant and careful. But today she was leaving most of it to him. And he thought suddenly, *I wonder if she's falling for that painter fellow.*

He nodded agreement to something Bert Cummings had said, and kept on watching his wife. He had long ago become used to her appearance—the clear tanned skin, the nicely arranged light brown hair. He had taken it for granted that she was attractive, and always well dressed. But for a long time she had seemed a shadowy, rather passive sort of person, and he'd scarcely thought of her at all except as a mother to Sharon.

Now he raised his voice slightly. "I tried the stream through the orchard this afternoon, but I didn't get a rise. How about it, Hank? Shall we try it again tomorrow?"

Hank glanced up. "All right. Sounds like a good idea."

"We'll start at five, and bring back a nice mess for breakfast."

He looked over at Lydia again to see if she had heard any of that. But she seemed to be engrossed in a conversation with the painter. Ben tried, over the babble of voices, to hear what they were saying, and managed to catch a few words:

"I've changed my mind about that pose. I'm going to perch you in the branch of an apple tree instead." . . . "So I'm not a polished vacuum?" . . . "Some veneer rubs off pretty easily. What you find underneath can be a surprise."

A lot of gibberish, Ben thought irritably. Back home in Greenwich Lydia never would have talked such nonsense.

The next morning Hank was desperately tired. He would have liked several hours more of sleep. But it had occurred to him that an early-morning fishing expedition would give him a good opportunity to ask Ben Farwell for a loan.

It was just after six, and the two men stood together by a deep, swirling pool; Hank

(Continued on Page 94)

NEXT MONTH

When Kenny Neff met Roberta Bowman, he was regarded as totally worthless by almost everyone in town. Even his father said, "You've got to get this foolishness out of your head!" Only Robbie understood Kenny's dreams—and the obsession that threatened everything he valued most—his future as an artist and his love for a girl he could never hope to marry. Read

The Snob

BY RICHARD B. GEHMAN

complete in the September Journal

No other Deodorant gives you this thrilling 6-POINT PROTECTION

You're Lucky In Love When You "DEW"!



"DEW" SPRAY DEODORANT

JUST SQUEEZE FLEXIBLE BOTTLE! "DEW" SPRAYS ITSELF ON!

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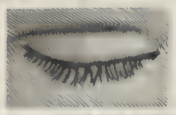
6 MAGICAL SPRAY BOTTLE! Unbreakable, squeezable.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

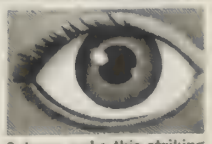
WHEN YOU "DEW" YOU DON'T OFFEND

SAFE EYE-GENE

EYE-OPENING TEST THRILLS MANY!

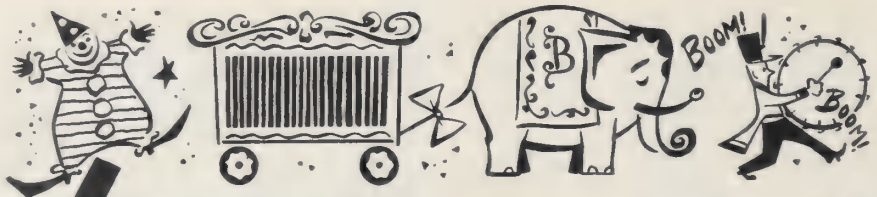


Eyes so tired you want to close them for relief? . . . Clear, expressive eyes are fascinating. 2 drops of soothing EYE-GENE in each eye floats away that tired, strained, irritated look and feeling in *seconds*—dramatically lights up your whole expression! Safe EYE-GENE is like a tonic for your eyes. Use it every day. 25c, 60c, $1 in handy eye-dropper bottles at Druggists.



2 drops make this striking difference in SECONDS!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



ANY RINGMASTER can tell you it's *performance* that counts! That's why I recommend PEPPERELL Superfine Muslin Sheets . . . for they're lions for wear and lambs for comfort! They're exquisitely textured and flower-petal smooth . . . yet they wear beyond your fondest dreams. Of course, when you think of muslin, you think of long wear . . . but recent tests prove that PEPPERELL Superfine Muslin are 33% stronger crosswise than regular muslins . . . and it's the crosswise threads that are always the first to "go". Another thing I like about these luxuriously fine, sturdy sheets is this . . . they actually grow sleeker, smoother and lovelier with washing and wearing. So if you want the extra fine texture and extra value of a finer, firmer sheet, choose PEPPERELL Superfine Muslin Sheets . . . the snowy-white ones and several of the gorgeous "personality colors"—Aqua, Pink, Misty Yellow, Hyacinth Blue, Ashes of Roses, Spring Green and Peach Bloom.



STAR PERFORMERS that will earn a big ovation from busy homemakers . . . these JIFFY PLASTIC SLIP COVERS from The Slip Shield Company, Inc., New York City. These handy covers give your furniture wonderful protection from dirt, youngsters' sticky fingers, spots and stains from beverages . . . for they're made of VINYLITE BRAND PLASTICS. As you know, these "miracle" materials, produced by Bakelite Division, Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation, are waterproof, mildew- and crack-resistant . . . always pliable and unaffected by weather. When they become soiled, a "swish" of a damp cloth wipes them clean again . . . so see these JIFFY PLASTIC SLIP COVERS, made of famous VINYLITE BRAND PLASTICS, at your favorite store soon. They come in styles to fit most chairs and sofas . . . as easy as ABC to put on and surprisingly inexpensive. I can assure you of this . . . once you try them, you'll agree they're actually worth twice the price for the work and worry they save you.



TRAPEZE ARTISTS have grace and daring we all admire! Yet if you have painful callouses or tender spots on the bottom of your feet, just walking is awkward and miserable . . . so get a pair of DR. SCHOLL'S LuPADS. They make you feel as if you're walking on your own personal cloud . . . for LuPADS were designed by a famous foot authority to loop over the forepart of the foot . . . nestling feather-soft pads beneath the Metatarsal arches to cushion them against shock, pressure, painful callouses and those awful burning sensations. You'll love wearing DR. SCHOLL'S LuPADS, too . . . because they're airy-light and invisible . . . even in scant summer shoes! Sold at all Drug, Dept. and Shoe Stores. If not obtainable locally send $1.50 direct to DR. SCHOLL, Dept. L-S, Chicago, Illinois, giving the width and size of your shoes. And do it today . . . for walking is wonderful with DR. SCHOLL'S LuPADS to "befriend" and pamper your feet.



A CIRCUS

must have its tinsel and spangles . . . just as a pretty girl must have lovely hair! And a TONI Home Permanent "outshines" all other permanents, giving you the loveliest wave imaginable . . . *feeling* as soft as naturally curly hair and *looking* as lovely and *lasting* as long as a $20 permanent! But a TONI costs only $1. Why is TONI so much better than ordinary permanents? Because of its exclusive gentle-action creme formula . . . which was especially created to give you a frizz-free wave (even the very first day!) that feels, looks and "acts" like naturally curly hair. And I'm not alone in my enthusiasm. TONI is the *only* permanent that has given over 93 million lovely, longer-lasting waves. And TONI'S exclusive new Midget SPIN Curlers are "made" for today's short hair styles, for they give you perfect neckline curls far easier and faster. You get 6 of 'em in the new Combination TONI Refill Kit . . . a $1.50 value for only $1.33!

THE QUEENS UNDER THE BIG TOP must always look their best . . . and so must you. And to help you tend your beauty needs with expert skill, I call your attention to CO-ETS . . . little fluted cotton squares that are exquisitely soft, smooth and absorbent. That's why your best bet's CO-ETS for applying powder, rouge, astringents, foundations, liquid deodorants and home permanent wave lotions . . . as well as removing cleansing cream, sun tan oils and nail polish. And if you wear "stockings" from a bottle, apply your leg make-up like this:



Shake bottle well and pour small amount into cupped hands. Press hands together, and starting at the foot, use them both in a rotary motion to stroke the cosmetic up the leg from the instep. Work fast. When legs are completely dry, rub them with a CO-ET to remove excess make-up and give your legs a soft, natural look.

The price of CO-ETS will amaze you . . . the large economy package with 80 fluted cotton squares costs only 29c.

BUY-LINE



RE you well-versed in Herb-lore . realize what magic they can put into ordin foods? While most of us know the endless use such herbs as mint and sage, chives and pars here are a few suggestions on others that make "every-day" dishes real adventures in ing: *Mince ¼ teaspoon of sweet Marjor mix with butter and pour over spinach. *Call

STRIKE UP THE BAND and let's have a fanfare . . . for I want to introduce you to a cigarette whose smoking "performance" I think you'll applaud over and over again! It's CAVALIER! the distinctive, new King-Size cigarette that displays a perfect "balance" between cool mildness and smooth, mellow flavor. And now I'd like to take you behind the "scenes" . . . explain why CAVALIERS combine these two qualities that most smokers have always wanted in a cigarette. It's the tobaccos that go into these particular "longies" that make the BIG difference . . . a special, modern blend of fine tobaccos of the original Colonial type . . . which are naturally *mild* and *delightful*. Still, CAVALIERS are priced no higher than other popular brands . . . so get a smart, white pack today. On second thought, make it a carton . . . because I truly think you'll like CAVALIERS that much!



THE GRAND FINALE of summer is on . . . time for all good wives to think of Fall shopping lists! And if you're wise, you'll add plastic housewares with the "made of STYRON" label. There are many reasons why I say that . . . first, plastics are wonderfully light, durable and colorful. And second . . . the "made of STYRON" label promises you plastics at their best. Why just listen:



The Dow Chemical Company grants this label of quality only to those plastics which pass the rigid standar their Product Evaluation Com tee. This means the products been carefully examined for tional design, quality of workm ship and correct applicatio plastics.

This Fall you'll find "STYR housewares "dressed" in a pletely new range of gorg designs and colors . . . g chartreuse, coral, winter green turquoise. Look for the "mad STYRON" label and buy.

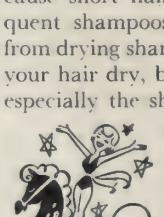


WINNING SMILE is the greatest personal asset anyone can have, and it depends almost entirely on beautiful, healthy teeth. I urge you to get decay-fighting IODENT, and brush your teeth twice daily. It's the *only* toothpaste made by a Dentist in two textures, No. 1 for Teeth Easy to Bryten (especially young folks) and No. 2 for Teeth Hard to Bryten (especially smokers). Now you can smoke and smile, too . . . for:

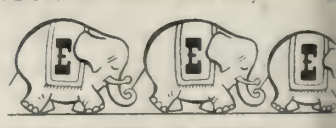
No other toothpaste so safely whisks away ugly smoke smudge and polishes your teeth to such sparkling brilliance as IODENT No. 2 with its delightful, refreshing flavor. No other toothpaste but IODENT No. 1 with its gentle texture is especially suited to growing teeth . . . and has a special flavor children love.

Mothers, to give your family brighter smiles buy both IODENT No. 1 and No. 2 . . . cost only 43c for the *BIG family size tubes*. Or if you prefer an IODENT with Ammonium Compounds to fight decay, get No. 1 Plus A or No. 2 Plus A . . . same low price.

THE GLITTERING SPOTLIGHT of fash is focused on short hairdos . . . yo fully flattering to most women. So k in step with style . . . and don't fret cause short hair demands more quent shampoos. But do stay a from drying shampoos . . . which le your hair dry, brittle and unruly especially the short ends. What's



suggestion? That use new KRE Shampoo with its ural oil base . . . coaxes your hai glorious softness leaves it glowing natural highlights glossy, silken sheen. You'll find shortest, wispiest ends behave like angels; let you comb and style a la your fancy without the sligh stubbornness. Another thing you'll about KREML Shampoo (I kno do!) is the special cleansing qualiti its magic new ingredient "Folis makesyour hair look more beautifu cause it gets it clean, clean! See wh difference KREML Shampoo ma



YOU'RE ALWAYS ON PARADE . . . s matter what your costume, g grooming is essential. So next time dress to go out, be sure you're groomed . . . with nary an embar ing grease spot on your clothes to your looks. And the quickest, ea *best* method is to use ENERG CLEANING FLUID . . . becau makes dirty grease spots *go* right b your eyes. Best of all, ENERG contains no caustics or acids . . . w means you can use it on even such cate fabrics as silks, laces, rayons velvets. That's why it's ideal for c ing practically everything under sun . . . suits, dresses, ties, blo skirts and hats . . . as well as upholst chairs, rugs and a wide variety of articles. I've never found anythi any price that does a better job ENERGINE CLEANING FLUI so keep it handy for regular and e gency use. Get the large economysi at yourDrug,GroceryandVarietyS

by Nancy Sasser

AN ADVERTISING PAGE

to add a gourmet touch to soups, stews and gravies. * Dice Rose- nd mash with turnips or carrots. * Dress up tomato and cheese with Sweet Basil. * Soak Tarragon leaves in vinegar to give salad gs, egg dishes and poultry extra tastiness. And remember, herbs "whisper" only . . . never shout their presence.

T'S A TREAT TO BEAT THE HEAT . . . *and* curtail your budget at the same time! Yes, you can do just that when you make this *different* drink . . . ICED POSTUM in your tall, time glasses! Why? With its grain-rich flavor it's a per- licious refresher . . . yet amaz- onomical. In fact, POSTUM u *less* than half as much per coffee and other "meal-'n'- ne" beverages. And that's you'll like about ICED M . . . for it's 100% *caffein-* at makes it the ideal drink for ps who are *caffein-susceptibles*, children, too. So look for M in the handy, new glass jar Grocer's "instant beverage" . . . then enjoy a delightful offer" made like this:

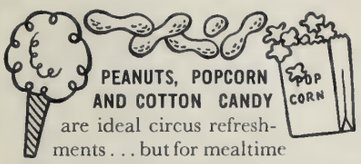
4 level tablespoons of INSTANT M in ½ cup of boiling water. ps water. Pour over cracked ice glasses. Serve with sugar and r prettify with whipped cream.

WONDERFUL TIME on my va- arlier this summer . . . every- as absolutely wonderful. We cabin in the mountains . . . escape from civilization, worry rk. There was one problem . . . where to get the bread, lls and other bakery products ed every day. But this was lved . . . because right in a near-by rural store there was an entire display of all kinds of fresh-baked goods . . . just like my food store at home. They were wrapped in CELLOPHANE too... so I bought 'em with te confidence. I knew oistureproof DU PONT PHANE keeps them fresh an. Besides sealing in oven- help them stay appetizing and mpting, it also acts as a shield dirt, flies and germs. You uy "blind" when you choose PHANE-packaged foods . . . see what you're getting and t you want!

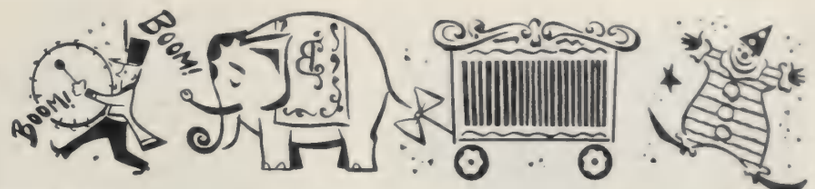
THE FEATURE ATTRACTION at breakfast is toast . . . but it's important to have that toast *piping hot* . . . *when* and *how* Y-O-U want it. And that's what you get with the new GENERAL ELECTRIC Automatic Toaster . . . toast to your taste time after time after time. I wouldn't trade mine for all the



world, and these 3 major advantages explain why: *1. You simply set the control to dark, medium or light . . . then the G-E Automatic Toaster will serve exactly what* you *"ordered." 2. Keeps the toast down or pops it up . . . until you, the family and the breakfast are ready for it. 3. Takes but a "wink" to clean, too . . . "thanks" to its exclusive Snap-in Crumb Tray. You just snap out the tray, brush the crumbs off and snap back in again.* The G-E Automatic Toaster is the last word in beauty *plus* design and is built to last a lifetime . . . yet costs only $21.50. See it soon at your G-E Appliance Dealer's.



PEANUTS, POPCORN AND COTTON CANDY are ideal circus refreshments . . . but for mealtime and snacktime treats at home, my "cheers" go to OREO Creme Sandwiches! They're a "can't-miss" favorite with everybody . . . for never was such a heavenly creamy filling put between two such luscious chocolate cookies! But that's what you'd expect . . . because they're made by the greatest cookie lovers in the world . . . NABISCO . . . National Biscuit Company. So choose several packages of OREO Creme Sandwiches today . . . and as a very special treat for your very special family, "team" them up with this cooling, picture-pretty **Peppermint Ice Cream.** (Here's the recipe: Crunch about a cupful of pink and white candy peppermints. Stir into vanilla ice cream in refrigerator tray just before final freezing.) Did you ever taste cookies so crisp, chocolate-rich and heaping-filled with vanilla cream? I'll wager not . . . so look for OREO Creme Sandwiches with the red NABISCO Seal!



TRAINED SEALS are experts in the art of balance! But it's no trick for a smart woman to balance her menus and her budget . . . not while DEMING'S Salmon is handy on her pantry shelf! It's the "major attraction" of endless hearty protein main dishes that are amazingly budget-wise. They're all delicious, too . . . because DEMING'S is salmon at its best...delicate flavor and firm texture with a tantalizing tang-o'-the-sea. One place it really steals the "show" is on a picnic . . . just take these **Salmonburgers** along and see:



Mix 2 cups DEMING'S Salmon (1 lb. can), ¾ cup coarse cracker crumbs, 1 egg slightly beaten. Saute 1 small onion, sliced, in 1 tbsp. butter, then add to salmon mixture. Shape into 6 thin salmon cakes and brown quickly in butter. Serve hot between large buns. One taste will tell you why. . . .

Wise wives keep both kinds on hand . . . DEMING'S Sirloin with skin and backbone removed (that old favorite Red Alaska Sockeye), and DEMING'S Recipe Pink Salmon in the regular pack. Why don't you?

NO CLOWNING about this fact . . . men are all alike in liking homemade jams and jellies! And you'll like making 'em with CERTO, America's favorite liquid pectin product. Why? Because it's so quick-'n'-easy . . . with CERTO, you only need a *one-minute boil.* That's why you get about 50% *more* glasses . . . with *more* fresh flavor, color and fragrance packed into each. Want proof? Then try this success-sure CERTO recipe for **Peach Jam:**



Peel and pit about 3 lbs. soft ripe peaches. Grind or chop very fine. Measure 4 cups into very large saucepan. Add ¼ cup lemon juice and 7½ cups sugar; mix well. Place over high heat, bring to *full rolling boil, boil hard 1 min.*, stirring constantly. Remove from heat; at once stir in 1 bottle CERTO. Stir and skim by turns 5 mins. to cool slightly, to prevent floating fruit. Ladle quickly into glasses. Paraffin at once. Makes about 11 six-oz. glasses.

One taste and you'll agree . . . there's magic in the word "homemade".

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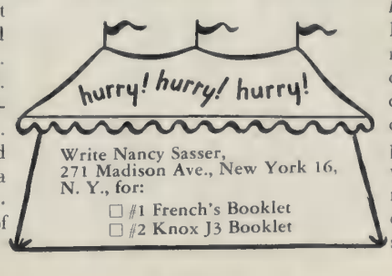
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COMFORTABLE, DEPENDABLE AND - ABOVE ALL - SAFE!

THE PULLMAN COMPANY

(Continued from Page 91)

picked out a gray hackle and knotted it to his leader. And he knew suddenly that if he didn't speak his piece now, his courage would evaporate. He clipped off the end of his leader. He said:

"Ben, there's something I've been meaning to ask you."

Ben glanced up in alarm. "Don't tell me you and Kathie don't like it here in Vermont?"

"On the contrary. We're crazy about it, and so are the kids."

"Well, then." Ben went back to his fly tying, obviously relieved.

Hank started again. "This has nothing to do with Vermont," he said. "It's a temporary difficulty. That is ——" He hesitated. He should have thought out his request, some reasonable explanation. For a moment he considered postponing the issue; but then he plunged in. "I hate to ask this, Ben," he said. "But I've been running behind, things have piled up. If you could loan me a couple of thousand, at interest, you know, we could pay it back within a year."

For a while after that he kept on talking. He explained that they were going to retrench, that it was only temporary, that business hadn't been good. Finally he stopped talking, and the silence closed in around them. And yet it wasn't a complete silence, for he could hear the birds and the insects, and the lonely sound of water running over the rocks. He hadn't looked at Ben, and he didn't now. He slipped the fly box into his pocket and picked up his rod.

Ben spoke finally, and his voice had a false heartiness. "I'd be glad to do it, Hank," he said. "But I've always had a theory: 'Loan a man money and you lose a friend.' If it weren't for that—you can see how it is," he continued. "I've known it to happen over and over again. You have a barrier right away, an obligation." Ben fell silent. He was embarrassed and disturbed by the whole situation. He liked Hank Dixon, and Kathie and the kids. "It's not easy to explain," he added unhappily. "But if we're to live together up here, we have to be on an equal footing."

It was a sound theory, Hank knew. But what were you to do when the bank had given you exactly two weeks to meet a note? "Forget it, Ben," he said. "I see your point; it was just a shot in the dark anyhow."

They fished until almost ten. By that time they had a dozen eight-inch trout, and decided to call it a day. They walked back through the orchard, discussing the attributes of various flies, then climbed the hill to the house. Ben saw that Lydia and Martin had set up their easels out on the knoll. He walked over to show them his catch.

"Not bad, considering!" he exclaimed, opening his basket to display the shining, speckled little fish. "We'll ask Jenny to cook them for lunch."

LYDIA glanced into the basket, smiled rather vaguely, then wiped her brush off on a rag and turned back to her painting. She was wearing blue jeans and one of Ben's old shirts, and she looked about nineteen.

Ben was annoyed. No doubt Martin would stay for lunch and eat more than his share of the trout—after, of course, supervising the cooking. He said heartily, "Hank and I could do with a good breakfast. You get pretty hungry wading those streams!"

Lydia began scraping at her palette with a knife. "Tell Jenny," she suggested casually, and squeezed paint out of a tube.

Ben didn't know quite how to answer. Lydia was supposed to be running things, and he'd expected her to supervise his breakfast. He said doubtfully, "Do you suppose Jenny will be around at this hour?"

"Of course. Tell her to put on some extra coffee for us. You work up an appetite painting too!"

Ben hesitated. Then he walked up to the house, and arranged for his own breakfast. Afterward he felt somewhat at loose ends. Finally he sent Sharon over to the knoll to ask Lydia if she'd like to go down to the club with him. But the little girl came back with the reply that mother was too busy painting.

Hank had gone straight up to his room; and Ben felt uneasy about that too. He had been right, of course. A loan wouldn't help Hank in the long run; he'd just be in that much deeper. But still he wished the issue had never come up.

Finally he sat out on the terrace, in quite unaccustomed idleness. He considered phoning around for a golf partner, but there wasn't really time now. And then he saw that Lydia was walking across the grass with a tray in her hands. The tray contained a pot of coffee, two cups and some other things. He watched her place it between the easels, and then the two of them sit down together on the grass. The easels were on a slight rise, about a hundred yards from the house. He couldn't see their faces, but their actions indicated a very pleasant and friendly pantomime. Lydia poured the coffee, and afterward leaned back against an apple tree, in an attitude of contentment, and Martin sprawled out on the grass beside her.

NATURALLY you couldn't criticize your wife for painting pictures, or drinking coffee with a young man at eleven o'clock in the morning. But something about it made Ben vaguely uneasy. He remembered Betsey Rogers. They hadn't had an affair, but he'd been infatuated certainly. And now he was seeing a good deal of Dorothy Barnum, in New York. He'd take her to dinner, and then they'd go dancing, or to one of the supper clubs. He didn't know quite why he'd drifted into those relationships. But life at home had begun to seem flat and rather dull.

He was bored already, just sitting out on the terrace like this. And then he saw that Lydia was laughing, and that Martin was apparently making a sketch of her. She had certainly gone overboard for that painting business.

All during the long, lazy July days Lydia worked hard at her painting. She had no illusions about her talent as an artist; but she was convinced that Martin was honest with her, and that she was improving. Dorchester, a community ten miles from Kerby, had an annual summer art show over Labor Day, and one day Martin suggested that she enter two of her pictures.

"You have a quality that is salable," he said, with the kind of enigmatic grin that she couldn't interpret.

Lydia laughed. "Is that a compliment or the reverse?"

"I wouldn't know."

It was the middle of the afternoon, and they were having a brief rest. They had been painting lately in a narrow valley three miles from home. Every morning Martin would pack the easels and paints into the back of his jeep, and generally they brought along an ample lunch, so that they wouldn't be interrupted.

"No one knows the answer to that," he said now, after a pause. "Ask any artist why his pictures don't sell, and generally he'll tell you the public doesn't understand him."

He reached out and looped his thumb and forefinger around her slender, tanned wrist. It was a friendly gesture, companionable and somehow reassuring. Vaguely she recalled that something similar had affected her once, but not happily. And then she remembered. Hank Dixon had reassured his wife in just that way the day they arrived in Vermont.

And that, she thought, was what a woman needed in life—someone to rely on, to turn to in times of unhappiness and change. Someone who cared about her as an individual. She steeled herself, then, against another memory. For on that same day, while they were unpacking, she had asked Ben a question. But he had given her no reassurance.

Martin's fingers tightened around her wrist. And then he ran his hand up the smooth texture of her inner arm. Unwillingly Lydia experienced a shiver of weakness and of longing. She did not know why she felt so alone, so disturbed, so achingly alive. She thought, *A woman whose husband takes her for granted is an easy mark. She has no defense against tenderness.* He turned her hand then, and kissed the palm.

"I'd better get back to work," she said.



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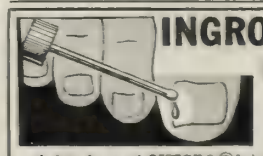


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He made no objection, but for a while he there, watching her fumble with the nts. Then he stood up, stretched, and nt back to his easel. Almost at once he had t look of absorption on his face, so that knew he'd forgotten her already.

Every so often Jenny, as a special treat, uld take the children on a picnic. Some-es it would be in the evening, and they'd e sandwiches and chocolate milk down by brook; other times, at noon, they'd go a rt distance from the house, and cook ham-gers and corn on the cob over a fire.

enny had enjoyed it herself at first. But dually, almost imperceptibly, everything ut the summer had become an effort. She ned now that she had never taken the job. liked the Dixons, and the Farwells, too, she loved the children. They were all siderate, and easy to work for. But their of life, and Martin's part in it, she could understand.

enny had never had any trouble evaluat-life, for she measured everything on a is of Nature and need. You tried to lessen need by working d, and making se around you nfortable and py. But Nature accepted as an my as well as a nd. You knew that ny time the apples ht be blighted, or cows killed by in-ious disease. The could dry up in middle of sum-, or the corn be veled by frost. the more subtle agonisms—the ery of sleepless nts, the painful, ummoned happi-s when someone led—these things ny was beginning fear, in a bewil-ed, incoherent

ne would look at ron, with her ndly, sensitive lit-face, and then see . Farwell out on front porch, thing with Mar- and she did not w quite how it le her feel.

Martin often stayed on into the evenings . At one time or another he had brought t of his cherished records up to the house he hill, so that while she was doing the er dishes Jenny would hear them talk-about Stravinsky, or Bach, or Sibelius. the middle of August she arranged a special picnic for the children, as a re-d for being extra good. This one had ice m packed into a container, and cookies ed like animals. Ronny and Sharon ed with the cookies, and afterward they nged a bucket with moss and rocks, for wildlife, such as tadpoles, that they nt manage to catch.

was a hot day, and the children took off r sneakers and waded around in the shal-pools. Jenny sat on the bank, watching n, and brooding aimlessly. And then she d Martin's voice, and his heavy foot-s coming down through the trees. "Hi, , your mothers sent me to tell you they'd long shortly. I understand this is some-g of an event!" He dropped down beside and lapsed into a contented silence.

nny didn't know whether to ignore him, e merely polite. But instead she heard elf say distractedly, "It certainly is an sion, Martin. We have animal cookies real ice cream, and we've caught three wogs already!"

Martin didn't answer. He had taken off shoes and socks, and now he was rolling his blue jeans. "Watch out, kids, Here I come!" he shouted. "The champion frog catcher of all time!"

The children were ecstatic. They tagged after him, screaming with excitement while Martin lunged through the water, raising a great turmoil, but nevertheless catching several frogs. Jenny watched, feeling close to tears. How could you hate a man like that? His vitality, his robust good humor, his genius—all of it combined into a personality so strong and so contradictory that you couldn't even find a way of resenting him.

MARTIN returned finally, panting from exertion, and very damp. He stretched out on the bank beside her, and lighted a cigarette. The children started building a dam, and the clouds near the sun were fleecy and pink.

"This is quite a place," he said. "No wonder Ben Farwell wants to own it."

"Does he?"

"Sure. He's buying the whole shooting match—orchard, house, even the wood lot. He's going to hire Luke Matson to run the orchard for him."

"I didn't know that, Martin."

Jenny was depressed by the news. In the back of her mind had been a persistent though unacknowledged hope. When the Farwells went back to Connecticut, things would right themselves again. Martin would begin taking her to dances and the movies, the way he had last summer. He would play music to her in his studio, and ask her to pose. It was almost three weeks now since they'd done anything at all together. She wondered if he realized that.

"It must be fun to buy a place like this just for a hobby," Martin said. "But at least the guy earned the money himself. He's not a parasite, like some around here."

"People can't help it if they inherit money," Jenny objected.

"But not many of them can help themselves afterward." He was leaning on one elbow, and now he flicked his cigarette into the brook. Then he reached up and slid his finger through one of her honey-yellow curls, savoring the texture with his thumb and forefinger. "You're a very beautiful girl, Jenny," he said. "Wild-rose complexion, velvety brown eyes; it sounds poetic, and it is. The total effect, I mean."

Jenny's heart was beating heavily, and she wondered if he knew he was being cruel. For in spite of the things he said, his manner was faintly teasing, faintly speculative—as though she were simply an interesting butterfly, pinned to a chart. She decided that she hated him; but she could think of no way of hurting him, for he cared only for himself.

And then, just when her hate was strongest, his voice became gentle and friendly again. He said, "You really are beautiful, Jenny. Somehow you don't seem to have fallen for any of this cheap stuff the kids go in for nowadays."

"I'm not a kid," she said inadequately.

"Perhaps not," he said. "No, I don't suppose you are. But I hope you get a break out of life. You deserve it."

And then they heard another voice. Lydia Farwell was coming down through the trees, humming something under her breath. Martin sprang to his feet. And though Jenny could not interpret the look in his dark eyes, it was quite obviously there—excitement, desire, perhaps even devotion.

August Afternoon

By Eunice Mildred LonCoske

O Love, reach out your arms and hold me fast.
The shadows of this August afternoon
Have lengthened quickly. They have now sped past
The caterpillar spinning its cocoon;
The bee which drowses in the foxglove flower;
The spider in its web; the torpid toad
Whose tongue flicks out to stay this golden hour!
O Love, glance down the tunneled, tree-lined road,
Its blackness swallows half my thigh and hand;
Creeps up to band my breasts; unyielding chips
At all things beautiful upon the land;
My luminous flesh . . . the kisses on my lips!



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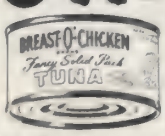
2. To ½ cup Miracle French, add 1 tablespoon chili sauce. Chill before serving.

3. Mash 2 tablespoons blue cheese; slowly blend in ½ cup Miracle French. Chill before serving.

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Ben Farwell was excited about buying the Vermont place, and he drove Lydia to Dorchester one Friday morning, toward the end of August, to sign the deed. Ben was spending long week ends in the country now. Often he would arrive Thursday night, and stay until Tuesday. Ben explained to his wife, for the hundredth time, the advantages of the purchase he was making.

"We'll be able to come up summers," he said. "And perhaps in the winter too—for the skiing and all. And we'll be putting down roots. Fifteen years from now, if I want to retire, we can move up here and run the orchard, and the sugar bush, and raise sheep or something. We'll have a lot of friends and things to do. We won't be at loose ends the way so many people are."

He glanced at Lydia and saw that she was smiling, and watching the countryside. Her narrow, greenish-hazel eyes had a look in them that he couldn't quite fathom—a shining, young, dreamy look. But he wasn't sure she'd heard a word he'd said.

He slowed for a hayrack that blocked half the road, feeling uncomfortably let down. He couldn't make Lydia out lately. She used to be only too eager to comply with his plans. In fact, she'd been a little overanxious a good deal of the time, so that he'd felt guilty about not including her more. But now she seemed to be immersed in a life of her own. She was happy; happier than he'd seen her in a long time. But somehow, he felt left out. He squeezed past the hayrack, and stepped on the gas.

"Kerby was certainly a find!" he exclaimed. "You have just about everything here—hunting, fishing, even golf if you want it. And I've never known a nicer crowd of people."

He glanced at her again. She was wearing a white blouse and a strawberry-colored denim skirt; her hair was blowing softly around her face, and she was smiling. Ben remembered, with astonishment, the times he used to call her from New York to say he was staying in town; and the way she would sound half tearful over the phone, so that he'd feel impatient and resentful. Ben had never been much good at analysis. All he knew was that at the moment he wanted very much to turn into a side road, park someplace and take her in his arms.

He slowed the car. He said, "Aren't you glad we decided to come up here?"

But apparently she hadn't heard his question, for she was frowning. "I hope Martin can find a proper frame for Blue Hills," she said.

"Blue Hills?"

"One of my pictures," she explained. "Today is receiving day at the art show."

"Of course; I forgot for a moment," he said apologetically.

He swung into the main street of Dorchester, and parked in front of the drugstore. They climbed a flight of stairs to the office of Roger Bishop, the lawyer, and some of Ben's enthusiasm returned.

"This is an occasion," Ben said. "One that we'll always remember!"

He read the papers thoroughly, and then he and Lydia both signed them. But his mood was curiously divided—half elation, half a vague regret because something was missing. It should have been better than this, the occasion of buying a home together.

When they returned to the street Martin Somers' jeep was parked beside the convertible. Martin greeted them with a grin that Ben didn't care for—half sardonic, it was, and patronizing as well.

"How are the happy homeowners?" he asked. And then, before they could reply, he said to Lydia, "I have your pictures; come on down and enter them."

"Now?"

"Sure. Why not?"

"I suppose ——" she said. She sounded flustered, and shy, and very much excited.

Ben looked at her. And he realized he had never before seen her quite like this—vivid, tense, keyed to something he could not understand. His heart plunged suddenly into a strange, inarticulate misery; and he stood on the hot pavement, not knowing what to do.

Lydia got into the front seat of the jeep. "Tell Jenny we may be late," she said casually. "Martin will drive me home." She glanced over her shoulder at the pictures, stacked in the back. "Oh, the frames are perfect!" she exclaimed. "Almost too good!"

Martin waved cheerfully to Ben before he backed the jeep, with a rattle and a roar, and drove off up the street. They went half a mile to the high-school gymnasium, where the art show was to be held, and parked behind a row of cars. Then he turned and looked at her.

"Getting cold feet?"

"You know I am," she said accusingly. "You should have let me wait another year." And she added uneasily, "It's almost like having your subconscious pinned up on a wall, for a lot of strangers to stare at."

"You'll have plenty of company; don't forget that." He held up one of her pictures. He had chosen a frame of antiqued ivory, wide and heavily scrolled, which seemed to give depth to the painting. "It could be a lot worse," he said seriously. "You've got something, Lydia."

She followed him up the path to the gymnasium. Inside, dozens of people were milling around, stacking pictures, filling out forms and answering questions. The atmosphere was one of bustle, confusion and cheery anticipation. Martin took her elbow, and steered her over to a table.

"Here, I'll help you fill out your application."

Lydia's heart lifted. It was fun to be part of all this; it was fine, really. Martin was looking out for her; she didn't feel like an outsider at all. Almost without realizing it, she had managed to regain the thing that had escaped her years ago: the fact of being an individual, confident and responsible, with a varied life to lead, and work of her own to do.

The momentum of the summer increased during that last week of August. But Kathie Dixon couldn't help dreading the round of festivities that lay ahead of them over Labor Day—several parties, the art show, a golf tournament, even an auction which everyone wanted to attend.

In addition to all this, Martin Somers was insisting that they make an expedition to the top of Owl's Head, where he had discovered a fabulous view, and built a fireplace the summer before.

How they planned to accomplish so much in three days Kathie couldn't imagine. But the others took it completely for granted, especially Lydia, who seemed to have more vitality than she'd ever had back home in Greenwich. She was still a rather quiet sort of person, but at the same time there was something about her lately that attracted everyone they met.

Kathie didn't begrudge her friend any of this. But watching Lydia plunge so happily into a new life made her feel, by contrast, more than ever drab and tiresome. It was becoming difficult to hide her pregnancy; there were only one or two dresses she could wear with any safety at all. These were shapeless nondescript affairs, that contributed to an unaccustomed sense of inferiority.

Friday, waiting for Ben and Hank, who were driving up from the city, she felt more than ever on edge. Finally she curled up on the shabby, comfortable sofa, and tried to read. But almost at once Lydia came in, with a brown paper package.

"The samples have arrived," she said cheerfully. "Tell me what you think of them, Kathie."

She sat down on the sofa, tucked her feet under her, and opened the package. She was wearing a play suit of brown denim, new red sandals and bright red lipstick. She looked astonishingly young. *Young enough to be Sharon's sister!* Kathie thought.

"I'm going to do over every stick of furniture in the house!" Lydia said firmly. "It'll be fun too." She held up a square of figured linen. "How do you like this? I want to make everything very bright and country—but interesting too."

Kathie tried to concentrate on the piece of material, which seemed to depict peacocks in



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id shades of green and blue. And then she
the price tag—fifteen dollars a yard. She
d, "I should think you'd want something
pler up here in Vermont."
Lydia looked surprised. "Oh, I always
nk it pays to get good quality." She
ked up a square of rough, chartreuse green
d said musingly, "I might use this for one
the chairs."
The materials were heaped between them
the sofa now—lovely shades of yellow and
e and tan and blue, all differing in design
d texture.
'I had Madge Bevans send them up,"
dia explained happily, "but I'm going to
ke all the selections myself. You won't
ow the house when I get through with it!"
Lydia was quite flushed with energy and
asure now. She was holding up squares
material, one after another, and Kathie
that she never once looked at the price on
tag. And that must be fun, too, that must
a great deal of fun! She had told herself
summer long that she didn't resent
dia's wealth, her freedom from worry, her
ely casual days. But now she could feel
ething ugly twisting in her mind. *It*
t fair! she thought. *It isn't fair!* Her
ly felt heavy; her dress was shabby and
tight. And perhaps this had been a dreary
lercurrent to her thoughts all summer
g, while she sat quietly, watching the
ers. Ronny couldn't have a bicycle, but
Farwell had invested a hundred dollars
golf clubs. Little Pete was talented; he
uld start piano les-
s. But Sharon had
her violin out in
rain to spoil, and
one had scolded her.
s isn't like me! she
ught frantically.
never been envious
re. Never in my
le life!
he stood up. She
l hurriedly. "You
e perfect taste; I'm
the house will be
ely, Lydia." And
n she escaped to her
m. She went straight
window, and looked
at the high, rising
ntains. She tried to steady herself. She
ught, *I'll have to tell Hank about the baby.*
decision comforted her. Hank would
erstand; they'd share this new burden,
g with all the others.
But she knew she could never tell him
ut the feelings she'd had this afternoon—
ut the sudden, bitter, perfectly senseless
agonism. A man wanted to consider his
superior to everyone, in her own mind
well as his. That was essential to his pride
his faith in himself. But she realized un-
ly that it had been a bad mistake, coming
ere to Vermont.
en and Lydia had been unfailingly gen-
s from the very beginning. But gener-
y can be a debilitating thing when you
on the receiving end of it. Gradually, al-
t imperceptibly, she and Hank had lost
ething.
ut it needn't matter! she thought anx-
ly. *It needn't! Not if we don't let it! Not if*
e strong!

T she didn't feel strong. The pressure of
past weeks, the nervousness, the mount-
tension, all seemed to combine now into a
l of listless rejection. It was almost as
igh she were giving up the struggle.
athie turned toward the bed finally. If
was going to cry, it was better to get it
with before Hank came. But as it hap-
ed, she managed to restrain the tears.
after a while she fell asleep.

he trip from New York seemed endless to
k Dixon that day. The holiday traffic
heavy, and they'd left the city at the
st hour—five o'clock. But the actual
surement of time was in his own mind,
in the squirrel-cage chasing of thoughts,
d and round, in a pendulum of suspense.
ause he had a chance now. But the de-
n—their entire future really—rested in the hands of one man: Frank Waring. Ben Farwell had uncovered the prospect, apparently wanting to make amends for refusing the loan. And Hank had worked feverishly for the past three weeks drawing up an organizational study of a group-insurance plan. It was a big assignment, and if the contract went through things would ease up all along the line.

Now, for the hundredth time, he tried to figure up the score. The policy totaled half a million dollars. If he sold it his standing in the firm would be vastly improved; and the commissions would enable him to pay up the note at the bank—which he'd had extended—and meet most of their debts. It would mean they could go on living in their home, and could devise a restricted budget that would be at least possible.

BUT it was a mistake to think along these lines, for inevitably you lulled yourself into a false sense of security. The chances of landing the contract were fairly slim, but Frank Waring had said he could call up over the week end and get his answer.

Ben turned into a gas station, had the tank filled, and said, "Want to take the wheel for a while, Hank?"

Hank was wretchedly tired, but of course he agreed. They changed seats, and then he swung the car back onto the parkway, and tried to keep his mind on the road and the stream of cars flowing ahead of them. But still the pendulum swung back and forth. He'd devoted three strenuous weeks to that policy. If it didn't go through, the debts would still be there, demanding payment. He thought about Kathie. She hadn't complained, but the summer had done something to her. The ceaseless pinpricks of economy had needled them both in a dozen different ways.

Now he couldn't stop thinking about her—her gray eyes, her soft brown hair, her thin, intelligent face. She had always been popular, loved by her friends for her gentleness and her natural, unassuming charm. Yet she had a kind of gaiety too—an impulsive, adventurous side to her nature that had always delighted him. But this summer she had deferred to the others, letting Jenny run the house, and Lydia take the lead in their social life. She had been co-operative—too co-operative, he thought now.

He'd decided not to say anything to her about Waring, and the group-insurance policy, unless it went through. There was no point in putting her through the suspense, and the disappointment afterward if he failed. But the report might be favorable, and if that happened he could take her in his arms and tell her about it.

Once again he started estimating his chances. He even tried to recall the expression on Frank Waring's face when they'd said good-by.

"Give me a ring over the week end," Frank had said, genially enough. "It's something of an innovation for us, you know. I'll have to talk it over with Johnson first." So that's the way they had left it. Anything might happen. Anything at all.

Ben took over the driving when they reached Massachusetts; but the traffic was still heavy, and it was after eleven before they climbed the hill to the house. The lights were on in the living room, and they heard the strains of classical music.

The two men got out of the car, feeling stiff and tired from the long drive. The sky was studded with stars, and the big rambling house welcomed them.

"Even the air smells better in Vermont," Ben said. He looked at the house. He owned it now; this summer had added an entirely new aspect to his life.

They went in through the back, traversing the kitchen, the dining room and the hall.

(Continued on Page 99)

"Where did I come from, mother?" inquired a six-year-old, just home from his first day at school.

***This is it,* thought his mother. She had read widely on the subject and knew exactly how to unfold the story of the birds and bees so that he would look upon sex as a normal, natural thing. So the mother told all. Then, curiously she awaited his reaction.**

"I just wondered," the child said. "The boy who sits in front of me in school came from New Jersey."



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"After that on-stage shampoo my hair gets a few quick licks with the brush—bang, bang, bang! And then I have to be back on stage. There's no time for hair-settings for me! A permanent that left frizzy ends just wouldn't *do!* I just *had* to find a home permanent that would 'set itself'—be just like naturally curly hair."

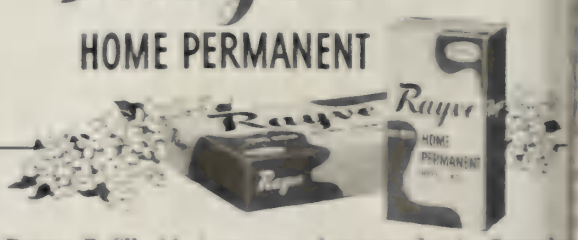
"I really love my homemade curls. I'll *keep* 'em—'South Pacific' or no 'South Pacific'! They are so easy to keep in shape—it's just like having naturally curly hair. That's what Rayve does."

"Not 3 or 4 shampoos a month—but 3 or 4 shampoos a *day*—that's what *I* get!" remarks Mary Martin blithely. "Lucky for me that you just *can't* wash a Rayve wave out. Mine stays as curly as new—right up till I cut it off. Every single time too!"

She figures she has given herself 31 permanents altogether since "South Pacific" opened. How is her hair doing? Very well it seems.

"I know it seems incredible, but my hair *couldn't* be healthier. If you'd feel it, you'd see! That's because Rayve is so very, very easy on hair. Goodness knows I've had all kinds—including some I thought were pretty good. But, really and truly, there's a difference between a Rayve home permanent and the rest. Rayve *does* give a softer, shinier, more 'naturally curly' curl . . . *You'll* see!"

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Money-Back Guarantee! Yes, your money back if you don't agree with Mary Martin that a Rayve gives the softest, most natural wave you've ever had at any price.

(Continued from Page 97)

ney found Lydia and Martin Somers in the ing room, playing a symphony on the ionograph.

Lydia greeted them with a vague smile. e was curled up on the sofa, and she was earing the greenish, shimmering dress. Hello, you two," she said. "Would you like mething to eat?" And to Hank she added, Kathie fell asleep before dinner, and hasn't aked up yet. There are milk and sandches in the icebox, if you'd like to take em up to her."

"All right. Thanks."

Hank carried a tray up to the bedroom. e found Kathie asleep in the middle of the gging iron bed. She had pulled a comforter er her, but she hadn't undressed. He sat r a long time looking at her, and finally she ened her eyes. She smiled right away.

"Darling, you got here!" She started to e, but Hank came over and sat on the edge the bed.

They ate the sandwiches in silence, for wadays they didn't have much to talk out. The future was a blank wall of probns, the past a bright dream that had esped them.

Kathie didn't want to say, "How did your rk go this week?" for if he'd drawn a ank the question would depress him. And e saw then, with a pang of uneasiness, that ank was really exhausted this time. She d planned to tell him about the baby, but w she saw that would be a mistake. Any w pressure was out of the question.

After a while he said gently, "You'd better t undressed, darling."

"All right," she agreed. But she waited til he'd gone down the hall to the bathom before she slipped hurriedly into her ghtgown and wrapper. Because he mustn't ow. Perhaps even now something might ppen so that she wouldn't have to tell him, er.

Ben sat in one of the easy chairs, pretendg to listen to the last movement of the symhony. He had never really cared for music; was a language he didn't understand. But pparently this wasn't true of either Lydia Martin, for now they were listening intly, and with obvious appreciation.

Ben didn't analyze any of this; but he be n to feel let down. He had been looking forard to this week end in Vermont—to the untryside, the new friends, the wealth of tivities. But already the thing was going ur. Lydia's greeting, for instance, had cerinly been casual enough.

Ben shifted uneasily in his chair. He wonered if it had been a mistake, buying the ouse. Probably. But if Lydia wanted to, e could always go on seeing that fellow in ew York. There was no way he could stop r, unless he wanted to risk losing her.

His eyes strayed for the hundredth time her face. It was a gentle, sensitive face, not ally beautiful. But tonight there was a kind vividness about her, even in repose. He ought about Dorothy Barnum, and the her girls he saw in New York. And he alized that none of them could hold a candle his wife.

The music stopped with surprising abruptess. "Very nice," Ben exclaimed. "First te!" His voice rang out in the quiet living om; but Lydia looked as though she were ming out of a trance.

Martin stayed until after midnight, but efore he left he arranged to take Lydia to e opening of the art show the next afternoon. To Ben he said, "They're running the olf tournament on a two-day basis; but if ou get a chance, drop in and look at the ctures."

Ben was annoyed by the remark. Apparntly Martin assumed that he preferred golf any activity connected with his wife. But hat irritated him even more was Martin's ossessive way of arranging Lydia's plans.

"Be ready at two," he said, as he was aving. "And don't get the jitters. Your ictures have a good spot—just to the right center in the main gallery."

Lydia smiled. "Did you use a little perasion?"

Martin's answer was typical, for he merely shrugged, grinned, and slammed the kitchen door behind him.

Ben had had no intention of going to the art show. But now the thing rankled in his mind, even during important moments of the tournament—when he was driving from the fifth tee, for instance, or making a spectacular putt on the eighth green. The weather was perfect for golf that day—a slight breeze, deep blue sky, and feathery clouds to temper the sun. Finally Ben arranged to postpone his second match, and got in the car and drove to Dorchester.

He inquired the way to the high-school gymnasium, and was surprised at the number of cars parked outside. People were streaming in and out the front door; and he experienced a quite unaccustomed reluctance. He didn't know what you were supposed to do at an art show, and there wasn't a soul around that he knew. Inside, the place was even more formidable—for people flowed all around him in an endless, talkative stream.

The walls were hung solid with pictures. Ben accepted a catalogue, and started edging his way through the room. He was looking for Lydia, and finally he saw her, standing with a group of friends, laughing and talking happily. She was wearing a pale green linen suit; her hair was arranged with casual grace. But what struck him most forcibly was her look of belonging.

He managed finally to edge his way over to her. "Hello," he said.

"Oh!" She looked surprised. "How was the golf? I didn't think you'd be able to get away."

"The golf was all right," he said impatiently. He rolled the catalogue between his big hands. He said uneasily. "I haven't been able to locate your pictures yet."

But she missed his last remark, because a strange young man had come up, and was telling her something in a tense, excited whisper.

"Oh! Really! How wonderful!" she exclaimed.

"What's up?" Ben asked.

She turned to him then, her eyes shining. "It's Martin's painting of Jenny and Sharon. The Detroit Museum has bought it for eight hundred dollars."

"Eight hundred!" Ben was impressed in spite of himself. "Show me your stuff," he urged hopefully. "That's what I came down for."

But before she could answer, three more people came up and claimed her attention. It seemed there was a critic she had to meet.

Ben stayed around for another half hour; then he drove back to the golf club to see what was going on there. But he'd lost interest in the tournament, and he kept thinking about Lydia. They were all crazy about her; it was easy to see that.

Martin's reaction to the Detroit sale puzzled Lydia. Until then he had been genial, talkative, very much pleased with life. But as soon as he heard that his picture had sold his mood changed abruptly into a depression. Finally he said to her, "They want a different frame. Come on down to the studio and help me pick one out."

"All right." She had never been to his studio, but the idea of going there now, in the late afternoon, seemed commonplace enough. As soon as they were in the jeep she said, "What's up? Why the gloom?"

Martin was driving too fast, and now he struck the steering wheel savagely with his fist. "It's not good enough, that's all," he told her.

"The museum?"

"No, the picture."

She started to reassure him. She said, "Everyone was crazy about it."

But he stopped her almost angrily. "I know what I'm talking about. I knew it as soon as I saw the thing hung."

Lydia was silent. Any reply would only increase his antagonism; for she saw that he was deeply disturbed.

Martin turned into the dirt road that led to the studio, and at the same time seemed to relax slightly. "Well, let's forget it," he said gloomily. "I could have made the thing a lot better, but it's too late now."

In spite of herself she protested. "It's perfectly beautiful, and it was the first picture to sell."

"I'm not talking about that," he said in disgust. And then he raised his voice until he was almost shouting at her. "I know what I intended, and I know what I made of it."

She should have been upset, but she wasn't. His anger impressed her, for it was so obviously sincere. "Do we ever accomplish what we intend?" she asked quietly.

"Not often," he admitted, and led the way up to the studio.

The place was a mess, she saw, but an interesting one. Pictures and frames were stacked against the walls, several easels were set up, and there was a huge north window, with a splendid view of sky and mountains. For a while Martin wandered around, looking for frames.

Finally he said, "How about a cup of coffee? We need something after battling that mob."

She saw that he was already easier in his mind, and soon she learned the cause. He stood for a while by the mantel, staring down into the empty hearth.

"I'm going to do it again," he said then. "A different pose, and a different background, but the same basic conception. The next one will be better."

He went to put the coffee on, rattling around in the curtained-off kitchenette, and when he had finished that he seemed himself again.

She relaxed, as she always did with Martin. She said, "You could do with a broom and a mop in here."

Martin laughed. He brought the coffee in battered cups, and sat beside her on the sofa. "I can't imagine you wielding a broom," he said.

"You think I'm spoiled?"

"No. Just adorable."

She let him kiss her. Or perhaps she didn't let him, it just happened. Finally she drew away, but he kept his hand on her arm.

"No one ever comes here," he said.

"Just the same," she told him, "I'm going home."

"No, you're not. We're good for each other, Lydia. We need each other."

She shook her head. "That's not true. You'll never need anyone but yourself, Martin."

"Don't let's get mixed up in a lot of words," he muttered. "You're beautiful. You know that." He pulled her close again, so that her head rested on his shoulder.

For a moment she was quiet, feeling the strangeness of the studio, and of herself being there. Then she said, in a matter-of-fact voice, "Now you must take me home."

As she had expected, that made him angry. "You're just what I thought at first," he exclaimed bitterly. "A suburban housewife, and a dabbler!"

Lydia smiled. "That's quite a combination! You can't taunt me into anything. You ought to know that, Martin."

His anger vanished as quickly as it had come. But he looked puzzled. "You've changed," he said. "I can't figure it out."

"Perhaps. Or maybe I'm just myself again." She remembered the early years of her marriage—the confidence, the inner security. Had Ben done that to her, or was she responsible? She said gently, "We're not children, Martin. So let's not fight."

But he misunderstood her. "If you're thinking along those lines," he said, "you don't look much older than Sharon right now."

"Perhaps. But I'm still Sharon's mother," she said.

"You're a darling," he said, half under his breath. "And you're quite a person, too, Lydia." He bent to kiss her, saying, with a smile, "Just one more, for good luck?"

But she turned away, for she was still afraid of him, or perhaps only of her own inner confusion. She understood Martin now—the self-centered, almost violent contradictions of his nature.

They came out of the studio just as the sun was setting. The effect was spectacular—heaped-up golden clouds, and a pale green sky.

Martin put his hand on her arm. "Tomorrow I'm going to take you up Owl's Head; you'll never forget it."

She saw that he had already reverted to his old self. But still she could not shake off a vague feeling of melancholy. The sky was so beautiful; and even the leaves on the trees were touched with a strange, unreal light.

"This is a lovely place," she said.

He looked down at her. "When are you going to come and pose for me, Lydia?"

She smiled. "Is it safe?"

"Of course not," he said. "But I want to paint you."

She thought uneasily, *Nothing has really been solved.* She climbed into the jeep. She



"Oh, Bert, I think the novelty of housework has worn off."

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said, "You'd better take me home, Martin, before you go back to the art show."

The phone in the Kerby house was in a small alcove off the dining room, and when Jenny came in to clear the breakfast table the next morning, she found Hank Dixon sitting by the telephone table. She had a tray in her hands; but he had not heard her come in, and something about his pose startled her, so that she stayed quite still for a moment, watching him anxiously. His elbow was on the arm of the chair, his forehead was banded with his thumb and forefinger, and his eyes were closed. But even more notable than his posture was the pallor of his face, and the look of deadly fatigue.

"Are you all right, Mr. Dixon?" she asked. "I mean, you haven't had any bad news?"

"No. No news, Jenny," he said. "The circuits are busy. The circuits are always busy in Vermont."

"I know," she agreed, not really knowing in the least what she was talking about. But his wretchedness was very apparent. "Couldn't I get you some coffee?" she asked. "There's a fresh pot on the stove."

He made a visible effort to relax. "Sounds like a good idea," he told her. "Let me help you."

"Oh, no, it's no trouble," she said hurriedly. "It'll only take a moment."

She carried a few things out on the tray, and fixed him a fresh cup of coffee. But she could not shake off a feeling of uneasiness, that was mounting gradually into a vague, undefinable dread. Yet actually the atmosphere in the household was one of gay anticipation, for they had chosen that day for the expedition up Owl's Head. Martin had insisted that she go with them, and let Mrs. Taft, who did the weekly cleaning, come up and stay with the children.

As usual, Martin's arguments had prevailed, and his enthusiasm was setting the tempo for the undertaking. He'd supervised the food for the barbecue himself—the bacon, the onions and the small steaks. And now he was preparing the potato salad—chopping celery, and making a monumental mess in the kitchen.

They were alone for a moment in the kitchen, and he stopped his vigorous chopping and looked at her soberly. "I'm going to paint you again, Jenny, before you go back to college."

"There won't be time," she said.

"We'll make time." He put his hand under her chin, and turned her face slightly. "That's it," he said. "The next one will be better."

She didn't know where the anger came from, but for a moment she was almost suffocated with it. Martin was self-centered, oblivious of any need except his own; and yet she loved him more than it was safe for any girl to love a man. She pulled away.

"If you've finished with that salad," she said, "I'll pack it into jars."

THE preparations for the barbecue were so complicated that it was almost noon by the time they started the climb. Martin walked ahead to show them the path and the others followed in varying order, picking their way among the rocks and trees. Kathie walked slowly at first. But when she saw that they were having to stop and wait for her, she quickened her pace.

Originally she'd planned to stay home from the expedition, on the excuse of having a headache. But then two things had happened to change her mind.

The first was yesterday afternoon, when she'd opened Hank's suitcase to take out his soiled laundry, and a letter had fallen out on the floor. Kathie had picked it up and looked at it, vaguely at first, and then with growing uneasiness. The letter was from the Midland National Bank. Finally, with a strange, tormenting reluctance, she had read it. The short paragraph was businesslike, yet threatening too. It said that Mr. Dixon's loan had been extended until September fifteenth, but that they expected to receive payment in full at that time.

Kathie had to read the letter several times before she was able fully to comprehend it. Hank had told her that he'd paid up the loans he'd made; but now she saw that he'd only been trying to protect her. It took a while to recover from the shock; and then she decided to ask Hank about it. She didn't want him going through this alone.

But before she had an opportunity to speak to him, she became aware of the phone calls. Twice last night, and again this morning, he'd slipped away on some flimsy excuse, and she'd heard him ask for the long-distance operator. Afterward, each time, his face had a kind of sick pallor that she couldn't bear to see.

Instinctively she'd known that something serious was happening, and that he didn't want to tell her about it. If she tried to question him now, he'd see how frightened she was; so she decided finally that she mustn't push him even farther into a corner.

KATHIE didn't actually think of the letter from the bank and the phone calls as deciding her to go on the expedition. But because of them her feeling of apprehension and guilt merged finally into a kind of despairing numbness. By protecting herself she was hurting them all. Finally, in her confused unhappiness, she simply acquiesced. Everyone expected her to go on the trip, and she went. Now, without quite realizing how it had happened, she was trudging behind Ben Farwell up a steep slope—trying to avoid the rocks and the brambles, and wishing already that she hadn't come.

She was desperately tired, and several times she slipped on protruding roots. Ben reached back and gave her a hand.

"You and me," he said, "we're out of practice. I've never been much for hiking."

Kathie was panting already, but she managed a smile. "I suppose it's different on a golf course."

"Sure. There's some point to it then."

The climb was strenuous, and took two hours. But when they reached the top they all agreed that the view was worth it. The panorama was so vast, in fact, that you could see the Adirondacks on one side, and the White Mountains on the other. Ben started in at once gathering wood for the fire. But then he saw that Lydia was leaning against a rock, talking to Martin. As usual the two of them seemed to be engrossed in conversation, though what they found to talk about he couldn't imagine.

Almost in spite of himself, Ben walked over and sat down on the other side of his wife. He plucked three red berries from a bush, and dropped them into her open palm. "Here's something to make jelly with," he said. He knew the remark was fatuous; but he was acting under some compulsion that he didn't understand.

Lydia laughed at him. "If I did you'd all be poisoned!" Her lips were the color of the berries, and her slender arms were smoothly tanned.

Ben lowered his voice. He said, "Are you glad I bought the house, Lydia?"

But before she could answer, Martin had jumped to his feet, pulling her with him. "Time to get to work!" he announced. A moment later Lydia was busily wrapping strips of bacon around the meat, while Ben himself was cutting green branches from the trees, according to detailed instructions.

They lay around on the rocks for over an hour after lunch, so that it was almost five before they reached home. Hank had been tempted to go on ahead, but he couldn't think of an adequate excuse. Four-thirty, he'd decided, would be a perfect time to call Frank Waring. Even if Frank was going out later to a party, he'd surely be home then. However, five o'clock might be all right, if only he didn't have to wait too long for a circuit.

Kathie was sitting out on the steps, sipping a cold drink, and listening to the others talk about the trip, when she saw Hank go in to telephone. At once her heart contracted with an almost unbearable dread.

The golden weather had held, though the sun was almost to the horizon now; and out on the lawn the children were racing around with the puppy, screaming and shouting at one another. But somehow the incredibl

cefulness seemed to bring with it an added sion. She knew she was close to tears, ply from exhaustion; and she decided t the safest course would be to go upstairs ner room.

But just then the screen door opened, and nk came out again. He was still holding drink, but this time he was lifting it high the air.

"Well, let's have a toast, folks!" he said. ld man Dixon has done it again!"

Kathie's heart seemed to stop for a mont, and then it raced wildly. For Hank ked happy, Hank looked relaxed, Hank riding the crest of the wave! The others mbarded him with questions, and he anred not too coherently:

The biggest policy I've ever sold, and here put me on to the deal!"

He came straight over and bent to kiss her. it was the feel of his arms, so strong and ssuring, that made the tears stream down face.

Here, here, none of that!" Hank exmed in concern. "I meant to tell you vately, honey. I don't know what got inne!"

Oh, it's all right," she sobbed, "it's wonful. I just never dreamed ——" She blew nose on Hank's handkerchief.

This calls for a celebration!" Ben exmed. "That's wonderful news, Hank!"

Right you are!" rtin joined in. "Say word, and I'll make ther batch of barues!"

It's simply marvel-!" Lydia said. "And t Sunday afternoon Hank, you're quite ıy!"

ll of them were ıinely excited over ık's announcement, Kathie thought efully, *Anyone can pathize when you're rouble, but it takes friends to rejoice!* ank sat close be- her, holding her d. "I didn't want ell you anything l I knew," he said. was all so uncer-"

That's why you've been making those ıe calls?"

Sure. But Waring was never in. And you just believe I was on tenterhooks." But ıickly does the mind adjust itself that aly, to Hank, the tension of the past few ts might never have taken place. He ed, in a haphazard sort of way, of what it id mean to them. "We'll be free and now!" he said in a low voice. "I've ed the whole thing out. We'll have to go at first, but we'll manage things so we e ahead of the game whatever happens." n proposed a toast. "Here's to Frank ng, prince among men!"

His ears must be burning," Lydia said ily.

athie smiled. "And to think that he t have decided just the opposite!"

saw that Hank was talking to Martin ers now, saying emphatically, "Eight red dollars from the Detroit Museum. 's quite a sale, feller!" Hank was almost old self again—confident, assured, a l member of the group. He still looked and too thin; but the lines of tension gone, and so was the uneasy diffidence had worried her so. She thought aim- that if she'd known the phone calls a source of hope, she would have stayed from the picnic. But she'd been so ened that she hadn't been able to deıwhat the right thing was to do.

e sun vanished suddenly behind a ıtain, so that the valley below them was er, though equally beautiful. Kathie her glass. And that was when the first struck.

e talk flowed around her, lively and ı. Hank's hand was still on her arm, and everything was perfect; everything was absolutely perfect.

The second pain was worse, and quite undeniable. She stood up. "If this is really a celebration, I think I could do with a little lipstick!" she said.

Hank grinned. "Tomorrow I'm going to take you over to Bennington, to the inn. I've been planning that too."

"Yes, of course," she said vaguely, and left them. But a little later she called down to Hank; and he took the stairs two at a time, for he recognized the fear in her voice.

He found her leaning against the wall in the narrow hall, and he knew at once that she was ill. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Shall I call a doctor?"

"Yes, yes, you'll have to," she said, in a low, toneless voice. "It's all my fault, Hank. All my fault. Before this, I even *wanted* it to happen."

"Darling, what is it?" He put his arms around her then, but she turned away.

"It's my fault," she whispered. "Oh, Hank, I'll never forgive myself!"

The others were still out on the terrace when Hank joined them.

"We'll have to call a doctor," he said. "Kathie's sick." And he added, in a low, incredulous voice, "She's having a miscarriage; I'm afraid that it's pretty serious."

It took a moment before they adjusted themselves—a moment of suspended time.

"I wonder whom we should call?" Lydia asked hurriedly.

"Blanchard is a good man," Martin suggested. "I know him; I'll phone right now."

Martin went to the phone; Lydia ran upstairs to see Kathie. Ben put his hand on Hank's arm for a moment—a brief gesture of reassurance.

"She'll be all right," he said. And he added quickly, "I'll tell Jenny to keep the kids quiet and all that."

The doctor arrived fifteen minutes later. He was an older man, obviously accustomed to emergencies; and because he already knew Jenny, he asked her to help him. Lydia put the children to bed.

Ben Farwell drove to Dorchester for some medicine the doctor needed. He opened the engine wide. It was a relief to be doing something; inactivity was hardest of all at a time like this. But while he drove he thought, in an inarticulate way, about Lydia, and about the life they'd shared together.

When he got back to the house, three quarters of an hour later, Hank was waiting outside for the medicine. "There's some kind of shot he's going to give that may help," he said, in a hurried, confused voice. "Blanchard would like to get her to the hospital; but that's thirty-five miles away, and he thinks that it's too risky. He's already sent for a nurse, though." Hank's voice trailed off, and he hurried into the house with the medicine.

Ben looked after him. *Poor guy!* he thought. *Just a couple of hours ago he was celebrating!*

It seemed a long time since they'd clambered up to the top of Owl's Head, and exclaimed idiotically about the view. He remembered helping Kathie over the rough places; he remembered turning Hank down on that loan. He went up to his room, because there didn't seem to be anything else he could do. The door to the Dixons' smaller, sloping room was closed, but as he passed it he heard the doctor's harsh but encouraging voice:

"Never mind, Mrs. Dixon, this hypodermic is going to help."

He went to his room, and stood at the window, smoking one cigarette after another. A little later Lydia came in.

I had a letter recently from a man who in his youth had sailed a fishing schooner with his father in the North Atlantic. One night, he says, near the Arctic Circle, the dark came down, the fog closed in and the seas ran high. "I was at the wheel," he writes, "doing my best to keep her on her course and my father was standing close by. He knew we were in for a bad night. 'Well,' said my father, 'about this time the little woman at home is offering up her prayer for us to the God who holds the waves in the hollow of his hand,' and then after a pause, he cried, 'All hands on deck, put a close reef in the mainsail and let run the jib, we have to get that prayer answered.'"

—HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK:
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"The nurse is here," she said. "But the doctor thinks it may take several hours."

Ben turned around. "How far along was she?"

"Four months. That means all summer." She was thinking back, remembering the parties, the dinners, all the good-time gatherings they'd had. She said, in a low, uneasy voice, "I think they have been really up against it. I never realized ——"

"I should have," Ben said heavily. "Hank asked me for a loan early in July, but I turned him down."

"Oh, Ben!"

"I know. I'm kicking myself now."

"But you *are* responsible for that policy he sold."

"It came a little late, however."

"How do we ever know!" Lydia exclaimed unhappily. "How do we ever know anything!"

Ben looked at her. She was sitting on the edge of the bed, and she wasn't as pretty as she had been out on the terrace. He wondered what had happened to them, why he had this feeling that he'd lost her.

He said finally, because he couldn't help himself, "Lydia, tell me something."

"What is it?" she asked in surprise.

"It's just this," he said heavily. "We've been married quite a while now. But lately I've wondered. Do you still care about me the way you did?"

"Why, Ben!" She was silent a moment, struck not so much by his words as by the look on his face, and the tone of his voice—the urgency, and the unhappiness. She remembered, then, that the day they arrived in Vermont she'd asked Ben that same question and he'd shrugged it off as inconsequential. She said, in a low voice, "I wasn't sure it mattered to you, Ben."

"I know," he agreed heavily. "It's my fault." And then he added uneasily, "But you've changed, Lydia. I can't figure it out, but you used to be like this when we were first married."

She tried to think back. She'd had a job then; she'd had a dozen different interests, and a great many friends. But somehow she'd let most of it slide.

It wasn't altogether clear to her yet; but she realized that she felt different from the way she had before—happier and more alive. Something had changed her. Perhaps it was Vermont, or learning to paint again, or knowing Martin. Maybe all three combined. But somehow she had found herself, and in finding herself it seemed that she had found Ben too.

She said gently, yet confidently, "Of course I love you, Ben. But I wasn't sure that I could make you happy."

"Now you're talking riddles!" He came over and pulled her to her feet. "You've always had a lot of foolish ideas," he said, but she could hear the undercurrent of relief in his voice. He held her close and ran his strong fingers through her hair. "I guess I haven't been much of a husband," he said, "but I've always loved you, Lydia."

She didn't really believe that, but she knew that Ben would never understand.

"I want to see those pictures of yours down at the show," he continued firmly. "And I want us to do things together. Are you glad we bought the house?"

"Of course," she said. And she knew that would always be Ben's way. Underneath, he really cared. He didn't know how to talk about his feelings, but they were there just the same. She said, "I've been pretty selfish this summer, or I would have realized Kathie wasn't well."

"Not necessarily."

"It's true though. I've been wrapped up in my painting, wrapped up in myself—discontented, selfish, a very bad friend!"

He kissed her then. "No more of that," he said. "We never know what's going on around us."

"That's the strange part," Lydia agreed unsteadily. "Two people can sit in the same room together, and be going through such different experiences!"

Ben smiled reassuringly. "You always were one for trying to figure things out," he said; and just the tone of his voice told her, somehow, that he loved her.

They went out into the hall then, and saw that the door to the Dixons' room was still closed. But in the kitchen they found the nurse heating water and preparing things, while Jenny fixed her a cup of tea. The nurse sat stolidly at the kitchen table when the tea was ready.

"The doctor thinks about an hour," she told them, in a flat, matter-of-fact voice.

Jenny went upstairs to make sure the children were still asleep. They had all three been restless the early part of the evening, aware of some upset in the household. To console Sharon they had even moved her little cot into the boys' room.

When she entered the children's room, she saw that Martin was sitting on the window seat, staring out into the dark. She said, in a low, sharp whisper, "What are you doing here?"

"Pete wanted a glass of water," Martin said. "I was afraid he'd wake up again, and ask for his mother."

"Oh." She stood there, looking at the three children, and at Martin's great bulk in the window. Finally she said, "I'll get Sharon's other blanket. I think there's a storm coming up."

"There is a storm coming up," Martin agreed. He followed her into Sharon's jumbled but attractive little room. He said, "Did you guess? I mean about Kathie Dixon?"

Jenny considered. She said, "I knew she wasn't well. I thought of tuberculosis, and a lot of other things, but not the real trouble."

"And I was under the impression that she needed a sense of humor—some kind of spark plug to make her sit up and take notice!" he told her.

"You would think that!" Jenny said furiously. "That's just the way your mind would work!" She remembered Kathie's face on the pillow, the suffering and the unspoken fear in her dark gray eyes. She said angrily, "And I suppose you'd consider yourself the ideal spark plug. You're exactly that stupid, Martin Somers!"

"Why, Jenny!" Martin said in surpr
"I never imagined—I had no idea ——"
put his hand on her arm, but she thrus
aside.

"Don't you dare touch me!" she retor
angrily. "If you want the truth, I th
you're the most self-centered, conceited
son I've ever met in my life."

"And you love me. Is that it?" He had
firmly in his arms now, though she pus
against his chest.

"Let me go," she whispered breathles
"Please let me go, Martin."

"Not now or ever," he said firm
"Jenny, how did you expect me to gu
You're such a capable, self-contained li
thing. And such a child."

"I'm not a child. Let me go."

He held her with one hand and tilted
head back with the other. And when
kissed her, her heart plunged wildly.

"Oh, Martin," she begged, "let me go!

"You don't trust me. Is that it?"

"Of course not. How could I, ever?"

"You think I've been falling in love
Lydia?"

"I don't think anything. I don't care w
you do!"

"You mean you never think of me? Yo
not going to think of me at college?"

She said, "I wish I'd never met you. T
much I *am* sure of."

"You don't know me, Jenny," he s
"I'm lonely too. Being an artist is a lo
life. Being self-centered—well, I'll ad
that; I can't help it. But it cuts you off,
have to compensate."

She didn't understand him, but she k
she was helpless. Anyone who loved Ma
was bound to suffer. He was unpredicta
he was selfish, but she would never be re
happy without him.

"You think I'm not dependable, is
it?" he asked.

"I know you're not."

There was only a night lamp burning in
room, and in its soft shaded light he searc
her face. "Anyhow, you love me," he
finally. "And, Jenny, I need you. I've
needing you for a long time. I know
now." He kissed her again, gently this ti
He said, "Why do you suppose I've wa
to paint you all the time? You'll just hav
be dependable for both of us, Jenny."

"Oh, Martin, don't say those things ur
you mean them," she begged.

"And you don't think you'll like Gr
wich Village in the winter, and Vermon
the summer?"

"Oh, Martin, please!"

"All right," he agreed. "We'll talk ab
it tomorrow."

He went with her to the children's ro
while she put an extra blanket on Sha
But there he took her in his arms again,
as the storm broke.

"You're going to marry me," he
quietly. And though she didn't answer,
knew she would have to do whatever
asked.

The rain lashed with sudden fury aga
the big, rambling house; and the do
straightened up and turned hurriedly to
nurse. Kathie could hear the water peltin
the roof, and then the sudden burst of th
der; and all of it seemed to merge with
exhaustion, and this tormenting under
rent of regret. She asked the question,
cause she had to know.

And the doctor said briefly, "It w
have been a little girl, Mrs. Dixon."

They left her alone finally. But tho
her mind was drowsy from the sedat
that other awareness would not le
Through the blur of tears she could see
foolish design of the wallpaper—blue flo
and pink robins—over and over again
every wall of the room. She must have do
because she did not hear Hank come in,
when she opened her eyes he was there.

He began smiling right away, puttin
an act of cheerfulness which didn't fool
in the least. "You gave us quite a s
darling," he said, "but the doctor
you'll be all right now."

(Continued on Page 104)

Rendezvous in a Bus Station

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

I sit near the entrance to quicker discover
The dashing approach of my overdue lover,
And watch while the doors spill a rushing brigade
Of what must be fugitives from a charade.
For here in full sail comes a dowager clipper.
And close on her heels is a snubby-nosed nipper
Who pops through the door like a cork leaping out of
A flask of champagne. And there's surely no doubt of
That beautiful girl. She is lilacs and smoke.
Then a little red hen in a pinfeather toque
Who mothers her bundles like eggs in a nest.
And there's a March lion who puffs out his chest
And blusters and flusters his small lady lamb.
And that little girl must be cookies and jam.
But here comes my love looming bright in the crowd,
The sun stepping suddenly out of a cloud!

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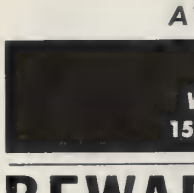
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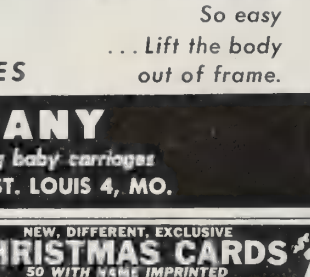
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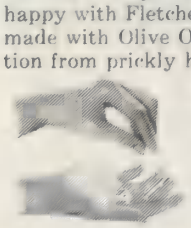
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BABY POWDER
WITH OLIVE OIL

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(Continued from Page 102)

"Oh, Hank!"

"Don't worry, Kathie," he begged. He stroked her arm gently, wishing he could get through somehow to the pain in her heart. "Don't be sorry, sweetheart," he said. "I'm going to take good care of you." And he added unsteadily, "But you must always tell me. Whatever happens, you must always tell me."

"I know," she whispered. "It was my fault. I was so afraid."

"I know," he said. For a moment he stared straight ahead of him—seeing the rain wash down the small panes of the window, seeing the whole dreadful blur of the summer. And then, because she needed it, he found plenty of courage. He turned toward her, and he was smiling again. "Let's start planning it now," he said. "As soon as you're strong enough, Kathie. We need one more baby in this family."

She tried to smile. "A little girl."

"Or a boy. Who cares?" He bent to kiss her. "Go ahead and cry, darling," he said.

She was able not to cry; she even managed a very convincing smile. She said drowsily, "Don't forget you've promised me a celebration."

He looked relieved. "As soon as you're well enough. One we'll never forget."

"Not here," she said, "not here in Vermont."

"No. Back home."

Where we've been happy, she thought. The pain of regret hadn't lessened, but she wasn't going to shadow Hank's life with it. That was her burden, and she'd never quite be rid of it. But now, already, she was locking it away in a corner of her heart—the dreadful confusion, the feelings of guilt, the little girl who might have been.

"I love you, Hank," she said sleepily.

He knelt by her bed, then, and took her in his arms.

The storm broke so suddenly that Lydia and Ben had to run out on the lawn and bring in the chairs and cushions. But after the doctor had driven off, and Martin had taken Jenny home in his jeep, they stood by the front windows, watching the lightning across the valley. "Vermont is quite a place," Ben said. "Are you glad we found it?" He had his arm around her.

"I can't believe it's been just one summer," she said. "I feel so at home here already."

"Remember the day we signed the deed? I didn't know whether you cared or not."

The house was quiet around them now, and Lydia smiled in the darkness. She was really beginning to believe in it now—the contentment, the simple fact of being loved. And that was something she must try never to question again. Because you couldn't cling to love, and you couldn't create it. You could only accept it when it was there.

TELL ME DOCTOR

(Continued from Page 31)

"Good! Now, let me understand this definitely—you've never had a pregnancy in your entire life?"

"No."

"No beginning pregnancy that was interrupted?"

"Indeed not! I told you ——"

"I understand, Mrs. Roe. I just had to get that point firmly fixed, because it eliminates one important possible cause for your trouble. Now let me ask you about your menstrual history."

"Why, I'm regular enough, Doctor, but I have a hard time every month."

"In what way?"

"It lasts a full week, and I have a great deal of pain at the beginning."

"Is the flow profuse?"

"I think it is, Doctor. I use about two dozen napkins."

"I see. Now, I'm going to have you taken to the examining room, to see what I can find out."

It did not take the doctor long to discover a possible source of trouble.

"I note at once," he told the patient, "that the uterus is out of place. It has dropped backward just about as far as it is possible for it to go, and—no, I am unable to manipulate it back into its proper position. I doubt there are adhesions, though, because it is otherwise movable and the tubes and ovaries appear normal, as far as I am able to determine."

"Would that displacement prevent me from becoming pregnant?"

"It could. Besides, if you were able to become pregnant, it would greatly increase the likelihood of spontaneous abortion. Now, I'm going further with this examination. First, we'll make the vaginal canal and the neck of the womb as nearly sterile as possible by means of an antiseptic. Then I'm going to introduce an instrument into the womb itself—careful now, and please don't move, though it will hurt a little. The displacement makes it quite a bit more difficult to accomplish. Very good! Now I'm going to perform the Rubin test by blowing carbon-dioxide gas into your tubes. The pressure is being carefully measured by this mercury column so that no damage is likely to occur. We'll gradually increase it. See how that mercury rises in the column? There—did you notice how it suddenly dropped?"

"What does that mean, Doctor?"

"It means that at least one of your tubes is open, because the gas found its way through it and suddenly was expelled into the abdominal cavity. At a pressure of a hundred and sixty degrees, it was. That's not too bad, though it could be better. Keep perfectly quiet, please. Now I'm going to put in an opaque oil under pressure, so that I can take an X-ray picture of the interior of your womb and tubes. Hold your breath, Mrs. Roe. That does it. Now we'll add a little more pressure and then make another exposure. *And* a third. Very good. Now I'll remove all this apparatus. Do you notice any discomfort, Mrs. Roe?"

"I—I have a sort of pain up under my shoulder. It hurts—quite a lot."

"I expected that. It is caused by the gas that entered the peritoneal cavity. I'm going to have you lie here while the plates are being developed, and I think you will find that the pain will pass off—I cut the pressure down as soon as the mercury column dipped and you didn't receive a big dose."

Less than an hour later the doctor was ready with his opinion.

"Before I sum up this case, Mrs. Roe, I want to question you upon one point which I neglected. Do you have any trouble at the time of intercourse?"

"Why, no, I don't think so, doctor."

"No pain?"

"Not particularly."

"The experience is satisfactory, you would say?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Very good. Now, in order for a pregnancy to take place, a healthy ovum must be produced, find its way into the Fallopian tube there be fertilized by a healthy sperm which has been able to penetrate to that point, pass into the uterus and there find a healthy mucous-membrane lining ready to receive it. Let us check on what we know of the probability of those steps existing normally in your case.

"We're going to have your husband examined as to the existence and state of health of his sperms. I think we can assume that semen reaches the proper place in your case, from what you have told me. I tested your cervical secretion and it appears normally alkaline. Were it acid, it would kill the sperms. The cervical canal is reasonably open, since I had no difficulty introducing the instrument for the passage of the gas. At least one tube was open, for the gas passed beyond into the peritoneal cavity.

"Now, here are the X-ray pictures. You can see a clearly defined shadow, marking the shape of the uterine cavity and the ca

hrough the tubes. The left tube is ob-
y open throughout, for you can see at
ter end a collection of oil which has
d through. Here on the right side, how-
there is a break in the shadow and no
s accumulated on the outside. I think
ight tube has been somewhat distorted
ing drawn out of its normal position by
ackward displacement of the uterus. In
words, the probability of pregnancy
ring has been halved by this defect.
nly point we haven't investigated is to
the actual production of an ovum, and
nine its state of health."
an that be done?"
can, to a degree, though it requires a
f detail work over a period of days,
ning cells from the vaginal canal. It is a
technical job."
ould it be attempted, Doctor?"
o make a thorough job, I believe it
d. However, there's reason enough for
sterility in that displacement. It should
tified if for no other reason than that
ses you so much pain and discomfort
month."
hat means an operation, then?"
ot a very severe one."
octor, do you always have to operate
cases of displacement?"
y no means. Only when they cause
toms and cannot be corrected by other
res. In your case I am unable to get the
s back into place by manipulation."
Vhat, then, do you suggest?"
irst have your husband examined. In
eantime we shall see if we can estab-
he fact of your ovulation."
an you really do that?"
Ve can make a pretty good try. Besides
vaginal smears I mentioned, exam-
n of a bit of lining recovered from the
or of the uterine cavity may give us
information. I can do that right here in
ffice. Then there is the comparison of
body temperatures, which is something
ich you can assist."
ll be glad to co-operate in any way I

Vell, you can do most of this. It works
vay: The normal temperature of the
is accepted as 98.6. Actually, there are
s some slight deviations from this fig-
t has, for instance, been noted that
n's temperature is slightly lower dur-
e first part of the menstrual cycle than
it is during the last two weeks of the same cycle: also, that the change from lower to higher takes place at about the time of ovulation. The variation is only a fraction of a degree, and for that reason the recordings must be made with the greatest possible accuracy.

"I'll give you an ordinary hospital temperature chart. Each morning, before arising, carefully take your temperature, rectally, for a full five minutes. Record it on the chart by means of a dot and connect the successive dots with a line, to form a temperature curve, or graph.

"When a rise of four to six tenths of a degree occurs after a preliminary drop, it is probable that ovulation has taken place. Of course, extraneous causes like a slight sore throat must be ruled out."

"I think that's wonderful."

"At least it's helpful, sometimes. Now, in the event that your husband's and your own physiology appear normal, I shall suggest that we put that uterus back into place by operative measures. I don't know what else we could do. We haven't absolutely complete knowledge of how these vital processes work, and sometimes it does seem as though a certain quality of sperm is unable to fertilize a certain egg, even though all appears normal."

"Tell me, Doctor, in case what we are going to do fails, what do you think of artificial insemination?"

For a long moment the doctor hesitated. "If you mean artificial insemination by means of the husband's semen, I have tried it a number of times with some success. I fit a cap over the cervix which holds the semen closely in contact with the opening of the uterus. It provides an excellent pool and probably affords some protection against unfavorable vaginal secretions. Too, the semen can be injected directly into the vaginal cavity. I think there is some merit in either method."

"Thank you, Doctor. You've given me an awful lot of your time."

"Don't forget—we aren't through."

"I won't. I'll be here promptly tomorrow."

"Bring your husband, and I'll talk to him about the whole matter."

"I will, indeed. Thank you again, Doctor."

(To be Continued)



"I know just how it is. I've got one of my own."

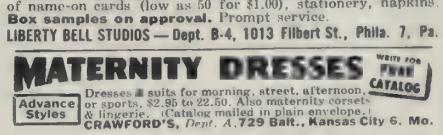
















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"We like to live in each other's pockets." Sheheens and their four sons tackle work or fun as a team, with real zest for living.

It's all in the family



"Life is never dull." Sheheens married on $17 a week, cashed insurance for Niagara honeymoon.

Lebanese recipes combine with old-South dishes, make Lucile "one of the town's best cooks."



Meet the Sheheens, of Camden, South Carolina – first-generation Americans of the busy new South.

By EARL *and* DOROTHY SELBY

A FEW years ago, the Austin Sheheens, of Camden, South Carolina, had a chance to buy a big, rambling house with six bedrooms, three baths and a living room, "big enough to park the state of Texas in." Up to then Austin, his wife, Lucile, and their four sons had been living in a tiny cottage. The big house offered them privacy, "all the closets we'd ever need," and a view stretching clear to the horizon. Yet the Sheheens turned it down.

They chose instead a trim, white-shingled bungalow where the horizon extends only to other homes on three sides and a clump of trees on the fourth. Nobody has his own room; there is a constant scrambling for the one bath and Austin will tell you, "Seems like in this place all we ever do is bump into each other." But the pert Lucile explains in a drawl warm as the Southern sun, "We like to live in each other's pockets." The boys say, "You never have to ask where anyone is." Adds a neighbor, "You know the story about one for all and all for one. That's the Sheheens."

In particular, neighbors call attention to the way this family spends Friday nights, when all hands are on deck for the weekly house cleaning. It starts off as Lucile, her brown eyes snapping beneath her glasses, sings out, "All right, now, boys." Then 7-year-old Bob and Michael, 10, get to the small fry's baseboard-dusting task. Austin, Jr., 15, winds up his evening KP with a flourish and drifts into the living room to join 13-year-old Freddie, already at work on

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSEPH DI PIETRO



"If I had a million dollars I'd have an orphanage, that's how much I like kids." Doctor advised Lucile to have no children—she wanted as many as possible. Older boys took over housework during her 14-month illness after birth of Bob, 7.



"Antiquing is my vice." Best buy: at $2.50 a mahogany table for which dealers have bid as high as $500.



Energetic Austin, president of Junior Chamber of Commerce, "is on every committee in town," Lucile says.

No "door-mat parents," Sheheens insist boys "always think things out for themselves— any fool can follow the crowd."

the Venetian blinds. Their father mans first the wax mop, then the vacuum cleaner, meanwhile casting an amused glance at his chunky five-foot wife as she tinkers with their antique pendulum clock. From the older boys' record player in the bedroom comes the chanting Ghost Riders in the Sky. Michael gets up from his knees to beat out a tap dance. "Y'all think you're Bill Robinson, maybe?" teases Freddie, the dimpled one. He argues the Civil War with Austin, Jr., who heatedly defends the Confederate cause and then breaks off to sing along with the Mule Train. A couple of hours later, Lucile serves up a freshly baked cake plus the batch of stories saved specially for her menfolk.

"Newnie" (15-year-old Austin, Jr.,) is a high-school sophomore, member of the football team; plans on college (currently favors Notre Dame). He may use family car two nights a week, but must be home by 11 P.M.



Freddie, 13, finds roar of hair drier shuts out distractions like Mule Train (via record), Mike's tap dancing and family "discussions" (real fights draw penalties). He edits his class paper at school, writes ultramodern music





"I'd like easy chairs in the kitchen so people could relax—it's the busiest room in our 7-room house."



Lucile buys staples at salvage stores, home-cans fruit, vegetables. Food for 6 (biggest expense), $40 a week.



"We go fishing and picnicking Sunday—*after church*." Sheheens' church is a vital part of daily living.



Austin's service station, a 1939 gamble, has since tripled its business against his fifty competitors.



Second son of Lebanese immigrant, Austin began work when he was 6; today a leading citizen, he grosses $13,000 a year. In opinion of mayor, men like Austin are the hope of the "new Camden."

Not long ago, the Sheheens had a Friday-night guest who remarked that while it was no surprise to see children help with the housework, it was a surprise to see this done so willingly. "How lucky you are," she told Lucile. "Lucky?" Lucile replied. "Austin and I have worked for our luck." From the start, both thumbed down outside care for the boys. Until three years ago, they never had a baby-sitter, using spare hours together to develop their sons both as individuals and members of a team. All four have been encouraged in special talents. But all understand that theirs are no "door-mat parents"; certain demands are made of them and certain rules enforced. As if it were the

Despite minor rebellions ("None of the other fellows have to wash dishes!") Sheheens generally agree housework is a family affair. "When the boys share the work," Lucile says, "I always have time to stop and share *their* interests."



As members of a devout Catholic family, boys are taught to respect "equality of souls," to "do what's right." Lucile's formula: "Praise them when praise is due, scold them and deny them privileges when they deserve it."



"If you are a bit hard on kids when they are young, you can be a lot easier when they are older."

"We want them to know we're here when they need us, but they must learn to get along without us too." Sheheens say the boys will choose their own careers.



"Time for baseball with the kids," courtesy Sheheen share-the-work plan. Friday nights all hands clean house. Time, 2 hours; pay, fresh cake, family talk.



most natural thing in the world, for instance, Lucile expects them to do chores ordinarily reserved for girls. Before they leave for school, their beds must be made and rooms tidied, the breakfast table cleared and dishes stacked. Afternoons, the silver is there to be polished; at night the washing up after dinner. Again, she unquestioningly expects them to have good manners. Women visitors are always "ma'am'd," men are "sir'd." Without ostentation, Michael hangs up hats and coats; Bob is laughingly termed "the world's champion ash-tray toter." Fights among themselves are punished by separation. Thus, the boys are careful to "just discuss" their differences, whether it's a question of who'll use the catcher's mitt or who has the "right" to beg off dishes for football practice. Lucile feels her discipline is reinforced by their Roman Catholic training. Taught to respect the "equality of souls," the boys are urged to apply this doctrine in daily living. Occasionally, Freddie brings up the color question and asks what his attitude should be. Or Austin, Jr., wonders whether to keep a friend the rest of his crowd has dropped. "Think it out for yourselves," Lucile says, reminding them that "Any fool can follow a crowd. It takes a real man to stand up and do what's right."

At 36, a cheerful extrovert who's sure things will turn out for the best, Lucile wears her curly hair flyaway style, refuses to try make-up, pays no mind to fashion. Her dark, hard-muscled husband, who's building up a thriving oil-and-gas business, rarely wears a tie and dislikes taking the time to buy a suit. Yet both have time for a garden, fishing, their daily lunch for two; above all, "time to enjoy life with our children." For although Lucile insists that *(Continued on Page 112)*



"See what happens when customers are treated right..."

"... They just keep coming back day after day. Betty and I have been shopping at A&P for a long time—and it all started over a steak. Man, it was good! And it didn't take long for us to find out that they're just as fussy about everything else. In fact, we like the way they do business!"

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Graybar Building, New York 17, N. Y.

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Make every washday a 'WHITE' LETTER Day. Always use Improved Fels-Naptha—the only laundry product that gives you *three washday advantages*—

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2. Gentle, active naptha.
3. Finer 'Sunshine' Ingredients for extra, brilliant whiteness and clearer, brighter colors.



IMPROVED
Fels-Naptha Soap
BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

(Continued from Page 110)

her boys toe the line, she also aims to create a home where they'll feel loved and wanted. She's never too busy to help Bob with his reading or hurry down to school to cut a stencil for Fred's paper. Knowing cream puffs or cookies are waiting for them, neighborhood kids troop through the kitchen after classes. "Routine!" she exclaims. "What does the word mean? I can always stop when the little fellows ask me out to see the birds and squirrels in the front yard or the big ones need a shortstop."

This relaxed philosophy, her husband believes, is one reason why the boys are so willing in their duties. Of course there are occasional backslides and complaints. "Why do I have to wash dishes?" Austin, Jr., asks. "None of the other fellows do." "You don't have to," Lucile answers. "We can get us a maid; but remember, if we take money for that, we'll have to cut down somewhere else—like maybe on your bicycle." Austin goes back to the job, and to bolster his ego both parents are liberal with praise that night. All the children have had their budget of spankings and reprimands. "If you're a mite hard on them when they're young, you can be a lot easier when they're older." Black-marked for talking too much in school, Bob and Michael found the movies out of bounds for six weeks. When Austin, Jr., overstayed his eleven-o'clock curfew, down came the ban on his three-nights dating privilege. Each boy is told to keep within his allowance or find outside work for extra money. So far, Freddie cooks Saturday lunch and baby-sits while his older brother works summers for their father. Neither Lucile nor Austin has tried to plan their sons' careers; both keep a tactful distance from personal problems. "We want them to know that we're here whenever they need us, but they must learn to get along without us too."

As a result, the boys have ample opportunity to try their wings in individual pursuits. Austin, Jr., plays tailback on the high-school football team and, by David Harumish trading, has built a stamp collection valuable enough, he thinks, to finance a year in college. Known in junior high as a man who gets things done, Freddie edits the paper, pulls down scholarship honors and, after a winter of piano lessons, writes violently modern compositions. With a natural flair for rhythm, Michael studies dancing, while the solidly confident Bob plans to be ■ magician.

BIG-FAMILY living is part of their parents' heritage; both belonged to six-children homes. Austin was the second son born to Abraham Sheheen, an immigrant from Lebanon, the tiny Middle East country that now is part of the Arab bloc. Landing at Newport News, Virginia, in 1896, he and his brother trudged 300 miles, peddling needles, thread, garters and other knick-knacks before they settled in Camden. Then, as now, the town was proud of its rich history. Here the great Battle of Camden had been fought—the Colonials' worst defeat—and here the surging tide of civil war had swept by. Here also, townsmen say, met the last legal duelers in America; to this day, when a state official is sworn in, he must take an oath that he has never dueled. Tradition, however, was not what Abraham and Joe Sheheen found interesting. They chose Camden because it was a good place to do business.

When Austin was six, he was already working in their general store. With his older brother Ernest, he opened at five-thirty, swept up and then carted to the sidewalk such items as horse collars and kerosene lamps, choice potatoes and smoked herring to tempt the passing shopper. Shortly after eight, they ran home for breakfast, but were due back ten minutes after school was out to work until late in the evening. The only delivery vehicle was Austin's wagon, and he was a familiar sight on Camden's dirt streets and flagstone walks. All through his high-school days, Austin followed this routine. Though he has the athlete's easy grace, there was no time for playing football or baseball; neither could he join the gang at the Wateree River's swimming hole. He had very few dates, but he did have an unspoken image of the girl he someday wanted to marry. She would be personable, talkative, fond of children, a girl who could share his work and religion yet also take the stuff of everyday life and make it a thing of magic.

UNAWARE that she was destined to fit these dimensions, Lucile was growing up quite differently. Her father, a practical romantic who'd eloped to America with his Lebanese sweetheart, had built a profitable grocery and watch-repair business in Columbia, South Carolina's capital. While Austin was passing up college and working without pay because his father needed him, Lucile's home had two servants. There was no reason to learn cooking; she saw more of the forty dolls in her playroom's three dollhouses than she did of a dust mop. His children found Fred Roukas strict (no dates for the four girls unless he'd met the boys) but loving (cheerfully, he let as many as thirty or forty young people make his home their castle for dinner, cards and dancing). Lucile never had to ask for an allowance, since he always had an extra dime or quarter to finance her shopping expeditions. "Father probably spoiled us," she admits. "But he wanted us to have our fun when we were young. Then no matter what happened we could always say we'd had it."

Lucile remembers being very romantic. "I was in and out of love every month or so." It took two years, however, for Austin to win her. She saw him first in her father's store, thought him handsome "but nothing that would interest me." Later, coming down the stairs for one of the family open houses, she suddenly found herself face to face with him. "There was nobody around to introduce us," she recalls. "We just stood there and gaped. Then we started talking, and before the night was through I bet my sister he'd ask me for a date. And I won." On his way home that night, Austin telegraphed the request he'd been too shy to voice in person. She accepted, "But on the night he'd asked for, a storm blew down the trees just all over the highway, so we had to break the date. I wouldn't give him any more after that so he started coming to our open houses. He'd talk to me when I was there and to daddy and mother when I wasn't. They came to appreciate him a lot quicker than I did." When Austin proposed, they'd still never been out alone and Lucile was more surprised than smitten. But she did allow him to escort her to parties where (the worst dancer in town) he waited on the side lines while she (one of the best) whirled with her other beaus. "I treated him terribly, but he was the best old thing. I guess he got indispensable."

No Regular Money Coming In

HOW do you manage to bring up a family, pay the rent, keep up appearances and "make do" on the spasmodic earnings of a struggling young actor who is, in the words of his pretty wife, "not a star, or even a name actor"?

Meet the Roscoe Todd Karns, Jr., second-generation Hollywood family, in—

"The Most Talented Kid in Town"

By Roger Butterfield

How America Lives in the September LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

ey were married November 21, 1933, n navy blue with beaver trim, he in his winter suit. The wedding was quiet—e's father had recently died—and with ridegroom earning a bare $17 weekly, it also a wedding on a shoestring. To fi-e a Niagara honeymoon, Austin cashed s life insurance; to hold expenses down, planned to live with his parents. But n three months, Lucile discovered she pregnant and they had to find their own . "Lordy, I like to have cried inside," ays, remembering the four-room cottage Austin picked out. It had weeds grown e windows, a leaky roof and a dreary in-so grimed that they had to scrub inch of floor with lye. The rent, how-was only $10 a month and Austin was mined they'd make do on his salary.

r a time, the doing was hard. Lucile felt d lonely. She had trouble in the kitchen rtment, too, wrestling with the prob-of no hot water and a two-burner kero-stove. Early menus featured eggs—even good eggs," she confesses. "Then d hamburgers, hard as a rock, and peas, bullets, and rice, like mush. My first pie we fed to the chickens." They ed a vegetable garden, only to have it in a late-spring frost. Of course there no money for entertainment. Before baby was born, they saw only two es; it was splurging if they treated a borhood couple to an evening of s and cookies.

t little by little, things improved. Aus-owed the lawn and laid a stone walk; e planted a border of chrysanthemums etunias. Together they painted the walls rm yellows and creams, and soon home-curtains decked the windows. "In a " Lucile muses, "that was a wonderful , even if it did let the dust in some-fierce. The best things that happened happened there." By the best things, e means her children. "If I had a mil-dollars, I'd have me an orphanage—s how much I like kids." Actually, be-of a blood disorder, her doctor advised o have none at all. Each of her preg-es was toxemic and the couple figure medical bills have cost them $5000 since marriage.

neither partner complained, even after s birth, when Lucile was in bed for four-months. Both acknowledge now that ime was their "rockest bottom." Aus-as working night and day in a war-essen-ob; the grandmothers were sick and n't take over; help was impossible to find. To keep the household going, Lucile stationed her bed near the kitchen, the older children—then nine and seven—learned to cook; neighbors spelled one another to see the babies had proper care. In his spare hours, Austin washed diapers, made formula, did the late and early feedings, and bolstered Lucile's morale with the tiny gifts, sometimes no more than a flower, that a lover remembers for his lady.

TODAY, if you ask Lucile's personal recipe for a happy marriage, her prompt answer is, "Austin. That man," she marvels. "He can do anything. He can fix anything. You know that comic-strip character who says 'My Willie can do anything'? Well, I've got one of those." When she needed a cabinet big enough to hold her china, glassware and trays, Austin designed and built it, just as he laid linoleum for the bathroom and back porch, styled and constructed their garden furniture, and turned a pile of bricks into an outdoor fireplace. Lucile figures that his home-made valances probably saved them a couple of hundred dollars.

The home which provides this Mr. Fix-it with an unending string of jobs is a compact affair with bright green shutters. Part of a subdivision on the northeastern edge of Camden, it is surrounded by flowering shrubs, honeysuckle and mock orange. Red nandina berry bushes flourish near the front door. Pink and white camellias bloom by the sidewalk, and, in the back yard, thorny long-stemmed roses glow. Everywhere there is color—and Lucile loves it.

"If anything proves there's a God," she says, "it's color." Inside, her kitchen walls are a warm yellow. "Yellow makes me happy."

The older boys' back bedroom is austerely masculine with battleship-gray walls and maple furniture, but Michael and Bob have flouncy curtains and deep blue bedspreads. The living room is a soft dusty pink, with gold drapes striped in blue to match the rugs and blend with Lucile's cherished antiques. The living room is her pride, but the traffic is far heavier in the eight-by-twelve kitchen where Sheheens and visitors gravitate. Of an afternoon, when Lucile cooks, four or five friends drop in to chat and sample a recipe. One of her triumphs is "tably," a cracked-wheat salad; another is fry-bread, a golden pastry puff, which she'll send to a new neighbor instead of a calling card. As she rolls the dough, conversation bubbles on while kids racket in and out pursuing their own games. If Lucile were designing homes, she'd make the kitchen

The Sheheen Budget

Net income (monthly)	**$458.00***
Expenses (monthly)	
Food	**$160.00**
Clothing	**23.00**
Furniture (annual replacement)	**31.00**
Utilities	**19.16**
Insurance	**32.49**
Medical	**12.50**
Recreation	**16.66**
Church	**25.00**
Telephone	**3.25**
Magazines, newspapers	**5.58**
Automobile upkeep	**12.00**
Mortgage payments	**33.33**
Laundry, dry cleaning	**26.00**
School lunches; piano and dancing lessons	**22.08**
Savings	**10.00**
Miscellaneous	**25.00**
	$457.05

***Yearly Federal income tax of $300 is paid out of Austin's gross profits.**

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WRITES MRS. HAROLD F. MALOY
PORTLAND, MAINE



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Satina is a wonderful ironing aid that you use with boiled or unboiled starch. It dissolves easily in boiling water or the boiling starch solution.

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the biggest room—"and I'd have easy chairs so people could really relax."

Their friends, however, say that even without kitchen easy chairs, the Sheheen home is a comfortable place to visit. Every two months or so Lucile invites their whole crowd for six or seven tables of bridge. For these evenings she serves buffet supper: baked ham, her own butter beans, a tossed green salad, hot rolls, pie or cake and coffee. In the warm months there are wienie roasts and fish fries in the garden or up at the nearby Wateree Lake, where the family summers in a two-room shack. For outdoor occasions, Austin does the cooking, a hobby second only to hooking rugs with his wife. He laughs, "She lives in a man's world. I practice the womanly virtues. Life with Lucile is never dull," he adds. "She can balance my books; she can teach the kids to jitterbug. Anything she does just naturally works out."

As Example A, Austin points to her antiquing. In an area noted for the zeal of its collectors, Lucile is one of the most enthusiastic. At the flash of a telephone call, she'll join any willing friend in a day-long tour of crossroads auction sales. "Look," she says, "I don't drink, I don't smoke. Antiquing is my vice." Everyone admits that this "vice" skillfully stretches the family's $5500 income. In the living room, for instance, is a home-refinished mahogany pedestal table. Dealers have offered up to $500 for it. Lucile bought it for $2.50. At one sale an auctioneer tipped her off about a "mess of eyelet embroidery." After hours of waiting she picked up 500 yards, enough to curtain the whole house, for $5. With $50, she bought two mahogany beds, innerspring mattresses and a dressing table for the younger boys' room. And her "little luxuries"—the milk glass, hand-cut crystal powder jar and gold-leafed picture frames—cost less than a quarter apiece. In the garage—"My junk room, don't faint when you look inside"—are desks, rockers, tea wagons, ante-bellum parasols and even a pioneer's muzzle-loading rifle waiting to be repaired. Surveying the antiques strewn among boys' bikes, rows of mason jars and his woodworking lathe, Austin comments, "Everything here except our car."

> **If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world.** —FRANCIS BACON.

Because she's always trading, buying and reselling, Lucile figures that her antiquing averages out to very little cost. But should she need cash on the spur of a purchase, she usually has some pin money left from the $300 Austin gives her monthly to run the house. Until last summer, the Sheheens were admittedly "free and easy with the budget. We spent what we had. Period." Austin handled their money and frequently arrived home with gifts Lucile knew they couldn't afford. "He'd see something and couldn't resist it. Only thing was, we got so we didn't know where our income was going."

THEY decided to find out. Expenses were split into two categories: Hers (food, utilities, laundry, cleaning, insurance, medical bills and the boys' clothes, dancing and music lessons), and His (mortgage, car, their clothes, recreation, magazines and newspapers). Biggest item on his list is the $400 yearly mortgage payment. When they bought their bungalow for $4400, Austin needed a $1900 mortgage, but this was boosted to $3400 when they extended the dining room seven feet (to accommodate Lucile's table that seats twenty-four) and built a den. Because of gifts from the boys' grandparents and other relatives, Lucile can limit her clothing expenses to under $20 a month; insurance takes about $26, laundry and cleaning another $26.

Food, of course, is her major challenge. She spends about $40 a week for groceries—$2080 a year. But by patronizing two railroad-salvage and fire-stock stores out in the country, she gets staples up to 50 per cent under the regular price. In the Camden area, wild berries and plums are free for the picking along a hundred roads; in addition, Lucile has a vegetable patch that yields such fallible crops her husband says, "Seems anything she plants comes up like it w personal favor to her." The result is every fall, the Sheheen cellar bulges with quarts of canned beans, tomatoes, figs blackberries; 300 jars of jelly, and a me of soup stock, squash, okra, corn, peac applesauce and grape leaves—the last t stuffed with meat, rice and tomatoes favorite family dish.

LUCILE also saves through a small disco on meats and vegetables in the Shel store, now a fancy grocery and run by tw Austin's brothers. Austin stayed in the s until 1939, when he pulled out because $25 weekly salary wasn't enough to sup his family. With Lucile's encouragement mortgaged their furniture for a $500 d payment on a Texaco filling station. first month he lost $300, mainly becaus was too friendly with his credit. He was w the second month and made a little. S then, business has tripled, no small feat town where there are fifty competitors.

"If you made a door-to-door searc Camden," says City Manager Lott Ro "you'd have a hard time finding a man w done a better job of pulling himself up by bootstraps than Austin Sheheen." Fri point out that he is also the co-owner of a rage now, and works for the Texas Comp as sales agent and wholesale gas-and-oil tributor in two counties. He grosses a $13,000; after all t and expenses, his ne a touch over $5500. puts him in the to upper-10-per-cent inc bracket, and when a m packing company was organized last win Austin was named as nonsalaried president for the prestige brought.

Mayor Henry Savage says that young like Austin Sheheen are the hope of the " Camden." Until the war, the town was r content with its past, its cotton farming its tourist attractions. The postwar Cam is anything but content. In the last decade population (now 10,000) has nearly dou and sleek new plants of modern industry mushrooming on the countryside. The p example is the $22,000,000 duPont fac for making "orlon," a "wonder fiber" signed to take up where nylon leaves As elsewhere, industry has tended to lo traditional caste bars; now, everyone goe the same gymkhana, whether he arrive a station wagon or a model T. Amusem is plentiful, if not flashy. There are movies, a new stadium for high-school f ball; polo and the Carolina Cup races are spring attractions.

Nevertheless, two years ago, many C denites felt that there still wasn't en supervised recreation for teen-agers. T when Austin was made chairman of Kershaw County Recreation Commis he supervised the spending of $40,000 t the lack. Camden's $15,000 share wen build a teen-age canteen; also a playgr for Negro children. In the canteen Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nights, dance, play cards and listen to the radi making advance arrangements, their par may use it for parties. The Sheheens frequent hosts and chaperons; for more fifteen years they've been part of Cam civic life. President of the Junior Chamb Commerce, Austin is also treasurer of county orphans' home, and when the t needed a business manager to start a s pro baseball team, he was the unanim choice. Lucile helps energize the Amer Legion Auxiliary, as well as soliciting f for polio, t.b., cancer and other drives.

"It used to worry me," she says, " much time that man spent helping ot But once I realized how much it mean him, I decided the best thing I could d tag along too."

Says Austin, "Everything we've d we've done together. Whenever it was hands doing the work, it was her h steering them." THE

or still-to-come warm weather



AROLYN SCHNURER, well-known
signer: "My collections this season re-
ct wonderfully slim and slender lines.
it that's no problem if you wear a
AYTEX under *everything.* It's invisi-
e under the scantiest swimsuit."

For vacation days to enjoy



TINA LESER, famous for originality: "My advice is — wear a PLAYTEX, the girdle that slims you where you need slimming, moulds you, holds you in complete comfort — and fits invisibly under the slenderest clothes."

For the first fashions of fall



CEIL CHAPMAN, New York designer: "The supple lines of this new silhouette make a woman look younger, more alive! And what an easy figure to have —with PLAYTEX. It gives the illusion of no girdle at all."

For all day, any day, every day



MAURICE RENTNER, known for his elegant fashions: "The slender, youthful silhouette is a figure every woman can have with a PLAYTEX girdle. It trims away inches, moulds your silhouette naturally, combines power with comfort."

Here's the girdle that leading fashion designers praise for every season, every occasion, every time of day!

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PINK-ICE washes in ten seconds, dries with the touch of a towel, ready to wear again immediately. Made in one smooth piece of tree-grown liquid latex, PINK-ICE moulds your figure naturally, comfortably, whether you're sitting, standing or walking. In panty, panty with garter, and garter girdle styles at department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.

In SLIM, shimmering pink tubes,
PLAYTEX PINK-ICE GIRDLES **$3.95** to **$4.95**

In SLIM, silvery tubes,
PLAYTEX LIVING® GIRDLES **$3.50** to **$3.95**

Sizes: extra-small, small, medium, large
Extra-large size, slightly higher

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Playtex Park ©1950 **Dover Del.**



PHOTOS BY HAROLD POWLER

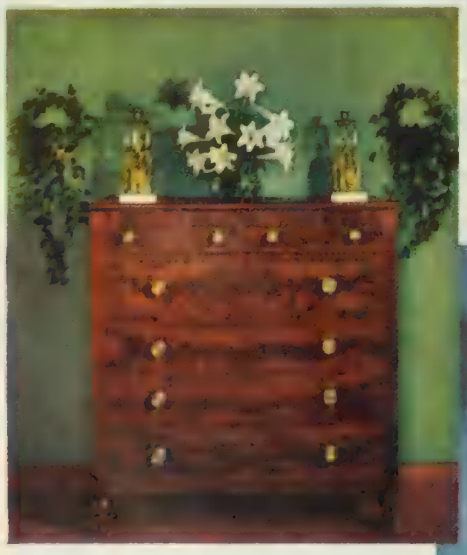
Southern mahogany sofas with an Empire feeling are fairly plentiful at old estate auctions. The armchair is typical of the period and has served the family for over a century. At the end of the sofa is a rosewood melodeon, used as a table.

ROMANTIC SOUTHERN ANTIQUES

• *By HENRIETTA MURDOCK*
Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

"Discovering an antique in a woodshed is twice as exciting as finding one in a shop," according to Lucile Sheheen, who knows all about such treasure hunting.

Mrs. Sheheen was referring particularly to the beautiful mahogany furniture made in this country, in the early 1800's, as an echo of the great eighteenth-century periods in England. *(Continued on Page 122)*



This great mahogany chest of drawers is still perfect and was bought for less than the cost of today's commercial copy.

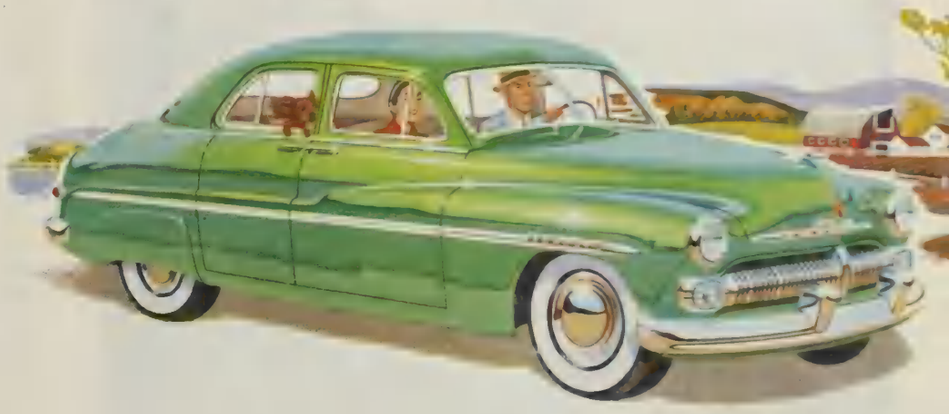


Lucile Sheheen is an avid collector and found this mahogany table, painted gray, in a junk shop, priced at $1.25. Scraping and polishing renewed its beauty.



Here is Lucile's mahogany-and-satinwood secretary with two small hand-carved chairs of the period, now scarce and hard to find because there were few of them originally.

Who wins the battle of the open window?



A mussed hair-do and ruffled temper . . . or stuffy air and stony silence? It's a battle *nobody* wins . . . as every woman knows.

It's a battle that never *begins* . . . if you own a Mercury. Because Mercury's ventilating system gives you a complete *change* of air in a matter of seconds . . . with no annoying drafts.

It's just one of the important little things that make the great, big, beautiful new 1950 Mercury so blissfully *easy to live with.* It's just one of the reasons why more and more smart "happily-marrieds" are making Mercury their car. For other good reasons, check the quiz below.

What's your marriage A.Q.*?

Do you think it's dull to just "go for a drive" with your husband? (It's like having a *date* when you drive together in the glamorous new Mercury!) YES ☐ NO ☐

Does your husband make fun of your driving? (He certainly won't, if you drive a Mercury. You just can't help being expert.) YES ☐ NO ☐

Do you wonder, at times, if your husband still thinks you're pretty? (You're a picture in the smart, slick Mercury. It's *so-o-o* becoming!) YES ☐ NO ☐

Does "budget-guilt" make you squash your dreams of buying a new car? (The new Mercury is a money-stretcher! So *long* on mileage . . . so *short* on repairs!) YES ☐ NO ☐

Give yourself 10 points for every question you can answer with a "No." If your score is less than 40, hurry to your nearest Mercury Dealer.

*AUTOMOBILE QUOTIENT



She's married—She's happy—



She drives a **MERCURY**

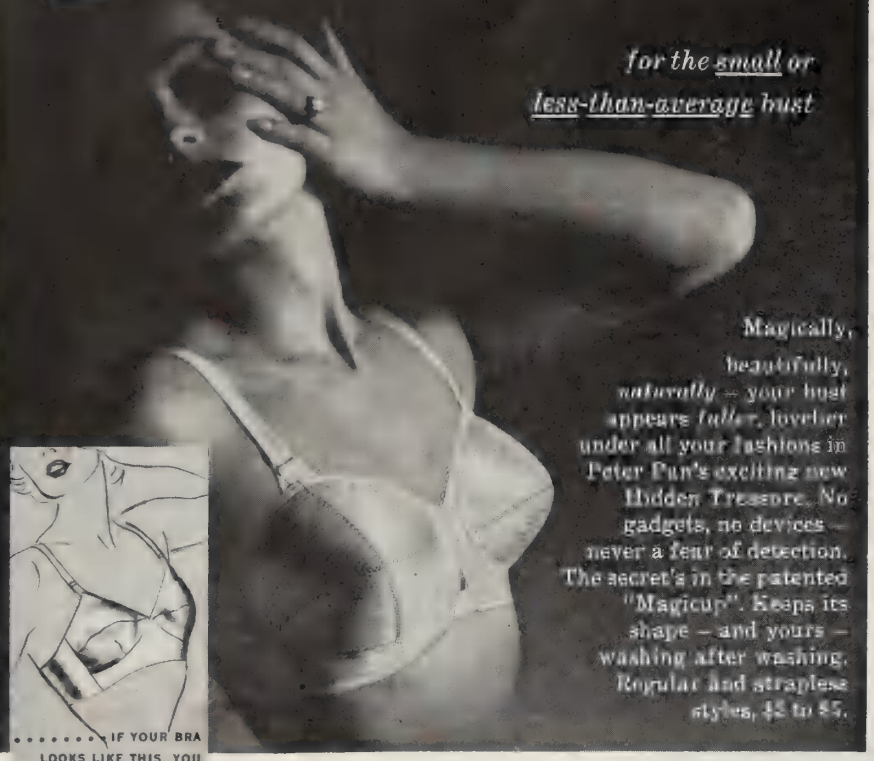
MERCURY DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY

No Pads, No Puffs — the contours are built right in!

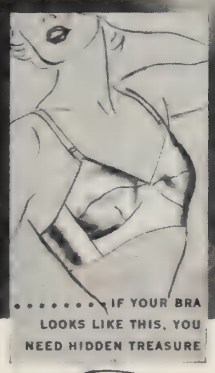
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for that well-dressed feeling that reflects inconspicuously the inherent good taste you demand in your apparel footwear.

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Jefferson City, Missouri

THE HIDDEN TAX BILL ON $50 A WEEK

(Continued from Page 54)

You Spend — Taxes Take

Bobby's too—although she'd rather he ate a hot lunch at the school cafeteria, which costs only 20 cents, because it is Government subsidized.

A typical weekly grocery list includes about $4 worth of meat, which Eleanor thinks is a lot but which she can't cut down on. "Bob is a meat-and-potatoes man," she says, "and I can't buy the cheaper cuts all the time. He does like spring lamb and a juicy slice of roast beef once in a while." On a $2.50 (four pound) leg of lamb, however, there are 88 cents taxes. The boys also like malted-milk drinks which, in a large can, cost 80 cents and of which, because of the sugar and chocolate flavor, there are some 24 cents taxes. They use oleomargarine instead of butter—although they live in a rich dairy area—because of the price of 41 cents per pound, but there are taxes on this too—about 14 cents. She also buys three loaves of bread a week at 16 cents each. There are at least 151 taxes involved in the making and selling of a single loaf of bread—totaling up to 6 cents per loaf. Milk is delivered to the door; it costs them about $6 for four weeks, of which about $2 is taxes.

All told, the weekly grocery bill is approximately $18.50
It is estimated that of this $5.50
goes into hidden taxes passed on by the food supplier, the processor, the distributor, and the retailer to the F.'s, Mr. and Mrs. Ultimate Consumer.

The next biggest expense is rent, although Eleanor thinks "You certainly can't call it high." Monthly, it's $18, or weekly 4.15
but the landlady says it may have to be hiked because of the property taxes included—$42.50 a year on their apartment alone, which comes down to, weekly 82

There are also some major expenses which roll around infrequently, but which have to be planned for regularly. Last summer they bought three tons of coal at $19.65 a ton—this winter, they had to add some more. This meant their yearly fuel bill was $78.60, or weekly 1.51
of which 33 per cent went for taxes, a total of 50
Their gas-and-electricity bill costs each week about 1.87
the taxes on which are 47
And then there is their phone, a luxury, Eleanor says, costing, weekly 1.16
On local calls, there is a direct tax of 15
There are also hidden utility taxes of about 14
Their water bill comes in twice a year; it costs $10.14 for the last six months, making the weekly cost 39
of which the hidden tax is estimated at 09
Their newspapers come weekly and cost 45
The hidden tax is reported to be 14

As for "necessary extras," as Eleanor calls them, there is, first, their annual vacation. Every week Bob puts $1 into a vacation fund at the plant; when his two-week vacation rolls around he has $50, plus a week's salary, plus an additional day's pay for every year he has worked there. Since he's worked there five years, this gives them actually two weeks off with pay. But Eleanor and he try to keep their expenses around $50, since the at-home expenses go on just the same, or they skip one year and have something bang-up the next (like the year they went to Florida). The taxes on this average weekly vacation cost of . 1.00
are hard to estimate, but since most of the money goes, as usual, for food, they are believed to be 30

Their summer motor trips or seaside visits are their biggest recreational item; "Bob's a stay-at-home man," Eleanor says. About twice a month they go to the local movie (grandmother baby-sits) where adult tickets are 50 cents each, making their weekly movie cost 50
of which 08
goes directly for Federal amusement taxes, and another 10
is estimated to go into hidden taxes. Most evenings, though, they sit and read, or Bob works on something he is fixing to sell, or Eleanor sews. She earns a bit of spare money on her sewing and expert cooking, but it isn't included in family income; it goes into her special fund for a set of china. Eleanor's bugaboo is the drugcounter—in four weeks she usually spends about $5, although if the food bill goes up, here is where she cuts down. But each month, there's either face powder or shampoo, toothpaste or hand cream, or it's time for a home permanent. Weekly this comes to around 1.23
included in which is the straight excise tax, or 20
and there are, hidden, other taxes of 31
passed on by the manufacturers, transporter and retailer. They don't drink, although at holiday time they like wine in the house. Four bottles usually see them through—which is, weekly, only 10
but of which this much is tax 02
Bob smokes about three cigars a week, a package of cigarettes and about a pound of tobacco a month. The total cost weekly is about 54
of which there are direct Federal and state excise taxes of 09
and hidden taxes of approximately 11
Bobby goes to the movies once a week, but since he is still under twelve, he gets in at half price 25
which means more direct and indirect taxes of 09
Chuckie manages to persuade him, or his mother, to take him about twice a month. He's half price, too, but on his weekly 12
there's still a tax of 04

	You Spend	Taxes Take
Although Eleanor can do most of her beautifying at home, Bob and the boys can't. Eleanor tries to keep them down to one haircut every four weeks, at 75 cents each. This averages out weekly	.56	
There's no luxury tax on this, but hidden taxes are		.18
The kids have their own pet luxuries too. Chuckie likes coloring books and Bobby likes comics, and both like candy. All told, these add up to about $3.30 in four weeks, or weekly	.82	
of which probably 28 per cent goes for hidden taxes		.23
Bobby also spends 10 cents a week Boy Scout dues	.10	
but there's no tax on them.		
Nor is there any tax on their contributions. They are church people and each Sunday there's change for the plate—and when community drives come along, they'll give what they can. Such gifts average around $4 a month, or weekly	1.00	
Clothing, however, is a different matter. When small boys are growing there are countless pairs of shoes to buy. Though Chuckie can wear Bobby's hand-me-downs, and Eleanor is an expert at make-overs for herself and the children both, there's always something to buy—even if it's only work gloves for Bob. Yearly clothes (and their dry cleaning) cost them over $450, which comes down weekly to about	9.00	
Taxes on cloth, on machinery, on distribution and on the stores themselves account for hidden taxes of		3.00
There are hidden taxes in the furniture they have bought, too, and in the extras they are still buying. This year it is new slip covers which cost $54, or approximately, weekly	1.00	
Of this, probably there was this much tax		.30
There were also some household incidentals in the account. Just little things like new fuses when a fuse blew out, a bottle of Argyrol because Bobby's eyes were pink and irritated, a new bowl for the mixer when the old one broke, a scatter pin Eleanor couldn't resist, some cards to a friend who was ill and another whose birthday it was. Bobby had to buy a school photograph ($1.50) which made Eleanor think she hadn't taken any pictures of the kids for a long time, so she got a roll of film, and then, later, had it developed. "There's always something," Eleanor said. None of it seemed like much, but it added up to about $5, which, looked at by the week, is	1.25	
and in which there was an estimated hidden tax of		.35
There is also insurance. Bob carries $3000 life through a group policy, and another $1000 outside. There's $500 on Eleanor's life, and endowment-life policies on Bobby and Chuckie of $420 and $435 respectively. All told, it's an annual bill of $123.28, which is paid at different times, but which averages out to a cost of, weekly	2.37	
It is estimated that hidden taxes on insurance are 10 per cent on the F.'s family insurance; this comes to		.24
And there are what New Jersey (one of the 8 states without an income or sales tax) calls "real and personal" taxes. Part is just for taking up space — for existing in a New Jersey county. Part is on the furniture they own—"real property." The total is $5.25 a year, or weekly	.10	
all of which is tax		.10
If there is any extra money—maybe every other week—they "borrow" the truck, put in ten gallons of gas, and take a ride or a Sunday drive. They get their gas wholesale—but they pay tax on it just the same. It costs 20 cents per gallon, or, by the week	1.00	
Of this, this much is state tax		.15
this is Federal		.07
and there are still hidden taxes amounting to about		.09
If the cost of running and paying for their car came out of the family income—as it does in most families—this would not only swell their expenses, but also swell their tax bill. The truck cost $1492. Of this, it is estimated that $290 went for the 20 per cent taxes on the complex process of producing, delivering and selling an automobile. There are also direct taxes: the cost of the license, $24 on a truck in New Jersey, and the cost of the driver's license, $3, both of which are all tax. There are also the repair jobs that come as the car ages—about $100 worth of service and parts yearly after the first year. About $28 of this, for service taxes are especially high, goes into hidden taxes.		
Although the F.'s are a healthy brood, there are, at intervals, doctor and dentist bills. Eleanor has to worry about low blood pressure; Chuckie has what the dentist calls "just naturally not good" teeth; Bobby developed an ingrown wart on his hand. Doctors' bills came to $38 last year; dentists' bills—including the semiannual checkup and cleanups—$49. The factory carries hospitalization on Bob; the family carry none themselves. Ordinary medical expenses can thus be said to average approximately, weekly	1.67	
and of this, probably about 25 per cent goes to help pay the doctor's own income tax, or		.40
So, when the F.'s have spent their money (no, their budget doesn't balance) and paid for their board, keep and a spot of fun, they have also paid out a total of		$16.56
in taxes. It's just as if Bob worked almost 1 week out of 3—12.4 hours of a 40-hour week—a little over a day and a half—or 77.5 working days a year—not for himself, but for his local, state and Federal governments—without ever thinking about it.		

"When the national yearly tax bill of $55,000,000,000 is 24.8 per cent of the national yearly income ($221,500,000,000), everyone—from the one-day-old baby to the oldest citizen in the land, has a share in the pay-off. The strange thing is that no one knows for sure exactly what this share is. It can only be estimated. The JOURNAL, in checking a group of purchases down the economic scale, has used the best possible method to arrive at sound estimates. This is a valuable public service."
—Tax Foundation, Inc.



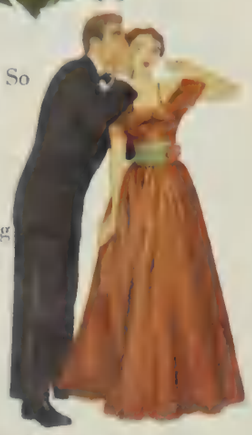
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Cashmere Bouquet

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Yes, in laboratory tests conducted under severest conditions on normal, dry and oily skin types . . . Cashmere Bouquet Soap was *proved* amazingly mild! So use Cashmere Bouquet regularly in your daily bath and for your complexion, too. It will leave your skin softer, smoother . . . flower-fresh and younger looking! The lingering, romantic *fragrance* of Cashmere Bouquet comes only from a secret wedding of rare perfumes, far costlier than you would expect to find in any soap. Fastidious women cherish Cashmere Bouquet for this "fragrance men love".



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Now—At the Lowest Price In History!

OLD TIES LOOK NEW

This Amazing Easy Way!



Sanitone Dry Cleaners Announce National Tie-Cleaning Month (AUGUST 1 Thru AUGUST 31)

Give your husband the surprise of his life . . . a closet full of sparkling, spanking-new looking ties. You'll be amazed at how Sanitone Dry Cleaning brings drab, dull colors back to life—how stubborn, ugly spots vanish like magic. Original texture and shape restored to perfection!

Here's the chance of a lifetime come August 1. That's when Sanitone Dry Cleaners feature National Tie-Cleaning month. Don't miss this special opportunity to get acquainted with the different kind of dry cleaning that's best for ties . . . best for all your family's clothes!



WHAT TO DO! A closet full of messy, spotted ties! That's easy, lady, just bundle them up for your Sanitone Dry Cleaner and get ready for the surprise of your life.

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Thousands are switching everyday to the miracle dry cleaning that gets out all the dirt—SANITONE. Even the stubborn, ugly grime old-fashioned cleaning leaves behind vanishes. No trace of cleaning odors . . . even perspiration gone. Beautiful press lasts longer. Look up your Sanitone man in your classified phone book.



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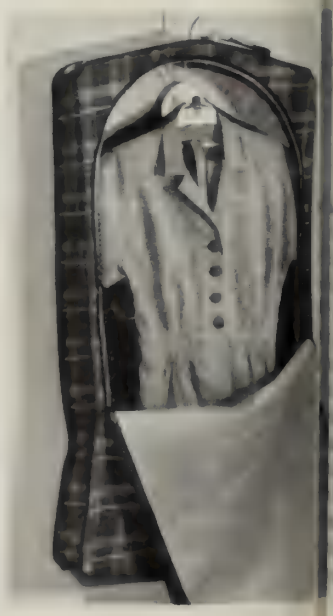
By Margaret Davidson

THERE'S a good chance your vacation ground, this summer, will be U.S. highway. Thirty-six million visitors, mostly motorists in family group are expected at our national parks and monuments alone. Vacation cloth and paraphernalia for as many as four can probably be stowed in your c since a typical luggage compartment will hold four Pullman suitcases, a h telescope case and a canvas carryall. (See above.) But do make sure y have a tryout with your own car the day before you start. Good news: T inexpensive fabric and plastic bags, light and not easily scuffed up, a better than ever. We picked those illustrated after ransacking the sho

Traveling Closets . . . Garment bags, in sailcloth, canvas and plaid cotton, prevent unpacking and repacking. One type (left) comes in men's three-suit and women's six-dress sizes, and folds up into a suitcase. With dust flaps zipped up, both types can hang at full length inside a car on hooks often found at the side rear or on special hooks. Both should be placed so as not to block driver's rear-window view.

Unwrinkled Arrivals . . . F tended in a suit- or dress-length g ment bag, clothes travel unwrinkle But since most of them will go in su cases, take cottons, linens and woo with crease-resistant finishes, a knit materials. "Permanently starched cottons crush less eas Fresh changes like these save ti out for pressing. They can also worn throughout a long, hot and still be presentable at night





rsonal Repair Kit . . . Nylon ments dry in a jiffy. For such ck laundry jobs, carry soap es or a powdered detergent in a tic nonspill container. Deter- ts are best in hard-water regions. on also needs little or no iron- But at times you'll be glad of a t folding iron and folding board. hoeshine kit, no larger than the sh on its under side, can have all kes for a high polish beneath its ing top. Everything shown, in- ding the fitted sewing case, first- kit and the clothes brush, will go zippered canvas bag the whole ily can dive into for repairs.



od Grooming En Route . . . p papers, paper handkerchiefs disposable towels and wash- hs will save you space and laun- But if you prefer regular soap washcloths, a nonleak bag is a t for these and for your jars and les of creams and lotions. Plas- fill-your-own bottles are light- ght and all-but-unbreakable; and e cosmetics are ready-packaged lastic. A comb-and-brush com- and folding toothbrush, with ilated case, are purse-size. Snug on-knit bags for shoes protect clothes. And a plastic raincoat s up small enough to fit into the board compartment. Expenses be kept track of in a diary, but an all the happy incidents you love to have on record.



Heavy Sports . . . Sports ment—tennis rackets, riding s, fishing gear—may be the ng of a vacation, but it's all el- to pack. It's heavy, besides. the shirts and slacks and hes that go with it are bulky, ially if you're headed for a r climate. A sturdy yet light- t case, made of fiber, inexpen- v ($11), and expanding to the of its fitted lid is just the for all such impedimenta. It e shipped ahead, if your car is limited, and can be returned same way. But its telescop- ility makes it handy to use for ot you're sure to collect.



ics, Beach, or Just Picnics combination vacuum jug and container is a picnic in itself. o parts can be carried as one. a beach bag in the other you're all set for a day's halt a stream, a lake or the ocean. freezer-bags are fine when hole family has damp bathing nd towels. Sun glasses are eye- for the road as well as for the And don't forget your sun lo- nd your beach shoes. Even injuries are anything but fun, vacation is strictly for fun.



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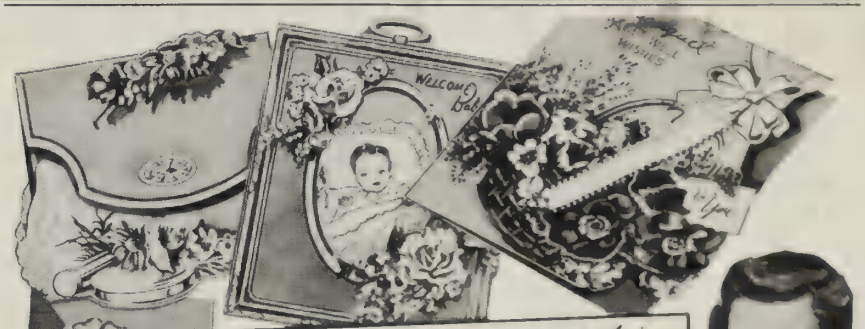


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ROMANTIC SOUTHERN ANTIQUES

(Continued from Page 116)

This was good furniture, substantially built but defying a name classification, for American cabinetmakers went about the job with plentiful imagination and a free hand. They bought books of drawings put out by the English designers, Chippendale, Hepplewhite, the brothers Adam, and Sheraton, then simplified the designs to suit their own less-elegant craftsmanship.

The period of greatest production was from 1800 to 1835, or until Victoria became queen and introduced a new style of low sofas and chairs designed to suit her own short, plump proportions. All through the South and as far north as Philadelphia and New York, the big homes were being built and fine mahogany furniture was needed to go into them. So our native craftsmen made long sofas, looking a bit like Empire, handsome chests of drawers, sideboards, pedestal tables, secretaries, four-poster beds and comfortable armchairs with ottomans.



This is the kind of chair gentlemen of President Monroe's day sat in to read. Notice the dowel pins which hold the seat. Still beautiful and very comfortable. . . . The small chair table is a "whimsey" intended to hold teacup, fan and book.

There were no small chairs except those made after the Victorian influence began to creep in, and dining chairs so nearly like the English ones that museums and collectors have long since claimed them along with the great dining tables that accompanied them.

Then there were the "whimseys," made to suit the fancy or on order from a client who wanted his own ideas worked out. In fact, it is the abundance of these individual designs that has been responsible for the period's not being classified by a descriptive name, although a few designers, notably Duncan Phyfe, conformed to style and had their furniture named for them.

Among the delightful originalities still to be picked up are tables designed to hold bird cages, needlework cabinets, portable d with secret compartments, game ta sherry chests, Bible stands and dozen other interesting pieces usable and inte ing in today's rooms. The wood is solid hogany, rosewood or walnut, with an o sional piece in ebony or satinwood. The from which they were made came Southern ports as ballast, on sailing ve carrying a return cargo of cotton and bacco.

In the South, plantation owners wer the fashionable coast towns to sketch signs from the English furniture books make their own beds and sideboards home, often with the help of slaves. In many of the finest pieces of those days made by the Negro slaves who still reta their primitive skills in woodworking carving.

Early-American mahogany is today abundant in the North as it is in the S and much cheaper, for the scale of pieces is too grand for smaller Nort rooms, and the South is re-collecting it. will find it everywhere, in fact, for the '4 took their best pieces west—and there lots of emigrants from the South.

The furniture itself seems to be indestr ble, made of solid woods, elaborately dow and joined; it has withstood almost a tury and a half of use with little damage pieces seem ever to have worn out ex chairs, which you may have to rescue barns and woodsheds in the country. frames are still sound, but the hair pad will have become loose or disappeared.

You can find Federal or Southern hogany in estate auctions everywhere, as as in secondhand stores in the larger p where there seems to be little market because of its larger scale. Good mahoga and any sound piece that you like *is* go is the best antique investment today, will grow in value. All pieces mix well modern reproductions, while retainin proud distinction of their own.

Most of this century-old furniture n little doing over. No one seems to painted any except the smaller pieces, rubbing down and fitting chairs with webbing and upholstery will restore original elegance and beauty.

If you start collecting early mahogany your own use, don't play your colors fabrics down to it, thinking them suitab such old pieces. Originally this furniture used in rooms with imported textile luscious colors such as watermelon p damask yellow and the lavish hues popul Europe at the time. These colors still s mahogany to best advantage, while aged colors detract from it. Avoid tapestry in commercial weaves, and if make needlepoint for your pieces, do style shades in lighter, brighter hues suc live greens, rosy pinks, off-white, cornfl blues, or the deeper pastel tones that up your whole room scheme.

YOU CAN'T DANCE ALONE

(Continued from Page 36)

the football team. She understood how it was with me, about Mitch.

"Oh, Chotzie," I moaned, "what happens now?"

"Well, one thing," she said in a strange new voice, "you can't have Pelham Higgins Townsend and Mitch *too*." Directly, in some odd way, we weren't best friends any more.

Mitch didn't come near me. All morning I went around expecting his hand on my arm: his soft tantalizing touch that melted a person right down to the nub. All morning getting more and more desperate.

And vaguely aware of Pel Townsend offside, circulating in his usual tall, brown, geologic fog; he's a mining engineer at heart. He didn't seem to sense anything unusual, not his big-wheel brain. The only reason Pel wasn't elected later on to be valedictorian was his practical immunity to any su not connected with rocks; he was a be chemistry and physics, but glanced a English and Spanish merely enough to In trig, his natural politeness concealed the class that he was a full book ahead

In social science that morning . . . first, Pel made up his social science went along, scaring the daylights out of Clessy—a woman who actually hesitat mention even anything so "controve as race prejudice! If you can feature She's the skinny last hitch on a long str fine old local family and she was in a with Pel because he's skinny and fin local family too; but hardly the last I mean he had traveled, he had liberal Some old local families stand still an backward and some go ahead. Pel wa

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anywhere else, but he would get up in her class and sound off, and that morning when he did, Miss Clessy said rather acidly, "Pelham, I wasn't aware you were running for President." And he said with a lot of ginger, for him, "How do you know I won't, Miss Clessy?" So she sat with her mind detached and let him unreel on the race question as if what he said were singularly remote from her and she was someplace else, in a hoop skirt doing a schottische. But we learned something. All year we learned more from Pel than from Miss Clessy, who was fighting a losing battle at holding the world back, poor dear. But in all fairness, I presume Miss C. would be home tatting if there weren't a teacher shortage; and they were not all like her.

I admired Pel very much. But I couldn't stand and talk with him in the rain and discover later the rain was wet, the way a girl could with Mitch. And he couldn't slip his hand under my arm and melt me, if you know what I mean. Not that *I* do, altogether. While understanding this emotional derangement perfectly, in theory, I also found out that a theory is no longer a theory when it begins to look like you.

So all that morning he came back I didn't catch sight of Mitch, but moved continually in his wake, pulled along by a sort of undertow. In the corridors an expression on the girls' faces said, "Someone wonderful just went by." Someone wonderful with hair like hot coals? Someone with shoulders yea-wide and a waist yea-narrow, and a beautiful lounging indifference? *Be still, my perishing heart.*

The class bell rang while I was still doing monitor work in the library and I sped to reach the chem lab in time. Easing in under the wire, there occurred a positive breeze from heads turning, looking from Pel to me—to Mitch. He was there. I sat down and my eyes wouldn't wrench away from the magic profile. Mitch. Oh, Mitch.

He began cruising a casual glance, making aggravating stops along the way; finally reaching me. The impact, the force of it—like a blow with feathers. His eyes, topaz with dazzling green points: "Jealous eyes," Chotzie used to say, "jealous heart ——"

"Miss Jennie Keith," said Mr. Holland, "will you explain what is meant by dialysis?"

"Why ——" I said brilliantly. "Why, it . . . that is ——"

"Pelham Townsend?"

"It is a method of separating crystalloid from colloid constituents."

. . . And knowing instantly from the way he looked, the impersonal way, he'd heard about Pel. Of course, oh no, they couldn't tell him how I went into deep mourning for two entire weeks after he left; or my stark anguish when he didn't write, oh no. And the Spring Formal happened soon after, he knew that. What could I do? Stay home and weep? But life goes on, and Pel asked me. "After all," as mama said, "a girl can't dance alone." They could only tell him—they: Chotzie?—how Pel had been giving me a big rush since September:

THE very first day school opened, gravitating to me desperately as if he'd had it on his mind all summer while he was off somewhere in a remote mining camp. His eyes made you think of notes on a cello—soft and brown and deep. He'd never looked steady at a girl before. He looked at me and blushed violently and began talking about rocks. He worked up such a fervor about a rich quartz vein I began thinking maybe I had one.

Well, I thought at the time, *Mitch is gone. What difference does it make who gravitates?* And I liked Pel, understand. Even in his glasses he was rather good-looking in a lanky, absent-minded way; you always wanted to make him a cup of good hot cocoa. And you could see he had made up his mind to be a good dancer, so he was.

Somehow, the afternoon wore through. At last it was time to wait on the gym curb for the school pokey, facing a pale watery sun—so far there had been no snow, and that depressed me too. Christmas coming, no snow. In the Sierra you get it to the window sills or none at all, but I love it. No one came to wait with me as Pel usually did. Mitch's jalopy didn't breathe up and stop, panting softly, as it had so often in the aching past. I stood there listening to basketball-practice voices, trying to sort out Mitch's stirring hoarse bellow—he was the best center we ever had. But he wasn't in the gym where he should have been if he was going back on the team; and the team surely needed him.

The back of my neck felt him approaching; all-overish, pulverized, waiting for the hand to slip under my arm. It didn't.

Chotzie was with him. They sauntered through the arch, oblivious, Chotzie laughing up sideways, Mitch's eyes crinkling, lounging along in his easy gait . . . *Oh, Mitch. And Chotzie.* If you knew Chotzie the way I knew Chotzie—but then, nobody did. A child, just a child, not exactly irresponsible, but on-the-wayward. I had been very patient with Chotzie, pointing out that attending football scrimmage was never going to bring up her average. She had all the team news hot off the gridiron; but news of the Early Gallic Wars left her conspicuously tepid.

WHEN you analyzed her carefully—and I began at once making a curbstone analysis—there really was not enough *to* Chotzie to hold Mitch for long. When all is said and done, Mitch was no Brain, I admit, but he had a mentality full of enchanting trivia and he liked a girl who could invent her own uptakes now and then, not cop them all off the radio. To me, "Drop dead" is not the final word in humorous retorts. But as I say, I'd been very patient with Chotzie; she was so little and helpless and none of the other girls liked her, they called her a predator and were lamentably catty in their attitude. You had to consider all the contributing factors—her home life, for one, which was substandard: her mother lived on alimony and would spend it all in one week end on slot machines and cocktail bars. You *have* to consider those things.

Besides, Mitch always said he preferred tall brunettes.

Seeing her climb in his nostalgic old jalopy had all the elements of being double-crossed by a cream puff.

Just then she caught sight of me. She sang out gaily, "By-by, Jen," for all to take note. "Bless you, honey."

"So long, Chotzie," I said. *Bless you very little.* For even though you understand what makes people that way, you can't help hating them a little when they hurt you. At least when it is new and raw, you can't. You can be ashamed of it and still hate them.

I watched them drive away, standing there lonely as a fire lookout; ravaged by an old junior love. Jealous. Miserable. A person can suffer even in high school, and don't think they can't just because you're older now and wiser, sitting cozy in your slippers beside your banked obedient fire. It was not always so, was it?

Embarrassing as it is to admit an adolescent phase that should have passed long since, I arrived home starving. Love and jalopy fumes always made me hungry. Refrigerator inspection broke out a square box with my name on it—something special, no doubt, from mama. Inside, ready to spring, crouched a perfectly revolting cream puff. Settling for two stalks of rather tired stuffed celery, I went in search of my mother. Should I tell her about Mitch's return? I was dying to talk with someone about it; but perhaps not mama. She had never been very discerning toward Mitch. Nice enough, but she never let it sift casually into her telephone conversations that I was going anywhere with him, the way she did when it was Pel.

Low growls in fits and starts, emanating from somewhere off upstairs, led me directly to the sewing machine. The little room foamed like after the explosion. For some abstruse and recondite reason, my mother can't seem to sew on so much as a button without hauling out all her odds and ends. Pausing in the doorway, I remarked, "Thought you said no dressmaking before Christmas." And an idea was forthwith born. After mature deliberation, it had occurred to me that the holiday dance was really *the*

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big dance, next to the Senior Ball—and a dress is a dress is a dress. The white net wouldn't do at all; a childish thing.

"Come in, dear," she said. "Move those things over. This isn't dressmaking, it's last-panic Christmas gifts," and mama held up a scrap of black satin with black lace ruffled around it. "Apron," she claimed.

"Ideal for serving burnt biscuits," and I barged straight ahead to the crux question. "Look. Could I change my mind about the formal?"

The lace-and-satin dropped to her lap. "Oh, you wretch!" with an exasperated eye lift, but not too exasperated. "I knew it. I had a premonition. Anyway, taking out your white net this morning, it's sort of yellowed. But perhaps the cleaner could ——"

"Mama, please. Please don't send it to the cleaner. I want to keep it just as it is."

With a peculiar glance, she switched her alleged apron onto the old day bed and picked up a pattern book.

The black lace ruffle happened to fall on an end of pink silk that showed through it. Fascinated, I sat staring and it began doing something to me, it began wrenching me with longing for a divine dress already shaping in my imagination: a dream dress that would simply knock everybody's eye out, even people who had been living in a big city. A dashing sophisticated formal ——

"Listen ——"

She looked up from her absorption in a quaint little junior-miss number, and I described my dress.

Massaging her forehead in a pensive negative stroke, "My dear child," lowering the boom patiently, "*not* black lace. Much much too old for you."

"But the dance is December twentieth and five days later I'll be eighteen! And you don't know what this means to me."

"Does Pelham ever really see what you have on?"

Pel. Who was thinking about *Pel?*

"I presume he does. He merely doesn't seem to, that's all." But I felt vaguely mean and calculating, not telling her about Mitch.

We scooped up the dress idea and shook it this way and that, and listened to it, and finally arrived at a compromise.

"—— a pink bodice, then," I conceded. "And ■ black lace skirt, over pink." She nodded agreement. "Strapless," I added.

"Not so fast, young lady. Black lace *and* strapless?"

"And when you bone the bodice," I crashed ahead, "sew 'em in good. Last year Chotzie dropped one and had to finish out the dance on adhesive tape and nerve."

"Well . . . all right. But pink washes out on you. You're so dark."

"It could be a deep pink."

Our thoughts made a pink tour. "Wait a minute!" she exclaimed and rose up, galvanic, beginning to paw through an old bureau drawer. "In here someplace," muttering, and at length coming up with a tissue-wrapped parcel held choicely in her hands. "This—Jennie, I've been saving this for years."

THE loveliest pink velvet I ever saw in my life. Luscious. Soft like a kitten; and the color: a sunrise. Lemonade dashed with grenadine. A shrimp salad on Fisherman's Wharf ——

"Panne velvet." She had a dreamy waltzing look. "I had a dress made of it, once. The waistline was around the hips and it ended at my knees."

"How utterly gruesome," I said.

"Well, it wasn't," she retorted. "Ask your father."

Measuring it off from nose tip, arm's length, "Two yards and a fraction over," I said. "Isn't it awfully narrow?"

"Eighteen inches, more than enough for your top, even on the bias. And how about," arranging the fabric around my shoulders in delectable puffs, "how about some little velvet bows scattered on the skirt, h'm?"

Coy little pink velvet bows nestling among the lace ick. Chintzy. It came to me consolingly that bows can get lost. Mama nudged me over to the mirror and oh, what that panne did for me! A leftover summer tan that had reached about the jaundice shade was now kind of gold, if that doesn't sound too vain. I couldn't tear loose from the mirror. Goodness, it would be awful to get clothes-crazy, like Chotzie. I mean for a girl who is aware of important issues in the world, who read good books and argued fervent politics and wrote letters to her congressman—lots of high-school students do, though the fact never seems to crack the newspapers—and whose valedictorian subject next June would thoroughly cover everything from Russia to the condition of the county roads; but at that moment all I could see was the dress. And Mitch's arm around sunrise-pink velvet and the band playing I'm in Love With a Wonderful Guy.

Because Mitch would ask me to the Christmas Dance. Me, not Chotzie. He *would*. It was unimaginable that he wouldn't, even in the face of all contrary evidence. Right here I stumbled on an ethical stone named Pel. Pel

For Anne Boleyn

By Elizabeth McFarland

These days of cloud surfaces
And water windows,
When the world walks on high heels
Pounding young! young! young! into the pavements,
One thinks of you, Anne,
A young girl romanticized in green velvet,
Standing as we all have stood,
Listening to the sly whisper
Of leaves in dark corners,
Observing the black gleam
Of spring rain on wet tree limbs,
Feeling the crab apple's sticky growth—
You lost your maidenhood
But were never deprived of it.
Locked in Henry Tudor's
Deep glittering caverns,
You were caught round the waist
And frozen in an attitude of wonder.
Other women long for your beauty
In the stirring April winds,
But they will pluck the summer blossom
Your arms could not reach.

hadn't asked me, yet; absent-mindedly, he neglected things like that until the latest hour, assuming of course I'd be going with him. And I would feel mean to tell him I wasn't, I'd feel like a dog, but what was the use of vain repining: how did I know Mitch was coming back?

Even if Mitch didn't ask me to go with him, he'd have to dance with me. And even if ——Well he'd see me there. In my dress.

"—— over a foundation skirt the same shade," mama was saying. "Little black lace ruffles round and round, all the way to the floor, sewn onto black net."

Ruffles. Little black lace ruffles. "Not ruffles, dear," I persuaded. "Flounces. Wide flounces. Three."

"Wide? Flounces?" She looked crushed. "All right, let's see now. Three . . . wide . . . flounces," spacing on the tape measure. "Your long-skirt length is forty-five inches, three into forty-five—fifteen." Looking up. "Have it your way, Jennie, but there is nothing lighthearted about a fifteen-inch flounce."

"Seventeen years is long enough to be lighthearted; and look—very wide at the hem. Stand-out. Circular."

"Have you ever tried sewing ruffles on a circular skirt?"

"Not ruffles; *flounces*."

This was rapidly stitching into a Thing. It looked as if all my plans directly or indirectly concerned with Mitch became devious, somehow, and I detest devious things; they make me think of gambling, which depresses me, and in the world I'm going to make there won't be any gambling. Everybody will know who is taking them to the dance.

"Well," I sighed, and handed the whole thing over to mama. "Do it whatever way is the easiest—don't go to a lot of bother."

I forgot that advising my mother to do anything the "easiest way" is a deadly challenge. She takes it as a personal affront, an invidious gratuitous insult to any skill she may possess. Give her a long sheet of instructions and she can blithely ignore them, but tell her "not to bother" and she goes in for the full course.

THE dress immediately became a Project. It had more parts than a Diesel motor. The bodice got cut into bias sections, three front, three back, and fitted like a coat of paint; a fitted bodice is gruesome when it doesn't fit, I finally convinced the family. And the skirt—well, the upper and under skirts both by some mysterious miracle became circular. Later. After we found material to match the velvet. That was some treasure hunt.

Velvet swatch in hand, I tried the three local dry-goods stores. A certain distraction was offered by Mitch and Chotzie driving nonchalantly up and down Main Street in the jalopy, Mitch hunkered down in the seat, his eyes slitted; and Chotzie's hair blowing like a halo in reverse, talking as if she had just made a down payment on a vocabulary. On purpose, they didn't see me as I cruised from store to store.

In Bert's were peach and salmon-pink and shocking, all kinds of pink but mine. Miss Haver took the sample to the door, holding it up to the light. "I haven't seen this exact quality and color for twenty years," she said. "I'm afraid you're going to have a bit of trouble matching taffeta to it."

The doorway blanked out and there stood Pel. "Hello," he said in his lost, pedantic way.

"Oh, Pel," I exclaimed impulsively, "how am I ever going to match this?" holding out the sample.

He examined it. "I have a piece of rose quartz this exact shade."

"You're a big help! Can I wear a rock?"

Looking mildly from the velvet swatch, he said. "Every now and then I match things for my mother. I'll be glad to try."

The following day he was absent from school. When I arrived home, the taffeta had been delivered to mama, an exact match.

But she was so *slow*. "At this rate you will never get it done in time," I fumed. She tried things this way and that, trial and error; the circular net skirt was spread out, taped to the dining-room table, which happens to be round, while she measured distance meticulously between each ruffle, made chalk marks, basted forever; finicking. The flounces turned out to be dismal. I saw her point and settled for ruffles—they transformed easily, as she used wide lace to begin with and simply cut it narrow with the pinking shears.

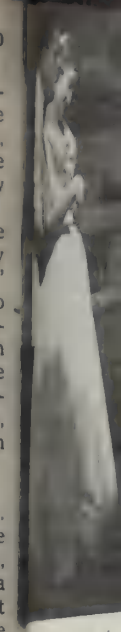
"Of course the edge won't take hard wear," she said, "but you're only going to dance in it."

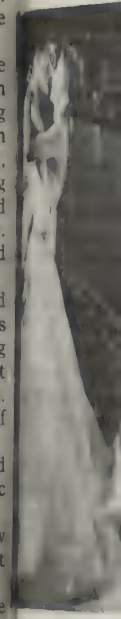
And you can't dance alone. Who with, wa I only going to dance in it? Why be so anxiou when no one had even asked me? What Pel was more sensitive to undercurrents tha he appeared, and didn't mention it? Even a the last gasp. I began waking nights wit chaotic thoughts, all alone in a beautifu pink-and-black-lace dress, no place to wea it.

Mitch merely spoke, distantly; the littl green points in his eyes glittered. He re turned to basketball practice; I could hea his voice, waiting after school for the pokey— up and down my spine in tingles. There was big game scheduled with Hackettsville, th night before the Christmas Dance.

On the nineteenth, everything was finishe but the zipper. It was a dream dress; I coul hardly believe myself in it. And still, no on had mentioned taking me to the dance. Aft supper that night, I decided suddenly to g

(Continued on Page 126)













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(Continued from Page 124)

to the basketball game and started downstairs to see if papa wouldn't just adore seeing a perfectly thrilling game.

My mother's voice came up the stair well from the living room: "——Marysville and then Auburn, and finally do you know what that boy did? He chartered a plane at the airport and flew to San Francisco! We're not supposed to know, but his mother told me. It took his whole month's allowance, he is walking a mile home for lunches, and he has practically no Christmas money. And in the city, he had to go to Macy's, the Emporium, the City of Paris and the White House, before he found an exact match. Imagine."

Holding onto the newel post, my heart ached for Pel Townsend. Why did he have to be so nice? I could sympathize with him—he felt the same way toward me as I felt toward Mitch. Still and all, just the same, if I should happen to see Mitch after the game, and if he should happen to mention the dance—what would I say? I'd say "Yes." It is just something you can't help.

Papa said all right, he'd drive me to the gym and I could phone him when the game was over.

Even Miss Clessy was there with her brother. I went over and sat with a bunch of girls who weren't with anyone; and no sooner sat down than realized they were together because their boys were on the team and it made me look as if—well, no, it didn't because just then Chotzie arrived with canary feathers on her chin.

Glancing around, I saw Pel. Odd, because he thought basketball and football were sort of childish. We nodded. I may have blushed; he did for sure. He had a kind of purposeful air about him, though.

When the Hackettsville team came out, they had a tall Negro boy playing center. Mitch narrowed his eyes right down to slits when he faced him. He didn't look friendly. He didn't play friendly either.

Starting off by jumping the whistle—the merest fraction, just enough not to get a foul called on him, Mitch kept it up. He smashed into the Hackettsville player every chance, needlessly—and Mitch was heavier than the rangy other boy. Chotzie began yelling things—insulting things. A few others, I am deeply ashamed to admit, echoed her. What got me was Miss Clessy sitting there being deaf and impervious; of course she's a timid soul, but she's a teacher too. I sent appealing looks around; no one paid the least attention, they were caught up in the excitement of the game—Hackettsville had made most of the baskets so far.

Out on the floor, Mitch blocked the other center's tall basket shot; the ball debated on the rim for a tense moment, then fell through. I couldn't see clearly what Mitch did, but I saw the Negro boy wince.

Chotzie stood up and yelled something I won't even repeat. Somebody said, "Down in front." Somebody else said, "*Shut up.*"

There was a time out and the coach moved in on Mitch.

PEL got up. He came down to the front of the plank grandstand and stood there. His voice was quiet. "One of the visiting players is receiving shameful discourtesy. This must stop."

"Who says so?" Chotzie yelled, as if she expected a laugh.

The place was so quiet you could hear a pin drop.

Pel looked up, searching her out. He just calmly looked at her; a junior called out, "*We* say so, that's who." As if he had been waiting for that, Pel returned to his seat.

The game continued. Chotzie lapsed into sullen silence. Mitch pulled no more fouls. Hackettsville won, forty-two to thirty-six.

The gym was almost empty and still I sat there, unmoving. Pel touched my arm. "Game's over. Time to go home," and he took my arm as I stepped down four planks to the gym floor, and all at once Mitch was there, waiting for us. Chotzie lurked in the background.

"Hey, Pelham Higgins Townsend," he said in a loud voice, ignoring me, "I hear you didn't like the game."

Pel looked around thoughtfully. "That's right."

"Just what was the trouble?"

"Poor sportsmanship," Pel said.

"You don't say!" Mitch rippled his eager biceps. "Would you care to step outside, Pigeon? I'll be glad to show you some real sport."

This seemed to be an academic discussion which Pel was viewing with considerable detachment. "Thank you, Mitch," he said evenly. "I don't care for that kind of sport. There is enough contention in the world today without adding to it. So—if I may be excused ——"

Mitch pulled down his lip in a sneering laugh and blocked the way. "If you may be excused. Pelham Higgins Townsend regrets. Chicken, huh. Shouldn't think you'd admit it, in front of your girl."

Chotzie made a shrill hysterical giggle. Pel sighed, a profound compassionate sigh, regretful; and Mitch waited.

"All right, Mitch," Pel said. "I'm sorry about this, but it seems to be the only way, sometimes. Wait here, Jennie." He started out.

"You're sorry already? Oh, man!" And Mitch made for the door, Chotzie after him. In spite of instructions, I followed.

Outside, Pel removed his glasses in an abstraction, handing them to me.

"You wouldn't care to reconsider?" he said politely to Mitch.

"Who you kidding, schmo?"

Pel turned facing him. "Very well," he said, "Are you ready?"

Mitch simply grinned, that being beneath reply. Doubling his fists, he lunged forward. Like lightning, something hit him. He staggered back, wavered uncertainly in a half circle, and crumpled to the grass. Chotzie made a startled gasp in her throat and bent over him.

That's all there was to it.

Pel was standing there feeling in his pockets. I handed him the glasses, he put them on; we walked away.

"The car is parked around the next block," he said. "Do you want to wait here while I bring it?"

"I'll go with you."

We walked a little distance in silence. I wanted to ask where he had learned to hit like that—mining camps?—but the subject seemed to be closed.

"Has your mother finished the c Jennie?" His hand slipped under my a felt strange.

"How did you know she hadn't?"

He regarded me in moderate surp "My mother has been helping her wit lace ruffles—seems the shirrer went ha on your mother's machine. I thought knew."

"That was awfully nice of your moth said.

"She enjoyed it. Only boys in our fa It is a beautiful dress; it will do you ju and only a very beautiful dress coul that." His hand tightened for an instant. the way, my rose quartz is exactly the s of your velvet. I'm polishing a piece to you, for your birthday."

STUPIDLY—but things had been happ so fast—I said, "What do I do with

"Anything you like. You can keep remember me by." Looking up, I ran s into his eyes, looking down. "Among souvenirs, for that old nostalgia."

"Oh, no, Pel. I'm going to keep it wh can see it, all the time."

"Are you really?" His tone had a hu wonder. "Jennie, I would be interest hear your definition of nostalgia."

"Why ——" For a moment I cou think. "Why, I guess . . . Pel, isn't nost sort of a tender feeling for a time past you are happy to have escaped?"

We walked along looking up at the thinking about everything. "Not bad said. "Not bad at all. You have an int ing mind. And though one feels redunda say so, you carry it around in a bea package."

"Well, th—thanks."

"You do," he said solemnly. "It is h fair for one girl to be so brilliant and a beautiful, but since it is you, a numb people will always be happy about it. ticularly me. I mean I."

When we reached his father's ca guided me to the right-hand door and op it.

"Get in quickly," he said. "It's snow And so it was.

Pel got in on his side. He unfolded a arranging it carefully over me. The leaned and kissed me softly on the cheek started the motor.

I felt wonderful.



"I'm at the age when my folks wish it was any other age!"



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LAST DAY OF ALL

(Continued from Page 39)

cold; the train grunted, creaked, moved off, leaving you there. A bus was standing nearby.

"You the bus to Sandford?" father asked. He was always asking questions like that, refusing the evidence of his senses, wanting confirmation. Mother would take one look and know. The driver stowed their luggage away. He had a round face that looked as if it were made of leather, and chain-smoked until the bus was under way, when he flipped the last cigarette out the window. "Smell the sea!" father cried as they turned off the highway to a lesser road that ran along the shore. And then, "Look at the nets drying!" Like a kid on a holiday, not dignified at all.

Camilla, in the seat behind, was afraid that the other people in the bus might laugh at his enthusiasms. She was glad that he and mother sat together. She could pretend that she—well, she didn't belong to them. She didn't want to smell the sea. Drying nets left her cold, although she supposed it was what people would call picturesque. She'd have to make the most of it when she wrote to Judy and Kay.

The road seemed to get worse. It twisted and turned around every single inlet. The bus careened along, now climbing so that you caught a glimpse of the open sea away to the left; the next minute it would plunge down, and there would be a cove deep-cut in the cliffs, with the sea a wedge of blue out beyond, but the inner waters green and tranquil, where fishing boats rode at anchor or lay canted over, waiting the coming of the tide. Half grudgingly Camilla allowed herself to think it was like a picture out of the storybooks father used to give her when she was small.

When he and mother leaned over the back of their seat to press her for an opinion, she admitted reluctantly, "Yes, it's rather pretty."

"I thought you'd like it, darling," mother said, but in her most hopeful tone.

"Maybe we'll get a chance to go out with the boats," father said, and again Camilla felt as if she were so much older than father, much more—well, mature and sophisticated.

THE road became quite breath-taking. At times there was a horrid smell from the fishhouses in the coves, soon replaced by the aromatic pungency of spruce and the indefinable fragrance of dew-wet bushes and ferns, and berries ripening in the sun. Or, an inland stretch, with gulls wheeling on the outer fringes, a partridge and her brood fluttered suddenly from a ditch. Camilla felt herself yielding, not knowing then how precious all this was to become.

Rounding the last turn, the bus came out into openness. They were on top of a hill. The rounded fields flowed down in a patchwork pattern, studded with white houses, to the harbor and silver-gray fishhouses and the sea—the sea everywhere beyond, glittering in the strong sunlight.

"There it is," father cried. "This must be Sandford," and he leaned forward and demanded of the driver if it were.

Mortified, Camilla looked out her own window at the straggle of the village, the small spire of the church, the one or two stores; an aimless huddle. No hotel. Nothing. She wished again, vehemently, that she hadn't come and that father wouldn't keep making ecstatic remarks. Mother was different. She was always so sensible. The straggle of houses drew nearer. The bus driver stuck a fresh cigarette tentatively in the corner of his mouth. They rocked and swayed down to wharf level, then rounded up a slight incline and passed the general store. Could *this* be the main street? Gangling youths outside a kind of garage stared at them. Sea-browned children, barefooted in the dust, watched them as they drew up in front of a house that had a sign on the side of it saying "Post Office."

"Hi, Andy," the bus driver called. "Here's some people for your maw."

THAT was the first time she saw Andy. And she resented him, almost. A hotel porter would have come to get their luggage in a different way, not with hands tucked in the front pockets of dungarees, not slowly, as if he were independent and summer boarders a nuisance. The sunlight fell on a mop of fair hair and a strong, square-chinned face, golden-tan. His shirt, open at the front, showed a smooth-skinned chest, but you suspected muscles. Where his sleeves were rolled high on his arms, you saw them.

Hardly glancing at Camilla, he said, "Mr. Drake? Mom's expecting you people."

"This is my wife," father said, "and this is Camilla."

Andy smiled. You couldn't judge anything by that smile. He reached for their bags and Camilla wondered why a sudden excitement ran in her as they followed him up the road. A few strides along, he opened a gate in a lilac hedge which was thick with summer dust. There was a small grass plot behind it, a few flowers in a round bed, a veranda hung with Dutchman's-pipe—and an opening door.

A woman came through it, a youngish, motherly-looking woman, quite pretty, her hair drawn plainly back, a smudge of flour on one cheek, but smiling her welcome.

"Come in. Come in," she said. "Andy, you take those things on up. I hope you folks had a good trip."

As they went in Camilla thought, sniffing, that it smelled a bit like a farmhouse, clean, airy, and as if good baking were going on. There was a living room with big fat chairs, and old photographs on walls and piano. Magazines lay higgledy-piggledy on shelves, and she could see some books and games. She followed her mother and father upstairs. The ceiling of their rooms slanted under the gabled roof.

Camilla's room had a single bed covered with a quilted spread that her mother exclaimed over; the wide floor boards were painted a soft gray and were partly covered by hooked rugs with a pattern of shells and waves like the one on the spread, in soft blue and melon-green and fawn. From her window she looked almost directly down on the road. Up to the right it was lost against the sky, but down to the left she could see a segment of the cove and a headland beyond.

They met the other boarders at lunch, two schoolteachers—the Misses Harford—and a friend of theirs.

After lunch father said they must get into their holiday clothes right away and go down to see what the fishing boats had brought in. As the only other choice seemed to be to sit on the veranda, Camilla went along. On the wharf, men were forking fish into boxes that went up on pulleys into the dimness of the fishhouses. As they passed one of them somebody smiled and waved. It was Andy. The greeting lightened the whole afternoon for Camilla. When they went back to the house for supper the other boarders were off on a picnic and the dining room seemed empty with only the three of them. The evening stretched before Camilla, endlessly blank. They were just finishing their custard pie and coffee when Andy poked his head in.

Slim Cunning Hands

By Walter de la Mare

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"You folks like to go for a row around the ove?" he asked. He spoke to them all, but is eyes waited for Camilla's reply.

How soon after that did it begin? How on before she began to listen for Andy's tep on the gravel path around to the kitchen oor, to watch for the bright gleam of his ead, to wait for the sound of his whistling n the way up from the wharf and the queer craping shuffle his sea boots made on the oad? He took her out in his dory, and they oated around, the two of them, on water rushed with the colors of the sunset. They ent in one of the larger boats to the outer lands with old Henry Jacques, salt-bitten nd talkative, who had been out in the storm ith Andy's father the night he was drowned. ndy stood in the swordfish stand projecting om the bow to show Camilla how they used harpoon. Standing there, straight-backed, aceful, the harpoon poised at a dynamic ngle, his bright hair streaming in the breeze ade by their going, he looked like one of ie legendary heroes they used to make allads about. The long Atlantic swells lifted iem up and set them down, so that at one oment he seemed to be dominating the y; the next, the sea. Perhaps it was then at the pleasure of being with him changed a half-fearful ecstasy that made the hours tween, the hours when he had to be down the wharf or out in the boats, mere point-ss time that had to be filled in somehow ntil she saw him again.

He borrowed a bike for her one day and ey went through the woods to a beach on e other side of the peninsula, stopping to ck berries in a clearing where they seemed ut off from the world. Camilla would ways remember the silence of the woods, a ence in spite of—or perhaps because of—e song of birds and the hum of insects and woodpecker tapping far away. Andy had ughed at her, standing there in T shirt and orts, slapping away the avid mosquitoes, r mouth and hands stained with berries. e picked some ferns and leaves and a trail-g plant with small red berries and made a ugh circlet of them and dropped it lightly her head. She said, "Silly!" pretending e was going to displace it, but he made a ick protective move. For a minute their nds fought for supremacy, then his caught rs and imprisoned them. They stood like at for what seemed a long time, she with r chaplet askew, he panting a little from e struggle, looking at each other as if the ole episode had caught them by surprise. kind of embarrassment began to grow be-een them. Andy let her hands go

"If we don't quit fooling around we'll ver get there and back by suppertime," said.

She often wondered what his mother ought of their seeing so much of each ier. Probably she thought nothing at all, ustomed to rely on Andy's help with her sts. Probably Camilla's own parents felt same way, and were grateful for anything that kept her happy. They all went out deep-sea fishing together, father immensely excited, though they caught only a couple of haddock, and mother seasick but persevering.

When they had been at Sandford only ten days father had to leave unexpectedly. An urgent telegram was telephoned through to the post office for him.

"Don't tell me you have to go!" mother said.

"I do tell you," father said ruefully. He looked like a small boy bereft of his toys by a sudden stroke of ill fortune, but bracing himself. "Well, I'd only have had a week and a bit more," he said; and Camilla remembered that this would be all for any of them.

Before the bus whisked him away around the corner by the store he called, "Good-by. Be good girls, both of you. 'By, Andy. Thanks for everything."

Mother turned and went slowly back to the house. A pang of loneliness for her struck Camilla. She left Andy and ran after her mother, staying with her for the rest of the day, urging her to take up the Misses Harford's suggestion that they go around to Herring Cove the next afternoon for a picnic; all the while knowing that they would have to go by boat and that Andy would be taking them in his dory.

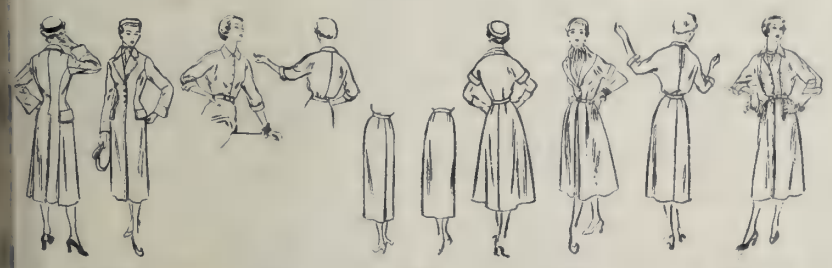
The sun was hot, the breeze cool, the sea an intense, restless blue fringed with white. When they got to the cove they all walked around hunting sand dollars and shells and looking at the tiny crustaceans in warm rock pools. The four women spread the rugs on a heath-topped knoll, with some low spruces between them and the wind. The tide boiled and leaped on the jagged rocks below, and once in a while you could hear the bell buoy in the fairway between the mainland and Little Minogue. Andy said there was an interesting cave in a hollow just over that point, but they said they'd had enough scrambling for the present, that Andy's and Camilla's legs were younger than theirs and they'd better go along if they wanted to.

Mother called after them, "Be careful, Camilla," and for a strange moment she wondered if mother meant more than the rocks. But she soon forgot everything except being with Andy, running with him down to the edge of the waves on a bit of sand, reaching for his hand on a tricky bit of rock, clambering over the crest of the point and jumping down to a miniature crescent of beach caught between two horns of rock which shut her and Andy into an exclusive, tremendous world of their own. They examined the cave but it mattered only because for a moment of time it held them within its hollow. Andy found a scallop shell and gave it to her, but the years that went into its making mattered only because it was there, ready for that precise instant.

So it was with everything they said or did until, suddenly, Andy's arms were around her and his lips urgently against hers. When it was over she still clung to him, breathless, her head drooping against his shoulder. She

Back and Other Views,
Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Pages 50 and 51

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could hear the pounding of his heart, so near, so dear.

"I'm sorry," he said huskily.

She lifted her head. "You mustn't be sorry," she said passionately. "If you're sorry it only makes this a—a game."

"I'm not playing," he said, straight-lipped. "Are you?"

"No—oh, Andy, no. This is for keeps."

That made every time they had together afterward doubly significant. Camilla began counting them up, treasuring the ones still to come, but Andy seemed to ask nothing of the future as long as there was a tomorrow.

Once, as the last tomorrow of all drew inescapably near, he said, "You like it here in Sandford, Camilla, don't you? You wouldn't mind living here?"

"If it's with you, Andy," she said, curling his long, strong fingers around hers. "And you wouldn't mind living in the city, would you, if it were with me?"

"No," he said. "I expect I'd miss the boats and all at first, but I'd get over it."

It was inevitable that her mother should realize how things were with them, and deftly bring the question out into the open, at the same time making it seem ordinary enough to discuss casually.

"Andy will be lost without his playmate, won't he?" she said.

Recognizing the crisis, Camilla was forthright. "Mother," she said, "Andy and I want to get married. We love each other. That's terribly important, isn't it?"

"Yes," her mother said. "That's terribly important." She was being very understanding and kind, after the fashion of mothers, but Camilla could feel that she was keeping something back, that if she should decide to oppose them she could draw on powerful and frightening resources that were beyond Camilla's experience. She said, "Would you like living in Sandford all the year round? It's lovely now in summer, but you must think what it would be like in November, all gray and shut in."

"Andy would be here," Camilla said.

"Would—would he be as happy in the noise and crowds of the city for your sake?"

Camilla said proudly, "He'd come to the city and get a job there if that was the way I wanted it."

"That speaks well for him," her mother said. "In that case a great deal more would depend on you than on him, Camilla. Now I want you to do something very difficult. Try to see yourselves in a small, cheap apartment." The voice went on inexorably. "Try to see yourself introducing Andy to your friends—to Judy and Kay and Greg. Do you see what I mean?"

"Mother, that's horrible. That's snobbish. Andy's wonderful."

"That's the point, darling. They'd be trying to cut him down to size. We know what he's like. We've seen him here against his own fine background. But the others will judge him by the only standards they know." The distress in her mother's eyes was real.

Perhaps, Camilla thought, weakening, perhaps Andy was just talking big when he said he'd come to the city. Perhaps he only said it to please her. She saw him cooped up and miserable in a place that had nothing to remind him of nets and boats and the smell of seaweed at low tide. It would be easier for her in Sandford, even in November. A home was a home, wherever it might be.

"Then I won't make him go," she said. "We'll live here."

"There's father, too," her mother said as if she hadn't heard. "We can't leave him out of this."

"Yes, there's father." Camilla said it dejectedly. It would all have to be talked over with father, too, and dear knows how many other people, every word spoiling a delicate thing too precious for words.

She couldn't tell Andy about it any more than she could hold off that heartbreaking last day. And what could she tell him, anyway?

As they walked slowly down their favorite path through the fields, through the wood and down to the sea, she kept thinking, *This is the last time*. The last time Andy would s out the fattest clumps of berries and pi them for her and put them between her tee and kiss her. On the shore they sat press together in a nook where a rock, split by t elements, had fallen in angular slabs like chair.

"This time tomorrow I'll be gone Camilla said with a catch of her breath.

"Do you have to tell me?" Andy said.

Then they were silent, Andy staring out sea, Camilla trying to etch on her mind eve line of his face, the feel of his arm around h shoulder, even the faded blue of his jea

"Does your mother know—about us she asked.

"She hasn't mentioned it. Has yours

Camilla nodded, her eyes filling with tea

Andy reached a hand to pull tufts of s grass from a crevice. "I guessed it would like that," he said.

"Oh, no, Andy!" Camilla suddenly f the need to defend her mother.

"Then what?"

She looked around helplessly, as if by loo ing she might find the words in which t inexpressible could be held. It seems so ea and right, when you're lying in the summ grass or on the hot, drowsy sand, to feel th when two people love as she and Andy c nothing else matters. The world can be sh out. The beautiful thing you share is ke untouched, unspoiled.

"It isn't what you're thinking, Andy she said. "It's—oh, Andy, it's not being ab to keep things just as they are, you and m and lovely summer! Too many other peop seem to be affected by it."

She wanted him to deny it, to hold h tightly and tell her that their love was t big to be affected by anything. But he sa unhappily, "Yeah. I guess that's the w things are."

"It won't make any difference to m though, Andy."

"How do you mean?"

"When I'm home I won't forget. B you—there'll be other girls ——"

"There won't be any other girls," he sa

"We'll write," she said, trying to cling that poor comfort. "We'll write, won't w Andy?"

"Sure. But . . . I'm not much good writing," he said more unhappily than ev

When they had to tear themselves aw they walked back through the wood, throu the pasture where the wild raspberries gr and across the swampy hollow. Just befo they reached the road they stopped in thicket of small trees.

"Camilla—Camilla ——" Andy choke and caught her to him.

They clung, trembling, and kissed. frightening prescience sharpened Camill intuition. This was really the last time s would have with Andy, the last time s would look up into his face like this and the whole wide sweep of sky behind him, w clouds like brush strokes and a gull plan downwind, alone in immensity, the last ti she would know the sweetness of laying head against his chest and hearing the b of his heart.

And here was the last morning, mother trying to hurry her with her packi

Camilla put the yellow dress in her su case and picked up the denim slacks smud with tar from Andy's boat, then the pil shorts from which, as she folded them, a li rain of sand whispered to the floor. Then dress she had worn on the Sunday she Andy had shared a book, his elbow agai hers, their happiness without a flaw as t sang:

"Frail as summer's flower we flourish
Blows the wind and it is gone . . ."

She dropped the dress in a heap and ra her mother's room. "Oh, mummie!" cried, using the name she thought she grown out of long ago. "It's all over. ended. There's nothing left."

"My darling!" mother said, holding gently; and after a minute, "Camilla, ling, maybe you can't quite believe it r

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but nothing is ever completely ended—or lost."

The words hadn't much meaning then, but Camilla gave herself up to the mother comfort of sheltering arms and compassionate voice.

Andy's mother came along to ask, "Could I help any?"

"Thank you," mother said. "We're almost finished."

"I hope Andy gets back before the bus goes," his mother said. "He had to go over to Little Minogue this morning to help Henry Jacques with some vinegar barrels. Henry's mate was taken sick." She went to the window and shaded her eyes, looking across the water to see if one of the boats rounding the point might be his. "He'd hate to miss saying good-by to you folks," she said.

Only then did Camilla realize how much she had been counting on a final glimpse of Andy. When everything was packed she went to the window too. All this—fields, road, sea—was Andy's, not hers. Perhaps she would never see it again. Was it better, easier, if he didn't get there to say good-by? She could see men down by the wharf and fishhouses, beginning to toss up the morning's catch. Surely Andy must be there somewhere, or was his boat still at Little Minogue?

Or, she thought, in a spasm of pain, *perhaps for him it's like the closing of a book, like the end of a chapter. Maybe Andy is wiser than I am.*

No; no, it was unbearable, never to see him again.

Now mother was saying that they must go. The postmistress' son had taken their bags for them. The bus was waiting. They said good-by to Andy's mother, busy already with preparations for the people who would be coming tonight to take the rooms that had belonged to them. They said good-by to the Misses Harford and their friend and walked down the road.

The bus driver stowed their bags on the rack and stood talking to the half-dozen people who were going to various settlements along the way, chain-smoking as he had that first day of their coming. At last he threw down his cigarette and ground it under his heel.

"All aboard, please."

I shall die, Camilla thought, with a last despairing glance down the road. The bus driver's hand under her arm gave her a little boost up the step.

Soon they were all on. The driver got in and slammed the door. He released the brake, snicked the ignition, pressed his foot on the starter, and the bus shook with the coming to life of the motor.

Then Camilla saw Andy running. At sight of him the relief was so great that for the moment she asked nothing more. He ran, not noticing or caring that people along the road, in doorways and gardens, stared curiously after him. As he ran his sea boots made a quick scuffing sound. Camilla saw the half-smile on his face as of triumph that, after all, he had got there, he had made it in time. She saw the way the sunlight shone around him, how bright his hair, how agile his body, how clean the line of his chin and mouth, how blue and direct his eyes.

I shall always, always remember him this way, she thought. *Oh, Andy, if you hadn't come I'd have died.*

The bus started slowly. Andy caught up with them.

"Come back—sometime!" he called. Running alongside an instant, his hand brushed the ledge of Camilla's window.

She leaned toward him. "Yes. Oh, yes."

Perhaps she would. Who knew? . . . Who knew?

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

ONE man recently made a list of his wife's household duties, and it came to a hundred and twenty items. Next, he checked off each item that could be wholly or partly taken care of by some modern device. . . There were still sixty-two left.

She's as self-controlled as a laugh in church.

Discipline is a parent's objective, a child's objection.

When asked if she considered a soda and hamburger an adequate lunch a high-school girl replied, "Not without a candy bar."

Some widow's weeds are plowed under, some go to seed, some turn into blossoms.

A sense of humor in marriage acts as a lightning rod on a building: grounds the sparks from the air.

A flirtatious woman in a small town is as prominent as a penny in a church collection plate.

Wisdom from a colored maid I once had: "Children are like dishes with food stuck on them; instead of scrapin', diggin', whackin', just let them soak awhile and soon what bothers you will wash away real easy."

One value the horse had over the automobile: the kids had to slow down far enough away from the old homestead so father couldn't tell how fast they'd been driving.

She could not stand being set right, not even when she would bid no trump with two singletons.

The energetic child advancing into the home of a meticulous housekeeper is as likely to get trapped as the fly visiting the spider's parlor.

Home is a success when parents have a good time in it too.

The most polite children who visit us wipe their hands on the *underfolds* of the guest towels.

MOTTO OF A PERFECT HOUSEKEEPER
Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Has left tomorrow's work undone.

Where there's a will there's a way, and where there's a child there's a will.

The marvel of a certain neighborhood was the family of five sons who were always *up for breakfast*. Persons endeavoring to explain the accomplishment could offer nothing except, "The mother never raises her voice, father just speaks firm." . . . As if that didn't explain it!

"At home" should mean being ready to receive not only guests but children when they come from school.

The modern wastebasket fills up as fast as a swimming pool in hot weather.

Daughter to mother: "Teacher says she just loves to get excuse notes from you because you write her all the news."

A crop of home-grown lettuce is like a child: you just begin to enjoy the flavor when suddenly it goes into adolescence and becomes too strong for delicate appreciation.



"If there's anything I don't like, it's droopy socks . . .



"The kids say mine are always neat, even my old ones . . .



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Bringing Up Baby



Hints collected by Mrs Dan Gerber (Mother of 5)

BONNET NEWS. Crisp white piqué is a favorite fabric for Baby's summer hat. Simplest to keep clean and perky is the kind that buttons at the back. This can be opened out flat for easy washing and fast ironing.



FRUITFUL TIP. Some lunchtime soon when you have a bit of Baby's Gerber Fruit left over, make yourself a tasty sandwich, like so. Blend the fruit smoothly with a bit of peanut butter and a dash of salt. Or mix it with cream cheese and softened butter. Very tempting on wholewheat bread or toast.



SUMMER STORM WARNING. If lightning is likely to throw your electric light system out of kilter (at home or at your vacation spot) keep a flashlight handy for sudden emergencies.

VACATION "VITTLES" FOR BABY. You can buy Gerber's Strained and Junior Foods almost everywhere you go these days, but to avoid getting caught short one of our readers suggests this. "Take along several containers each of the Gerber's Fruits, Vegetables, Meats and Desserts Baby likes so much. Then you'll be covered until you locate a grocery that carries Gerber's from start to finish."

SEE WHAT UNCLE SAM SAYS. A recent bulletin from the U. S. Department of Agriculture offers this bright idea on bringing up Baby. To keep your tot quietly amused on a sizzling day, tie a bright balloon to the crib, carriage or playpen. Watching it move seems to fascinate small folks in a big way. Keeps them cool, quiet and happy for quite a stretch.



WHAT DO YOU SAY? All of us other mothers are interested in hearing from you on your favorite Baby Care Tips. Put them in the mailbox when you have a minute. Just address the envelope to Mrs. Dan Gerber, Box 45, Fremont, Michigan.

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TOGRAPH BY ELIZABETH P. RIEGEL



The child who is constantly nagged or reproved at mealtime may become so emotionally upset that he cannot or will not eat.

"My Child Won't Eat"

By Dr. Herman N. Bundesen
President, Chicago Board of Health

NE of the puzzles still laid before doctors most commonly by mothers is the child who "won't eat." This statement in itself is, of course, an exaggeration. hildren eat something. And any child is well, and whose experiences with have been happy ones, eats most gs with appetite and enjoyment, at most of the time.

ence, when the doctor hears that fa-r, "My child won't eat," he knows his first step is to find out whether the is in good health. If his examination s up no physical condition to account ack of appetite, he then explores the time situation in the home.

henever this problem is brought to my questioning along the second line, I have satisfied myself that the ngster isn't sick, usually brings out a re something like this: A table where ood is abundant, nicely prepared and ed. The children are well dressed, hair ed and faces clean. A typical com-ble, prosperous American home.

or this is a complaint of homes where is plentiful. At a Fresh-Air Fund sani-m of which I was director, set up to eedy youngsters, appetites were enor-s. When we put some "eating prob-" with our charges to see what would en, they, too, began to eat ravenously. mber of wealthy parents who had ob-ed the experiment then asked if they t bring their own spoiled offspring to learn to enjoy food!)

owever, if we listen to the conversa-at the attractive, well-stocked table I just visualized, the chances are we will something like this:

ATHER: As I was saying ——

OTHER: Excuse me, John—Michael, t *have* you done with your napkin?

ICHAEL: It's right here, I ——

ATHER: Don't you talk with your th full!

MOTHER: Sally, eat your carrots!

SALLY: I don't like carrots!

MOTHER AND FATHER: Sally, *eat those carrots!*

And so it goes, throughout the entire meal, perhaps ending in shouting from the parents, tears from the youngsters, maybe a refusal by Sally to eat anything at all. Is it any wonder that the young fry develop complexes associated with eating? Meals are charged with tensions and hostilities, when they should be relaxed and enjoyable. The children's anticipation of food is darkened by the knowledge that they will be lectured from the time they sit down until they leave or are sent from the table.

Or perhaps it develops that the child who "won't eat" simply won't eat certain foods. Mother, determined to carry her point for nutritional reasons, or because she feels a principle of obedience is involved, makes an issue of it.

Many parents have had evidence that the child who is constantly nagged and badgered to clean his plate or to mind his manners is likely to do just the opposite. Otherwise, we doctors would not be getting all these cases of children who won't eat. But few parents realize how deep and how far-reaching the results may be. It is known that nervous tension and emotional upset interfere with proper functioning of the digestive system. Prolonged and repeated upsets may result in lasting digestive disorder.

A man I know suffered from dyspepsia, and had a long list of foods which, if eaten even in tiny amounts, would incapacitate him. After he had been happily married for a while, he began to find that he could eat anything! He then realized that constant childhood conflicts, centering around food, had been the reason for his "delicate stomach."

Emotional and personality results may be as long-lasting. The child who is constantly nagged or yelled at at mealtime may

THE NEW-FORMULA JOHNSON'S BABY LOTION

Proved by exhaustive clinical study to be an unusually effective preparation to

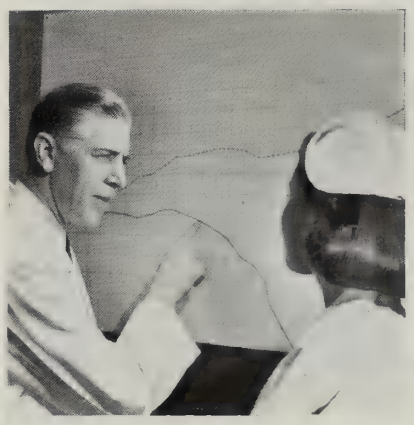
PREVENT IMPETIGO
PREVENT RAW BUTTOCKS
PREVENT DIAPER RASH
PREVENT HEAT RASH

MOTHER! You can minimize the danger of your baby's suffering from the four most common skin irritations of infancy—with regular daily use of new Johnson's Baby Lotion.

This new-formula lotion *actually kills the germs* that commonly cause impetigo and diaper rash. And its unusual physical and chemical properties make it highly effective in the prevention and treatment of excoriated buttocks and heat rash. It is soothing, snow-white—non-irritating to delicate baby skin.

No other product known can give your baby such *complete* protection. Get new-formula Johnson's Baby Lotion today!

Skin irritations reach new low in 8 hospital tests!



New Lotion proves superior. Johnson's Baby Lotion was tested against generally accepted methods of care in 8 leading hospitals for over 10,000 cumulative baby days. With ordinary methods as many as 55% of the babies suffered skin irritations. In the same instances, with new Lotion care, skin irritations of *all kinds* dropped to an average of less than 2%!

Impetigo epidemic halted. In one large Eastern hospital, an epidemic of impetigo had been a serious problem for four months. New Johnson's Baby Lotion stopped it within one week!

Protect your baby with new Johnson's Baby Lotion!

Use after bath, at diaper changes. Smooth a few drops of Lotion over baby's body regularly, every day. It will keep his skin softer, functioning better. And you'll never have to worry about skin irritations that make baby so miserable.

No "ammonia diaper" odor, either. New Johnson's Baby Lotion prevents that unpleasant odor, keeps baby smelling sweet and nursery fresh. Give *your* baby this amazing new care from now on!



Available in 49¢ and 98¢ sizes



JOHNSON'S BABY LOTION

Johnson & Johnson

When "Childhood Constipation"



upsets your 6-month-old . . .

When your baby is upset because of "Childhood Constipation" give him Fletcher's Castoria. The mild yet thorough laxative that's made especially for his delicate little system. Your doctor will tell you Fletcher's Castoria does not contain a single harsh drug. So gentle, it cannot cause griping, diarrhea or discomfort. So pleasant tasting even very young babies take it willingly.



or troubles your 6-year-old . . .

When your growing child is troubled by "Childhood Constipation," remember this: Strong, adults' laxatives . . . even in reduced doses . . . may be too harsh! Give Fletcher's Castoria. It's thorough and effective—yet so gentle it will not upset sensitive digestive systems. Tastes so good—children take it without any struggle. So keep Fletcher's on hand at all times—it's made especially for infants and children . . . children of all ages!

give Fletcher's Castoria

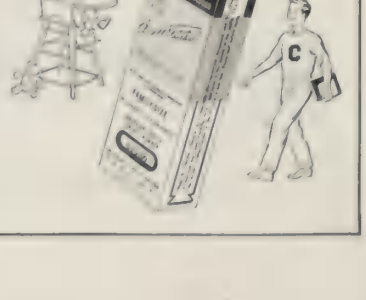
The laxative made especially for infants and children . . . children of all ages!

Chas. H. Fletcher

The original and genuine

CASTORIA

"From high chair to high school!"



respond by withdrawing, or else by becoming aggressive and hostile. Long after the battles at table have been forgotten, he may carry a behavior pattern that will make life more difficult for him. No item of diet, no point of manners is worth that.

"But he needs eggs and vegetables," mothers will wail when I point out these facts. Or, "We can't just sit there and let Michael and Sally eat like little beasts!"

In my experience, the greater part of the tension over eating that exists in so many otherwise happy homes could be relieved if parents would remember one simple fact: children are children, and they cannot be expected to behave like adults.

In the first place, they *are* little animals. Many of the refinements and restrictions of behavior that we impose on them when they begin to eat at the family table are foreign to their natures and difficult to master.

Even after these are seemingly mastered, there may be periods of backsliding, as when the child becomes of school age, and turns to outside friends and interests. This is often a period of messy mealtime behavior, but it means that the child is growing up. Not until a youngster is eleven or twelve (and at about that time table manners will get better without any outside aid) is he developed enough physically and emotionally to do the things many parents expect at a much earlier age.

In the second place, it is a known fact that little folk are naturally suspicious of new dishes, and that there are many individual dislikes and aversions, some physical and some emotional in origin.

When Sally consistently resists carrots, she may be responding to symptoms of a hidden condition akin to allergy, or she may simply be asserting herself as an emerging individual personality. The latter is so normal and universal that doctors have charted definite patterns of food refusal, to be expected at various ages.

Tots of two and three years, for example, are likely to turn down green vegetables; at five, it's root vegetables that are in dis
At six and seven the dislikes swing to c
vegetables and desserts, especially thos
are strongly flavored.

Another factor is that during peri
slow growth, as from three to five, app
are naturally smaller, and interest in
declines. Many parents, not understa
this, continue to pile the child's plate
The very sight of the huge quantit
knows he is expected to eat may destr
appetite when a youngster is in a
growth stage.

In any age period, it has been foun
dislikes are fewer, and appetites keener
parents have taken pains to keep mea
happy and free from conflict.

This is not to say that children sho
allowed to run wild. Neither do I p
doing away with the balanced diet. A c
minimum of discipline is needed, but a
ant, understanding attitude on the part
parents will insure that the discipline
become of the nagging kind that precip
a more or less permanent emotional cri

If you've a child who "won't eat,"
laxing about it. Put a small serving of f
the child's plate and then forget abo
matter of eating. If new or disliked dis
served, balance them with something
familiar and liked, disregard the po
that are left. If your family mea
hitherto have been marked by reprim
see if you can't introduce a bit of party
instead. In the rare cases where rejectio
widespread as to have possible nutr
effect, ask your doctor's help. But do
food, or the way your youngster gets
his mouth, become an issue in your ho

In my own family, whenever we b
discouraged about the children's prog
table, we would invite a guest for dinn
variably the children responded with
pany manners" and delighted us. May
"company manners" we displayed our
toward our children, as well as towa
guest, had something to do with this.

A PRIMER ON THE COLD WAR

(Continued from Page 12)

help—others to live. That will mean the sacrifice of many ambitions on all sides.

Q.: For what may we hope?

A.: Despite the intensity of the struggle, it is possible to discern common realities superior to the struggle. All countries need one another as markets, and as sources of materials they do not possess. Every country has a way of life peculiar to its own history and genius, which it is jealous to preserve. All want peace and are instinctively hostile to those who incite to civil and international strife. All want psychological and emotional security and hope for a greater degree of economic security. And it is doubtful whether the leadership of any nation, however despotic, dares risk an atomic war.

The situation, being dangerous, calls for calmness, confidence and prudence. America should be strong, but not bellicose or provocative, and should abjure foreign adventures. We should earnestly strive for internal peace by upholding justice, and mitigating class and racial frictions, taking a dim view of all who, from any quarter, left or right, fan the flames of internal hatreds. Anticommunists who recklessly attack their fellow citizens on mere suspicion contribute, like communists, to the disintegration of morale.

We should be prudently generous, but we should also remember that even God can help only those who help themselves. We should have confidence—which with domestic peace is entirely justifiable—that the United States can, if attacked, defend herself against all comers.

And we should learn, I think, to take a little longer view of history. Danger and crisis are nothing new in the world.

External enemies have never yet destroyed a great nation without the collaboration of that nation's errors and imprudences.

The Soviet Union is undoubtedly busy creating a vast despotic centralized empire, but such empires are always vulnerab
subject to all sorts of internal risks—to
for instance, involved in mere chan
personalities at the top! Being rigid, th
also brittle. They are highly artificia
not at all in harmony with nature.

And nature has a persistent way of
her own revenge.

Many developments that we canno
sibly foresee may and probably will div
course of history from its present im
The cold war can be changed, or end
the emergence of new political, soc
religious forces that no one at prese
predict. If one believes that there is a
reality unifying mankind, one would
this, and be on the watch to recogn
and work with it. The cold war also
simply peter out, as both sides suffe
the burden of maintaining it, or as the
of some natural catastrophe afflicting
the other or all of the participants.

In my own belief, the cold war is the
of the overambition of all the Allies
last great war; their decision to w
"total" war, for "unconditional s
der"—a war of unlimited objectives,
for a Utopian dream of total agreem
follow total victory. History does not
like that. The release of unlimited forc
unlimited objectives can with difficul
halted by the defeat of the enemy. Wa
struggle tend to take on a life of their
After all great wars it takes a long ti
humanity to sober up.

Meanwhile, it would be well to reca
admonition of Lincoln in the great S
Inaugural Address, and remember
though, in God's will, offenses may
"yet woe unto him from whom the o
cometh." If the west rushes into war
only be because we are afraid of ours
not of the Soviet Union. It is better
one's opponents have the nervous b
downs.

THE

IF ONLY IT WERE YESTERDAY

(Continued from Page 52)

left the road and crashed into a tree. had never known, she did not know as she stood there, whether it had been berate or not.

he had never hated Jessie, she thought. en her widowed mother died and left her a nine-year-old half sister to rear, she accepted it as a duty. She might have ried at that time, but no man wanted to ot an orphan, and for long years she had e her best: sat along the wall at dancing ol, while Jessie's curls bobbed and her t white skirts fluttered; saw to her edu- on, her clothes. And watched the boys always seemed to surround her.

hen as time went on there had been four s of wonderful peace. Jessie had gone to ge, and had spent her vacations with ds. For the first time Amy was living a f her own. She felt younger, gayer, for be- Jessie she always seemed faded and old. it was during that period that Randolph on began to pay her some attention. ot as a lover. She knew that now, but at he liked her; and she bloomed under his est. She was still blooming when Jessie hed college and came home to stay.

all fairness, prob- , Jessie did not ze that he was 's property. But had seen his face n Jessie came into arlor on her way to something or r.

s this the little r?" he said. "And so little at that." e knew then it all over. Not at , of course. He her out occa- lly, and Jessie had all sorts of around her.

ttle by little, ever, the balance ed, especially the accident. n Jessie was ght home she was definitely the he came to see. that he ignored . When Susan, arlormaid, admitted him, he would stop. Hi! How's our invalid today?"

Expecting you, I dare say," Amy would dryly.

e could not break herself of that habit, iting so he had to speak to her. Once or she was tempted to tell him of the fancy vs and bed jacket with which Jessie pre- d for his visits. "All fixed up for you," she ed to say. "Lipstick, too, and a new man- ." She never did, however. He did not for one thing. She would hear him ing the stairs, carrying a book or a box owers. And Susan going back to the ce quarters, probably to whisper that as back again, and wasn't Amy's nose f joint!

TEVER Jessie thought, she had never ed her for the accident.

he road was slippery," she said. "The mply skidded off the road. It was my ck to get hurt. That's all."

t one day after they brought her home spoke to her about it. "You know that was my fault, Jessie," she said. "I don't protecting, if that's what you're doing." sie had looked rather odd. "It's all over, " she said. "Anyhow, you're my half . You've always been good to me. I owe lot for that."

only did my duty," Amy said, and d out of the room. Neither of them had loned Ranny, but there he was between and they both knew it.

y had been frightened after the acci- It seemed to her, too, that her head- were coming oftener, headaches which drove her almost crazy with pain and made her do strange and impulsive things. One day she went to a psychiatrist, giving another name and wearing her oldest clothes. But he had been quite useless. He wanted to talk about her childhood, and when she said she had reared a half sister he had almost gloated.

"I see," he said. "How old is she now?"

"Twenty-two."

SHE could not see him, but she felt he was looking at her. "Get along pretty well, I suppose," he said. "No trouble, of course?"

She assured him there was not, but he could not let Jessie alone. He kept on about her, and at last Amy got up, flushing angrily. "Why should I resent her?" she demanded. "After I've devoted most of my life to her!"

"That in itself might be a reason," he said, smiling. "Women who have to care for old mothers often hate them without realizing it."

She had never gone back to him after that, and her headaches were, if anything, worse.

She had been having one that day. She leaned against the wall of the apartment house and tried to think about what had happened. In a way, it had started innocently enough. As she had to be cut, she had put the two sleeping tablets in Jessie's sherry so she would be asleep when Ranny came. She had not meant anything more than that. But later when she went into the room it had looked so easy. Jessie asleep and the gas heater burning.

Suddenly she felt very cold. The wind was blowing her coat, and she wrapped it around her and walked on. She could no longer hear the siren, but she knew the police were there at the house. For the first time the instinct for self-preservation asserted itself. So far she had not thought about herself. Now she realized that she must do so, must have an alibi for the last few hours. Perhaps if she went back to the party it would help.

After all, why not? It was her brother John's daughter Brenda who was making her debut. And it might not be over. Certainly they had seen her there before, John and Emily, his wife, and Brenda. Even her own two maids, Susan and Hilda, whom she had loaned Emily for the cloakroom. That had left only old Nora, the cook, in the house with Jessie, and Amy had told her not to go upstairs until Jessie rang her bell.

She knew now that had been a mistake. Or had it? Wasn't it natural to let Jessie sleep?

As she walked on she went back over the afternoon, shivering as she did so. When she arrived at the party Susan and Hilda had been busy in the cloakroom, and although she was almost blind with headache she saw that Susan had had her hair done at the hairdresser's and was wearing a pair of ridiculous high-heeled shoes. But they were there and she knew they would be there for hours.

She stopped suddenly when she remembered that. If they were still at the party, who had rung Jessie's bell? Certainly not Jessie. Then who? Her heart began to beat fast until she remembered that Nora had probably been worried after all and gone upstairs. But it had been too late, or else why were the police there?

When she reached John's house she stopped under a street lamp and looked at her watch. It was after seven, but evidently the reception was still going on. Cars were lined up

The Heart Remembers

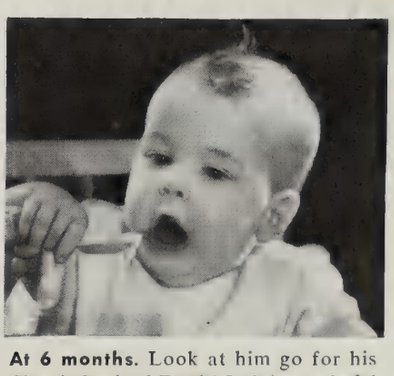
By Eleanor Halbrook Zimmerman

The heart remembers lovely things:
The rainbowed cloud, the running brook,
The fragrance of immortal springs,
Poems from a favorite book,
The wedge of geese against the sky,
The castles built in campfire embers,
And all Love's banners going by. . . .
The heart remembers.

Will your baby's future tell this story?



At 3 months. Hugh Starke started life with two wonderful gifts. *The first*—a wise Mommie who followed her doctor's advice. *And second*—a wise doctor who took care to prescribe the best for Hugh. For instance—when Hugh was ready for solid foods his doctor specified *Clapp's* Cereals. (Doctors know Clapp's Cereals bring babies more iron than unfortified cereals.)



At 6 months. Look at him go for his Clapp's Strained Foods! Isn't it wonderful the way babies love them. Think of all the *extra* nourishment babies get in Clapp's Foods! (They're pressure-cooked to bring babies more vitamins and minerals.)



At 18 months. A sweetheart if ever you saw one! Healthy, bright as a button. What delightful proof that babies thrive on Clapp's *extra nourishment*. With 16 strong, white teeth to his credit—Hugh is becoming a Clapp's Junior Foods champ.



12 years. A long time since his baby food days! But Hugh's picture tells you that *here's a youngster who had a good start!* Mother! Make sure your baby gets the best start too. Start him on Clapp's Baby Foods today. You'll be glad you did!



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Johnson's Cotton Tips are specially sterilized, *right in the box*, under the famous Johnson & Johnson quality-control method.

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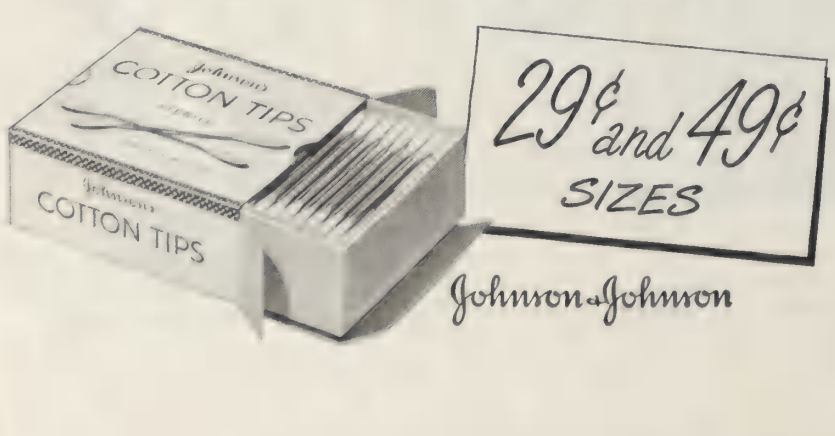
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Easy to open—fits on a narrow shelf. Protects Johnson's Cotton Tips till the last one is used.

Get Johnson's Cotton Tips for your nursery tray—today!



along the curb, and she could hear faintly the strains of the orchestra.

Apparently they had heard nothing yet, and she turned and went up the steps. The door was open, and a chattering group of young people was just leaving. John's butler, Saunders, was in the hall, and the caterer's men were still moving about with trays of drinks.

Saunders seemed surprised to see her again.

"I dropped a handkerchief," she said. "One of my best. Is—is my brother still here?"

He looked even more surprised, and she realized it had been an error.

"I thought I saw him going out," she said hurriedly. "It's been a nice party, Saunders."

"Yes, madam."

But perhaps he knew something after all. He was gazing at her suspiciously. Maybe she looked queer. Maybe she looked as if she had just murdered her half sister. She stiffened her shaking knees and slowly climbed the stairs.

At the end of the big drawing room Emily was sitting, looking exhausted after the long hours on her feet, but Brenda was still standing in her long pale blue dress, apparently as fresh as ever. She would probably go out and dance all night, Amy thought. Or no. Of course she wouldn't. Not tonight.

Emily raised her eyebrows when she saw Amy. "You must be a glutton for punishment. I thought you'd gone long ago."

"I just went out for a little air. I have a headache."

But Emily was watching her shrewdly, and unexpectedly Amy's legs gave way beneath her. She sat down abruptly in the nearest chair.

"I dropped a handkerchief," she said. "One of my nicest ones." Then, when Emily said nothing, she drew a long breath and looked around the room. "I didn't see the flowers before. They're very nice."

Emily smiled. "Yes," she said. "There are a lot of them. John said we looked like a first-class funeral."

Amy jerked at the word, and her handbag slid from her lap to the floor. Its contents were dumped out, and of course there was her handkerchief for everyone to see. No one mentioned it, however. Brenda dropped to her knees and began gathering up the contents. She picked up a small bottle and looked at it. Then she stared at Amy.

"What in the world are you doing with sleeping pills?" she inquired. "I thought you objected to them."

Amy was startled. She stared at the bottle. She recovered quickly, however. "I don't take them," she said. "They're Jessie's." Then all at once she saw a way out. She lowered her voice. "I don't like to leave them around where she can get at them."

Brenda stared up at her. "What on earth do you mean by that?" she inquired.

"She has despondent spells," Amy said. "When she thinks she'll never get better. She has frightened me more than once."

Even Emily wasn't smiling now. She looked hard at Amy. "I thought she'd been exceptionally cheerful lately," she said. "She was gay enough yesterday when I saw her. Look here, Amy, don't you feel well?"

"I'm all right," Amy said, her lips stiff. "Just one of my headaches."

She closed her eyes, feeling dizzy and sick with the heavy scent of flowers. Like a funeral, John had said. Like a funeral!

THE last callers were about to leave, and Emily groaned and got up. She forced a smile, and as they departed she motioned to the orchestra to stop. All at once there was a welcome quiet. The men picked up their instruments and left, and Emily sat down again and kicked off her slippers. Brenda, having repacked Amy's bag, gave it back to her.

"Do you really mean that you're afraid Aunt Jessie would take an overdose of those things?" she asked. "It seems so silly. Why would she kill herself? She's getting better all the time."

"I just think it's wiser to be safe," Amy said and got up. "Well, I'll have to be going. You must be exhausted. It's been a nice party, Brenda. Thanks for asking me."

She straightened her hat and moved ward the hall and the stairs. Her knees w steadier now, but she felt she had to get of the house. And she did not like the w Emily was still watching her.

"Good night," she said. "It's getting la They'll wonder at home what's happened me."

Brenda was looking at her too. "Can' get you something for the headache?"

"Don't bother. Nothing helps it excep night's sleep."

She had started for the hall when Em stopped her. "Aren't you going to look your handkerchief?" she said. "Or is tha in your bag?"

"I had another one," Amy said and, tu ing back, went rather hastily into the libra There, and in the long dining room behi she made a perfunctory search in case son one was watching. And as a matter of fa someone was. Emily, soundless in her sto ing feet, had come in and was taking a sm sandwich from the table.

"I'm starved," she said. "John and I have a tray later on. No use cooking dinne wonder where he is, anyhow. Of course hates parties. Want something to eat?"

BUT Amy did not want anything to eat. she wanted was to get away.

"I don't see my handkerchief," she sa "If you come across it just keep it for me."

"All right." Emily sounded faintly skep cal. "Oh, I knew there was somethi Thanks for sending your maids over. T cloakroom downstairs must have been a rio She took another sandwich. "You ought try these," she said. "They're *pâté*. By way, Ranny Mason came after you'd go but he didn't stay. He hurried off. May he took John with him. John's very fond him, you know."

Amy stared at her. "Fond of him!" said. "John's almost twice his age. It's diculous."

"I can think of a reason." Emily smi and lit a cigarette. "And incidentally, may drop in tonight," she said. "That is John ever gets back, and I'm able to stand my feet. I know John wants to talk to and Jessie."

Jessie! But he wouldn't talk to Jessie. N ever again. And with Emily's eyes on her was back in Jessie's room, her head thump and Jessie asleep with the window open a the gas heater burning. She had gone bes the bed to speak to her, but Jessie had answered. So she had closed the windo turned out the flame in the heater and th turned on the gas again. It had been an i pulse, dark and deadly, like the crash. O this was different. This was death. S turned so pale that Emily got up quickly.

"Sit down," she said imperatively. "P your head down between your knees whil get you a drink."

The whisky helped somewhat. Amy w able to sit up, even to look at the clock.

"I don't know what came over me," s said. "I suppose I was overtired." And wh Emily said nothing she got up. "It's half p seven. I'd better take the maids home. Th must be through now."

Because she was determined not to home alone to face what was waiting the Emily, however, only took another sandwi

"They're probably having supper dow stairs," she said placidly. "They can w over later. It's not far. Or we can take th when we come over. Unless you need them

"We can manage," Amy said, and we out into the hall.

There was a different sort of activity th now. The caterer's men were carrying out t small gilt chairs, and in the drawing ro someone was pushing furniture about. Fr the kitchen below came sounds of excit laughter and the smell of fresh-made coff

For the first time she wondered why Jo and Emily were coming over that night, af a day like this. It must be important, s thought numbly. But she did not want to Emily again. Not after the way she h looked at her: as though she was acti strangely, as though she was not normal.

The hall and cloakroom below we deserted save for men carrying out the lo

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JOURNAL

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THE SNOB, a complete-in-this-issue novel—By Richard B. Gehman

VOL. LXVII, No. 9

CONTENTS

SEPTEMBER, 1950



AL PARKER
(Cover Artist)

"As a boy I painted clothespins and named them for movie stars, illustrated the lyrics on player-piano rolls and wrote detective stories on shirt cardboards. Grandpa Bender, a steamboat captain, who didn't think much of my early infatuation with the saxophone, gave me a year's tuition to the St. Louis School of Fine Arts. The JOURNAL's mother-daughter covers are among the results."

WIDE WORLD



REBECCA WEST
(Can a Nation Afford Health for All its People? Page 36)

Cicily Fairfield (her given name) has been writing since girlhood in England. She took her writing name from an Ibsen character after doing an article for a feminist magazine her mother had forbidden her to read. Her most recent book, The Meaning of Treason, a report on British war criminals, confirmed her position as the world's best woman reporter.



RICHARD B. GEHMAN

"I am nearly thirty and come from Lancaster, Pennsylvania. I went to high school there—never did get to college. I started off working on a local newspaper, from which I was fired. In 1942 I was drafted, and for two years I edited an Army-published newspaper for civilians in Oak Ridge, Tennessee. I sold some short stories, which beguiled me into thinking writing was easy. *The Snob* (Page 34) is my first fiction in two years."

Complete-in-One-Issue Novel

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P.S. Ivory Flakes are perfect for dishes, and so very kind to hands!

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Very personally yours



This was the jaunt you promised Joan—before you remembered what *day* it was. But even if you were one to beg off, you needn't—with the new, softer Kotex.

You sidestep discomfort; thanking your stars for this wonderful softness that *holds its shape* because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it.

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New Kotex Wonderform* Belt made with DuPont nylon elastic—non-curling, non-twisting. Washable. Dries fast.

choose Kotex than all other sanitary napkins*

Our Readers Write us

Teaching by Bad Example

Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Editors: Is there any difference between the gangism that excludes decent high-school youngsters from fraternities and that which excludes decent adults from comparable activities in their community—or even from the community itself? While it is doubtless true that adults can make a better adjustment to rejection, the cruelty is the same. And the motivation is the same: fear, based on a feeling of insecurity.

It has been my experience that very young children can learn ethical behavior and see the point in respecting rights and feelings of others. But you can't teach by precept that which isn't backed by example—and there lies the rub. "He ought to be hanged" . . . "Killing's too good for her" . . . "We ought to go drop a bomb on 'em"—these remarks are heard every day. We can't live by one code and expect our children to live by another.

Sincerely,
MRS. MAX C. SHANK.

A Great Tradition

Oakland, California.

Dear Friends: I certainly have enjoyed the article about Cyrus Curtis: his picture, beard and all, reminds me of my father, a Methodist minister. I recall most of the writers mentioned in the article. (What a versatile man Edward Bok was!) Mrs. Curtis and Mr. Bok were great editors—never have been equaled, in my opinion, until the present team of editors.

Most sincerely yours,
NELLIE P. LEWIS.

Aw, shucks.—ED.

Small Wolf



Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

Dear Editors: "Never underestimate the power of a woman," eh? Well, may I add that you should *never* underestimate the power of a three-year-old male? B. J. (Before Jeffrey) *I* was the one to grab the LHJ the minute it came and spend an hour with it—but now my son grabs it and will not even let *me* peek at it until he has carefully "read" every page.

And let no one rise up and call him a "sissy." No one within reach anyway! This little guy is really a husky. He is three years and three months old now and weighs forty-four pounds and is 41½ inches tall. But he is not *all* brawn! He has been talking since he was eight months old.

Sincerely,
OLIVE HAYS.

Why Chase Men?

The Hague, Holland.

Dear Editors: For almost a year I am an admiring reader of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. It is a most appetizing magazine. And, especially for a European, it is interesting to learn about the way of living of the American woman, her ambitions and interests, but I am amazed how much trouble the American girl has getting herself married. So I should like to ask a few questions:

1. Is it generally impossible for the average girl to get a man without using all kinds of tricks?

2. Is it absolutely impossible for her to wait until the right man turns up and meanwhile find satisfaction in work, study or just ordinary life?

3. Are these man-sick creatures really the standard type of "nice American girl"?

Sincerely,
KITTY VAN DEN BERG.

Ans. 1. She doesn't have to use all kinds. 2. Not impossible, just improbable. 3. No—some are sick of men. —ED.

Homework for Citizens

Cassopolis, Michigan.

Dear Editors: I was interested in your editorial, Our Schools Are What We Make Them. In our community the parents are interested in trying to find some solution to the inadequacies of our school, but we meet with difficulties. What to do with the older teacher who is pitiable, yet so crotchety that she produces nervous tension in her classroom? What to do about the younger generation of teachers who feel no responsibility for the students beyond drawing their pay? What to do about the students in high school who attend classes mostly when the spirit moves them? These are problems the National Citizens Commission for the Public Schools will have to help us solve.

Yours truly,
MARGARET S. BISHOP
President, P.T.A.

Picking and Choosing

Casablanca, Morocco.

Dear Editors: I enjoy every issue of the JOURNAL, and especially congratulate your "book condensation editor," for I think he is doing a really good job of book picking.

Yours truly,
MRS. R. BRUNEL.

Final score for 1949: Twenty-one JOURNAL features published as books (Profile of Youth to appear in the spring of '51). Twelve of these made best-seller lists; ten were selected for distribution by major book clubs. Of seventeen book-length features, all but one appeared in book form.—ED.

How Quick and Easy?

Little Rock, Arkansas.

To the Editors: From time to time in various magazines (your own included) articles tell housewives how to prepare a meal in thirty or forty-five minutes. Some even have little clocks showing time allotted for every action. But never—and I mean never—will anything like that work, except in complete solitude, with doorbell disconnected, phone off the hook and children locked up in a closet. Here's what happens:

Start dinner (thirty minutes allotted by the magazine). Doorbell rings—cleaners. Take care of cleaners and back to dinner. Johnny and neighbor locked in death struggle; peace conference, then back to dinner. Phone rings—ironing girl can't come tomorrow or any time this week, back to dinner. Mike bumps his head—time out for consolation and liniment, back to dinner. Sissy is tired of the play pen and yowling her head off. Change diaper, back to you-know-what. Johnny must have a Superman's cape—matter of life or death. Get Superman's cape and then back to dinner. Doorbell again—paper boy to collect. Baby's eating time—feed baby and b. t. d. Phone rings again and a sweet voice inquires if I will answer a question—it is an opinion poll: "Should mothers work?" Oh, well, b. t. d. Mike wet his pants—change and b. t. d. Baby is getting sleepy. Time out to fix bottle, pajamas,



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says BRYN MAWR CLASSICS

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IVORY FLAKES
WITH
RADIANT-ACTION

"It's wonderful!" "A beauty treatment for fine washables!" say leading manufacturers and department stores about this new wonder care.

Now, after washing—your bright and white fashions will dazzle you with *sparkling new brightness!* The soft flower colors of your lovely lingerie will blossom out with fresh, new beauty. And all your lovely-to-wear washables—wools, cottons, fine silks—will come out sunny bright when you wash them gently in new Ivory Flakes with "Radiant Action." It's the mildest, safest soap you can buy!

Longer wear for nylons! Change from strong soaps to gentle, nightly care with Ivory Flakes and keep stockings looking fresh up to twice as long! Get a box of *new* Ivory Flakes today—it's America's largest-selling flake soap! The only flake soap with the famous Ivory name!

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get her to bed and b. t. d. Holy cow, the phone again, hubby this time—an old Army pal in town, do we have enough dinner for an extra? Get the boys out of tub and into their pajamas. Dinner now well under way and the situation fairly well in hand, but my thirty-minute dinner has taken more than an hour and a half to prepare.

Oh, yes, articles say I can always find fifteen minutes to work on face, hair or hands and again resemble a human being. *When?* Right now I am beginning to think I am some sort of machine. Just oil me once in a while and stuff me with a vitamin every so often and I can go on indefinitely. I had better quit this fooling around and go start (yipe) dinner.

Yours in perpetual motion,
FRANKIE GUINLE

Talent Scout for Sis

San Francisco, California.

Dear Ladies' Home Journal: I have been reading about the Undiscovered American Beauties and I've decided that my sister, Maureen, is as pretty as the girls that win. She is 16½ and very nice to me.



I hope in six years, when I'm as old as she, I'll be as pretty and go out on as many dates as she does. Her sister,
JOANN BLOOMBERG

P.S. Please send back the picture for she does not know I took it.

The Charm of England

Warwickshire, England

Dear Editors: When he heard that I was to be an exchange teacher in England for a year, dad arranged for me to receive the JOURNAL every month so that, as he said, I "could show the English what America was really like." But when we ordered that subscription, neither of us dreamed that I would have a "JOURNAL holiday."

It all began with the letter you published from Mrs. Ironside-Wood, of Clopton Hall, inviting Americans to visit her. Like many other people, when I first read her letter, I thought, "How kind of her," and that was all. Gradually, however, it dawned on me that she might let me pay a visit to Clopton Hall. After much writing back and forth we arranged a suitable time.

I arrived at the railway station with a small suitcase and a bewildered expression, and Colonel Wood recognized me immediately. We drove through a calm English dusk, with rabbits and night owls flashing from the hedges. When we arrived at the hall, a warm welcome, a cup of excellent coffee and pleasant conversation made me feel at home.

My room was a large one, with a view of the "golden chain" tree bending toward the moat. Bits of decoration throughout the house reflected the varied homes of a "regular army" family—snarling tiger rugs from India, a curved Arabian dagger, embroidered hangings, prints of army scenes, portraits of young men in uniform, and drinking goblets that were really silver loving cups won in army athletic contests.

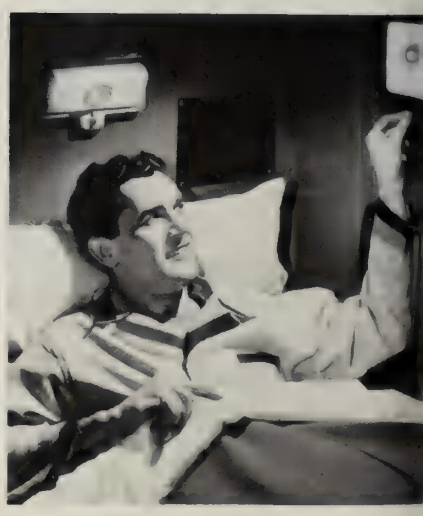
Sunday we went to services in the old church in the village, and in the afternoon a tea party provided an excuse for a swirl of "army" conversation. That night Colonel and Mrs. Wood told how they had bought the house, worked on it in the face of wartime restrictions, and had changed it from an abandoned tangle of nettles and creeper into a gracious home. They had done most of the redecorating themselves, hiring professional painters only to paint the two-story hall.

As they talked, Mrs. Wood sorted through some music at the piano, and suddenly said, "This is *our* song. We sang it first here in the drawing room, surrounded by packing cases and those odd bits of furniture that removal men always put in the wrong places." She began to play Bless This House, and they sang it together.

(Continued on Page 8)



You sleep, too, when he goes Pullman



Ask him to GO PULLMAN

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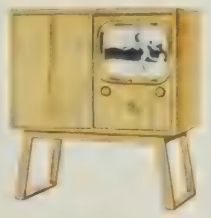
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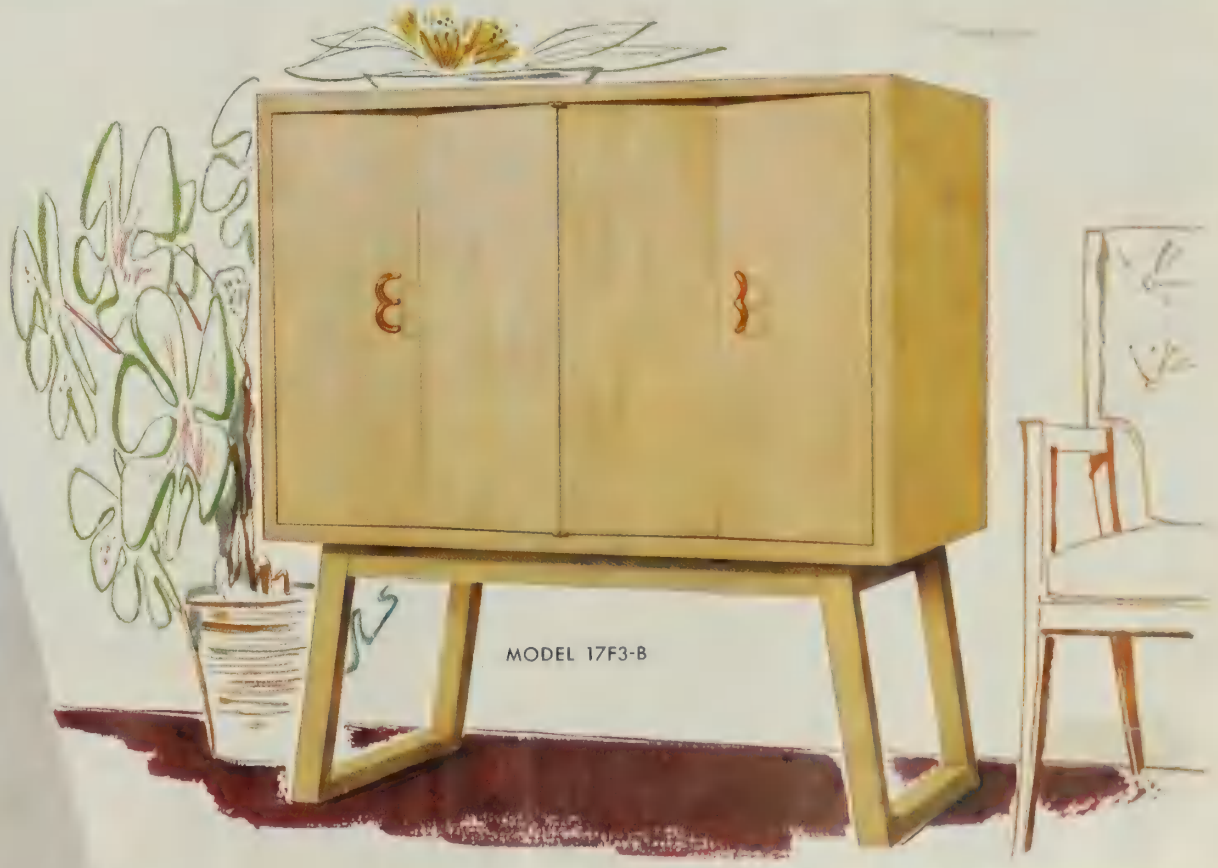


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(Continued from Page 6)

Monday we paid for our day of leisure. We made hay on the front lawn! I still contemplate my blistered hands with pride, because they remind me of sunshine hot on my shoulders, the laughter of two tumbling children, the smell of freshly cut grass, and the distant cry of a cuckoo in a neighboring pasture.

Thank you for a pleasant holiday, and for the excellence of your magazine.

Sincerely,
ESTHER MARY AYERS

Wants a New Woman

Price, Utah.

Dear Editors: Oh, if only there could have been such articles in my youth as Tell Me Doctor and Profile of Youth. I like *all* the articles, but I think How America Lives is my favorite. I wish the JOURNAL would start another series to help specific women to look their best—and start with me. I need to be completely taken apart and put together again with a much better arrangement which I seem to be unable to master.

Very sincerely yours,
MRS. HARRY HOUSTON

Lifetime Wedding Gift

Beirut, Lebanon.

Dear Editor: When I married thirty years ago, I asked my husband for a lifetime subscription to the JOURNAL as a wedding gift. At the time, I was living in the Sudan, Africa, with no friends at all; and the JOURNAL was my only friend and teacher. From it I learned to cook, sew, do all the housework, and most important, to bring up my babies. For twenty years I stored the issues in two big cases in our attic. In 1940, after many arguments, I sold the old magazines for $130.

Now I am the proud mother of five young men, and a daughter who also appreciates the JOURNAL. The most wonderful thing is that I am still looking young, and that is due to the advice I got all through these years from your wonderful magazine.

Yours truly,
SALINA SALIBI

British Pen Friends

9, Evesham Road, New Southgate, London, N. 11, England.

Dear Editors: The British-American Fellowship for the interchange of correspondence between people in Great Britain and the U.S.A. will make every effort to find suitable pen friends for all who will write giving details of their age, interests, and so on. The exchange of letters, cards and magazines is bringing enjoyment and interest to people on both sides of the Atlantic and helping to eliminate many mistaken ideas people in the two countries hold about each other's way of life.

I am, therefore, writing to ask whether I may invite your readers to take part in this correspondence scheme too.

Yours truly,
C. E. MUMMERY
Hon. Secretary,
British-American Fellowship.

Fight Against Undulant Fever

Sarasota, Florida.

Dear Mr. Kahler: Here are a few facts about undulant fever which may interest—possibly help—many of your readers. The estimated number of cases in the U. S. ranges from one to four million, with only some 4000 cases reported annually. The U.S. Public Health Service has undertaken an intensive research project in brucellosis, trying to find better methods of diagnosis, treatment and prevention.

The death rate is insignificant: only about 2 per cent in the acute cases. Patients with chronic brucellosis do not die of it—they only want to die. (I know, for I am a victim.) While brucellar organisms will invade tissue through cuts and abrasions, it is about the only known bacteria which will penetrate the unbroken skin. Handling raw meat with the bare hands is a common method of infection. Few laboratories which are competent to test for brucellosis will do it. They are afraid of it, and where one finds a laboratory doing these tests, one generally also finds one or more victims of undulant.

Sincerely yours,
LYDIA ALLEN DeVILBISS

Your skin turns velvety instantly with Ardena Velva Cream



The moment you smooth it on, your skin is like silk velvet to the touch. This matchless Elizabeth Arden cream has rare beauty-giving qualities. So effective . . . yet so gentle it is ideal for even the most delicate skin. Now will it fatten full faces.

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While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Missouri*

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Does your hair seem dull, "lifeless"? Then you'll be *thrilled* with the sparkle your hair has after Prell—the charming "younger look," so vital and *alive*. Try different, wonderful Prell today for more *youthful* hair-loveliness.



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for that VITALLY "ALIVE" LOOK!

CALLING ALL SOULS

(Red-Feather Fable, No. 2)

Once again it was time for the people of the village to restock their community chest. The call went out for durable souls to help bring the stuff in. A good many volunteered—mostly the same souls who had done the job before. There were several women who had so much to do that a little more didn't make any difference; several men who were accustomed to doing community work as well as many other things that kept them busy far into the night; and there were even several souls who ran soulless corporations and naturally had a lot of soul left over.

The rest of the people in the village pretended not to hear the call or, upon examining their souls, decided they would never stand the hard wear. They knew that collecting for the community chest was tiring on the ectoplasm—feet, too—and there were three good reasons for letting somebody else do it. Then there were a few really strong souls who were too timid to show themselves. And a number of people who just sat on their souls and grumbled.

"Somebody's *always* after something," they said—although they knew the community chest took care of many needs in one. "I don't believe in the community chest," some said—although they didn't say what they would recommend to take its place. "All those poor souls giving their time and effort—*they* are probably only protoplasm," others complained. "I'll give direct to those who need it and not to any chest." (These particular ones had forgotten they could do both.) But there was one person, only one person in the entire village, who said right out loud, "I don't *want* to do any asking and I don't really *want* to do any giving. I have a lot of work and expense for myself and it's downright painful for me to fork out any cash!"

When the souls who had volunteered heard this, they couldn't think of a single pleasant, convincing way to approach such a person. (All the manual said on this subject was *not* to begin with "You don't want to contribute to the community chest, do you?" or likely that would be the case.) So they asked the chairman of the village council, who was wise about such matters.

"Oh, *him*," he said. "Don't worry about *that* poor soul. You will find *his* name on every list of donors. His name is Anonymous. He is really one of us." —G. M. WHITE

The Sophisticates are Not the Wise

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

WHEN the history of these times is seen in retrospect, posterity may marvel that human civilization and culture were brought to the edge of the abyss, not by the simple but by the sophisticated, not by the uneducated but by educated men whose contempt for "old-fashioned" values blinded them to some of the most obvious facts of life.

The sophisticated mind surveys an issue from all sides, and is discontented with every proposed solution, since none corresponds to the "ideal." On the other hand, the sophisticated mind is also capable of rationalizing every thesis pro and con. "There is much to be said on both sides," the mental sophisticate argues, and then proceeds to say it, charmed with his own polemic and his control over words, whose meaning it is so easy to distort by subtle shadings and associations. He is like a brilliant lawyer, willing to take the case for or against the defendant and to argue either, with equally brilliant facility, without actually committing himself to either thesis.

For this is the further characteristic of the sophisticate: He does not renounce public discussion to retire into contemplative struggle with the truth. He actively (and influentially) participates in it, contributing to sway simpler minds, in this direction or another. But he rarely assumes moral leadership, because moral leadership demands the taking of personal responsibility and the making of personal decisions and choices. The mental sophisticate, firmly anchored in mid-air, avoids such decisions, and regards their avoidance as a sign of peculiar superiority. The world is so beneath him, he feels, that he will not stoop to decisions on *its* level. *His* decisions, he inferentially implies, are in a realm inaccessible to the ordinary mind, in a world of the "ideal."

A distinguished and rather involved and esoteric novelist, who nevertheless has taken considerable part in public political discussions, was asked some time ago, "How do you stand on communism?" He replied, with considerable aplomb, "I am not a communist nor an anticommunist."

The awed interviewer of the VIP author did not presume to follow this up with the obvious question, "What the dickens *are* you?" though the question would have been most pertinent. For the writer—whose name is irrelevant, since I present him here as illustrative of a type rather than as a personality—has, in

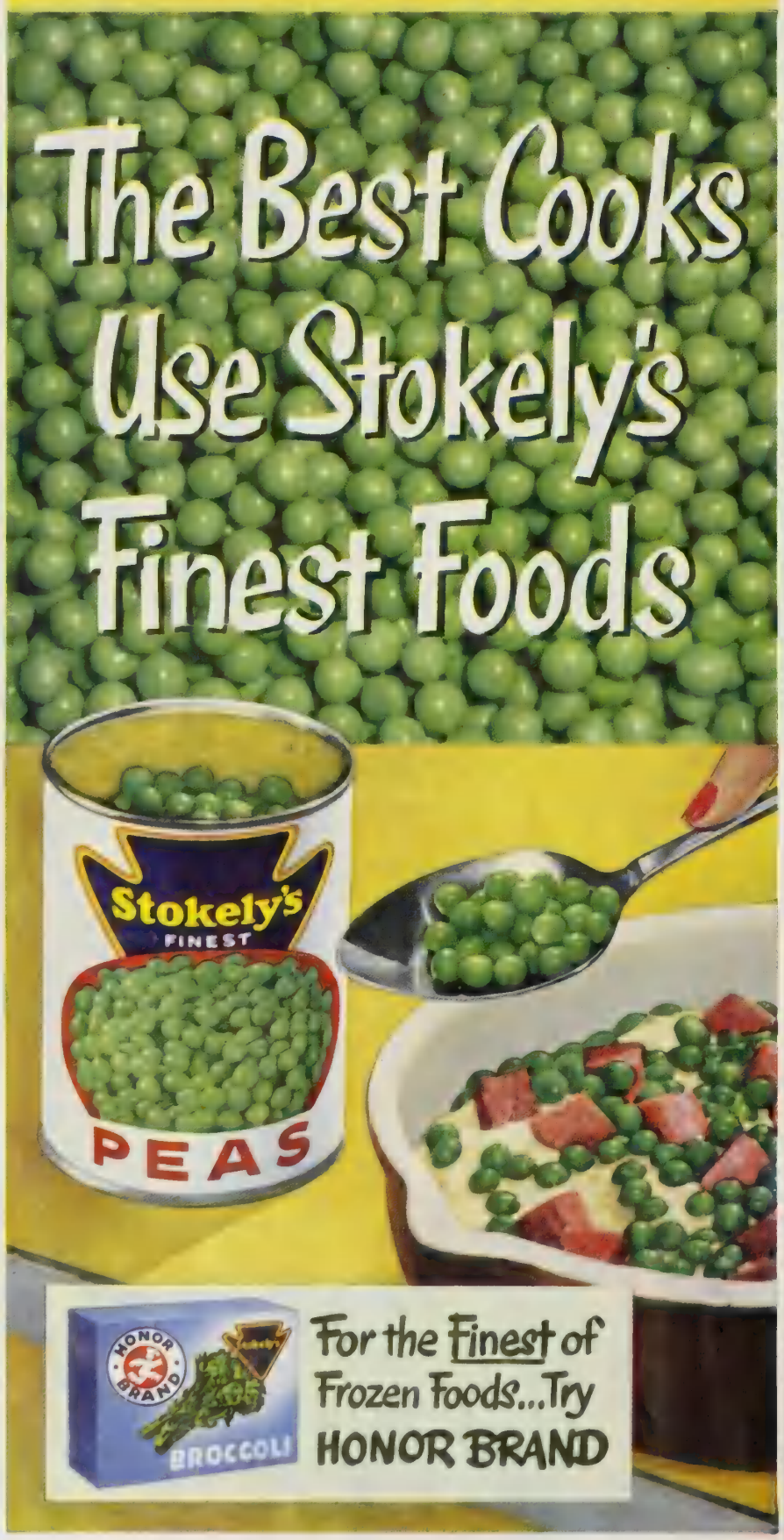
VOTED "BEST COOK"



Mrs. Paul Peyrat, Minneapolis, chosen Best Cook by Edgewater Methodist Church group.

Is Mrs. Peyrat choosy about ingredients? You bet! As choosy as Stokely is about the peas they label Stokely's Finest. Only special seed, bred for flavor, grows peas like these. Picked at prime, rushed from pod to can to seal in that vine-fresh taste. Tender, delicious. Try them! Reach for Stokely's to get the *finest* peas for fine dishes like:

HASTY-TASTY CASSEROLE: Mix 1 can **cream of mushroom soup** with 2 tbsp. liquid from No. 303 can **Stokely's Finest Peas.** Dice **cooked ham** to make 1½ cups. Arrange layers of ham, drained peas and soup in 1½ qt. baking dish. Top with ⅔ cup grated **cheese.** Bake 25 min. at 350°F.



his lifetime, eloquently pleaded the cause of national conservatism, valiantly championed the civil liberties of antiliberty communists, and vehemently attacked the right to civil liberties of Fascists. It would therefore have been no adequate answer had he replied, "I am an artist," for (except for the command of an inimitable style) there has been nothing of art in his political interventionisms, for or against this cause or that one, and on no higher level than that of more ordinary special pleaders. He has simply—while participating in the struggle—reserved for himself the special privilege, as an artist, to stand aloof, and to influence others, without himself being compelled to take a stand.

This, which calls itself superiority, is actually a combination of arrogance and irresponsibility, of pride and cowardice, and it accounts for the decline of the faith of simple men in intellect per se, for a cynical attitude toward art and the artist, for a distrust of the educated, and for a growing primitivism and barbarism.

For the function of the artist is not to avoid judgment, but, as a great and thoroughly responsible artist, Walt Whitman, averred, to *be* judgment—judging, "not as the judge judges, but as light, falling around a helpless thing."

The simple mind, unconfused by the pyrotechnics of its own ratiocinations, and living in life, not in some vague ideal, knows that it is impossible to be neither a communist nor an anticommunist, and be at the same time a morally responsible man. For communism throws down an inescapable challenge. Communism does not argue; it states. It does not suggest discussion and compromise; it says, "He who is not for us is against us." It demands unconditional surrender—of whole peoples and of every individual mind and soul—and it demands this surrender with a gun in its hand.

Now, there come some—the sophisticated and finicky—who say, "But look at our own society. Can one call it a 'true' democracy? Is there universal justice? Do all minorities within it enjoy equal freedom? Is there not evil everywhere, on both sides? Must we not clean up our own house before we take a stand against others?"

THIS attitude reminds me of a Jewish story: A man coming home, and finding his house burning to the ground, clapped his hands, danced with glee and cried, "Now those bedbugs are getting it!"

Or of the Irish story: A man is held up by a gunman who demands "Your money or your life!" He replies, "Take my life; I am saving my money for my old age."

They are like a patient who, informed that he has cancer, argues against an operation on the ground that if he had perfect health, he wouldn't have got cancer, so decides to postpone treating the cancer until his teeth have been repaired.

The struggle in which the twentieth century is engaged is not a mere "ideological" struggle in the mind, fought with words, or to be banished with words. It is a struggle fought with deeds, demanding moral decisions which, in turn, imply actions—as all moral decisions do. The systematic organization of conspiratorial groups for subversion and sabotage, in every country; the organization of great armies, equipped with every modern weapon, to invade and capture weak republics, adding each new conquest to their physical and brachial strength under single-minded leadership—these are not figments of the imagination. They are facts, not occurring in the realm of idea, alone or even primarily, but in the realm of will—will to power, decision to use power.

In the face of that fact and challenge, the sophisticates of the West have infected the whole of our society with their own occupational disease, which is *lack of will.* Unable to make up their own complicated minds—which would require a definite uncompromising choice—they have confused simpler (and wiser and more honest) minds, until the whole West has been like King Canute "who thought by talking to the waves, he could keep back the sea."

WHERE they should have counseled building dikes, they have counseled letting the sea seek its own level—the while this political and military sea rises to the level of the highest mountain of Tibet, and seeps into the cellars of Greenwich Village, the penthouses of Park Avenue, the faculty chairs of American universities, and the counsels of Government.

And simple men, listening for a great voice to fulfill the poet's eternal function and affirm faith and resistance, and man's noble, if tragic, destiny, hear little except that life is a mess anyhow, and one thing is about as bad as another, or, as the artist, Matisse, remarked, "Painting a church—it's the same as painting a dance hall." Until these simple men, who do not of themselves confound simple faith with simplicity, finally prefer to turn to barbarous leaders, who, at least, are men of will.

The confusion of intellectualism with intellect, of argument with judgment, of sophistication with wisdom, of rationalization with reason, of a "humanitarianism" which defends every criminal with the humanism which protects goodness and truth—this confusion is the malaise of our times.

And it is these sophisticates, neither for nor against communism—nor God, nor Love, nor Truth, nor Duty, nor Faith—who, far more than conscious communist agents, have undermined the moral bastions of this country and of all the countries of the West. They have not even had the wit to recognize their own mortal enemies. For the totalitarian world has no use whatever for sophisticates.

In a healthy, free and unmenaced society, they are its entertainers and its wits. They have their function. But it is not the function of leadership, direct or behind the scenes as wire pullers and ghost writers for puppets. Theirs is not the function of a true nobility, which every society, however democratic, requires. For the essence of nobility is that it makes decisions, accepts responsibility, and commits itself to the preservation of society and the defense of its greatest values.

The great mind is a complicated mind that overcomes its complications in silent responsible struggle, fusing their rainbow colors into the limpid light of Truth, so clear that the simplest mind sees, welcomes and understands it.

The Great Mind writes a Gettysburg Address, and the words are, at one and the same time, Word and Act, Thought and Will. On the highest level the word returns to God, and is God. But it is never the word of a sophisticate. THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Wind Song

BY ESTHER WOOD

Last night the wind was wise and sad:
Greece and Rome and old Bagdad.
Past hills of time and fields of age.
Egypt and an ancient sage.
Voices spoke from long ago,
Plato . . . Socrates . . . and Poe.

Today the wind is new and gay:
Kites and cherry boughs and May!
Oh, like a child it skips along.
Wanton lips and careless song.
Tease and mischief, sweet and sass,
Never was a younger lass!

But build your fires warm and bright.
It will be old again tonight!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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For fun on Halloween. Makes a *party* of any occasion. Also useful every day as an extra 3-qt. saucepan. Recipes included. $2.95



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4 qt., was $12.95, Now $9.95.
7 qt., was $16.95, Now $14.95.



PERCOLATORS		DRIP POTS	
2-cup	$2.25	2-cup	$2.95
4-cup	2.50	4-cup	3.25
6-cup	2.75	6-cup	3.60
8-cup	2.95	8-cup	3.95
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Under-Cover Stuff

By BERNARDINE KIELTY

REPRINTED COURTESY OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"For a minute this deficit had me worried . . . I forgot I was working for the government."

FORTY out of every 1000 persons in the U.S. were employed by Federal, state and local governments last October, announced the Census Bureau.

"One of the first things I learned and loved about the Government," says ***Betty MacDonald****, "was that I wasn't the only bonehead working for it. There were thousands of us who didn't know what we were doing but were all doing it in ten copies."*

Betty—of THE EGG AND I and THE PLAGUE AND I—has had all kinds of jobs. ANYONE CAN DO ANYTHING is her account of them. Anybody-can-do-anything-especially-Betty, was her older sister Mary's slogan, but Betty successfully proved Mary wrong time after time.

"A bill," says Betty, who carried on through a depression, "is a thing that comes in a windowed envelope and causes men to pull in their lips and turn the oil burner down to sixty degrees and women to look shifty-eyed and say 'Someone must have been charging on my account.'"

"Fortunately, we could all wear each other's clothes (the first one up was the best dressed). Our clothes had categories: 'clean,' 'dirty,' 'work,' 'date' and 'terrible' (which we wore around the house)."

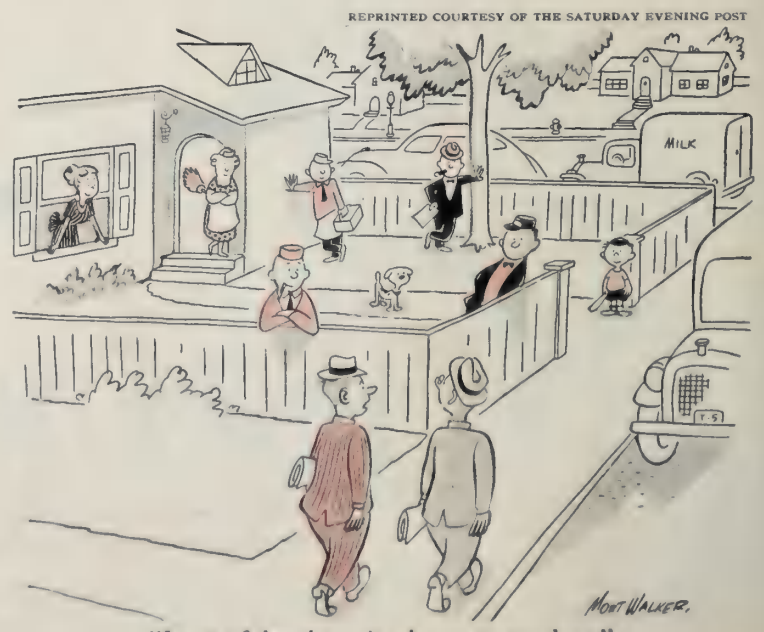
We'd be sore if we didn't get a chance at a new Betty MacDonald book. This book, like her two others, is wisecracking and caricaturing, but it's good-tempered and filled with laughs.

•

Down-Easters will enjoy the back-country tang of DON'T SHOOT THE BILL COLLECTOR, by ***Preble D. K.***

(Continued on Page 16)

REPRINTED COURTESY OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"I sort of dread coming home on paydays."

Fix 'em fast...serve 'em proudly!



TWO-IN-ONE VEGETABLE . . . IN 18 MINUTES!

Stewed Tomatoes and Rice. Wonderful to serve with pan-fried sausages! Sauté thinly-sliced medium onion in 2 tablespoons butter until tender, not browned. Add 3¼ cups canned tomatoes, 1½ teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, blending well. Add 1 package (1⅓ cups) Minute Rice. Bring quickly to boil, fluffing rice gently with fork once or twice. (Don't stir.) Cover, remove from heat. Let stand 10 minutes. The rice will absorb the fine tomato flavor and rich-red color—a trick no rice but Minute Rice can do! Serves 5 or 6.



DESSERT DAZZLER . . . IN 20 MINUTES!

Danish Cherry Rice. Here's the kind of glamour that usually means hours of work and *years* of cooking experience. But it's one of those Minute Rice miracles—*quick* and a cinch to do! Combine ⅔ cup Minute Rice and 2 cups milk in large saucepan. Bring to boil. Cover loosely and boil gently 15 minutes. Remove from heat; add ½ teaspoon salt, 2½ tablespoons sugar, ¼ cup chopped blanched almonds, ½ teaspoon vanilla. Chill. Fold in 1 cup cream, whipped. Top with warm sauce made with a No. 2½ can pitted Bing cherries. Mix 1½ cups juice with 5 teaspoons cornstarch. Cook 5 minutes. Add drained cherries. Serves 6.

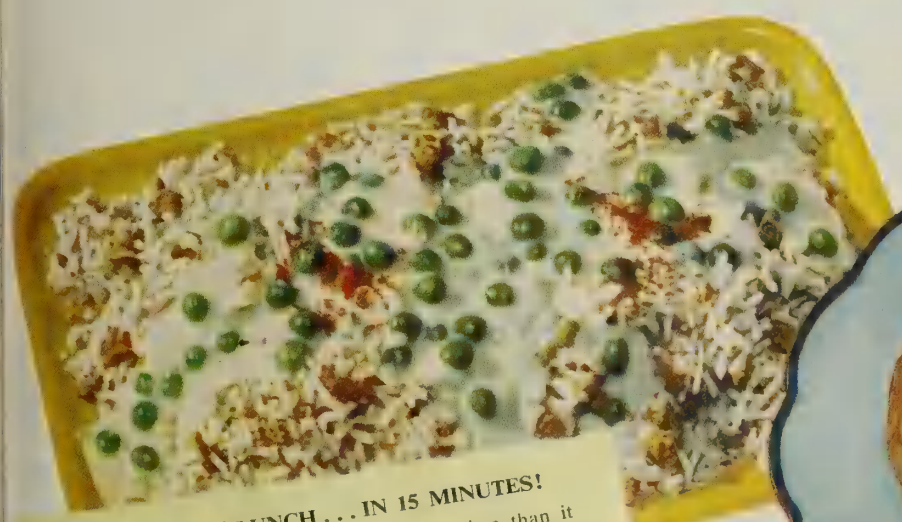
PRE-COOKED RICE IN A PACKAGE—

A sensational new idea!

- ★ NO WASHING!
- ★ NO RINSING!
- ★ NO DRAINING!
- ★ NO STEAMING!
- ★ PERFECT RICE EVERY TIME!

At last it's happened! Now you can have fluffy, snow-white, *perfect* rice with NONE of the tedious preparation regular rice requires.

Minute Rice is fancy long-grained rice—*pre-cooked* by a patented process. You dump it in water, bring to a boil. No other cooking's needed. Keep this amazing Minute Brand product on hand, and serve real glamour rice dishes often!



TODDLERS' LUNCH . . . IN 15 MINUTES!

Veal-Rice Treat. Lunch is ready—in less time than it usually takes to get the youngsters' hands washed. Prepare ⅔ cup Minute Rice as directed on package, adding a speck of pepper with the salt. Let stand 10 minutes. Add 1 can (3½ ounces) chopped veal (junior food) and 1 tablespoon butter. Reheat. Serve with creamed peas. Serves 3. So delicious—everybody will want to share it with the kids!



DINNER PLATE DANDY . . . IN 25 MINUTES!

Rice-and-Chop Special. With Minute Rice for dinner, you can fix the rest of your meal while the rice takes care of itself! Just put Minute Rice in water on the stove, as package directs. Take it off when it boils. In the meantime sauté your pork chops, cook zucchini. Serve with cranberry sauce. Then serve dinner! (A pat of butter, a sprinkle of paprika on the fluffy white rice makes it extra-delicious!)

For perfect rice without the work ★★★ pre-cooked

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THOSE COMFORTABLE Enna Jettick's

America's Smartest Walking Shoes

®

(Continued from Page 14)

Hatch, who tried bill collecting in Maine when times were hardest, and made friends as well as money. That people really like to pay their bills is his assuring theme.

•

When a woman picks up her magazine just brought by the mailman, and sits down for a second to look it over, she merely thumbs it through. (This is according to polls taken over the years.) She reads only titles and glances only at the pictures. Until she comes upon a picture of food. There she pauses. If it is a chocolate cake, she is sunk. She reads the recipe through, then another, and where has her morning gone?

REPRINTED COURTESY OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"I'm sick of planning meals. Just bump the shelf and I'll take whatever falls off."

ANN BATCHELDER'S COOKBOOK has 500 recipes. No more need be said to LHJ readers, but oh! that Creme Brûlée and Baked Alaska! That Herb Soup and those Swedish Meatballs and the good old-fashioned Scalloped Oysters!

Wellesley's daughters will want *Elizabeth Manwaring's* favorite recipes. SEASONED TO TASTE. The selection was made by *Gladys Taber*. It's a very small book with only fifty recipes, but as piquant and sophisticated as was Miss Manwaring herself. (Buy through Wellesley College.)

A third delicious cookbook is BETTY CROCKER'S PICTURE COOKBOOK, *loose-leafed and thumb-indexed—a practical and attractive wedding gift.*

"There is one thing that has no excuse under heaven. And that is poor, weak, miserable, ashamed coffee," says Ann Batchelder with vigor. How good, we wonder, was Balzac's coffee? He drank it all night long nearly every night for nearly thirty years, as he wrote The Human Comedy. William Dean Howells called coffee "the cup of happiness." And Voltaire, at the age of eighty, drank fifty cups a day.

•

Gladys Taber lives the seasons through in the peace and busyness of Stillmeadow. In September she watches the school busses moving once again over the country roads. She has time for reading. Around the 22d or 23d, comes the first black frost. STILLMEADOW SEASONS is all that you think of and hope for in the way of happy living.

•

When ***Field Marshal Earl Wavell*** died, we took out OTHER MEN'S FLOWERS, his poetry anthology, and turned the pages. Though he may long be remembered as the great desert warrior of World War II, this beautiful anthology should live quite as long—on the bookshelves of all poetry lovers.

(Continued on Page 18)



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(left) in new shades of rose, green, brown, aqua, dark blue, slate. Bedspread and matching draperies, each $5.95. Bates extra wide "Harmony" draperies shown, in solid colors, $7.95

Bates

LAUREL STRIPE

(below) with bright leaves and stripes, in claret, blue, aqua, green, yellow. Bedspread and matching draperies, each $6.95





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PICCADILLY

(left) bedspread with rounded corners and cream fringe, in aqua, brown, dark blue, green, rose, slate, $6.95. Shown with Bates new "Harmony" draperies in coordinated solid colors; extra wide 42 x 90 inches, $7.95

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FOSTORIA

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(Continued from Page 16)

It amused him, Wavell tells in his foreword, to set down in a notebook, not very long ago, the poems he could repeat entire or in great part. He did it with a view to discussion with his son who shared his liking for poetry.

Other Men's Flowers is that collection—which he knew by heart!—and which his son urged him to have published.

•

We sometimes long to read a good, rich, exciting, picaresque novel again, full of adventure and changing scene. An obituary which came out in the papers not long ago could provide just such a plot: Prince Maximilian Melikoff, last surviving member of a royal Georgian house, fled to Canada after the Bolshevik revolution. He became a cavalry instructor in Iran, a ballet dancer in Rome, a tennis teacher in San Remo, a chicken farmer in Nice, a professional gambler at Monte Carlo, a leopard trapper in Kenya, an employee of a food-distributing company in New York, a mushroom salesman, a motoring-school secretary, and when he died he was a stableboy in England.

•

SO MANY DOORS, by ***Oakley Hall,*** a strong book about the love life of a bulldozer driver, is an authentic picture of a class of society that, before Doctor Kinsey, the refined public knew far too little about. It is the story of a tragic passion, between a tall, muscular, thin-hipped tractor driver and a spirited, innocent (for a time) pretty girl

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"Is there a *Mrs.* Kinsey?"

brought up carefully on a ranch by a father who loved her too well. It is hard to take, but it is not "tough" for toughness' sake. To this reader it seems more important and better written than the somewhat similar attacks on the same kind of problem by James M. Cain.

•

One day in 1930, in Tuckahoe, New York, a policeman was asked to take six boys under his wing. The boys had been charged with rifling a penny vending machine. The mothers appealed to ***Milt Gibbons***, the cop, and the judge of the Westchester County Children's Court backed them up. He asked Milt to keep an eye on the youngsters and keep them out of mischief during a probationary period.

This was the birth of a fine idea. Milt Gibbons fixed up some athletic equipment in his own cellar, and taught the boys wrestling and boxing. Other boys joined them. More and more came in. And ten years later Tuckahoe had a record of *not one reported case of juvenile delinquency.* Out of that cellar group grew the Tuckahoe Police Associates, from which has grown the vast network of Police Athletic Leagues, as we know them. Milt Gibbons is now the mayor of Tuckahoe and the P.A.L. is cele-

(Continued on Page 21)



"It's simply amazing how many of my back-to-college things, my dresses . . .



"my girdles, bras, pantie-girdles, all-in-one . . .



"my best-fitting slip and most glamorous nightie . . .



"my favorite campus shoes and even my dressiest pumps, all hav the comfort blessings of

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And every Bigelow Carpet is made of top quality imported wools, treated to keep lively, springy, handsome, year after many a year. Whether you want an average-room-size carpet ...or room-shape, cut to fit the contours of your room... or a wall-to-wall installation, make sure you get a carpet that bears the famous Bigelow label.



Chorale 1140-3001. Another new Bigelow masterpiece. Fashionable carved effect that's so high-style! So low-priced at about $11.95* a sq. yd.



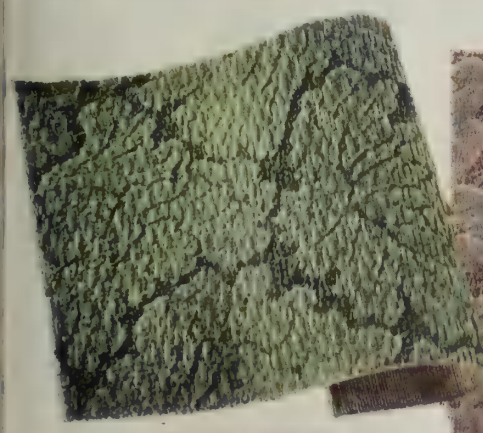
Brentford 1190-8004. Bigelow's brand-new and easy-to-love sculptured leaf design carpet. Happily priced at about $8.95* a sq. yd.!



Beauvais 1040-1807; about $10.95* sq. yd.



Brentford 1190-8002; about $8.95* sq. yd.



Serenade 406-91193; around $15.95* sq. yd.



Chorale 1140-3004; about $11.95* sq. yd.



Fervak 1020-9440; around $8.50* sq. yd.

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Consult the booklet, "Bigelow Home Decorator." Tells, *shows* how to achieve beautiful rooms. Get it from your Bigelow dealer, or send 25¢ to Bigelow's Home Service Bureau, P.O. Box 791, New York 46, N. Y. *Prices subject to change. Slightly higher in the West.

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MARY MARTIN
Star of Broadway's all-time smash hit "SOUTH PACIFIC" says:

"I've found me a wonderful WAVE!"



"**I expect** I've had more firsthand experience with home permanents than any living soul! Once every 3 weeks—(my hair's so short!)—and 72 curls to a permanent."



There's nothing but a good brushing be the smart little curly-head above and th belathered mop at the left. "That's why a permanent's so wonderful," says Mary. "It your hair acting and looking just like 'na curly'—*that* soft and manageable."



"**2093 shampoos** and 34 permanents—that's what I've had since 'South Pacific' opened. Honest!" says Mary Martin cheerfully. "People can't see why I have any hair left—but, the fact is, it's never been healthier in its life! Rayve's very, very easy on your hair."

Mary's hair grows practically a half inch every week, she says. Since it must be kept less than 2 inches long for that on-stage shampoo—the permanent has to be cut off every 3 weeks—and Mary has a new one!

"I just couldn't have frizzy ends—I had to find a permanent that would look soft and natural and would set itself. I just *had* to find Rayve—! Believe me, there's a big difference between a Rayve home permanent and the rest—and I've tried them all. It really does give you softer, shinier, more manageable curls. Every time, too. Try it—*you'll* find out!"

Rayve
HOME PERMANENT

♪ "The waves softer...naturally curly' looking ...and actually shiny!" ♪





Rayve Refill, $1 (use any plastic cu
Complete Rayve Wave Kit, $2 (w
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Money-Back Guarantee! Yes, your back if you don't agree with Mary that a Rayve Home Permanent giv softest, most natural wave you've had at any price.

"I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Out of My Hair," sings Mary Martin nightly, and while the spellbound audience gasps with delight, she washes her hair with real suds, real water. "But you just *can't* wash a Rayve wave out," says Mary Martin. "It lasts till you *cut* it off!"

John Lund co-starring in
"No Man Of Her Own"
a Paramount Picture



"John Lund's hands get La Cross care"



says FRANCES JACOT
Studio Manicurist
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While it takes only three basic instruments to give a manicure," says Miss Jacot, "it takes instruments of La Cross precision quality to give a *perfect* manicure." That's why many *professional manicurists prefer La Cross to any other manicure instruments.* And that's why celebrities like John Lund, whose hands get La Cross salon care, choose La Cross instruments for home manicures, too!



Cross Triple-Cut with Cleaner nt... finishes t files... 25¢ ers from 15¢

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America's Finest Manicure Instruments Since 1903

HNEFEL BROS. CORP., NEWARK 3, NEW JERSEY

(Continued from Page 18)

brating its twentieth anniversary this September. More power to them both!

After the bad end that certain European youth movements came to—Hitlerism, Fascism, Communism—the natural outlet for animal spirits which the P.A.L. offers should be most wholesome. As ***Professor Bonn*** **(WANDERING SCHOLAR)** said of the young people in politically backward countries: "They know that something is wrong; they don't quite know what. . . . They find their parents out of date, even if they love them. They distrust the ideals of an older generation, not because they have found them false, but because they want to live in a world of their own making." (The country doesn't have to be politically backward for this filial point of view.)

•

"She sits on the floor, front paws together in unexampled neatness, tail curved to body, and regards with round eyes one of the two humans toward whom she feels in a special way. She has eaten, she is feeling well. She wishes merely to look; although her kind have lived with man for upward of four thousand years, racial memories do not satisfy personal curiosity."

So starts the perfect cat book, **CATS AND PEOPLE**, by ***Richard and Frances Lockridge,*** better known up to now by their Mr. and Mrs. North series. Try the section about dogs and their cat trouble. And about the cat on the doorstep considering a venture out into the world. Cat fanciers will be completely absorbed from start to finish.

•

Television is funniest when it is most silent—the mere shrug of the shoulders, half a sentence, just a vague flutter of the Adam's apple, says critic *John Crosby*. He believes that silent comedy goes down particularly well right now because the spoken gag has worn itself out on the radio, and sickened us all. If the comedians would all shut up for a while and just make faces, television, he implies, might become endurable.

REPRINTED COURTESY OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"I'll put it this way—you'd think it was wonderful if it was on your television set."

After all, this was Harpo Marx's technique, and think what it did for him! Al Shean, partner of Mr. Gallagher, started Harpo off as a silent comedian when he wrote a vaudeville act for the then unknown Marx Bros. He failed to write in a part for Harpo, and to make up for the omission announced that he meant Harpo to imitate a certain French actor who never opened his mouth. Which explains how we got one of the great comedians of our time, equaled only by Harvey, the Rabbit, who wasn't there at all.

When the Marx Bros. played Waukegan, they got to know a little Kubelsky boy who played first fiddle in the orchestra. Thirty years later he was known as Jack Benny.



the
NEW SHAPE
is the
NEWS

The new-shape "poncho" jacket. News because, though it takes its shape from the traditional blanket-like South American cloak, it's a high-style modern fashion. That's new design with an interesting inspiration!

The new-shape Modess box. News because it, too, is an example of inspired design! Cleverly takes its shape from *many* kinds of boxes . . . you'd never guess the wrapped package held Modess. Another tactful feature . . . the new box is pre-wrapped before it even reaches your store.



Only Modess comes in the new-shape, secret-shape box...pre-wrapped!



You may have said to yourself, at one time or other: "*Of course I always dreamed of owning a Beautyrest*, but can I really afford it?"

If you can afford one cup of coffee a day, *you can afford* the "luxury comfort" of Beautyrest.

Here is how it works out: Beautyrest is $64.50 It's guaranteed for 10 years. Divide the price by the 10 years, and you actually pay about 1½¢ a night.

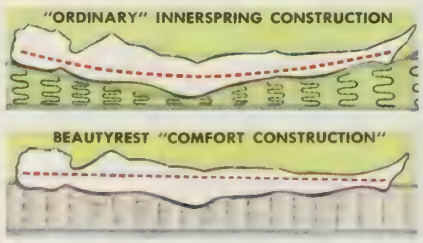
In short, you get the greatest luxury value in mattresses for less than the cost of your morning coffee. Hard to believe, isn't it? Yet true!

Your dealer has a special X-Ray Mattress Demonstrator that will show you the inside story of why Beautyrest is so much more comfortable than any other mattress. Stop in and see it today!

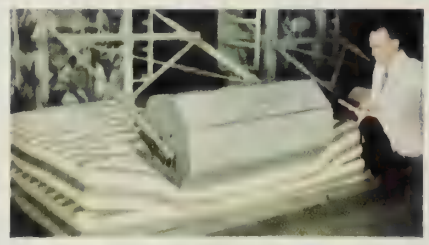
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Glass of Water Proves Difference. Note how water glass on spring *doesn't spill* when near-by springs are pushed down. Proof that each of the 837 springs in Beautyrest acts *independently*. Gives you just-right support . . . "*Levelized Support*". . . all night long!



You Rest Better. Chart at top shows ordinary mattress. Springs are tied together. Pull each other down, form hollow. Lets body sag. BUT see how independent spring action of Beautyrest lets you sleep with every part of your body supported *correctly!*



Longer Life. "Torture Tester" at the United States Testing Co. proves that Beautyrest lasts over twice as long as any other mattress tested. For Beautyrest took 740,744 *more poundings*, from 275-pound "Torture Tester" roller than next best mattress.

TESTS PROVE BEAUTYREST FIRMEST!



Dr. Taylor

A test that was made recently at the United States Testing Co. by Dr. T. Smith Taylor proved Beautyrest the firmest of all mattresses tested.

Proof: A man was lowered onto heat-treated plastic sheets covering the mattress. When plastic cooled, the depth his body had sunk into the mattress was measured. Beautyrest proved FIRMEST, the most "*levelized*" of all!

Only Simmons makes BEAUTYREST

ALSO FROM THE HOUSE OF SIMMONS: Beautyrest Box Springs, ideal companion to Beautyrest* Mattress, $64.50 Deepsleep* Mattress, $39.50. Hide-A-Bed.* Babybeauty* Mattress. Ace* Spring.

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HOMELESS CHILDREN . . .

The Receiving Home

By MARGARET HICKEY

WE have fought vigorously against diseases which may take life, but have been slow to realize that failure to insure every child a good home may prove fatal too. Over the past forty years, the guiding principle in child care has been that foster families were better than institutions for children deprived of their natural homes. But Leon H. Richman, executive director of the Bellefaire Regional Child Care Service of Cleveland, points out that "at no time in the history of foster-home placement have there been enough foster homes to meet the need."

Today's Need is Acute

In 1930, there were 140,000 children in institutions and 74,000 in foster homes. In the meantime, provisions of the Social Security Act have spared thousands of children separation from their homes. Still, according to the 1940 census, 200,000 children were in institutions, and another 200,000 in foster families. Children's Bureau officials believe that the 1950 census will show considerably higher figures. Besides the children already in institutions and foster homes, there are many others awaiting placement for whom there are no takers.

In communities that have no receiving homes, neglected children often are held in detention houses or in jail, babies sent to hospitals, to await transfer to institutions, or to foster families if they can be found. Real homes for such children seldom are to be had on short notice. Even if they were, however, placement of children before they are mentally and emotionally prepared to join their new families can have disastrous results. Confused, anxious, frustrated youngsters need care and social education to ready them for entrance into new family surroundings.

Interim Care is Important

In some communities, women's groups have taken the lead in establishing or maintaining small institutions to care for homeless children until more permanent arrangements can be made. This type of home makes it possible to determine and serve the individual needs of children. If they are from broken homes, there is opportunity for both children and parents to test their feelings during separation. For those who are to find foster families, this interim care helps pave the way to easy adjustment.

In Richmond County, Georgia, the Augusta Junior Woman's Club helps maintain the county's four juvenile homes. The county pays the children's board, but the club furnishes clothing, medical and dental care, and all other necessities. The children, all from broken homes, remain wards of the Juvenile Court until foster families are found. In Florence, South Carolina, the local Altrusa Club raised the money and purchased the Florence Altrusa Foster Home. Other local groups furnished it. Public funds keep it in operation.

The Midcentury White House Conference on Children and Youth, scheduled for the first week in December, will be watched by all who are concerned with the well-being of the nation's children. Investment in health, happiness and security for every child will safeguard our greatest wealth—tomorrow's children.

THE END

In Butte, Montana

THIS is a story about a little boy who was so thin his arms were about the size of a broomstick, and so hungry that he scavenged in garbage cans like an alley cat.

This is also a story about a two-year-old girl who had had so little to eat that she didn't have the strength to lift a spoon to her mouth when she got one.

And the story of two children, shut in a car on a freezing night in January and forgotten by their parents. And another child, about five, with dark straight hair and big, black, Indian eyes, who was found playing in the street one midnight—and if she ever had a home, no one, not even she, knew about it.

It is also a story about a group of businesswomen who created a home for these lost and hungry children who had no place to go but jail when their parents abandoned or neglected them.

The setting is Butte, Montana—but it could be anywhere. There are, unfortunately, sad-eyed and starving children in any city you wish to name. The welfare workers know it; the police know it; and when the city's civic-minded don't know it, it's because they hate the thought and won't face it.

In Butte, it was Mrs. Mary Phillips, at the Child Welfare office, who first faced it. She herself was a widow with three children to raise. Every time she saw a little tyke—and she saw many in her work—who looked hungry or ragged or scared, her heart seemed to turn over.

"What we need is a home for neglected children," she kept saying over and over to anyone who'd listen, and even to those who wouldn't. But for years people just clucked their tongues sympathetically and said it surely was a shame, and nothing was done.

Then Mary became one of the charter members of a club. She wasn't much for clubs—not that she'd been in many, but because she thought that for busy women they were a waste of time. This club, however, promised to be more than just another club. In the first place, it was composed solely of workingwomen in executive jobs who didn't

(Continued on Page 227)

PHOTO BY JOERN GERDTS • PIX INC



Youngsters enjoy happy childhood in this home for neglected children in Butte, Montana. Established by the local Soroptimist Club, the home provides care for unfortunate children regardless of race or creed.



FOR *naturally* BEAUTIFUL HAIR...

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THE PURE SHAMPOO



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Making Marriage Work

What story begins on a wedding day? Perhaps your story, for it takes more than a belief in fairy tales to make the ending "... and they lived happily ever after" come true.

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS
Ph.D., Pennsylvania State College, Department of Psychology

Adjusting to Marriage

THOUGH a wedding is often described as "the culmination of romance," it is more constructive to think of it as the beginning of a new kind of life. Marriage is the most intimate, vital and potentially rewarding of human relationships, but it is not a guarantee of happiness. Rather, it is a framework within which happiness can be attained.

If your marriage is to be happy, you must work at it just as you would work to make any other undertaking succeed. Your first concern will be to hasten the process by which you and your husband identify with each other. And your efforts should begin on your wedding day.

Differences between husband and wife are an inevitable part of marriage, just as differences between any two individuals are an inevitable part of life. But the way in which you adjust to those differences determines your ability to identify with each other, and so the unity of your marriage.

In one study, the area in which adjustment was most quickly achieved was that of mutual friendships. Next came religious activities, followed in order by relationships with in-laws, social activities, management of income, and last, sex relations, with only half the couples achieving a satisfactory sex adjustment within a year. And there cannot be much happiness in the marriage until adjustment is achieved within at least four of these areas.

Mutual friends. From the beginning of your marriage cultivate persons whom you both already like. If your husband dislikes some of your friends, either see them when he is not around, or gradually discontinue the friendships. But don't force their company upon him. (If he has friends whom you cannot learn to like, don't begrudge him an occasional evening with the boys.)

Religious activities. Religion is an important force in stabilizing family life. Take the lead in associating your family with a church, and encourage your husband to share your church activities.

In-law relationships. Because so many mothers find it difficult to let go of their children when they marry, most friction with relatives comes through the mother-in-law. Don't take your problems to your mother; and don't blame your husband if his mother offers unwelcome advice. When you and your husband have achieved unity, in-laws are not likely to come between you.

Social activities. A circle of friends whom both enjoy is an ideal basis for a pleasant social life. Don't undertake so many engagements as to interfere with your husband's rest, or to overstrain the budget. And do cultivate some simple pastimes that the two of you can enjoy together.

Management of income. The way you spend your money has more bearing on the harmony of your marriage than the amount you have to spend. Whatever plan you adopt, make sure you and your husband work it out together.

Sex relations. The sex relationship is the physical expression of the spiritual unity of marriage. Though biological factors may hasten or delay satisfactory adjustment, it can never be achieved without the spirit of true selflessness.

It may not be possible for you two to achieve perfect adjustment in all these areas, but you can work out a compromise which will avoid conflict. Marriage is a way of life offering two partners their best opportunity to satisfy their motives and enrich each other. On the use each makes of the opportunity depends the ultimate happiness of both.

Are You Resentful?

THOUGH there are emotions more powerful and more violent than resentment, few are more corrosive in their effect. If either partner in a marriage feels chronically resentful of the other, harmony is disrupted even though the marriage itself survives. A sense of injury dulls appreciation of the small pleasures of everyday domestic life; it also destroys the capacity to evaluate grievances, big or little, real or fancied.

Worse still, the feeling of resentment is contagious. The wife who habitually interprets her husband's actions as intentional affronts is encouraging a similar aggrieved attitude on his part.

Any program of improvement must begin with the recognition that both partners contribute to the difficulty, and that both must work to correct it. Each must identify with the other, and each must accept the other as a well-intentioned individual who does not deliberately try to make the marriage unhappy.

As soon as understanding is achieved on these points, the atmosphere will begin to improve. Attention to the following suggestions may help you to hasten improvement.

- Make it a point to find out what details of your domestic life irritate him, and do your best to eliminate them. Things that seem to you too petty for him to fuss about should not be hard for you to give up. Perhaps it annoys him if you call him to dinner before you are ready to sit down, or if you leave the car out when you have driven it last. If you discontinue such minor offenses, he may be more co-operative about bigger problems.

- Cater to his tastes—in food, in household arrangements, even in your appearance. Indulging his wishes, even if they are whims, is a sure way of convincing him that you really want to please him.

- Cultivate politeness for family use. If a guest dropped in on a hot afternoon, you would suggest a cold drink. Why not show your husband the same consideration? Ordinary courtesy can do a great deal to dispel hostility.

- Finally, try to ignore the annoying things he does. This is your hardest task. You feel that if you give in to him, he should indulge you. He should, but your most effective way of getting him to do so is by setting him a good example.

If you wholeheartedly practice these suggestions for six months, your husband will have little to resent—and you will be out of the habit.

Are You Good Parents?

Parents who fulfill their practical and psychological obligations to their children usually have happy marriages as well as happy, healthy children. Check your affirmative answers.

1. **Do your children get enough rest, sleep?**
2. **Are they lots of fun?**
3. **Do they tell you about their outside activities?**
4. **Are they attending Sunday school (if old enough)?**
5. **Do they frequently invite friends home?**
6. **Do they bring their sex questions to you?**
7. **Do they have home duties suitable to their age?**
8. **Do they have regular medical and dental checkups?**
9. **Does each have a small personal allowance?**
10. **Have they separate places to keep their things?**
11. **Does your husband spend time playing with them?**
12. **Do you and your husband agree on their training?**
13. **When you two argue, is it done privately?**
14. **Are they permitted to make some decisions for themselves?**

If your score is less than perfect, there may be valid reasons for it. Even so, if you missed as many as two checks, something needs to be done to compensate.

Do You Agree?

My daughter, aged eight, asks many questions about sex. Is this normal?

Yes. Girls of this age are frequently more inquisitive than boys. You are to be commended for giving her frank and honest answers.

A GALLERY OF MASTERPIECES

IN *Third Dimension Beauty*



There are now six Wallace Sterling designs by William S. Warren. Each is a work of art, sculptured to express a mood of beauty. Pictured above, from left to right, Grande Baroque, Sir Christopher, Grand Colonial, Stradivari, Rose Point, and the new "Romance of the Sea." Each is created in full-formed "Third Dimension Beauty"—beauty from every possible view—front, profile, and back. Each Wallace Sterling pattern is truly a treasure . . . distinctively beautiful . . . sought-after wherever fine sterling is sold. See all six Wallace "Third Dimension Beauty" designs before you decide upon your sterling silver. Six piece place settings from $27.40 to $37.50.

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What's the Answer?

"I'm sixteen, five feet six inches tall and self-conscious about height. I'm always comparing myself with people on the street—do they think I'm odd-looking?"

Ever meet anyone who thought Candy Jones, Maggi McNamara or Jean Patchett was "odd-looking"? They're top models—and most of them are at least as tall as you are! Good grooming, more confidence, and you can try for the long-stemmed-beauty class yourself. By next year, most of your crowd (especially boys) will have caught up to your size. So walk, dress and act up to your height while you're waiting.

"My dates always seem flat because I never know what to talk about. Can't you give me some topics and phrases which will always 'break the ice'?"

About the best phrase for defrosting conversation is the simple question, "I'm having fun, aren't you?" And the best way to get a happy answer is to plan a busy evening ahead of time—skating, dancing, movies or bowling. Double dating helps, too, 'cause then the talk gets split four ways. But don't worry too much about clever chitchat and making like Milton Berle. You're dating, aren't you? And that means somebody likes you just the way you are right now!

"About two or three times every summer I go to formal dances, but am always puzzled about where to put a corsage when I wear a strapless formal. Any ideas?"

A single flower can be pinned in your hair or fastened to a narrow velvet ribbon worn round the neck. Small corsages look smart tied to the wrist like a bracelet, or, if your dress has a small bunch of flowers that can be tucked in, stems down. To go exotic, try fastening the flower to your shoulder with cellulose tape, and wear glamour that way!

"My problem is one many girls have. ow can I give a party in a small apartent and still invite the whole crowd? ow can we have fun with just about no ace at all?"

How about a party that starts at our house and ends at your house—ut goes on the move for its fun? I mean a de luxe scavenger hunt with all the trimmings. Divide the crowd into teams with lists of items that might be suitable to fill boxes for teens in Europe or for a local orphanage. This game is for keeps; otherwise the old rules are the same. First group back is the winnah! Have boxes on hand to pack the things, and plenty of soft drinks and sandwiches, buffet style, for everyone.

"As with so many teen-agers, both my skin and hair are oily. Right after shampooing, my hair looks fine—by the end of the week it's as bad as ever. What can I do?"

Let's face the face problem first! Try washing three times a day with mild soap and warm water. Then pat on astringent or witch hazel with pads of cotton. Don't hesitate to wash oily hair twice a week. Expose your hair to lots of sun, wind and brushing. Make this care a happy habit—it works wonders!

"I've got a nice big, fat problem! I liked a certain joe for some time. When he found out that, he lost interest. How can I be friendly and still play hard to get?"

Some boys are just naturally the "go steady" kind; some are not. Some like starry-eyed gals, some like just-pal types, and some like a different girl every Friday night. So there is no answer. Just stay friendly with each boy you date—and try your luck at understanding him too. Every time you play this boy-likes-girl game—there's a different set of rules!

"The boy I like is a senior at the school where I'm in my first year. He dates girls in his class but never me. How can I make him like me?"

There'll be gaps in your date life if you wait for that tall, dark but unavailable senior to make a date bid! "Cradle robbing" is still a major date offense. Think he's tops if you like; don't wait for him to ask you out. Look at it this way: you can write fan mail to Greg Peck—but you don't *really* expect him Friday night!

"I'm a junior in high school and popular, but the boys here are so goofy about dating. All they want to do is come to my house to visit—they never ask me out!"

Some fellows begin dating in stages. First step is to get up enough courage to visit a girl at home. Next, they get up enough courage—and jingling money—to suggest a movie date or two. And then when school party or prom time rolls round, you'll probably be first on the list! Why not have some at-home fun now and save the friendships till they come in handy for the big date nights?



WHAT'S YOUR WHISTLE RATING?

You've probably heard the old joke: "Boys are like trains. Girls like to hear them whistle even if they're not going anywhere." If your whistle rate is low lately, why not read our Sub-Deb booklet, MIRROR MAGIC, No. 1207, and CLOTHES CHECKUP, No. 2322. Just 5¢ each from the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Penna.



Are you *always* Lovely to Love?

Suddenly, breathtakingly, you'll be embraced . . . held . . . kissed. Perhaps tonight.

Be sure you are always lovely to love; charming and alluring. Your deodorant may make the difference. That's why so many lovely girls depend on FRESH Cream Deodorant. Test FRESH against any deodorant—*see* which stops perspiration . . . prevents odor better! FRESH is different from any deodorant you ever tried—creamier, more luxurious, really effective!



New... for head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap. Used regularly, it is 20 times as effective as other type soap in preventing body perspiration odor, yet mild and gentle.





Dreaming about Luxury?

GET THESE FLATTERING COLORED SHEETS AT A PURSE-PAMPERING PRICE

Pepperell has taken colored sheets right out of the "someday" class, made them an everyday luxury at an everyday price—in *both* Combed Percale and Superfine Muslin. Remember, there are more Pepperell colored sheets in use today than any other brand. Pepperell knows *what* you want—brings you seven "personality" colors as well as white. Dust ruffles, too, come ready-made in Pepperell matching sheeting. Put color in your night life today!



Lady PEPPERELL SHEETS

IN SEVEN GLAMOROUS "Personality" COLORS

LADY PEPPERELL COMBED PERCALES

You get extra luxury, extra smooth texture at no extra price. Short, stubby fibres are combed *out*, leaving only finer, longer staple cotton!

LADY PEPPERELL SUPERFINE MUSLINS

Have over 1,000 more threads than the lower count muslins. Extra threads mean extra strength—make these the finest grade of muslin you can buy!

Pepperell Manufacturing Company
Boston, Massachusetts

Remember, PEPPERELL IS A PROMISE...OF TOP QUALITY IN COMBED PERCALE AND SUPERFINE MUSLIN SHEETS

PHOTO BY MUNKACSI



Tell me, Doctor —PART II

"I guess I had to learn the hard way, Doctor.
And now that I've learned—it's too late."

By HENRY B. SAFFORD, M.D.

THE woman was apparently in considerable pain, for she winced as she seated herself in the chair reserved for patients. The glance which the doctor gave the wan face might have appeared cursory to his patient, but she would have been surprised had she realized how much information he had gathered.

"I see that you have been sick for several months," he said. "Your color is bad—hemoglobin below sixty per cent, I should imagine—and you have lost considerable weight."

"That's right, Doctor. More than fifteen pounds."

"My next question is one that I usually ask every patient. Have you ever had an abortion?"

"No, Doctor, nor a miscarriage. In fact, I've never been pregnant."

"I see. Just how long have you been ailing?"

"It's going on two years. I've been in the hospital several times."

"And what did they do for you in the hospital?"

"Nothing much, as far as I could see. Just kept me in bed until I felt better. But I can't afford to stay in a hospital the rest of my life."

"I can well understand that. What did they say was the matter with you?"

"Something about my tubes—I didn't understand what."

"Hm! Did you have a bad vaginal discharge not very long before you began to have internal trouble?"

"Yes, I did; and I was treated for it quite a while."

"Were you cured of it?"

"No, I wasn't. I got tired of going to the doctor and paying for all those visits, especially when it looked as though I wasn't getting anywhere. So one day I told him I was through—and that was all."

"Did you know what you had?" the doctor asked quietly.

"It was a venereal disease."

"Gonorrhea?"

"Yes. I don't know where I got it. It must have been ——"

"Do you mean to say," interrupted the doctor, "that knowing you had such an infection, you stopped treatment?"

"I told you—I got tired of going there every day and being smeared with little balls of cotton on sticks. The doctor was in a huff about it, but I never went back to him. After all ——"

The doctor said peremptorily, "You were a foolish woman not to have done as you were advised—criminally foolish! If you couldn't afford private medical attention, there are clinics. You never would have got away with it in this town!"

"How did you know it wasn't here that it happened?"

"It couldn't have been, because it would have had to be reported to the Health Department, and they follow up such cases."

"I don't see what business it is of the Health Department."

"They make it their business, and a good thing it is, too, for the protection of others as well as the one infected. All you managed to accomplish was to let yourself in for two years of trouble."

"But—shouldn't that doctor have cured it up quickly?"

"He was doing his best, I have no doubt. We were just getting penicillin at that time and had to rely upon local treatment largely—and it was sometimes tedious. I'll bet you got worse after you left him."

"I did. I got so bad I had to pass my water every few minutes, and it burned something awful."

"I can believe that. Well, let's see in what sort of condition you've been left."

"It's about as bad as it could be," the doctor said a little later, speaking from the foot of his examining table.

"You're sure it was gonorrhea, doctor?"

"As certain as I could be without recovering the gonococcus, which is something I doubt we'll be able to do at this late day. A specific infection of this sort travels a lot differently than one following an abortion, for instance."

"I can't understand what you mean."

"I'll take a couple of minutes to explain, even though it can't make much difference to you—no, I'll take that back, because it *does* make a difference in the treatment available.

"The gonococcus is a tiny, twin-celled microorganism which is very virile at the height of his career, though with the lapse of time he does grow old and die, in the same way as does every other living entity.

"The gonococcus attacks mucous membranes, any mucous membranes he can find; and you are lucky, with all your carelessness, that you didn't get some of this infection in your eye. I even knew a doctor who lost the use of an eye by getting a drop of pus in it from a patient he was treating. In your case that gonococcus was deposited in the vagina, and then invaded the uterus,

(Continued on Page 212)

Copyright, 1950, by Henry B. Safford, M.D. This is the eighth of a series of articles taken from the book to be published early in 1951 by Renbayle House, Publishers, Inc., New York, N. Y.





Nothing Like Tide!

TIDE WASHES CLOTHES MIRACLE CLEAN Without Rinsing

Just wash—wring out—hang up!

No other washing product is made the way Tide is made. Just try Tide without rinsing. Take your wash right out of the suds—put it through the wringer—and hang it up. Tide keeps the dirt *suspended* in the sudsy water. When you wring out the clothes, the dirt runs out with the washwater . . . and clothes come from the wringer bright, white, and *clean!* And they dry soft and fluffy . . . iron easily! What's more, skipping the rinsing saves wear and tear on clothes. Saves time, work, and hot water, too. Get Tide today—and remember! Other products may look like Tide . . . others may talk like Tide . . . but they just aren't the same as Procter & Gamble's Tide!

WHICHEVER WASHING METHOD YOU USE . . .

with-or without-rinsing

TIDE DOES A BETTER WASHING JOB THAN ANY SOAP ON EARTH!



Fifty Years Ago In The Journal



A TERRIBLE hurricane and flood in Galveston, Texas, killed 5000 persons in September, 1900. Booth Tarkington wrote his remarkably popular Monsieur Beaucaire, the bubonic plague hit Glasgow, Scotland, and all Mormons were driven out of Mansfield, Ohio, with a pelting of rubbish.

"Until quite recent years," says the September, 1900, JOURNAL, *"the land about the White House was a sort of farm. Where the Treasury now stands was a vegetable garden. Where children now roll eggs on Easter morning was a cow pasture. Beneath the front portico was a dairy."*

"The President of the U. S. purchases his carriages and horses at the beginning of the administration. Usually he has four horses and as many carriages."

"Most housekeepers," remarks Mrs. Rorer, "feel that it is necessary on Saturday to bake so many cakes, so many loaves of bread, and so many pies, simply because their mothers did before them. The monotony of this destroys the appetite."

Admonishes Margaret E. Sangster. "Slang is always inelegant and utterly unfit for the lips of a well-bred girl."

Cost of living: "Chickens on the coast are twenty-five cents a pound, but in the South and the interior you can buy a good-sized young hen for that amount."

***Everything About the House:* "The most healthful way of heating a bedroom is to have a fire in an open fireplace."**

Mrs. Rorer tells how to conduct a cooking class: "Teach your pupils that a microscope and a thermometer are as necessary as a saucepan to the modern housewife."





Who really decides which is the Right or the Wrong side of the Tracks?

WHEN Kenneth Neff met Roberta Jean Bowman he was twenty years old, and was regarded as totally worthless by almost everyone who knew him. The estimate was shared by those who had directly observed his idleness (his parents, and those disgusted employers who put up with him for short periods) and those who drew their own conclusions (M· across-the-street nei to her cat, when she down the street with ets, that she could ever amount to any

Kenny lived in Bu ant and prosperous vania where patter clearly defined that ate are regarded as p way of life, which is

that is, except the Kenny Neffs, whom, unless they are very careful, it ultimately destroys.

Kenny's trouble started when he found out that he was pretty good at drawing pictures. One day in the second grade he took up a fat red wax crayon and drew a crude Little Red Hen, which teacher praised and tacked on the fiberboard strip above

*In a department-store elevator the other day, **Dawn Crowell Norman's** two fellow passengers were a girl on crutches with one foot in a plaster cast, and a friend the girl had just met. "Why do you look so worried?" the friend was asking. "Well, my foot will be out of the cast tomorrow, and I just don't know what kind of cane to buy that will be most becoming."*

Outside of metropolitan areas, a fifth of all the single houses going up today are being built by the owners themselves. . . . There are now women workers in every major industry in the U. S. Women are most important numerically in the textile and apparel industries; they make up nearly nine out of every ten workers, for example, in the manufacture of women's and children's underthings. . . . Whenever a certain Chicago mailbox thief stole any money, he sent five dollars to a prison chaplain for the inmates' welfare—a big problem to the chaplain, who worked overtime finding the rightful owners of the money. . . . Sixty per cent more people were killed in auto accidents last year than on planes.

With Belles on Their Toes in its second installment in this issue, and already spoken for by the movies, its family predecessor in the* JOURNAL—*Cheaper by the Dozen—is making motion-picture records by having the biggest second-month sale of any picture in the running.

A tiny girl walked into the Workshop recently with her mother. The child was dressed to the nines in little-girl ruffles and frills and ribbons; a white bonnet with rosebuds around it; short white gloves, pink socks and white Mary Janes. And when she turned around, what was she toting on her hip but a holster and a six-shooter!

We celebrated here at the Workshop recently one of the peak years in JOURNAL history—a record-breaking year in many respects; in not merely circulation and the like, but in editorial achievements, like the stunning success of The Little Princesses. And at this party given in honor of the *Goulds'* by their staff of editors, coming as it very properly did on the fifteenth anniversary of the commencement of the Goulds' successful tenure, one of the features of the occasion was a half-hour newscast of the high spots in JOURNAL history since 1935, recorded by CBS commentators *Eric Sevareid* and *Bill Downs*, with tonal effects managed by *Mitch Miller*, musical director of Columbia Records. *Mary Bass* quietly planned the production as a big surprise, *Joan Younger* prepared the script, and for thirty minutes the Goulds and the rest of us had the pleasure of hearing the JOURNAL'S biggest fifteen years dramatically described. We only wished that all you readers could have heard it too.

J. DI PIETRO



15 Journal years: Joan Younger, Mitch Miller, Mary Bass.

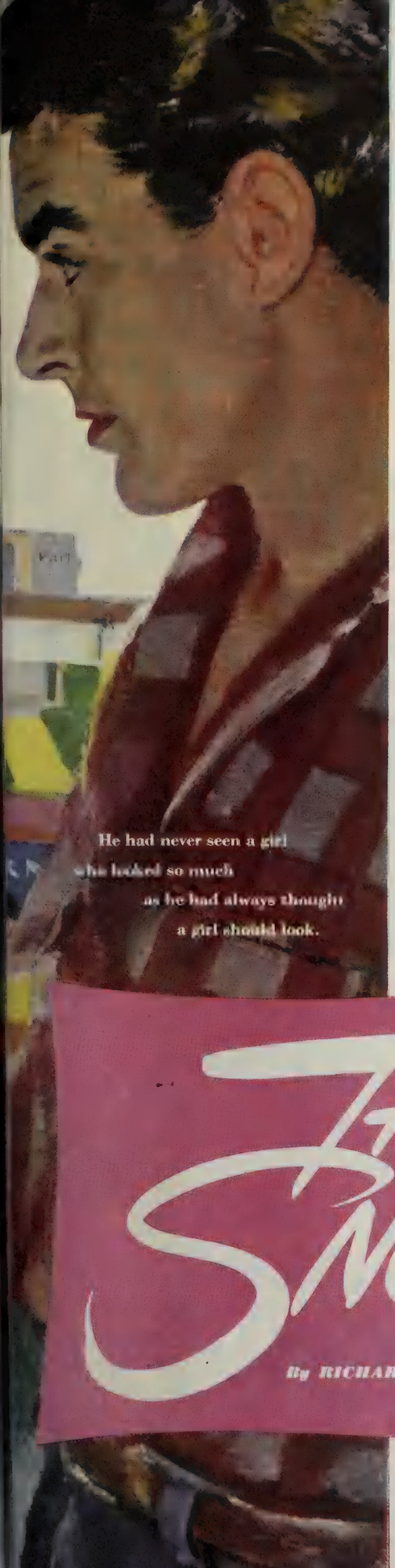
Out in Detroit recently, watching a night ball game with *General and Mrs. Marshall*, *Margaret Hickey*, who had just been re-elected a Governor-at-Large of the Red Cross at the National Convention there, was moved at the tribute paid to her illustrious companions by the fans. "Even the Tigers couldn't compete in popularity that night with the general and his wife," she told us—"and the Tigers were winning the game." Miss H. was equally moved by what the general had been saying, as head of the Red Cross: "I've worried a great deal about how to make the public more conscious of the fine work done largely by women volunteers, and the necessity for more of them. I haven't yet found the solution—the work is done so quietly, therefore efficiently . . . and that, unfortunately, doesn't make the headlines."



Our Miss Hickey gets around.

Miss Hickey, who never stands still, was recently in London presiding at the United Nations Seminar, a feature of the International Congress of Business and Professional Women, working there with women from twenty-seven nations; had just before spent two days in Washington with the Department of Defense, as a consultant on woman power. There she heard *Under Secretary of Defense Stephen Early* say, "I have been impressed for a good many years with that slogan of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL—'Never underestimate the power of a woman.' As a matter of fact, we might very well adopt for the theme of this conference a modification of that slogan—'Never underestimate the *military* power of a woman.'"


THEY MAY LOOK LIKE TIDE!
THEY MAY TALK LIKE TIDE!
CLEANER! CLEANER! CLEANER!
but in your wash
THEY JUST
THE SAME AS
Like Ti
THES MIRACLE
Rinsi



Who really decides which is the Right or the Wrong side of the Tracks?

THE SNOB

By RICHARD B. GEHMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

WHEN Kenneth Neff met Roberta Jean Bowman he was twenty years old, and was regarded as totally worthless by almost everyone who knew him. The estimate was shared by those who had directly observed his idleness (his parents, and those disgusted employers who put up with him for short periods) and those who drew their own conclusions (Mrs. Emma Maurer, an across-the-street neighbor, who used to say to her cat, when she saw Kenny shambling down the street with his hands in his pockets, that she could tell that boy wouldn't ever amount to anything).

Kenny lived in Buchanan, a small, pleasant and prosperous city of Central Pennsylvania where patterns of behavior are so clearly defined that all who protest or deviate are regarded as peculiar. The Buchanan way of life, which is the way of life of most Eastern cities of 100,000 or less, is rich, rewarding and comfortable for all—for all, that is, except the Kenny Neffs, whom, unless they are very careful, it ultimately destroys.

Kenny's trouble started when he found out that he was pretty good at drawing pictures. One day in the second grade he took up a fat red wax crayon and drew a crude Little Red Hen, which teacher praised and tacked on the fiberboard strip above the blackboard. All the children were impressed, Kenny most of all, for it was the first occasion on which he had not been reprimanded or punished for doing something that pleased him. From then on, even in arithmetic class, all he did was draw pictures. He was normal in every other way—he played shinny with the other kids on the block, got in fights with them sometimes, complained to his mother about the same old food and had the usual children's diseases—but he was happiest when he was by himself in his room, working on a picture.

In Buchanan life is fairly simple for the young men. They graduate from high school and go into their fathers' businesses, or become stockroom boys or clerks or apprentice bookkeepers in the downtown stores, or they start out at the great plant which squats at one end of the city. They never draw pictures.

Kenny continued to draw all through grade school, junior high and high school, and from time to time he would announce to his parents that he wanted to be an artist. His father, Christian Neff, and his mother, Elizabeth, were pious, conscientious, self-effacing souls who knew their place in the city's scheme of organization. They were people of moderate means, and they were horrified at their son's proposal: the word "artist" seemed to exemplify every variety of shiftlessness and debauchery they could imagine. But slowly, as Kenny's voiced intentions became less juvenile and more emphatic, it became evident to them that he was sincere—crazy, perhaps, but sincere. Thus Christian was driven into what, for him, was an extraordinary sacrifice: as Kenny's graduation from high school approached, Christian offered to send the boy to college. *(Continued on Page 162)*

Can a nation afford



health for all its people?

By REBECCA WEST



The question of socialized medicine concerns everyone today. England's ablest reporter, Rebecca West, presents in this important article a detailed, objective study of Britain's Health Plan. It is presented here with full understanding that what may be good for one country may not solve another's problems.

PHOTO BY JOSEPH DI PIETRO

HAVE you ever found yourself, while you were making movements for a certain purpose, being stared at with a grin by someone who thought your movements meaningless, and you probably crazy, because he did not know your purpose? The other day my husband came on an old gentleman standing in the drive of my house, looking up at me as I stood at a window, waving both my arms. He was evidently thinking, "Ah, poor dear, she has gone over the edge at last." Actually I was trying to shake down two thermometers at once, because I had two invalids in bed with flu, and the doctor was waiting on the telephone to hear what their temperatures were. I had seen the old gentleman and had correctly interpreted his expression, and I could not have been more exasperated.

Well, sometimes we feel like that in Great Britain when we hear and read what foreigners think of our National Health Service. Even what Americans, whom we do not class as real foreigners, think of it. They seem to see it as a meaningless extravagance, which has been wished on us by a Labour Government that wants to provide social services for the sake of providing social services, and skins the taxpayer to pay for them, without regard for the efficiency of medicine or the comfort of the patient. And we find this exasperating. If they would only come a little closer and watch what we are doing, they would see that it has a purpose.

The National Health Service is not meaningless. It is a specific response to a specific challenge. It is not right to say that it was "wished on" Britain. You might as well say that our housing program was "wished on" us instead of regarding it as the government's fulfillment of its duty to replace the houses damaged by the blitz and to provide new ones for the expanding population. We had to do something about the damage done by our recent history to the medical care of the British people and our hospitals, and the National Health Service is what we did.

It is not even a specially Socialist idea. If you obtain the campaign guide used by the Tories in the general election of this spring, you will find plainly set down there that **"it can never be too often stated that the Conservative Party is wholeheartedly in favour of a National Health Service available to all." They have been committed to that for the last six years.** When the Labour Party joined with the Tories in wartime to form the Coalition Government they brought the idea with them, and the Tories adopted it; and it was a Tory minister who handled the first draft of the National Health Service Act in 1944. When Mr. Churchill campaigned before the general election of 1945, he gave a pledge that he would introduce such a service; and some of the younger members of the party had done such thorough and ingenious work on the scheme that when the Labour Government got in, they were able to make shrewd and helpful criticisms of the bill it introduced. These were received with the affected indignation which is part of the game of party politics, but most of them were noted and the faults corrected. **In a sense the present National Health Service is a collaboration between the parties; and if a Tory Government should be returned at the next election, Labour criticism would keep it a collaboration.**

It is no use thinking that the Tories were against it. It is no use thinking the doctors were against it. From 1930 on, the British Medical Association has been considering plans for a general medical service for the nation, and in 1938 and 1943 issued reports putting forward suggestions, some of which are incorporated in the present National Health Service system, *(Continued on Page 139)*

Somebody's always ch

Chase one man to get another—
that spells trouble!

HENRY locked the door but forgot about the window, so Alice came up the fire escape.

She said, "You rat, you."

"Come in before you fall," Henry said. "You're going to kill yourself, climbing up that thing."

"You deliberately locked me out. I saw you peeking when I was on the stairs. You saw me coming."

Alice stood on the window sill and jumped over the radiator to the floor. She was wearing a red skirt and a belted plaid coat and a white beret. She looked as if she might be advertising something, but she also looked, Henry had to admit, piquant and attractive in a purely physical sort of way. In fact, she looked more lovely than ever. He had been having this feeling, of late, each time that he saw her. He kept telling himself that eventually it would go away.

"Well, I'm busy," Henry said.

"But I had to see you," Alice said appealingly. "Hank, I've found him. I really have. Really and truly."

"Again?"

"He's a poet. His name is Dimmick." She gazed briefly into an enchanted land and then pulled off the beret and plaid coat and went to a mirror on the wall and remodeled her close-cropped bronze-colored curls with the heel of her hand. She was wearing a green vestlike business over a white blouse. She looked like a Christmas tree, a very shapely Christmas tree. She said, "I simply can't begin to describe him. I'll make some coffee first and then tell you."

Henry said, crouched behind his bastion of books and papers, "I'm working. I've got to study."

"Then I can sit down and be as still as a mouse until you're finished."

"I won't be finished. I'll never be finished. Go make the coffee." Henry slammed his books shut one by one. He stacked his papers and put them aside.

"Now you're mad. Your eyes are glittering, the way they do." Alice sat down on the cleared top of his desk. She said unhappily, "I wish you didn't hate me so."

"I don't hate you. You won't let me get any work done, that's all. You've gotten ubiquitous. You're driving me nuts. You're in and out of here nine times a minute, whenever I'm home. How can I study?"

"But you know how much I depend on you. And I only want to get married. There isn't anything ubiquitous about that. Any nice girl wants to get married."

"You're thinking of 'iniquitous.' Ubiquitous means you're in my hair, like bats. I'm trying to carry sixteen hours of classes and I'm working twenty hours and I need thirty for study and you expect me to spend forty in conversation. That's been going on for the five months I've been living in this building. Give or take a week while you got acquainted." *(Continued on Page 209)*



Henry said, "Do you remember when I made that pass at you?"

ng somebody

by William Brandon



ILLUSTRATED BY

Belles on their Toes

By FRANK B. GILBRETH, JR., AND ERNESTINE GILBRETH CAREY

Continuing the hilarious adventures of the Cheaper By The Dozen clan . . . Shopping  for six boys . . . Mother's school for motion-study engineers  . . . Putting together the efficient kitchen . . . The lynching  party . . . The Ashtray Christmas . . . And how Mother got a new nose.

When her husband died, Lillian Moller Gilbreth was left with eleven children and Dad's growing motion-study business. This is her story. The children, from eighteen-year-old Anne down to two-year-old Jane, helped. Even Tom, the man of all work, despite his pained grumbling, doubled as cook, yardman, governess and duenna.

II

WITH Mother home, the girls' self-imposed ban on dating was automatically lifted. Anne and Ernestine went back into circulation, hopefully rejoining their beach crowd of previous summers.

The competition was unusually stiff, because there were about three times as many girls as boys. Most of last summer's crop of males were now in college and had summer jobs on the mainland. It was apparent that in order to get rings on their fingers, belles would have to be on their toes.

Morton Dykes, besides being tall and good-looking, had brought a Hupmobile roadster to the island and had rented a motorboat. So he had long since been admitted—in fact, shanghaied—into the crowd. The group collected each morning, before going into the water, in a hollow formed by three sand dunes, near the Cliff Beach Bathhouse. Of all the sheiks encamped on those semisecluded sands, Morton had amassed the largest and most eager harem.

Copyright, 1950, by Frank B. Gilbreth, Jr., and Ernestine Gilbreth Carey

But in spite of the manpower shortage, Anne at first wouldn't have anything to do with him.

Anne may not have been a raging beauty, but she was no strain at all upon the eyes, especially in her new bathing suit. Also, there is a possibility that Morton had become tired of having a half-dozen panting females hurrying to strike a match every time he put a cigarette in his mouth. In any event, he did everything he could to get back in Anne's good graces.

"I don't see why you always give me the cold shoulder," he told Anne one morning, sitting down beside her on the sand.

"If I weren't a lady," said Anne, "I'd give you something that started from the shoulder. And the result would be even colder."

"I don't see what you're sore about."

"Look," Anne whispered. "There are at least fifteen beautiful women here who are dying for you to come and sit with them. Why don't you go make one of them supremely happy? And leave me alone."

"But I've just known them for a few weeks, and you and I are old buddies."

"My Buddy," Anne said sarcastically. "You'd better shove off, Buddy, before your mother sees you associating with the lower classes."

"You mean on the boat?" Morton asked. "Listen, I've been wanting to tell you about that." *(Continued on Page 70)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY ANDERSON



Bob and Jane snuggled up against
Mother. "Does it hurt?" they asked.
"Oh, Mother, are you all right?"

FALL



Fur-lined, three-quarter brushed-wool coat, jersey dress, Hattie Carnegie.



High-collared, russet tweed coat by Hattie Carnegie.



Wool dress, sealskin scarf—Pauline Trigere.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN

TRENDS

Fashion, at certain times, comes between a woman and her personality to such an extent that the comment "What a smart dress!" is more commonly heard than "What an attractive woman!" This fall the woman comes first. Your best fashion question is "What looks best on me?" The big, free-from-the-shoulder coat of bulky fleece or chinchilla walks side by side with the fitted, waistline coat, both frequently double-breasted. The suit with a longer jacket is a trendmaker, but the shorter jacket is still in fashion. The skirt is narrow and the dress slim, but straightness often takes the form of pleats and many skirts break into a low, gentle flare. Pockets, by twos and fours, are too interesting to go out. The pretty, turned-back cuff and long, crushed, shiny capeskin gloves are still in. We see coat collars rising high, half enclosing a small capped head, and suit revers cut low, almost to the waistline. Velvet and fur are marks of this season's becoming fashions. Fur collars and fur trimming return to coats. Fur buttons and engaging fur shoulder pieces go with wool dresses. There is a velveteen suit in every collection. Colors are autumn-leaf shades — russet, rusty red, sharp yellow and brown — shades of coral, tree-trunk grays, and all the blues from royal to blue-violet to navy.

Think of a coral jersey blouse or gold taffeta scarf with a gray suit, a black day coat with a turquoise lining, a red velvet evening coat lined with mauve satin. Wear black and white in new ways: white organdy revers on a black velvet dress, a fresh gardenia with a black cap-beret, a black-and-white tweed suit worn with black fox. ▪ By WILHELA CUSHMAN

Fashion Editor of the Journal



Carnation-red cashmere suit—Omar Kiam of Ben Reig.

BAG BY JOSEF, HAT BY JOHN FREDERICS. OPPOSITE PAGE: BAGS WITH COATS BY ALAN MILLER.

FALL TRENDS





Dickey-dress, scarlet wool with linen, by Larry Aldrich.



Longer jacket suit—Omar Kiam of Ben Reig.

Happily, this fall, no woman need say, "I cannot afford to be in fashion this year," or "I'll have to wait till high fashions appear at a lower price." The very same fashion trends exist today at practically all prices. Skirt lengths seem to be settled at 14½ to 15 inches from the floor. The absence of extremes is your best assurance that this year's clothes will be "good next year."

Lynx-collared travel coat, low back belt, copy of Jacques Fath.



vy-blue velveteen, tapered hipline, by Adele Simpson.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN



)ouble-breasted coat, sealskin trim, Christian Dior-New York.

lack-and-white tweed, circle of black fox—Omar Kiam of Ben Reig.

VELVET HAT BY MR. JOHN



FALL COSTUME COMPLETE

Women who love dresses will find many fabrics and silhouettes this year, at varied prices. ▪ By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal





$25.00	**Red wool jersey dress, high pockets**
5.95	**Shiny black feather helmet**
5.95	**Black suède slip-on gloves**
7.95	**Black suède bag**

$44.85 **Persian-lamb scarf, $39.95**

$25.00	**Rayon crepe dress with knee flare**
5.00	**Bandeau of velvet and veiling**
7.95	**Black velvet bag, a slim rectangle**
6.44	**White kid gloves**

$44.39 **Silver-fox scarf, around $50.00**



$29.95 Flat pleated silhouette, beige wool jersey

10.95 Felt cloche, velvet cord and tassel

2.95 Hand-sewn cotton gloves

10.95 Red calfskin top-handle bag

4.00 Gold earrings and clip

$58.80



$29.95 Rayon faille suit, slim silhouette

12.95 Lattice-crown velvet hat

6.44 Slip-on gloves, white kidskin

7.95 Double-handle suède bag

$57.29

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD AVEDON



$35.00 Claret velveteen—slim, button-front dress

16.95 Two-tone, brushed-felt sailor

2.95 Hand-sewn beige cotton gloves

$54.90

Ropes of mink, $22.95 each

BLACK CREPE, RED JERSEY, BLACK FAILLE, CLARET VELVETEEN BY SAMUEL ZAHN; PLEATED JERSEY BY EDWARD KRISEL. PERSIAN SCARF BY AARON REISS. BLACK BANDEAU BY ROSE COLBY, FEATHER HELMET BY FORTUNE, LATTICE-CROWN HAT BY MR. ALF, SAILOR HAT BY BILLIE RUSSY.



CLOCHE, CAP, SIDESWEPT BRIMS GO WITH EVERYTHING THIS FALL

BY RUTH MARY PACKARD

Above: velours cloche, fawn color, by Mr. John, to wear with all the browns. Mink coat by Maximilian.

Below: Helmet in turquoise velours by Hattie Carnegie with violet wool suit and multicolor beads.



Purple suit by Larry Aldrich, gray jersey by Jane Derby, red calfskin bag by Richard Koret, alligator bag by Arthur Gilmore, turquoise beads by Lilly Dache.



Cap-cloche in black velours by Christian Dior-New York, with a fresh gardenia, jet and pearls. Fashion of black and white.

VELOURS

BEAVER

FELTS



Wing-brim coral velours hat, by Lilly Dache.

PHOTOS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN





Brimmed hat in velours, Angora stole—Mr. John.

The beaver cloche, with a chinchilla reefer suit by Omar Kiam of Ben Reig. Red capeskin gloves, calf bag.



Feminine printed challis in a charming tucked-front blouse. Vogue Design No. 7017, 12 to 20. Wear it as a dress with contrasting skirt and cummerbund of wool jersey. Vogue Design No. 7018, 24 to 32 waist.

Ever popular gray flannel with detachable white linen collar and cuffs. Without the collar, the neck is finished with a neat neckband . . . pretty, worn with scarves. Try fur accessories. Vogue Design No. 7124, 12 to 20.



The wool



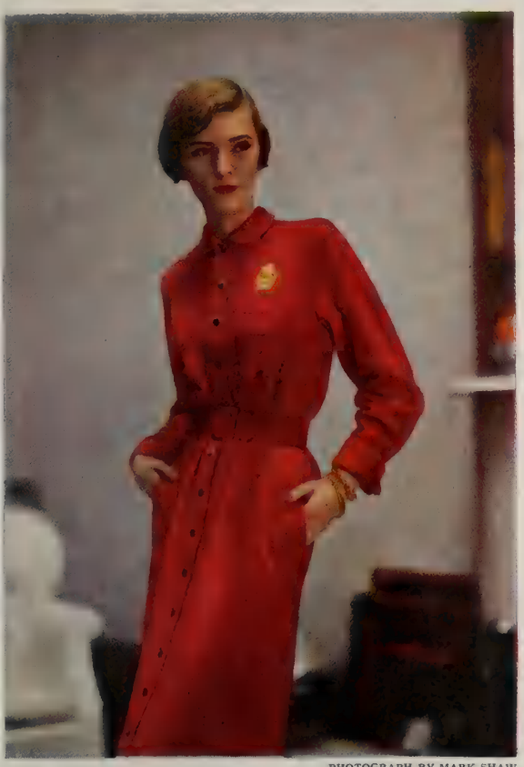
© VOGUE

Slim blue wool tweed with convertible neckline. Rows of stitching on collar, cuffs, pockets. Vogue Design No. 7122, 12 to 18.

BARANDUKI MUFF AND BELT BY HAROLD RUBIN, BRIMMED HAT BY IRENE, LEOPARD BAG AND BELT BY MR. JOHN. OPPOSITE PAGE, RED HAT BY IRENE, TURQUOISE FUR FELT HAT BY SUZY, MINK STOLE BY ESTHER DOROTHY. ALL JEWELRY BY BRAMAN SCHRIPPS.

dress idea . . . in six Versions for fall

Of all the dresses one gets real pleasure out of, a good wool usually heads the list. Its season is long . . . from the first cool day through spring. It looks well under a coat or a fur jacket. If it is a classic design, you can go on wearing it for years. It has the "never-wear-out" quality which is so wonderful when you like a dress. And you are sure to, if your pattern is becoming and the fabric of good quality . . . perhaps a neutral gray flannel, a pin-checked worsted. Try having gloves or a hat made from the same fabric. • By NORA O'LEARY



PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK SHAW

Wool jersey in a button-front classic. The dress is cut straight without a waistline seam, is shaped only with the belt. "Easy-to-Make" Vogue Design No. 7103, 12 to 20.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GENEVIEVE NAYLOR



One of the prettiest patterns we have seen! Slim soft dress with beautifully cut collar, cuffs and pockets which give it a very custom-made look. Vogue Couturier Design No. 574, 12 to 20. Perfect for fur cape-stole and fur felt pillbox.



Paris-inspired black-and-white checked worsted with pin-tucked white linen dickey. Black braid outlines the horseshoe-shaped neckline, the side-front closing, and the cuffs. Vogue Design No. 7165, 12 to 40.

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.: or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ontario. (*Connecticut residents please add sales tax.)

Back and other views, sizes and prices on Page 227

BELLE MEAD

One great example of the grandeur that was Tennessee which has not gone with the wind

By RICHARD PRATT
Architectural Editor of the Journal

Back about the middle of the 1800's, when Lincoln was still practicing law over in Illinois, and when Harriet Beecher Stowe, way up in Maine, was just starting to compose Uncle Tom's Cabin, families of fabulous wealth in the rich agricultural region of Western Tennessee were striving to outdo one another in the magnificence of their mansions. Built with dramatic disregard for cost, on a palatial scale, and romantically furnished, the three houses generally acknowledged to have come out on top in this great race for elegance were Belle Mead and Belmont, at Nashville, and a monumental residence some forty miles to the south, called Rattle and Snap.

Of the three, Belle Mead, shown here, is now by far the best preserved; still seeming to breathe the carefree air of the 1850's. Hardly a house I know has held so closely to its past.

The house had a previous, now unpictured, past, dating back forty years or more from the early fifties when a disastrous fire provided William Strickland, who had come out from Baltimore to design his famous capitol at Nashville, with an opportunity to rebuild Belle Mead as you see it now. As it rose then to outrival all the other great houses of the region, it has now outlived all but a few of its rivals, most of which today are fading memories of an era long-since ended.



Belle Mead, seen here reflected in a heart-shaped pool, stands in its still stately park, handsomely kept, and seemingly unmindful that Nashville is now surrounding it.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EZRA STOLLER

Collectors today would give their eyeteeth for the lush Victorian pieces, carpets, curtains, with which the tremendous double drawing room of Belle Mead is furnished.



The high-ceilinged hallway with its curving staircase is one of the sights.



Two majestic beds fail to daunt the heroic scale of the high double bedroom.

our own young

ALAN BRADY



Betty and Bob Hoffman

HERB KRATOVIL



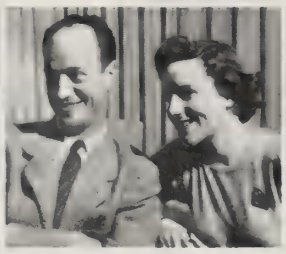
Marion and Rod Wilson

HERB KRATOVIL



Betty and John Gray

HARRY SALTZMAN



Marjorie and Bob Lee

HERB KRATOVIL



Nancy and Fred Russe

HARRY SALTZMAN



Elizabeth and Dan Hoffman



Nora and John Smi

THESE ARE THE JOURNAL'S YOUNG MARRIEDS: fourteen young women and fourteen husbands who never underestimate them. In a series of articles they will share with young marrieds everywhere the beginnings of wisdom: the fun and work of starting a home—good food on a budget, furnishing inexpensively an attractive home—just plain getting along with each other, for instance. Our young marrieds did a good deal of their growing up on the JOURNAL, the part after twenty, that counts most. "And you can't spend your days," they say, "around a place where marriage, a home and children are considered the greatest fulfillments of a woman's life without wanting that sort of life yourself, can you?" Although they are different as squares in a patch quilt, our young marrieds have this in common: not an office day goes by which doesn't in one way or another lead to a deeper understanding of home and family—as these personality vignettes will demonstrate.

HARRY SALTZMAN



Betty and Bob Hoffman have the highest score on pets—two rabbits, a cat and a dog.

• • •

Take Betty Gray, for instance, an assistant editor in our food department. Betty has a six-month-old daughter and a young son, Stephen, aged three. When she came to the JOURNAL more than four years ago, her husband was a lieutenant in the Navy. They had married in 1943, set up housekeeping in a two-room-and-kitchenette apartment, and Betty was struggling with exactly the problems she now helps millions of young brides to solve in the pages of the JOURNAL.

When Betty and John finally got an apartment with a large living room in one of New York's big new housing developments, they started entertaining—sometimes as many as eight or twelve. "I like to go all out on party food," says Betty, "for no dish is better than its ingredients. But I like to keep the menu simple too. A favorite party dinner of ours begins with homemade onion soup, which may be kept hot for hours in the oven in little individual earthenware pots; a hearty beef stew (use the bone in the soup), with carrots, potatoes and fresh green peas; tossed salad and rolls. We put two or three card tables at one end of the living room, set them with linens and silver before the guests get there, borrow chairs from the neighbors. We serve the food from a buffet at the other end. I like to have everything possible done in advance because I hate to miss what's going on; and try to think through every detail of a party: where to put coats, whether there are enough hangers in the closet, plenty of pencils and paper for games, if any, afterward. Coffee measured out ahead, greens washed and cold, everything cleaned up in the kitchen. The guests who have babies bring them along, and we put them in with Stevie for the evening."

The Simmons' two-floor apartment has the look of an artist's studio—Ellie is a full-time, free-time painter.



HARRY SALTZMAN

HERB KRATOVIL



Nora and John Smith's "clearing house," a kitchen bulletin board.

• • •

In Marion and Rod Wilson's household, Rod helps out by taking the laundry to the Launderette (they do everything themselves, including sheets, towels and shirts). "Rod says, I must add, that his shirts are his pride and joy," says Marion, "and I'm satisfied to do them until I can find a Chinaman who can launder them for less. It takes me fifteen minutes per." Marion and Rod have done a replastering job as well as all the painting in their new apartment. Recently they've taken all their picture frames, loot from family attics, and grouped them over the sofa. "We cut out favorite pictures and simply fasten them in from the back with common pins. Every two or three weeks we find some new pictures to stick in." Marion is editorial assistant in the Pattern Department.

• • •

Betty Hannah Hoffman stepped out of Smith College into an editorial apprentice's job at the JOURNAL. Later, she took over the writing of the Fifty Years Ago column. She writes How America Lives articles these days, visiting families all over the country and writing at her Bucks County, Pennsylvania, farm. Two lively young sons guarantee never a dull moment of home life. She reports: "Ever since the electric dishwasher freed my husband from drying dishes, the division has been fairly hard and fast: my responsibilities are indoors, Bob's are out. For him: cutting an acre of lawn, keeping six acres of fence in repair, doing all outdoor painting, washing the car, feeding a dog, cat and two rabbits. Only thing he won't do is gardening—he'll dig, but he won't weed. I hate to spend my few leisure hours under a broiling-hot sun trying to hoe while the kids pull up all the carrots, so next summer we'll probably just have flowers—more fun, less work than vegetables. My labors revolve around the cooking, house cleaning, daily laundry and kids: not too bad, as I have a cleaning woman a day a week and an automatic dishwasher and clothes washer." Betty always writes first thing in the morning—"I run down like a clock during the day; come evening, I'm an idiot!"—so that on writing mornings she drives over to her sitter's house with the children, and stays there, working in peace and quiet while the sitter and the children drive back to Betty's farm and spend the morning.

• • •

Marjorie Lee, formerly full-time poetry editor, now writes poetry as well as occasional free-lance articles at home and takes care of her two toddlers, aged two and four. She admits her shortcomings in domestic skills with this amusing anecdote: "The most unforgettable gift I ever gave my husband was a pair of Argyle socks for Christmas. They were the first thing I had ever knit (I doubt if I will ever knit again) and took me two months to do. The

Saturday morning is strictly reserved for Traceys' chores.



HARRY SALTZMAN

Rod and Marion Wilson frame masterpiece reproductions of paintings and group them in an interesting arrangement.



marrieds

Fourteen strong, they do double duty as homemakers on the Journal and in private life. In this article and in those to come, they'll share their solutions for some basic, practical problems of daily living young marrieds everywhere are facing.



ALTZMAN

anne and Jim Tracey



HARRY SALTZMAN

Ellie and John Simmons



HARRY SALTZMAN

Polly and Todd Cooke



HERB KRATOVIL

Dawn and Bob Norman



HERB KRATOVIL

Helen and Joe O'Donnell



HERB KRATOVIL

Mary Adele and John Morris



KRATOVIL

Miriam and Jim Skardon

second sock is still unfinished. Bob wears them as they are, and people are constantly noticing that the red overstitching is missing on one of them. I had intended to finish it, but it seems a shame since he finds some sort of perverse pleasure in the fact that they don't match."

Marjorie and Bob lived in a small apartment till they moved to a house in the country, were faced like all young marrieds in the same situation with the problem of huge furnishing expense, so they moved most of the furniture from their apartment living room into a small den for themselves, made a combination living-dining room out of the dining room. "We have a sofa along one wall, a couple of bookcases, lots of little stools that nest together, for parties and buffet meals. The regular dining table juts out from a window, with four chairs at the table, two used around the room. We can entertain happily sixteen or eighteen here. The actual living room has taken on the function of a playroom for the kids, and we won't be decorating it for a year or two."

HIGGS—BERMUDA NEWS BUREAU



Miriam and Jim Skardon honeymooned 7 months ago.

• • •

Nancy Crawford (Russe), a Bryn Mawr graduate, has discovered that meals at their house have to be quick and easy, with only occasionally a complicated or time-consuming dish. "I once made a lemon meringue pie, and it took me five hours," she recalls of her bridehood days a year or so back. "Why do they say 'easy as pie,' I wonder? Usually we have one hearty hot dish, a big salad, rarely anything more than apples and cheese for dessert." Nancy came to the JOURNAL in 1947 and discovered that food could be more fascinating and satisfying than playwriting, her original collegiate ambition, now that she is assistant to Ruth Mills Teague on her Conversation Piece features.

HERB KRATOVIL



• • •

Polishing is not reserved for sonnets alone by our poetry editor, Elizabeth McFarland (Hoffman). Her favorite domestic chore is polishing silver and copper, perhaps utilizing these meditative moments to compose her verse. "My husband, who is a bright morning soul, just naturally makes our breakfast," she says. "He believes in large breakfasts as a matter of principle, and rather delights in enforcing it. On Saturday and Sunday, Danny loves to make 'fancy eggs'—bakes them in a casserole, covered with bread crumbs, grated cheese, dabs of butter, Worcestershire sauce and a little thyme." Of housekeeping chores she says, "Danny empties the garbage and brings up fireplace wood. We have no rule about dishes; whoever happens to be in the mood, or unbusy, does them, and sometimes they don't get done at all." The Hoffmans have settled in Philadelphia's historic Clinton Street (also noteworthy for having housed nine JOURNAL editors in the past five years).

HARRY SALTZMAN



Elizabeth McFarland Hoffman likes to polish silver—especially if Danny reads to her.

• • •

"Some people say I wasn't brought up by my family at all, but by the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, I came here at such a tender age," says Dawn Crowell Norman, our beauty editor. "My first job was receptionist. Then I was general office girl; after that I was promoted to the Fashion Department, where my first assignment was to dust off the magazines." Dawn's modest remarks do not mention that during this period she sold the JOURNAL her first short story, that she learned to compose photographs and she became one of the youngest associate editors on a national magazine. She is now the mother of a five-month-old daughter. At home, weekday breakfasts are Dawn's to prepare; over the week end her husband not only gets breakfast, but serves it to her in bed! "Bob does most of the food shopping. I make the beds, do the dishes and straighten up in the mornings."

• • •

Jeanne Tracey, editorial assistant in the Sub-Deb Department, was married three years ago, while her husband was still in school. "Our decorating 'scheme' or 'style,'" says Jeanne, "was pretty well settled for us by two or three really lovely antique pieces which we received as wedding presents. Since then, we've been trying to pick up worthy companions for them at bargain prices, refinishing them ourselves.

"We found an old table and four chairs of light oak. When we bought them, they were covered with six layers of paint and one of varnish, so we borrowed a blowtorch and went to work on them down in the cellar. While one of us would work the blowtorch, the other would quickly scoop off the old paint as it bubbled and melted. (You have to be very careful or you'll burn the wood, but it is a really effective method.)

"We finished them off with a chemical paint-and-varnish remover, sanded them and waxed them. Refinishing antiques is a major project with us, so we invested in a small sanding and buffing machine, for about fifteen dollars, worth its weight in gold!"

Bookshelves, obviously, were the Russes' first new-apartment need.

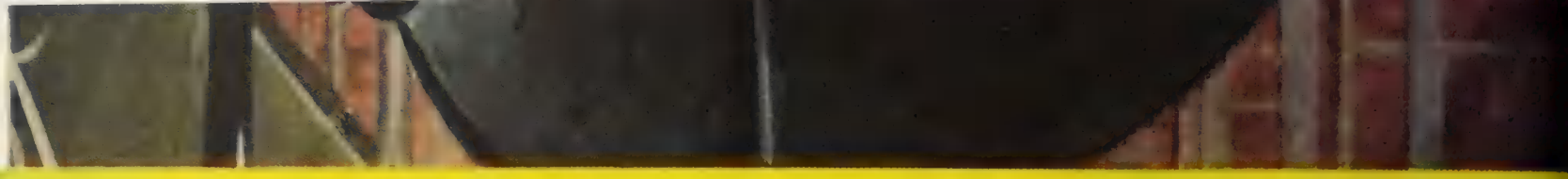


HERB KRATOVIL

• • •

Iowa-born of a journalistic father and mother, Eleanor Simmons came to the JOURNAL in 1947. As a staff member for three years she read manuscripts, wrote captions for articles, went out on research and reporting assignments. Now a mother and a free-lancer, she writes, paints and contributes ideas for this article series. As romantic as the stories she reads, she reports on her second anniversary: "We spent our last anniversary (and my birthday as well) in Bucks County, in a hotel with a won-

(Continued on Page 232)



Escape from the past

By GERTRUDE SCHWEITZER

DAVID MERRIAM squeezed into the Madison Avenue bus and tried to obey instructions to "stepinarear." More seasoned New Yorkers stood where they chose, but Merriam, after six years in the great town, still had his innate respect for order, even after everything that had happened to him.

Nothing about him would have made you remember him rather than anyone else in the bus. He was quietly dressed, tall, a little too thin, with a rugged, pleasant face. You would have judged him to be in his early forties. Actually he was considerably younger. Ten years ago he had not even looked his age, but circumstances had changed that.

As he rode uptown, he thought, like any other man, about his job, about the advertising agency that employed him, and about his wife, Iris, with whom he was very much in love.

After a time he became consciously aware of the ordinary trend of his thoughts, and the awareness gave him great satisfaction. He had not once looked around anxiously at the faces of his fellow passengers—it was probably weeks since he had done this anywhere, though he had thought he would never conquer the panic that had once come upon him whenever he had to mingle with strange people. Perhaps eventually he would forget that there had ever been such panic—forget, even, that his name was not really David Merriam.

He got off the bus at 94th Street and walked the half block to his apartment house. He had been married for two years—time enough for the bloom to have worn off a little, but it had not worn off. When he heard Iris' voice calling out a greeting to him, he glowed with the same delight as on the first evening that he had ever come home to her.

She came and kissed him, and he held her a moment and then let her go. He was afraid to hold her too long, afraid of boring her with his love for her *(Continued on Page 122)*

He said this much to her, "My life is not an open book. You are taking a chance if you marry me."



ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRY FREDMAN

He, for whom caution was so essential,
suddenly found himself asking her
to have supper with him.

Lifting the pair of tiny
shell earrings, she said again,
"Boyd, no! How lovely!"



A man by the hand is worth two on the run

By FREDERICK NEBEL

BOYD JOHNSON got back the middle of May, lounging comfortably behind the wheel and letting the dove-gray convertible loaf down the long, easy slope into town. The top was down, the radio played dance music. The late-afternoon sun was in Boyd's eyes, but large, expensive sunglasses took care of that. He wore no hat, but his black hair didn't toss in the breeze; it was cropped, wiry. His hands, his face were nut-brown. A smile kept nibbling at his lips. It was good to get back.

It was always good to get back. But then, after Labor Day, along about the end of September, it was always good to get away again. Far away. South. Florida. Good men in his line didn't grow on trees and he could walk into a job anywhere. Almost anywhere. He glanced up at the elms overhead and felt his heart swell with the joy of returning.

The village green split Main Street in two, one-way traffic on either side. Boyd pulled in alongside the big New England Motors building and got out. He stamped his feet, first one, then the other, to shake down the legs of his costly doeskin slacks. He fastened one button on his sports jacket, a rare number straight from Collins Avenue in Miami Beach, and touched the collar of his casual nylon shirt. He looked like a million and was worth, in cash, twenty-two dollars and fifty cents.

The town was the same. Nothing had changed, not a bit, and this was the way he wanted it. It was reassuringly familiar. Like Kate Edson. Kate didn't hear him when he strolled into the automobile showroom. She was mulling over the week-end meat specials on the back page of the Governorstown Bulletin. Besides, Leo Dellarocco was using an electric impact wrench in the shop out back and the echoes made a hard, violent clatter. Boyd idled among the four new cars on the floor, looking them over, examining the price tags. When he reached the low partition that separated the showroom from the office he leaned on the counter and grinned. The clatter of the electric wrench stopped.

Boyd said casually, "I'll take that thirty-four-hundred-dollar convertible, but I'll want some extras—nylon seat covers, a spotlight and a special grille guard. Cash, of course."

"Oh-oh," Kate said. She was not surprised, really, seeing him. They'd all been expecting him. Like the birds, he came and went with the seasons. No ties. No responsibilities. There was a tender twist in her smile as she leaned back in her chair. There was a familiar catch in her throat; it deepened, reached her breast, so that she felt the need of taking a long breath.

"Hello, Boyd."

"Katy."

He was smiling, he wasn't serious, but the way he said her name, the tone of his voice, was like a caress. It had a way of cornering her, scaring her, making her want to run. Sometimes it angered her, made her feel a fool. Sometimes, afterward, in the dark in her room, she wept.

"Kate," he said, and now his voice changed—louder, matter-of-fact. "Kate, you look swell. No kidding, you're a sight for sore eyes. How's things? How's your pa?"

"Fine. Pa's fine. Gosh, Boyd, honest. I've never seen you come back so brown. You look wonderful. Have you seen Sam and Grace yet?" *(Continued on Page 217)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB



Tweed tunic with turtle-neck dickey, sweater, or scarf. 7128.

Summer version in linen with ruffled short sleeve. Crisp white dickey and short gloves.



Gay red print smock, fullness falling from yoke. Allow extra ¼ yard for border. Vogue Design No. 7063. 12 to 20.



Gray-and-white checked worsted jumper with crisp white linen detachable dickey. "Easy-to-Make" Vogue Design No. 7128. 12 to 20. Slim gray flannel skirt with cutout. No. 7187, 35 to 43 hip.

MODEL PLANS

...for a maternity wardrobe

Friends invariably tell you how pretty your face looks and how well the few extra pounds become you ... when you are pregnant. And it is generally true. However, how your figure looks is quite another problem. Mary Jane Russell, a professional model, posed for these pictures when she was between seven and eight months pregnant. The secret of her slim-skirted look is the design featuring a U-shaped panel in the front of her skirts. This allows the skirt to fit smoothly over the hips and to hang straight and slim below the lower edge of the jacket. (Continued on Page 178) • By NORA O'LEARY



Black bengaline or rep jacket. "Easy-to-Make" Vogue Design No. 5597; Small. Medium. Large. Black velveteen skirt. No. 7187. Fur muff and neckpiece. gay red velveteen hat.

HAT BY ELIZABETH MARKS. MINK MUFF AND SCARF BY HAROLD RUBIN.

© VOGUE



An authentic Chinese jacket makes a glamorous evening jacket with long cutout skirt. Vogue's adaptation of jacket. No. 7155; Small. Medium.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GENEVIEVE NAYLOR



At home" in a comfortable cotton-damask ballet-length obe. "Easy-to-Make" Design No. 6851: Small. Medium. Large.

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order," from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ontario. (Connecticut residents please add sales tax.)

Back: and other views on Page 234

THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE

By HARLAN MILLER

I like lean meat; at adipose cuts I take umbrage. After our last roast beef turned out to be half fat, I phoned our jolly grocer and threatened to go on a diet of frankfurters and headcheese. He laughed and laughed, on the erroneous theory that I was spoofing.

The man next door complains, in a gruff moment, that he spends too much time arguing with his young about their tireless nocturnal pursuit of pleasure. "With a life expectancy of maybe twenty years," he demands, "why should I knock myself out to finance and regulate the diversions of my kids with a life expectancy of fifty or sixty years?" He talks like a bachelor.

"Whoever gets up at night to close the windows during a rainstorm," observes Peter Comfort, walking to the bus line rather than try to find a parking space downtown, "gets the upper hand in a household, through sheer moral grandeur. In my family it's my wife."

Cheerful thought for a man with daughters: you can often finagle more chores and errands out of a suitor or a defensive son-in-law than you can from your own son.

After he'd achieved a $200 monthly grocery bill and four underground garbage cans, the most solvent man in our block installed a garbage grinder in his sink. "Four garbage cans," he explains, "are more ostentatious than a three-car garage."

My grandmother always said the greatest new household boon in her time wasn't electricity or automatic washing machines or gas stoves—to her it was linoleum. Her granddaughter-in-law thinks it's fried chicken or chop suey delivered hot at seven o'clock for twelve guests—and no servant strain or dishwashing.

The vainest man at our country club is chagrined to discover that his bald temple, which looks so tiny in the mirror, looms up as big as a baseball diamond when he gets his picture in the paper. "For new hair," he says wryly, "I'd pay $1000 a square inch."

We've reached in our family what the diplomats call a standstill agreement: no more purchases of anything but food for ninety days, except by unanimous consent. So help me, this time I vote "No!" on every emergency wheedle.

Our town's husbands seem on the verge of a small victory: they'll yield to Emily Post's ruling that, though a man can't invite his favorite ladies to dinner at the house, his wife may invite her favorite men—provided they may occasionally take a woman to lunch, overtly. Within reasonable limits, of course; pending a revision by Mrs. Post.

Though Junior shaves only three times a week and I often twice a day, he uses more of my shaving lotion in a week than I use in a month. Apparently he uses it in lieu of water.

This summer we seem to have bought a Trojan army of ragweed along with our expensive grass seed. Or could this be the Russian revenge for the potato bugs our planes have been dropping on the Ukraine?



One day soon I'll assemble the priceless, fabulous accumulation of gadgets in the house (mine) and all the useless bric-a-brac (hers) and stage an exhibition—and maybe even an auction sale. (If I could resist gadgets, we'd have saved enough to finance a trip to Europe.)

If I don't praise my consort's new hats or frocks as if they were Picasso masterpieces, she pouts that I don't like her clothes; she manages to convey the impression to our friends that I have a heart of flint. . . . All she really wants in her feminine way is my praise for the clothes which I don't admire.

"My husband usually plays bridge like a guerrilla," confides Betty Comfort, root-feeding a puny evergreen, "except when we play with Junior and our coed daughter. To them he doesn't dare reveal his bridge in its true colors."

I detect pressure from school to let our youngest take lessons on a plastic flute. "It might lead to the clarinet," says his teacher's note. That's what I'm afraid of. (In a family with five or six kids and that many flutes, it could be catastrophic.)

When you smell TNT on the breeze from the Korea maneuvers or another pre-Armageddon tryout, do you let your seventeen-year-old boy stay out later at night, or do you keep the pressure on for earlier hours? You want him to have all the fun there is. But you also want to see as much of him as you can—while you can.

One of our town's schoolmasters complains that to get ahead he must join Rotary and play bridge with the right people. Is that bad? Anyhow, the right people to play bridge with are the ones who don't hold good cards.

Why do we feel so flattered when daughter admires one of her mother's frocks or Junior falls for one of dad's jackets so enthusiastically that he confiscates it, more or less permanently? (I wish I could wear his jackets as well as he wears mine!)

Ours is a quiet neighborhood; we can overhear a lovers' quarrel on a doorstep several houses away. But we can't hear 'em when they make up.

In a way, this has been the summer of my dreams, playing tennis with our sons, shooting baskets and tossing a baseball. . . . All I had to do was bribe 'em, browbeat 'em and lock all the exits.

We have partially recovered from what we laughingly called our vacation—a summer-long series of skirmishes with our young and their irrepressible chums. (The climax came when we kidnaped 'em bodily for a vacation trip.) But after they've been back in school a few days we'll recuperate.

When your youngest happily chooses to spend a summer with the family instead of going to a boys' camp *this* year . . . and your daughter beams proudly while her beau washes your car or fixes a leaky faucet . . . or Junior concedes spontaneously that the chores and disciplines you've imposed on him with hesitancy and misgivings are perfectly reasonable . . . and your Princess of Sheer Delight tolerantly forgives your innocent sins and shortcomings as mere boyish peccadilloes . . . and the family table talk becomes gayer, franker and more absorbing at every meal . . . then you realize that bachelors lead lives of quiet desperation.

That's all we need to know about you!



INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

Ask your dinner partner these eight questions the next time you go to a party. You'll have everybody in the room hanging on the answers and wanting to give you theirs. The answers in themselves are so much fun that you may never get down to the serious business of attempting to reveal their significance, but if you do, here are some tips for the guidance of the amateur psychologist. The implications are endless, so have yourself a time! Answer the questions yourself first; then read what your answers tell about you.

If you could choose the age you would like to be for the rest of your life — What would it be?

The most significant question is the question about the age you would choose to be permanently. The age you choose generally represents the period in your life when you either (1) felt at the height of your powers or (2) were happiest. Those who wish to return to infancy or early childhood suggest a lack of emotional maturity: they long to return to a period when they did not have to shoulder responsibility. Those who wish to remain at the age they are, are usually well-adjusted, successful people. Those who wish to be older are always young—maybe in their teens or early twenties. After men get well along, they generally choose an age ten years or more younger. It's pretty normal for a woman to want to stay thirty the rest of her life!

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO



WIDE WORLD PHOTO



If you lost everything you own — What would you do?

Those who would start right out to make a new career are apt to be the people whose own efforts were responsible for their success the first time. If you would settle for a small, routine job, you're pretty sensible but don't have much spirit. If you would jump out the window, you're confessing to very few inner resources: without possession of material things, your life would be nothing.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO



If you could choose one place to live the rest of your life - Where would it be?

If your answer to this question is the place in which you have been living, your life has been satisfactory and full of interest. If you choose some remote place, you are somewhat of a dreamer, yearning for things which are never quite within your grasp: what is the present never comes up to your expectations. If you don't identify with any place, you tend to be an unstable character having no strong attachment or loyalties.

What is your greatest frustration?

If not being able to excel in some form of sport such as tennis, golf, and so on, is frustrating, you have a high degree of competitiveness in your make-up. If you feel that meeting social obligations frustrates you, you are essentially shy. If failing to achieve your goals in life oppresses you, you have a tendency to an inferiority complex: you have to keep proving to yourself that you really are good.

ACME PHOTO



If you were caught in a fire and could grab one object - What would it be?

(All family and pets are safe.) If the object was a pair of pants or an article of clothing to cover your dishabille, you are of a rather cautious and conservative disposition. If the first thing you think of is some sentimental keepsake, you are essentially a romantic. If you turn to a valuable possession, you are pretty materialistic; and if you grab money, license, and so on, you are practical.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO



If you had just 24 hours to live — How would you spend them?

If you would choose to spend them with your loved ones, you are of a deeply emotional nature. If you choose to spend them alone, you are of a moody, reflective, discontented nature. If you would choose to have one final fling, you are a fatalist: you would take whatever fate dishes out to you with equanimity. If you would keep the knowledge to yourself and do what you ordinarily would do, you are a strong character.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO



What is the most embarrassing thing that has ever happened to you?

Almost everybody is embarrassed if caught in some ridiculous situation. If your greatest embarrassment is that conventional, you're normal. If you're embarrassed because you can't live up to expensive standards in home, entertaining, clothes, you are a bit of a phony. If you are embarrassed at meeting new people, you're almost normal—shyness is not an unattractive quality if not too acute.

menu

Tomato Juice

Baked Beans—Brown Bread

Glazed Canadian Bacon

Pickled Prunes

Apple Horse-Radish

Coleslaw with Dill Dressing

Apricot Cake

Coffee

PHOTO BY STUART-FOWLER





servant strain or dishwashing.

The vainest man at our count
chagrined to discover that his ba
which looks so tiny in the mirror, l
big as a baseball diamond when
picture in the paper. "For new hai
wryly, "I'd pay $1000 a square i

We've reached in our family w
call a standstill agreement: no
anything but food for ninety
unanimous consent. So help me
"No!" on every emergency whee

Our town's husbands seem o
small victory: they'll yield to E
that, though a man can't invite
to dinner at the house, his wif
favorite men—provided they
take a woman to lunch, overtly
able limits, of course; pending
Mrs. Post.

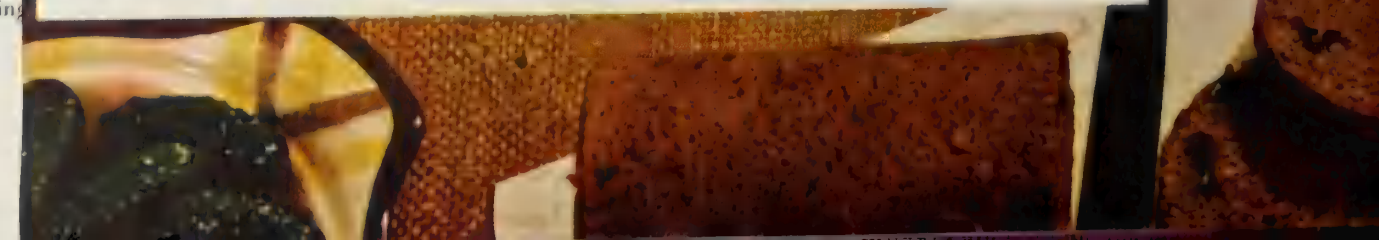
by Ann Batchelder

IF this doesn't remind you of Boston, from Bunker Hill to Beacon Hill, why then I'm Abigail Adams. It's as New England as Cape Cod and the Old North Church, as Plymouth Rock and the lobster pots of Maine. And as familiar to every New Englander as the Green Mountains of Vermont and the towering peaks that hold New Hampshire in their possessive and jealous embrace.

It's a tradition. As faithfully observed as Fourth of July. It's baked beans for supper—every Saturday night. I don't know how it started or why, but I feel sure that Paul Revere and the Adamses and the "embattled farmers" all shared the same rite, came the end of the week. For this was—and is—New England, where customs are customs to be minded, and where traditions are not ephemeral but as lasting as a treasured heirloom.

Ways change—beans do not. Now you may run to the grocer and buy for your dinner very elegant baked beans. Some are done in a spiced tomato sauce, some are as plain as a Pilgrim mother's bonnet. But good. Or, being ambitious and wanting to make the most of that comfortable old brown bean pot your grandmother gave you, or the shiny new glass one that some wedding guest bestowed on you a spell ago, you resolve to bake your own. Resolve, too, to go all the way and get out those baking-powder cans you so frugally saved, and in them steam up your own style of good brown bread. For baked beans would be lacking in something very important if they weren't aided and abetted by another strictly New England product—transplanted now from coast to coast—brown bread. So to aid and abet *you* in your resolution to produce the glorified bean and the sweet steamy richness that corn meal, when done right by, can bring out, I give you the ways and means of getting things this way.

(Continued on Page 136)





menu

Tomato Juice

Baked Beans—Brown Bread

Glazed Canadian Bacon

Pickled Prunes

Apple Horse-Radish

Coleslaw with Dill Dressing

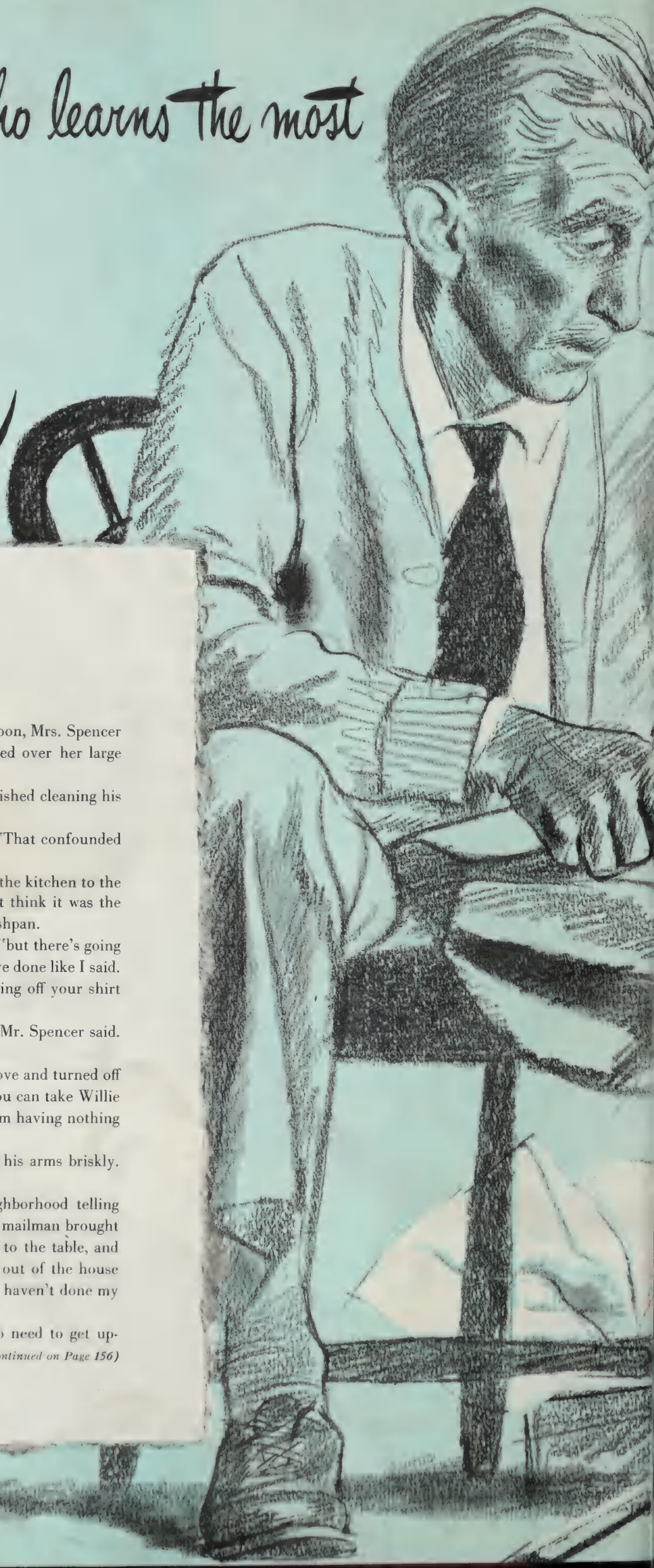
Apricot Cake

Coffee

PHOTO BY STUART FOWLER

The Violin

Who learns the most



By John Barrett

WHEN her husband came home from work on Friday noon, Mrs. Spencer was waiting at the back door. Her fat arms were folded over her large bosom. "Well," she said grimly, "it's come."

Mr. Spencer glanced up at his wife. Then he carefully finished cleaning his shoes on the iron scraper. "What's come?"

"You know very well what I mean," Mrs. Spencer said. "That confounded violin. It's at the post office."

Mr. Spencer grunted. He walked past his wife, and across the kitchen to the sink. "From the look on your face," he said, "a body might think it was the Day of Judgment." He began running hot water into the dishpan.

"It's all right talking," his wife said, following him over, "but there's going to be a crying fit when Willie sees that violin. You should have done like I said. You should ——" She straightened up. "What are you taking off your shirt for? Aren't you going back to work?"

"They laid off all the plasterers on account of the rain," Mr. Spencer said. He tossed his shirt over a chair back.

"That's fine," Mrs. Spencer said. She went over to the stove and turned off the burner under a pan of soup. "That's just dandy. Then you can take Willie down to the post office yourself right after lunch, because I'm having nothing more to do with it."

"I'll take him down," Mr. Spencer said. He lathered up his arms briskly. "By the way, where is he?"

"Goodness knows. He's been running all over the neighborhood telling everybody about the violin he's going to get ever since the mailman brought the card at ten o'clock." She carried the pan of soup over to the table, and poured it into three bowls. "And he's been running in and out of the house like a wild man. I haven't been able to get my floor washed; I haven't done my shopping; I haven't been able to do a blessed thing."

"Now, Jennie," Mr. Spencer said soothingly, "there's no need to get upset. He's sold his salve, and now he gets

(Continued on Page 156)

ILLUSTRATED BY Thomas Tarbin

when you have to teach a boy a lesson?



"In the picture it was a different color," he said in a subdued voice. "It was kind of red. This one's just brown."

Fire a Day

By ANN BATCHELDER

1 There's a question I would like to ask. Why is it that when a guest comes in a room he or she invariably chooses the only uncomfortable chair in the house, and can't be budged out of it and fidgets all evening, and so do you? Anybody know?

2 One of the best berries, for *my* money, is the old-fashioned blueberry. From muffins and griddlers to dumplings and puddings, it's as versatile as they come and as good frozen as fresh—or almost. Here's a recipe you may not know.

3 This one is a blueberry trifle. That's the name for it, and don't get it mixed up with pie or something. To make it, line a deep dish with thin slices of white cake. Then cover the cake with a thick layer of blueberries, liberally sprinkled with fine macaroon crumbs. Keep this up till the dish is full, cover with the macaroon crumbs. Now pour over it a cold vanilla-flavored soft custard. Chill it very chilly in the refrigerator. It's delicious.

4 There are so many garnishes that, laid end to end—leaving out whipped cream, which has no end—they'd reach from here to the North Pole, and I can prove it. Here's one for ham that's more than a garnish. Take thick slices of apples cored but not peeled. Dip each one in fritter batter made Italian style. Fry in deep fat until brown. Drain. Sprinkle heavily with brown sugar—yes, brown—and a dusting of cinnamon. It's the brown sugar does it.

5 A salad or two will come handily to the harassed last-minute cook. Take molded mounds of salmon steak seasoned with lemon juice and arrange each one in an inside lettuce cup. Mask with Russian dressing, and garnish (that word again) with sliced ripe and green stuffed olives.

6 *Chapter I:* I'll tell you something that will make you famous, or nearly so. Drain a can of big imported sardines, without skin or bones. That's the first step. Set them aside for further consideration. Have ready some hard-boiled eggs. And, when the time is ripe, there must be plenty of buttered toast—hot.

7 *Chapter II:* Now, in the chafing dish, if you have such, or the double boiler if not, make a rich cream sauce, not heavier than Jersey cream taken from a milk pan. To this add plenty of mild American cheese cut fine, and cook until the sauce is all smooth and yellow. Season with salt, pepper and paprika. Slice your eggs and add to the sauce. Be sure the mixture is very hot. Arrange the sardines on the toast and pour the hot sauce over them. This is an unforgettable dish and perfect for Sunday—or any night—supper or luncheon.

8 May as well spill the news now, for it's bound to get out soon. It's an avocado mayonnaise, elegant on salads, fruit salads, with fish or stuffed tomatoes. Take 1 cup avocado pulp put through a sieve. Now add to 2 tablespoons cream 1 tablespoon lemon juice and beat it well. Season with salt, pepper and paprika to taste and add to the avocado. Beat in 1 teaspoon prepared mustard. Beat some more and chill before you use it.

9 *Part 1:* Get yourself some of those sweet Georgia peaches. For a dozen or more allow 2 cups sugar and 1 teaspoon cinnamon. Pare peaches, cut in halves, remove pits. Cook them in a little water, according to the juice. When half done, add the sugar and cinnamon. Now simmer them until done. Don't scorch. Keep an eye on them.

10 *Part 2:* These peaches should be served in this way: Make a beautiful creamy soft custard flavored with 2 teaspoons almond extract. Put the peaches in a deep glass baking dish and pour the custard over them. Make a meringue. Heap it over the fruit and brown it in a quick oven. Chill and serve with almond macaroons. Sound good? *Is* good.

11 If cauliflower is like last year's Easter hat to you, and you're tired of seeing it around, cheer up. Try this on the old perennial and I think you will change your mind.



FRED BOND

CHURCH TIME

On Woodstock Green you hear the bells
Ring loud on Sunday morning,
And each one separate, desperate, tells
The old-time heavenly warning—
On Woodstock Green it's best to be
A little toward the heavenly!

12 Put a fine white cauliflower, an onion, salt and a couple of small sweet peppers in a kettle of cold water and parboil it. Drain it well. Separate the flowerets and put half of them in a deep glass casserole. Add little pieces of butter or margarine, sprinkle with Gruyère cheese cut fine or grated, then squeeze in a little lemon juice. Now repeat this with the rest of the flowerets, only *now* add thin slices of lemon. Cover well with fine cracker crumbs, more small pieces of butter or margarine and bake until brown and done in 375° F. oven.

13 Pretty and cool and different from other salads is a mixture of chopped walnuts and crisp inside celery stalks mixed with mayonnaise tinted green and used to fill the centers of small ring molds of tomato aspic. Arrange them in lettuce cups, trim with cress and pass the mayonnaise. Cream-cheese balls rolled in very fine chopped walnuts go along, and salted, toasted crackers.

14 *Answer to query:* If you are worried over what is left over from meals, there are two ways to avoid any waste. One is to eat out, the other is to start a soup kettle. *That* will take care of everything from chop bones to piecrust. Don't let life get you down.

15 Asked not long ago to turn out a bill of fare for a family Sunday dinner, I thought back and came up with this: iced melon, a fine fricassee of chicken with hot biscuits, broiled tomatoes, corn on the cob, strawberry mousse and white cake with chocolate frosting. And I could eat this dinner more days than Sunday, if I had the chance.

16 Piecrust mix is one of the handiest things to have in the house. You can make up a receipt and as you roll it out, spread or dot with butter, fold and roll, as for puff paste, about three times, and you're ready to polish this off into cheese-sandwich sticks. (By the way, wrap up your dough in a ball and package it in wax paper and chill it at least two hours before you use it.) To continue ——

17 Cut off a piece of the dough and roll it out to about ¼ inch thick. Spread one half with grated sharp cheese—and season the cheese quite well with white pepper or paprika. Roll out the other half of the dough and cover the cheese. Press down carefully. Cut out in small sticks about two inches long and bake on a cooky sheet in a quick oven. It's the pepper that pulls the trick—but don't overdo it.

18 Speaking of hors d'oeuvres—as we weren't—this one was among those present at a party where I was a guest. Small fingers of sautéed bread were abundantly spread with liver *pâté*, and all over the top were crushed French-fried onions. A little red star of pimiento nested in the center. Oh, my!

19 A salad meal that everyone will vote for is this: Select good-sized green peppers, as nearly alike as you can find. Cut in half and then cut a thin slice from the bottoms so they'll stand upright on the plates. Take out all the membrane and every single seed. Ever bite into a green-pepper seed? Don't.

20 *Second verse:* Now put them in the coldest place in your refrigerator and let them be until they're almost frozen solid. Like porcelain they will be. Fill the peppers with lobster, shrimp and crab meat dressed lavishly with mayonnaise. On top of each have a bright red lobster claw. This is one of the most attractive pieces of business you can imagine—and easy to do.

21 Mint's in the garden—or at the grocer's—so what about doing some crystallized mint leaves? Select large leaves. Dip each leaf in egg white beaten to a froth, then in sugar. Spread out on wax paper in a warm, dry place and allow to crystallize as quickly as possible. Keep in a tightly covered tin box between layers of wax paper.

22 Almond-crumb sundae is a new one. Combine 1 cup cake crumbs with ¼ cup chopped almonds. Spread on a cooky sheet and toast for ten minutes in a moderate—350° F.—oven. Use as a topping for vanilla ice cream.

23 Small tomatoes, hollowed out, filled with creamed spinach, covered with cut-up bacon, then with fine buttered crumbs, and baked, will make spinach more popular.

24 Nothing is smarter than the cheese tray with its assortment of beautiful cheese. Remember to set out the cheese scoop and shaver. And if you arrange to have each cheese rest on a perfect grape leaf, you will get that water-lily brooch in the jeweler's window comes Easter.

25 It's still summer. The last rose hasn't bloomed alone or otherwise yet, and September is a wonderful month for out-of-doors entertaining.

26 So for a summer buffet dessert, instead of ice cream or to complement ice cream, have a big bowl, sitting in another bowl of crushed ice, filled with Bing cherries, sliced strawberries and pineapple fingers—sugared and served with a sauce of flavored whipped cream or smooth sour cream.

27 One word, and I'll be done about cheese for now. But I want you to bear in mind that a perfect cheese sauce has the texture of cream, the color of cowslips and the flavor of —cheese. That's all.

28 For a dessert in a matter of minutes, melt some chocolate-peppermint wafers (the kind that come in long cellophane rolls), and pour over slices of pound or other plain cake. Top with chopped nuts.

29 One last thought for the hors d'oeuvres tray: wrap tiny gherkins in very thin slivers of rare cold roast beef. Fasten with toothpicks.

30 If I haven't gone all out on a little of everything *this* time, I'll put on my slippers and sit by the fire and think up some fine-and-dandy things for the next time.



School Days *are* Soup Days

by Anne Marshall



MARSHALL
Home Economics
H Soup Company

Nutrition experts say the schoolday lunch is a vitally important meal for the growing child—to replenish energy. Whether eaten at home or carried to school, this lunch should include a hot dish. They say it helps the stomach to receive and to digest the meal. Also, a hot dish seems to make sandwiches, fruit and salad taste better.

Dieticians agree that an ideal hot dish is well-made soup. Soup tempts the child . . . is easily ed . . . substantial, yet never heavy. Thus, young bodies ell nourished—young minds stay keen for study or play.



SCHOOLDAY LUNCH EATEN AT HOME

(menu shown above)

Vegetable Soup
Pear and Cream Cheese Salad
Chocolate Pudding **Milk**

If your youngster comes home at noon, you might sit him down pretty often to a lunch like this. With breakfast several hours behind him, the child's energy needs replenishing at noon. A lunch including this almost-a-meal-in-itself vegetable soup will set him right for an afternoon of school or romping.



"In bed with a cold"—*'phones Mother to teacher. And, at noon, she appears at her hopeful's bedside bearing this appetizing and nourishing tray—chicken noodle soup, poached egg on toast, cherry gelatin, and milk.*





SCHOOLDAY LUNCH CARRIED TO SCHOOL

(menu shown at right)

Tomato Soup
(in vacuum bottle)
Peanut Butter and Jelly Sandwich
Marble Cake **Whole Orange**

If you have the daily problem of *packing* a lunch, then here's a sensible way to provide the needed hot dish for your junior or junior miss—tomato soup in a vacuum bottle. Prepare the soup as cream of tomato, by adding milk instead of water. That way, it's extra-nourishing, and the child also gets his quota of milk. Most children simply dote on this soup.



Dental Research Indicates You Can Help

Prevent Tooth Decay With COLGATE Ammoniated Tooth Powder



DENTISTS THEMSELVES USE and recommend ammoniated dentifrices to aid in controlling tooth decay, especially for growing children. For cavities already formed, and to safeguard mouth health, visit your dentist regularly.

Colgate's Great Dentifrice Gets Teeth Naturally, Sparkling Clean—And Even Children Love Its Minty Flavor!

You can actually *see* and *feel* the difference when you use Colgate Ammoniated Tooth Powder! Its foamy cleaning action removes clinging film so well, teeth appear cleaner immediately. And its delightful flavor refreshes your mouth and breath. Moreover, laboratory tests indicate that using it regularly, as directed, may help you avoid pain, worry and expense of needless tooth decay.

Colgate Ammoniated Tooth Powder, a product of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet research laboratories, is based on a formula developed by University of Illinois scientists. Contains the wonder-ingredients: Dibasic Ammonium Phosphate and Carbamide. Large-scale clinical tests are now being conducted to confirm its full benefits in preventing tooth decay. Buy it today, for your whole family!



3 Definite Benefits
TO HELP PREVENT TOOTH DECAY

1. Using Colgate Ammoniated Tooth Powder after meals and before retiring helps neutralize destructive mouth acids considered by many dental authorities *a leading cause of tooth decay.*
2. It inhibits growth of acid-producing bacteria, Lactobacillus Acidophilus.
3. It helps dissolve and remove from teeth gluey film in which acid-producing bacteria thrive.

GUARANTEED BY COLGATE: Try Colgate Ammoniated Tooth Powder. If you don't agree it's the finest ammoniated dentifrice you ever used, we guarantee to refund your purchase price in full, plus postage. Just return the unused portion to Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Jersey City 2, N. J.

4oz. 43¢
2oz. 25¢

COLGATE
Ammoniated Tooth Powder
With a Flavor the Whole Family Will Enjoy

BELLES ON THEIR TOES

(Continued from Page 40)

"If you think there's anything to be ashamed of in a large family," Anne told him hotly, "you're a bigger wet smack than I think you are."

"And that," called Ernestine, who was sitting a few feet away, "would set a world's record."

"It wasn't your family," Morton insisted, dropping his voice so that only Anne could hear. "It was that loud-mouthed little fugitive from the old folks' home, with the cat on his shoulder."

"You're talking about the man I love," Anne warned, but the shortage of boys was acute, and she seemed to be weakening. "We're all crazy about Tom, and he's nothing to be ashamed of."

"I hadn't heard about your father, and I never had met him. And I saw that man. And I thought . . . and, well, and mother thought ——"

"I don't believe you'd better tell me what you thought or your mother thought," Anne said. "I don't believe I'd consider it flattering, and I have a strong feeling that Tom wouldn't either."

"Let's forget it." Morton smiled. "Relax and have a smoke. And let's be friends, eh?"

He reached for a package of cigarettes, while a bevy of females, who hadn't missed a thing, clutched for their matches. Anne looked quickly around the tops of the sand dunes, to make sure none of her brothers were spying.

"Okay, Buddy," she grinned. "Light it for me, will you?"

He put two cigarettes in his mouth, chose among five blazing matches that were being poked into his face, lighted both smokes, and handed one to Anne. She took two long puffs and inhaled deeply.

"That's the first cigarette I've had since I left Northampton," she said contentedly. "It tastes fine." She took another drag and inhaled again.

Ernestine, whose mouth had dropped open, watched admiringly and enviously as Anne puffed, expertly knocked off the ashes with her little finger, and finally flicked the butt over a dune.

"I DIDN'T know you did that," Ernestine whispered, sidling over to Anne. "You go at it like you've had plenty of experience."

"What are you talking about?" Anne asked innocently. "Go at what?"

"You know very well what I mean. Puffing away at that cigarette like a dope fiend. I didn't know you dissipated."

"There's lots of things you don't know about me. Besides, everybody smokes in college."

"Can I have one?"

"You're not in college."

"Can I just try one?" Ernestine whisp

"I should say not. It's going to be enough when I tell Mother I smoke, wit having to confess anything about ru your morals."

"Anybody," Ern asked loudly, "g ciggie?"

"Let her have one," said Morton, had heard most of the whispering. "I kid." He tossed her his package, and a of unused matches.

"I seem to have left mine at ho Ernestine said.

SHE took out a cigarette and tapped end of it on the thumbnail of her left h as she had seen Morton do. Then she ta the other end. She put the cigarette a of the way into the center of her mouth lighted it.

"Put that out," Anne said in her "You're making a spectacle of you You're supposed to smoke those things eat them." No one except Anne was pa any attention.

Ernestine puffed, without inhaling, took the cigarette from her mouth. " certainly," she said loudly, spitting out f of tobacco that were clinging to her lips tongue, "soothes my jangled nerves. N ing's worse than when you run ou ciggies."

"Ciggies," Anne whispered. "My c

"What makes it do like that?" Erne asked her, contemplating the brownish raveled end that had been in her m "It's all coming apart."

"You're supposed to hold it in your not your tonsils," Anne said. "If y going to smoke, at least wait until I show how, and stop humiliating me in public

Ernestine thought there was merit to suggestion. She placed the moist fag tween her thumb and middle finger timistically took sight on the top o tallest dune, and flicked. The ciga shredded open and landed six inches her hand, where she buried it quickly i sand.

Later that morning, on the way home the beach, Anne told Ern she had st smoking about six months before, and intended to break the news to Dad she got home for summer vacation. Dad died, she hadn't wanted to ad Mother's immediate worries, so she d say anything about it.

"Everybody smokes all the time at lege," she said. "I didn't my freshman but it's hard to keep refusing them, l wet blanket."

"Did you get the habit?" Ern want know.

(Continued on Page 78)



"I can't tell if it's done."

The Marchioness of Milford Haven

BEAUTIFUL AMERICAN BRIDE OF THE GREAT-GREAT-GRANDSON OF QUEEN VICTORIA



The Marchioness of Milford Haven—Her dark hair and eyes emphasize her cool, white skin. "I am especially fond of Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It removes every trace of dirt, leaves my skin refreshed and soft."

Lady Milford Haven's lovely face singles her out wherever you see her. It is a charming recorder of her fascinating self—perfectly in tune with her inner composure, her exquisite taste, her intense glamour.

Every woman's face should give a lovely preview of herself to others. For your face is the *you* that others see first, and remember best. Make sure, then, the messages it sends of you are stirring, happy, charming—a You that everyone loves to see!

That amazing woman—your inner self

can help you discover a delightful New You

ing is more poisonous to charm than the ve picture so many women have of themselves. —you *can* be lovelier. Within you a wonder- wer can help you discover a *new* you. It grows



It's become a byword—
's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!"

from the interaction of your Outer Self and Inner Self—the way you *look* and the way you *feel.*

This power has a way of lighting you with confidence, when you feel you are lovely to see. But, it can gray you into "miss nobody" when you don't look charming and right. It is an emphatic reason never to forget the daily rites that add so to your *outer loveliness*—your *inner happiness.*

"Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

To make the most of your face you have to do something about it! You'll find this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream acts like a touch of magic. It creams away that tired look—leaves skin soft, fresh! *Always* at bedtime (for day cleansings, too) give your face this care with Pond's—*this is the way:*

Hot Stimulation—a quick splash of hot water.

Cream Cleanse—swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream all over your face to soften, sweep dirt and make-up from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—do another soft Pond's creaming to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin *immaculate.* Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold-water splash.

This Pond's treatment acts on both sides of your skin. *From the Outside*—Pond's Cold Cream softens, sweeps away dirt as you massage. *From the Inside*—every step of this treatment stimulates circulation.

Lady Milford Haven says: "This Pond's beauty routine gives lovely results." *You* will love it, too. So—don't wait! Start this special Pond's care *at once.* Get a big jar of Pond's Cold Cream—*today!*

REMEMBER—*It is not vanity* to develop the beauty of your face. When you look lovel / it sets free a happy belief in yourself. This sings through your face—brings others closer to the real Inner You.

Late-day sweater in rayon bouclé

You're so right

...versatile

Wonderful, washable rose-sprigged rayon challis

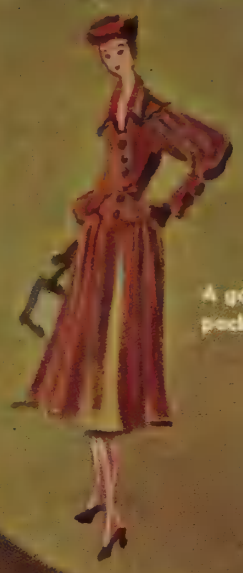
Fall's first dress is rayon, of course . . .
fluid, drapable, color-bright viscose rayon
in a myriad assortment of textures and weaves
Right now, see your favorite store's fall showing
of exciting fashions born of fine rayons
. . . in many fall-important fabrics—rayon
crepes, rayon velvets, rayon sheers, rayon suiting
rayon gabardines, rayon flannels, and
so many others that are beautiful . . . on y

GREEN...one of fall's all-important colors

Crisp dotted rayon net
to dance in

Drapable rayon crepe
for easy-long flattery

right...
in
RAYON
viscose rayon



A good traveler in packable rayon crepe

Draperies, curtains and upholstery . . . just three of many important uses of rayon to beautify your home



Go rolling in herald-bound rayon velvet, so important this fall





The chair covering . . . a handsome example of always popular rayon upholstery fabrics

Sheer loveliness . . . a rayon chiffon blouse

...bonsive . . . that's the word for viscose rayon . . .
... that's why talented designers and
...ic-makers choose beautiful rayons
...the clothes you love to wear.
...ting rayon can give you
...t you want . . . long wear,
...y ironing, crease-resistance,
...hability or dry-cleanability,
...fortable absorbency, grateful
...mth, and best of all, perhaps—
...olette of colors beyond compare!

DU PONT

BROWN...so right in flattering viscose rayon

Rain- and wrinkle-shedding sharkskin, and a plaid taffeta umbrella—both acetate rayon

Acetate rayon satin and faille over faille taffeta

you're right, so in RAYON

luxurious acetate

Smooth-fitting, easy-washing acetate rayon satin

When you want to touch a fabric, caress a fabric, drape it gently in graceful folds . . . when it's alluring . . . it's oh-so-often acetate rayon. Fabrics made of rayon keep their freshness, hold their gracious, flattering lines, wash like a 'kerchief, dry fast as fast, and a cool, cool iron is all you need for their good grooming. Look, this fall, for fabrics and fashions in acetate rayon, always fashion's luxury fiber.

Bridal tradition—pearl-embroidered acetate rayon satin

Wedding-party acetate rayon taffeta with winging cuffs

CHARCOAL...dramatic underscore to fashion

right...

rayon

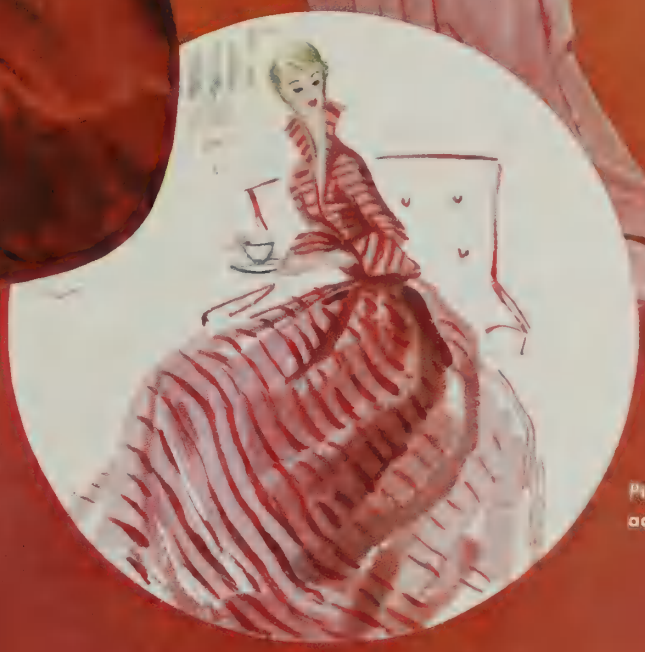
BREATH-TAKING RED...in acetate rayon



...in luminous acetate rayon slipper satin



At home in one of today's smooth-flowing acetate and nylon sweeps



Picture-making satin-striped acetate rayon taffeta

It's a luxury fiber for luxury fabrics

but oh so-easy to budget . . . glamorous, gala acetate rayon.

The fiber you know in gentle, soft-as-skin lingerie . . .

in dramatic rayon satins, in important rayon taffetas,

in crisp-as-winter rayon ottomans, bengalines and failles.

Add glamour to the life you lead!

Look, when you shop, for acetate rayon—it looks so lovely on you.



The accessory story . . . in soft-spoken acetate rayon velvet

DUPONT

Year-round men's suitings
with life-of-the-garment
viscose rayon linings

Blended crepe with surface depth
. . . rayon chenille trimmed

Viscose rayon's responsiveness . . . acetate rayon's luxury
are wedded for beauty, miraculous versatility
when both fibers are blended or combined
"Cross-dyes" that give fabrics
arresting color-contrast, excitement,
surface interest that's shimmering bright or mat-dull
. . . fragile beauty, satisfying wear
. . . all this and more too you'll find
in fall's newest fashions of fabrics
woven from viscose and acetate rayon

you're right

in blended

fabrics of

VISCOSE and

BLUE. . . a fall favorite in fashioned fibers

Skin-soft viscose and
acetate rayon crepe

HEATHER . . highlight of so many fashion fabrics



Leisure-time luxury . . .
pleated crepe and lace

. . . so right

low you've seen two types of rayon—viscose rayon and acetate rayon
—on these six pages. And now you've seen just a sample of the
ide range of rayon fabrics and fashions at every price in your
avorite store's fall showings. When you see "rayon" on a
abel, you know the fabric of your fashion is made from one or
ash of these "fashioned" fibers—fashioned for just the job
hat the fabric has to do—to make the fabric glamorous,
o make the fabric strong, to make the fabric take to color, to tub-
ing, to cleaning, to make the fabric dramatize you. You'll find
abrics and fashions of both these fashioned fibers, viscose and acetate
ayon, in fine fashions by important designers, as well as in
ractical, budget-minded clothes. This six-page
ollection of high-spot fall fashions is a contribution
o the textile industry—and to your good fashion—by Du Pont,
ne of America's leading producers of fine
uality yarns in viscose and acetate rayon.

ACETATE RAYON



Year-round suiting
—fashioned for smartness
and service!

Fashioned fibers for fashion fabrics

DU PONT

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

For rayon—for nylon—for fibers to come . . . look to Du Pont



FOR A HEALTHIER, SAFER SCHOOL YEAR

Twenty-four million American children will return to school this fall. Three million other boys and girls will enter for the first time. Good health is important to the school progress of them all. So each child should have a health examination by his doctor and dentist before school opens, if school authorities do not provide such check-ups.

Medical and Dental Examinations. Recent studies show that many children have defects that may interfere with their school progress—such as eye and ear impairments and dental disorders. These and other conditions may exist for some time before being suspected by parents. Your doctor and dentist can usually detect them *early* and prescribe proper treatment. *If defects are discovered, they should be corrected promptly.*

Protection Against Disease. Since 1900 there has been a reduction of about 95 percent in mortality from the common childhood diseases, due largely to immunization. Even if your child has already been immunized, your doctor may recommend additional inoculations when the child enters school.

Good Health Habits. According to a recent survey, colds cause about one half of all school absences due to sickness. Doctors believe that children who are well nourished and who get plenty of sleep, rest, relaxation and exercise are less likely to be troubled by colds and their complications. These good health habits may also help make the child more resistant to other illnesses.

Good Safety Habits. Accidents outrank every other cause of death among school-age children. According to the National Safety Council, two out of five accidental deaths in the 5 to 14 year age group were the result of motor vehicle accidents. Many of these fatal accidents occurred on the way to or from school. So, safety authorities recommend that all children learn and observe these precautions:

1. **Cross streets only at crossings**
2. **Obey traffic signals**
3. **Look both ways before stepping into the street**
4. **Face traffic when it is necessary to walk on a road**

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For more information, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 09J, "Common Childhood Diseases."



Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

(Continued from Page 70)

"Sometimes," Anne admitted, "I'd get rid of a pack a week."

"It gets a grip on you all right," Ernestine agreed. "I believe I've got the habit from that first one. I'm dying for another right now."

"You might have got the chewing habit, but I don't see how you could have got the smoking habit. You're not supposed to suck them, you know."

"I do now," Ernestine nodded. "Are you going to tell Mother about your smoking?"

"Our smoking, you mean," said Anne. And then imitating Ern: "'I seem to have left my ciggies at home.' *Please* don't ever call them that again!"

"Well, are you going to tell her?"

"I suppose so," Anne admitted. "Eventually. I don't like to do anything behind her back."

She fished in the pocket of her beach coat, where there were a package of cigarettes Morton had given her and a package of Lifesavers she had bought at the bathhouse.

"Meanwhile," she said, offering the Lifesavers to Ern, "we'd better have a couple of these."

At Mother's suggestion, the two oldest girls had moved their belongings out to one of the lighthouses, so they could sleep later in the mornings. Mother thought they were entitled to some quiet and privacy, after being in charge while she was in Europe.

In the lighthouse, Anne kept her promise that very night and taught Ernestine how to smoke. Ernestine was not a particularly apt pupil, but had a strong thirst for knowledge. The girls used up more than half of the package of cigarettes before Anne deemed her sufficiently checked out to solo.

"And I want you to give me your word," Anne said, "that you won't smoke at least until you're in college."

"You mean not for a whole year?" Ernestine asked. "No, sir. I couldn't make any promise like that."

"Oh, one or two a week when you're out on a date or something might be all right," Anne told her. "But no more than that. And not where Martha and the boys can see you."

"One or two a week would be fine," Ernestine agreed. "Just enough to soothe the craving inside of me."

"We don't want to set a bad example. After all, look what happened when you saw me smoke one."

"I promise," Ernestine said solemnly.

The girls had kissed Mother good night before going to the lighthouse, which was within a few feet of The Shoe. Ordinarily, Mother went to bed at about nine o'clock, read sleepily for half an hour—her only free time of the day—and then fell asleep. She usually got up at five-thirty or six in the morning, to be with the younger children.

That night, for some reason, she had been restless. Reading hadn't made her sleepy. She was lonesome, and wanted company. All the younger children had gone to bed, but she saw from her window that a streak of light was coming from under the door of the lighthouse. Mother put on her bathrobe and slippers, and headed for the lighthouse to chat with the girls.

MOTHER thought that children were entitled to privacy, just as much as adults, and never went busting, or tiptoeing, either, into anyone's room. So while several feet away from the lighthouse, she stopped and called softly.

"Girls. Andie, Ern. Yoohoo. It's Mother. May I come in?"

There was no immediate response from the interior, where the girls were ducking out their cigarettes, hiding the ash tray under Anne's bed, filling their mouths with Lifesavers, and waving towels to try to get some of the smoke out the window.

"It's Mother," she called again. "May I come in?"

"Come on in, Mother," Anne called heartily, going to the door. "I thought I heard someone calling before, but I wasn't sure."

Mother started up the steps and into the lighthouse, which was blue with smoke.

"I wasn't sleepy," she explained, "and I saw your light on. I thought I'd just come out for a visit, if you two aren't too tired. I really haven't had a good chance to talk with ——"

THE full impact of the smoke hit her as she entered the door, and she coughed.

"Something's on fire," she shouted. "Don't you girls smell it?"

"No, it isn't," said Anne. "Something was on fire. It's out now."

"Whew," whistled Mother, sitting down on Ernestine's cot. "It scared me half to death. What happened?"

"Well," Anne blushed, "I may as well tell you now. I've been smoking. I was going to tell you about it. I was going to tell you tomorrow—or the next day, anyway."

"Smoking," said Mother. "So that's it." She choked and coughed. "Why, there's enough smoke in this room to nominate Harding."

"I've been smoking too," Ernestine said miserably. "I was going to tell you too."

"It's my fault, I guess," Anne said. "I taught her how."

It was obvious Mother didn't like it. Her first impulse may have been to weep, to protest, to implore, to scold. But she knew that what she said was going to be important in her future relationship with the girls. So she didn't weep, and she didn't say anything until she had taken time to think the matter through.

If a man is in love with you no one can take him away from you, and if he's not in love with you it's no good shutting him up so that he doesn't see any other woman.
—MARY LUYTENS: Perchance to Dream.

"In my day," she finally began, "nice girls didn't smoke. I know that's all changed. It's a mistake for me to look at it in terms of what was right in my day. I still don't approve, and it wouldn't be honest for me to make believe I did."

"You make me feel like a dog," said Anne, almost in tears. "If you want, I'll promise never to do it again."

"I don't approve of promises like that," Mother told her. "Most people smoke nowadays, and it's not right when parents make their children promise not to do things that most people do."

"Besides, she might break the promise," Ernestine put in. "Those ciggies get a terrible hold on you, Mother."

"When did you find that out, dear?" asked Mother, with some concern.

"Today," said Ernestine.

"That's not so bad, then." Mother smiled. "Maybe you can even break the hold—for a couple of years, anyway," she suggested.

"I could fight against it," Ernestine conceded.

"I've been trying to think up some good arguments against smoking," Mother said, "but when you analyze them, they don't seem too convincing."

She started to enumerate the arguments, counting them off on her fingers.

"If you smoke you'll have a bad reputation. I hate to let go of that one, but I'll have to admit it doesn't apply any more. It's a shame too!

"It's bad for your health. That's open to debate. Not so bad as overeating, or not getting enough sleep.

"It stunts your growth. I doubt it, and anyway you're both grown.

"It's a filthy habit. It's not, really. Not half so filthy as gossiping or collecting old matchboxes.

"It's expensive. There!" Mother beamed triumphantly. "There's a good argument. It *is* expensive, and can we afford it?"

"We don't buy them," Anne said. "Your dates always have them."

"There goes my last argument." Mother smiled, spreading her hands. "We'll just say that I don't like it, but that it's a prejudice.



Here's a pair of off-to-school shoes that score high with the young-timers. Mothers will mark them "A-plus", too—they're carefully made of fine, selected leathers to the highest standards of design and construction. Let them guard your child's foothealth this term. Edwards Back-to-School shoes, at reasonable prices, are at your dealers now.

TERRY
(with two strap or with tongue)



Ask your family doctor about Edwards shoes for children.



Edwards
SHOES FOR CHILDREN

Edwards, 314-22 N. 12th St., Phila. 7, Pa.

don't believe in prejudices, so go ahead and light up, if you want to."

Anne fished the cigarettes and ash tray from under the bed, and offered one to Ernestine.

"Not right now," said Ernestine, whose throat and stomach were beginning to feel uneasy. "I believe my craving has been satisfied for this year—probably until I go to college."

Anne helped herself to one, lighted it, and blew self-conscious smoke rings at the ceiling.

"Where are your manners?" Mother asked. "Aren't you going to pass them to everybody? It looks as if it might be fun."

"No, sir," Ernestine protested.

"Oh, no, you don't," said Anne, putting the cigarette package behind her back. "I've led one member of the family astray today. I'm not going to be responsible for anyone else's downfall." Reluctantly, Anne stubbed out her smoke. "That's my last—if you'll excuse the word—'ciggie' until I get back to college," she declared. "The first thing you know, Jane might be smoking cigars. I believe it'd be safer to smoke in a nitroglycerin factory than around this house."

With Morton at her disposal, Anne's social life was pretty well taken care of for the remainder of the summer. She still didn't like him very well, but nothing better came along, and he did have a Hupmobile and a motorboat.

Ernestine searched diligently, but didn't find a man until a week before the summer was over. Then she kept him a dark secret.

His name was Al Lynch, and he had a summer job at the grocery store, where Ern had met him when she did the shopping. He was big, hearty, loud-talking and collegiate—a little too collegiate. He wore a woolly crimson sweater which sported a green block *S* letter and a bejeweled fraternity pin as large as a fifty-cent piece. The *S*, it developed, was for Sagiwan Agricultural and Technical College.

All of us had seen Al, at one time or another, in the grocery, and he was not the sort of chap that one would easily overlook. Of all the sheiks on the island, his hair was the greasiest, his trousers cuffs the widest, his fraternity pin the biggest, his football letter the flashiest, and his sweater the loudest. He wasn't exactly handsome, but his features were perfect, and he was sure he had a way with women.

We knew Ernestine was dating somebody that last week, because she had deserted Anne's beach crowd and spent hours rolling up her hair after supper. But she didn't go out nights, and he never came to call. We didn't know until later that he worked nights checking stock, but had most of the mornings off.

Morton and four or five of Martha's ever-present and ever-neglected beaus were on the dock to see us off for Montclair. This time there was no funny business about half-fare tickets, with Mother in charge. Tom, Frank and the pets had left a couple of days before, so that Tom could get the house opened.

Anne allowed Morton to peck her on the cheek, which Mother pretended not to notice. Martha shook hands with her boys, and even condescended to clap them on the back.

Then we noticed Ernestine and Al. They were holding hands, both hands, and looking into each other's eyes. The green *S* was still sewed securely to Al's crimson sweater, but the fraternity pin was gone.

Ernestine finally tore herself loose from him. Agnes Ayres, taking leave of Rudolph Valentino to return to the old lecher she was being forced to marry because of his money, never played the scene any better.

"Wow," shouted Bill. "Look at that hot dog in the sweater."

"Isn't that the boy who works at the grocery store?" Mother asked Anne. "How long has she been going with him?"

Halfway up the gangplank, Ernestine turned around, ran to Al, and flung herself

(Continued on Page 81)



Come cold, come snow, what do pretty girls sleep in? Cozy Carter's, of course! In all of dreamland, there isn't a sweeter family of sleepy-heads.

Styles pictured—starting with bird watcher.
Brushed rayon cuddle gown. 4-16 yrs., $3.95
GAL-briggan gown. Elasticized waist, wrists. 4-16 yrs., $2.95
GAL-briggan twin pajama. Elasticized. 4-16 yrs., $2.95
Jiffon-Nevabind baby gown. Birth to 1 yr., $1.25-$1.65
Jiffon-Nevabind* sleeper with feet. 1-4 yrs., $2.25-$3.25

All come in Carter's bonbon box of colors.
At good stores. For store near you, write
The William Carter Co., Needham Heights, Mass.





*®

P. S. Carter's make GAL-briggans for grown gals, too!

Swift

YOURS FOR BRIGHTER BREAKFASTS



Makes your breakfast extra special!

Swift's Premium Bacon—America's favorite because it's so downright delectable. Sugar cured Swift's special way and oven-smoked over fragrant hardwood fires, it's the bacon with the wonderful *Sweet Smoked Taste*. Serve it crisp, brown and fragrant . . . you'll see why it's the best liked bacon of all. Yes, it's *extra* special. Take home a pound today to go with . . .



THE BACON WITH THE SWEET SMOKE TASTE

Swift's Brookfield Eggs—the eggs of saucer-test quality. The white stays firm—the rounded yolk stands high and stays that way. Delicious—and so delicate in flavor. Every one a perfect match for its neighbor. They're *extra* special, at your favorite store. Bacon 'n' Eggs—*by Swift*—for brighter breakfasts!



THE EGGS OF SAUCER-TEST QUALITY

(Continued from Page 79)

) his arms. Miss Ayres never played that ne any better either.

Even Mother was too surprised and cked to make believe she hadn't noticed '. Ernestine tore herself loose again, and ed radiantly up the gangplank.

I don't think that sort of thing ought to lone in public, dear," Mother admonished when she was safely aboard. Mother om took any of us to task before the er children, but it seemed time for an eption.

Or in private either," Anne agreed. "The —a girl your age."

I know it," Ernestine said, throwing k her head and looking at the clouds. "I n't intend to do it. I tried not to do it. But e was something like a powerful magnet ing me back to his heart."

So that's what that green thing shaped an S is," Anne scoffed. "A magnet. Does ght up?"

Jealousy," intoned Ernestine, still look- at the clouds, "ill becomes you, you un- tunate wench se troth is all but hted to a bean- ."

Becomes me ill is t. Me becomes ill—sick to my nach."

lother shooed the nger children y. "I'm sure he's rely boy," she told estine.

nne hooted. "You tell he thinks he's 's gift to women."

You just can't r to see your nger sister en- d before you are, you?" Ernestine oped, coming n from the clouds looking Anne rely in the eye. Engaged?" ther almost ited. "Do you n to tell me that and that —— I'm he's a lovely " she repeated kly.

nestine pulled her topcoat, and e was the frater- pin.

never saw such a big one," Anne ad- ed. "If you had another just like it, you dn't need to wear anything else above vaist. What's the fraternity?"

Tau Tau Tau," Ernestine said proudly. Never heard of it. And what high school e S for?"

You know perfectly well it's not for any school," Ernestine hollered. "Make her Mother."

Sometimes I think I can't make any of stop anything," Mother sighed.

Excuse me," Anne said. "What institu- of higher learning is the two-foot S for?"

T that it's any of your business, but Al enty-one, and a junior at Sagiwan Agri- ral and Technical College. I suppose you r heard of that either?"

Did you?" Anne asked.

Everyone knows about Sagiwan. Just se it's not full of snobs like Amherst Harvard and Princeton ——"

Tau Tau Tau at Saggie Aggie," said , shaking her head. "Saggie Aggie. It's catchy sound—sort of Indian, and sort e a fat woman who needs a corset."

think," said Ernestine, bursting into . "that you're the most hateful person e world. I really do."

Gosh, can't you take a little kidding?" You and Martha both having the time of lives all summer," sobbed Ernestine. I finally . . . and finally ——"

'm sorry," Anne choked, putting her arm d Ernestine's waist. "After all, as you say, that Morton isn't any rose. He's sure a beanpole, isn't he? And Al is cute, all right, I've got to admit that."

"Do you really think so?" asked Ernestine, blowing her nose.

"Gosh, yes!" Anne fibbed.

"Where does he live, dear?" Mother asked.

"In upper New York State. Why does everything have to happen to me, Mother?" she sniffed. "Just as vacation is over, it has to happen to me. Now I won't see him again until the Christmas holidays."

"Christmas holidays?" Mother asked.

"I'm going to meet him in New York," Ernestine said. "He's coming down especially."

"Maybe he could come to visit us during the holidays," Mother suggested.

"Could he?" Ern shouted ecstatically, hugging Mother. "Do you think he could?"

"I don't see why not," Mother said. "After all, Ernestine, if you're going to marry him, I'd like a chance to meet him first."

"Oh, I guess we'll never get married," Ern said gaily. "Just engaged. Al says he's not the marrying kind."

"Why, where does he think ——" Anne began.

"It would be fine if he could come," Mother interrupted. "Much better than your meeting him in New York. He sounds—well, very interesting, dear."

"Gee, he sure is," Ernestine agreed. "Will you loan me your pen? I'm going to write him right now and invite him."

Ernestine went into the lounge, and Anne and Mother exchanged knowing glances.

"Do you know what I think?" Anne teased her. "I think you're a scheming woman. I can see right through you."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Mother grinned sheepishly.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Corner Candy Store

By Phyllis I. Rosenteur

A licorice whip or jelly bean
Transports me to a bygone scene,
Where once I stood with hungry eyes
And murmured little yearning sighs
For gingerbread and lemon drops
And chicken corn and lollipops;
And there I'd stand in mute despair . . .
An indecisive millionaire . . .
With fifty ways I could disburse
The two whole pennies in my purse;
So, teetering from toe to heel,
I'd engineer a special deal
For one of "those" and two of "this":
A jujube and a taffy kiss,
A sourball, a slice of gum,
A horehound drop, a sugar plum.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Every autumn Mother took the boys into New York on a shopping trip, to get them clothes for the coming year. This year, to save time, she decided to get the shopping out of the way as we passed through the city, en route from Nantucket to Montclair.

The trip to New York was accomplished relatively painlessly. Anne took the girls, including a moon-eyed Ernestine, who almost had to be led by the hand, on to Montclair. Then Mother and the boys headed for a department store that was featuring a back-to-school sale.

Mother believed that self-expression was essential to a child's development, and always gave us a free hand in picking our clothes. She might advise, but she never vetoed.

Before leaving Nantucket, Ernestine, as chairman of the purchasing committee, had inventoried the condition of the boys' clothes, and had given Mother a list of requirements. It was decided that each boy would get one new suit, and also would be handed down a suit from the brother immediately above him in the age scale. Frank, being the oldest and not in line for a hand-down, would get two new suits. New shirts, ties, socks, underwear and shoes—which seldom lasted long enough to be handed down—also were needed by all the boys.

Frank was in Montclair with Tom, so he wasn't included on the shopping trip. Mother thought that, being thirteen, he was old enough to get his own clothes, anyway.

THE GREATEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED TO RICE

"Uncle Ben's" and "*Converted*" are trade-marks of Converted Rice, Inc., Houston, Texas



NEW UNCLE BEN'S RICE RECIPE

Pineapple Rice Pudding

1¼ cups cooked Uncle Ben's Rice
2 eggs
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup sugar
2 cups evaporated milk
1 cup crushed, drained pineapple

Beat eggs and add to cooked rice. Stir in salt and add sugar. Add milk, then pineapple, stirring to blend. Turn into a buttered quart baking dish and bake in a pan of hot water in a slow oven, 300° F., for one hour. Serve with crushed pineapple or cream. Serves 6.

More nourishing and far easier to cook!
No rinsing—no draining—no steaming!

Easiest-cooking rice you've ever tried! That's Uncle Ben's *Converted* Rice . . . finest long-grain rice processed to retain extra B vitamins usually lost in polishing. *Tastes* better, too!



NOW BEING INTRODUCED
RICE YOU DON'T HAVE TO COOK AT ALL!

Uncle Ben's Instant Rice comes ready-cooked in the can. Just dip it in boiling water for 30 seconds and serve. Use it anywhere you use rice . . . any time you want to save time. It's unbelievably easy—unbelievably fine. Uncle Ben's Instant Rice!



In the subway on the way uptown from Barclay Street, the boys agreed that any suit bought would have to please not only its immediate possessor, but the next younger brother who would be its ultimate owner.

It was still early when they arrived at the store, and the boys' department was nearly deserted. A middle-aged salesman, pleased at the prospect of starting the day with such a large group of potential customers, hurried up to Mother. He was precise, plump, and wore a hearing aid, which fitted over his head earphones-fashion.

"Hello there, fellows," he said heartily, in a tone designed to show that he was nothing but a great big boy himself. "Well, school's about to start, eh? I know you're all looking forward to it." He laughed and rumpled Bob's head, and Bob hid behind Mother. "What will it be this morning?" the salesman asked Mother hopefully. "Suits for all the boys?"

"Yes, please," said Mother, while the salesman, obviously figuring that this was his lucky day, beamed happily.

Mother reached into her brief-case-sized pocketbook, pulled out two blueprints, the first draft of a speech she was writing, a copy of the magazine Iron Age, a shawl she was crocheting for her mother, some socks she had darned on the boat, and finally her black notebook. There is never anything very efficient about Mother's pocketbook.

"Let's see," she said, reading from Ernestine's list, "five suits, fifteen neckties, twenty suits of underwear, twenty-five pairs of socks, twenty shirts and five pairs of shoes."

"Yes, madam," smiled the salesman. It was a big, sincere smile, which was fortunate, because it was his last until the boys departed, and possibly his last for a matter of weeks.

"Do they let him play that radio when he's supposed to be working?" Dan asked Mother.

"That's not a radio, dear," said Mother, who was embarrassed but believed in answering all questions from the floor. "It's a hearing aid. So of course it's not polite to talk about it."

"Oh, I'm sorry," said Dan, and then whispering, "What's a hearing aid?"

"He's a little deaf, dear," Mother whispered back. "So don't say anything more about it."

"What did she say?" Fred and Jack whispered to Dan.

"Deaf as a doornail," Dan whispered back. "Don't make him feel bad about it."

"If you fellows will step this way," said the salesman, "I think we can find something."

"We don't want to pay more than seventeen-fifty for the suits," said Bill, who had been coached by the girls. "And we want them with two pairs of knickers."

Fred nudged Bill and whispered, "Deaf."

"We don't want to pay more than seventeen-fifty for the suits," Bill shouted, as loud as he could.

"I know you don't, sonny," the salesman said patiently. "I heard you. You don't really have to shout."

"I'm sorry," said Bill, glaring at Fred.

"Look, fellows," the man said. "It's all right about the hearing aid. Lots of boys ask about it. I'll show you how it works."

He explained that he kept dry-cell batteries in his hip pocket, and showed the boys a volume-control rheostat that he kept in the side pocket of his coat.

"Now let's get down to business, fellows," he said, swinging out a rack of clothes. He turned to Mother. "We have a special sale on this group, madam."

"How much?" said Bill.

"These have been marked down from thirty dollars," the salesman continued, ignoring Bill, "and they're a real buy, madam."

"How much?" said Bill.

"They're nineteen-fifty," he admitted, glaring.

"I'm afraid that's too much, sir," Bill said. "We want something cheaper."

"I don't know, dear," Mother put in. "W might look at them, and see whether you l them."

"We don't like them," Bill shook his he "Ernestine might not object too much, b Martha would holler. She made us promis

"I guess you're right," Mother agreed.

"Ernestine?" asked the salesman. "M tha?"

"Ern's chairman of the purchasing co mittee, and Mart's in charge of the budge Bill told him.

"I see," said the salesman, who ob ously didn't, but thought it best not to p sue the subject any further.

He pulled out another rack. "These seventeen dollars," he said. "Marked do from twenty-five. What colors did you ha in mind, madam?"

"I think we'll just let the boys pick th out," Mother smiled. "If you don't mi would you be good enough to start w Bill—he's the biggest one the blond."

"What color did you have in mind, you man?"

"I don't think the color will matter," said.

"What kind of cloth, then?"

"I don't care about that, either. I w the kind that has buckles on the bottom the knickers that will keep your stocki up."

The salesman looked in mute appeal Mother, who had found a chair and working on her crocheting.

"That seems sensible, dear," she said wi out looking up. "The legs of your last p wouldn't stay up at would they?"

"The points on buckle bent out of sh the first week," Bill co plained. "Worst suit I e had."

Bill went through rack, tried on three or f suits that didn't pass buckle test, and at last found a gray, bel model that seemed just right.

"I like this one," he said, turning arou so Mother could see whether it fit.

"It fits him almost exactly," said the sa man, who was beginning to perspire a li from taking down suits and hanging th up.

Mother felt the material. "I think fine, dear. It should wear well, and it see well made. It's mighty handsome too."

The salesman was obviously reliev "Shall I have it wrapped?" he asked.

"Not just yet," Bill told him. "Is it right with you, Fred?"

Fred came over, looked at it, felt it, studied the buckles. "Okay with me," F agreed.

"Does everybody have to approve i asked the salesman, who was becoming a tle bewildered. "Are we going to have have a vote on each suit?" he appealed Mother.

"Oh, no," Mother assured him.

"Just this little fellow here?" the sa man asked, pointing to Fred. "Is he the who has to approve them all?"

"Not exactly," Mother said. "It's j that the boys agreed Fred would have to prove Bill's suit, Dan would have to appr Fred's, Jack would ——"

"Ye-e-e-es," the clerk interrupted, lo ing around him furtively. "Of course. I se

By the time the suits had been select the boys' department was beginning to t on the appearance of a firehouse dormito Coats, pants and vests, many of them positions just as the boys had wriggled ou them, were on chairs, tables, hooks and floor. The clothes racks were as culled a gaping as a turkey roost on Thanksgiv Day.

The clerk, now perspiring freely, led boys to the underwear counter, wh Mother found another chair.

"We can pay a dollar a pair," Bill told h

"What color?" asked the salesman, knew better now than to haggle about price.

(Continued on Page 84)

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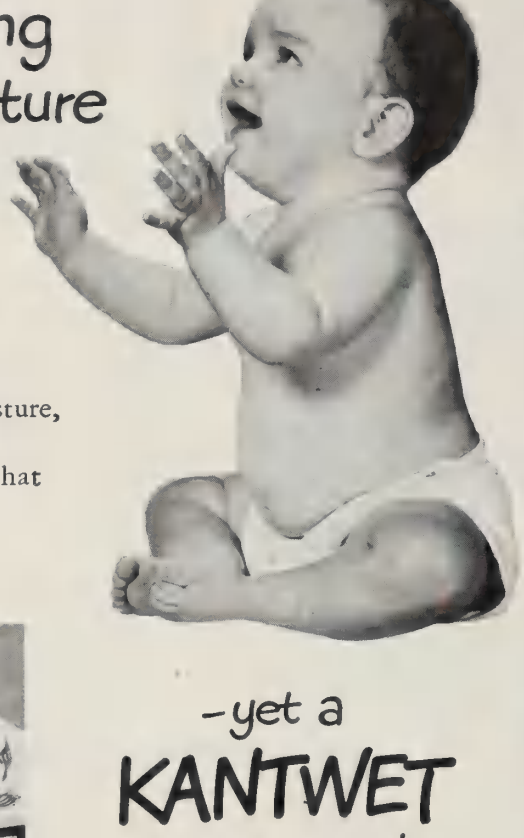
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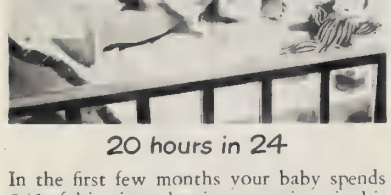
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Baby's bones are still pliable. For the sake of his posture, the mattress must stay firm and level, yet give comfort for good rest.

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An exclusive KANTWET posture feature. A straight, firm foundation for a straight strong back.



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(Continued from Page 82)

"You don't have to worry about that," Bill said. "The only thing we don't want is what Tom calls Indian drawers."

"Don't be Eskimo," Mother warned. "Eskimo" was Mother's word for anything that was deemed evil-minded. She seldom seemed to miss a reference.

"The kind that creeps up on you," the salesman nodded morosely. "I'm dying laughing." He pulled out some boxes. "Let's see, now. Less than a dollar, any color, no Indian drawers. This has been, if I may say so, a unique experience."

"If there's anything I hate it's drawers like that, don't you, Mother?" Dan asked. "You can hardly sit still in them."

"I think," smiled Mother, burying her head in her crocheting, "you'd better pay attention to what the gentleman's showing you."

The underwear finally selected was on special sale, and was produced for inspection only after all other brands had been rejected as having Indian characteristics.

"These are just what we want," Bill said, when the specially priced goods were brought out from under a counter. "We'll take twenty pairs of them, please. Mother has the sizes."

"Only three to a customer." The salesman shook his head. "We lose money on every one of these we sell at that price," he said.

"We certainly don't want to hurt your business," Bill agreed. "Since there are only six of us, I guess all we can take is eighteen pairs then."

The clerk, now beginning to walk as if in a trance, got the sizes from Mother and added the underwear to the growing pile of merchandise.

"To save time," he said, as we arrived at the shoe counter, "and to save me the trouble of showing you every shoe in the store, suppose you explain to me in detail, beforehand, just what it is you want in a shoe."

"The first one who says a foot," I warned the other boys, "is going to get trouble with me. I think we're taking up much of this man's time."

"I don't suppose"—the salesman ignor him—"that what you'd want is what eve body else gets for their boys—a high bla shoe that wears well."

"Yes," Bill nodded, "I think that's j what we do want."

"I thought maybe you didn't care ab the color or whether it was high or low, j so long as the eyelets didn't rust, and laces were genuine Western cowhide."

"Do you have any with laces like that Fred asked eagerly.

"No," the clerk yelled. "And I do know whether our eyelets rust or not."

Fred was subdued. "Funny store," whispered. "They try to sell you things th haven't got."

There was a good deal of bickering, the boys finally decided on the shoes, shi ties and socks.

"I guess it's been trying for you," Mot told the salesman sincerely as she paid bill. "But I think that buying is an imp tant part of every child's education, do you?"

"What's that?" he said, fumbling in side pocket for the hearing-aid switch. had it turned off. I can hear you now couldn't stand to listen any more."

"You mean," Mother asked, and the b thought there was a trace of envy in voice, "that all you have to do is tur switch, and you can't hear anything at al

He nodded.

"It's wonderful what science can d Mother said. There was no doubt about It *was* envy.

Eight of us, Ernestine down through J went back to school in Montclair. Anne r a day coach to Ann Arbor and enrolled a junior at the University of Michigan. joined a sorority within a few weeks was taken into Phi Beta Kappa that spr



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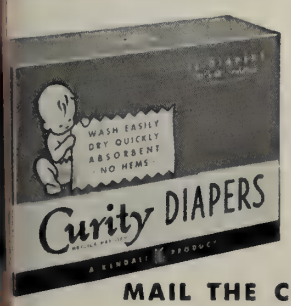
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Mother, besides supervising everything at home, got down to the job of trying to support the family.

The financial outlook became, if anything, even worse than Mother had expected. The big firms declined to renew their motion-study contracts. Various reasons were offered. They boiled down to the belief that, though Mother might know the theory of motion study, no woman could handle the technical details of the job or command the respect and co-operation of shop foremen and workers.

The motion-study course, which Mother had planned while in Europe, seemed the only remaining chance. If industries thought she wasn't able to put timesaving theories into practice in their plants, perhaps they'd send their own engineers or other personnel to her to learn the theories, and then apply them themselves.

She mailed prospectuses to a dozen former clients and other firms that had shown an interest in motion study in the past. The course was to be held at our home in Montclair, where Dad and Mother had their offices and laboratory.

The tuition was stiff. Mother figured that if fewer than six firms sent representatives, she'd have to call off the whole idea. That meant we'd move to California, or accept some of the kind offers of family friends.

If there were as many as six, there still would be a chance that the family could stay together. If there were more than six, the family could stay together and there would be enough money for Ernestine to start college in the fall.

Mother wouldn't be budged on that business of sending all of us to college. When anyone tried to tell her it wasn't feasible, she jutted out her chin.

Some parents find the task of getting even one child ready for school in the mornings to be an exhausting one. Mother got eight ready, saw that the beds were made and the house cleaned, supervised Ernestine's menus and Martha's budget program, kept an eye on Bob and Jane, mended and sewed on buttons, wrote Anne every day, and still found time to read aloud to us at night, to help us with our homework, and to go with us to Sunday school. And she worked ten hours every day in the office and laboratory.

At night Mother was slow and fumbling, and there were circles under her eyes. But in the mornings her weariness was gone, and she was at her best.

Between six and seven o'clock in the mornings, she'd help the younger children make their beds and straighten up their rooms, while listening to poems, spelling words or multiplication tables they had been assigned to memorize for school.

At seven she waked the older ones, and then helped them with their beds and assignments. We left for school a few minutes after eight, and then Mother turned Bob and Jane over to Tom, and went into her office. The stenographic staff, which had been reduced to one, arrived at nine, and Mother wanted to be sure Miss Butler had enough to keep her busy.

Once an hour, Mother would come out to check on Bob and Jane. Ernestine and Martha, both of whom had been taught to type by Dad, took turns coming home directly from school in the afternoons and helping out in the office.

Sometimes, in spite of rules about interrupting Mother, there were more children in the office than out of it. Miss Butler used to say that she should have studied at a nursery school instead of at a business college.

None of us was supposed to enter the office without knocking, and only then when the business was urgent. We knocked, all right, but our ideas of urgent business sometimes conflicted with Mother's.

"Do you think," Lillian would ask, after beating a loud tattoo on the door, "that I should wear the pink or the yellow dress to Boodle's birthday party?"

The worst of it was that such a question would capture Mother's interest, and she'd forget all about what she was doing.

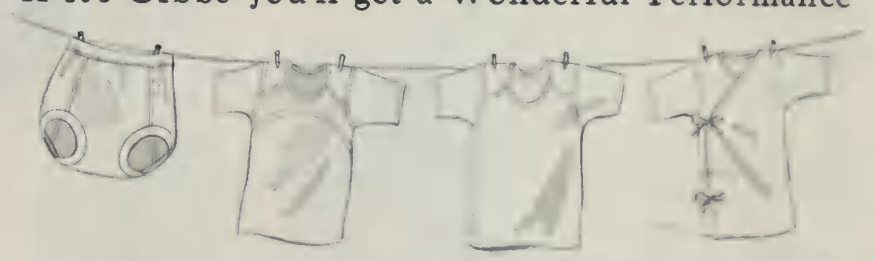
(Continued on Page 87)

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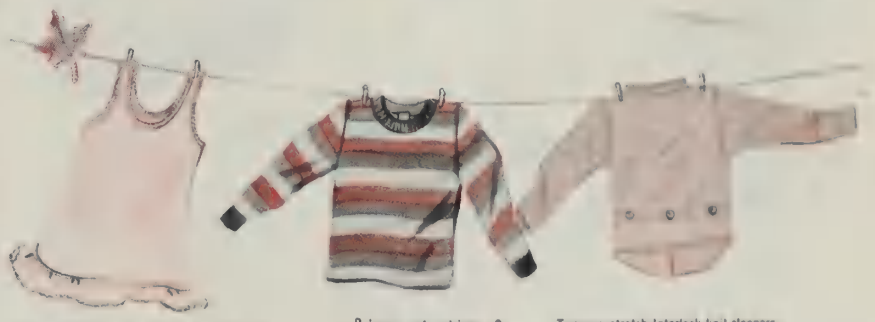


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(Continued from Page 85)

"The yellow one is my favorite," Mother would say. "I think those pleats on the side are precious, don't you?"

"Do you think it's long enough?"

"It is getting a little short," Mother would agree. "I'll let the hem down after supper. How old is Boodle, anyway? It seems to me she had a birthday ——" Suddenly it would dawn on her that she was being interrupted. "We'll talk about it at supper, dear," she'd say firmly. "I know it's important, and I won't forget it. But I'm very busy right now." She'd make a note on her desk pad about Lillian's dress, and she wouldn't forget it.

Finally Mother devised an interruptions chart, which she hung on the wall behind her office desk. When one of us came into the office with a problem that wasn't vital, she'd tell the offender:

"I wonder if you'd mind making a check by your name on the interruptions chart? I'm trying to keep track of them, so we can see if we can cut them down."

The interrupter would shamefacedly make his mark, while Miss Butler grinned into her typewriter.

"Thank you, dear," Mother would say, without a trace of a smile. "How many is that for you so far this week?"

"Eight."

"Goodness, that's nothing like Tom's. He's up to thirty already."

Tom thought the interruptions chart was a fine idea, and that it was a shame the way we bothered Mother when she was trying to work.

"Keep out of that office," he'd bellow to any of us he saw approaching the door. "Ain't you got no consideration for your poor mother? If there's anything you want to know, come here and ask me, and I'll tell you."

"All I want to know," Ernestine said feamily, on one such occasion, waving a letter that had arrived from upper New York State, "is what you'd do if the best-looking man in the world were madly in love with you."

Tom thought that over. "I believe," he answered coyly, "that the first thing I'd do is ast him for his frat pin. And if you're looking for yours, you'll find it on the shelf down in the laundry."

"What's it doing down there?" Ern asked.

"It come down on your pajammers. If I hadn't of seen it, it would of ruint my finger."

Tom considered his own appearances in the office much too vital to be classified as interruptions.

"Would you step out in the kitchen a minute, Mrs. Gilbreth?" he'd ask, sticking his head through the office door. "I got something I want to show you."

"Is it important?" Mother would say, realistically putting aside her papers and starting to get up from her swivel chair.

"You know I wouldn't bother you if it wasn't important."

"Would you mind making a check on the interruptions chart?"

"Yes, ma'am. The chart seems to be working fine, Mrs. Gilbreth. The children ain't bothering you half as much."

"The *children* seem to be getting the idea." I wisht you'd make one for the kitchen. They interrupt me all the time. I wisht someone you'd put your desk out there and see what I put up with."

Mother, rolling her eyes skyward for the benefit of Miss Butler, would follow him to the kitchen, to be shown a picture that Bob had drawn, a mole that Mr. Chairman had found from the front lawn, or a new trick that Tom had taught the cat.

Meanwhile, we watched the mail anxiously for replies to Mother's prospectus. For almost two weeks, there was none. Then five arrived within two days: from the largest store in the world, in New York; from a drug manufacturer, a tool company, a dairy-products distributor, an electrical-appliances corporation.

There was a wait of another week, during which it seemed certain that the course would have to be canceled. And then acceptances arrived from abroad—from a Japanese engineer, a Belgian technologist and a representative of a British food concern.

THAT made eight, and when the tuition money was received, and deposited by Martha, the bank balance was enough to guarantee that the family could stay together for another year, that Anne could finish Michigan the next year, and that Ernestine could enroll at Smith.

Mother planned, if possible, to run the course for five years. By that time, Anne and Ernestine would have their diplomas, and Martha and Frank would be in college. That would mean only seven children to look out for at home, and Mother would be able to travel more, seeking consulting jobs. She hoped that in five years she'd be able to convince employers that she could work in a man's field.

On the night before the course opened, Mother told us she was going to need our cooperation.

"I know you'll all keep out of the office and the laboratory and not bother me," she said, "unless it's something very important. And I hope you'll welcome all eight pupils, and treat them like friends."

We said we didn't know about that "friends" business. We knew the school was necessary from a financial standpoint. Frankly, though, we weren't enthusiastic about a group of outsiders coming into the house and monopolizing Mother's time.

"They're probably old cranks who are going to complain they can't concentrate because of the noise," Frank said.

"No, they're not," Mother insisted. "I've met them, and they're all as nice as can be. I think you children will be fond of them."

"I know those old ones," Martha nodded. "Dandruff on their blue serge suits, and always trying to get you in a corner to tell you about your dimpled little knees."

"Old ones don't talk about dimpled knees," Ernestine said. "They still talk about your trim little ankles."

"They're not old," Mother smiled. "At least not very. One of them is a woman—Miss Lies. She's from Macy's."

"Probably with a silky black mustache and mannish tweeds," Ernestine hooted.

Tom, also, was not pleased about the outlook, especially when he found out that one of the group was an Englishman.

"As if I ain't got enough work already," he complained, and with a good deal of justification. "Just keep them out of my kitchen, that's all. Especially the limey—and that goes for the Jap too."

He fished in a drawer for a pencil and paper, and made a great show of inventorying his tools, so that he'd know if anything disappeared.

We hid on a landing halfway up the stairs, and watched Mother's pupils arrive. The first was Mr. Yoyogo, the Japanese engineer. Tom, dressed in a clean butcher's apron and his chef's cap, answered the bell and let him in.

"You must be Yoyo," Tom said sullenly, purposely dropping the "Mister," but inadvertently omitting the last syllable. "You can put your hat and coat in there"—

(Continued on Page 90)

One morning Professor John Berdan, of Yale, read to an English composition class a particularly inept theme and, as usual, called for comments. The students panned it unmercifully.

"Interesting," commented Berdan, "because I wrote the theme myself." As the critics began to blush, he continued: "You are quite right. I spent two hours of painstaking effort last night to make sure I had not omitted a single feature of poor writing, and I believe I succeeded." The professor paused for dramatic effect. "What astounds me," he resumed, "is how you men can dash these things off day after day in ten minutes!"



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(Continued from Page 87)

he pointed to a closet—"and then go in the office, there." He pointed again, and started to return to the kitchen.

"You must be Tom," Mr. Yoyogo said. "Mrs. Gilbreth told us all about you. She says you do the cooking, laundry, help with the shopping, and do most of the heavy work in the yard. You must know motion study yourself."

Tom turned around. "Let me take your hat and coat," he said.

"I'm going to have to watch your motions," Mr. Yoyogo told him. "You must have what the Gilbreths call The One Best Way."

"I'll learn you what I can, sir," said Tom, holding open the office door for him.

The six other men arrived together in a cab, and again Tom answered the door. They were all in their late twenties or early thirties, and two of them were tall, husky and handsome.

"Good night, just look at that," Ernestine whispered delightedly, forgetting for the moment all about upper New York State. "I've already changed my mind about not wanting to be friends. Anne'll die when she hears what she's missing."

"They're not what I expected," Martha admitted. "They don't seem like the dandruff type."

The men were laughing at something, and acted noisy and boyish. They asked Tom how tricks were, and started to take off their coats. Tom took the wraps from the two tall ones, who he apparently had decided must be Americans, and hung them up. But he hesitated before accepting the coats and hats of the four others. When he saw he couldn't pick out the Englishman, he took the rest of the wraps. Tom always believed in knowing who his friends were, though, so before he departed again for the closet, he asked:

"Does any of you gentlemen want a cu of tea?"

Nobody did.

"How about a crumpet?"

Nobody wanted one of those either.

"If you're looking for the limey," one the two tall ones grinned, and it was appa ent that Mother had given all the group thorough briefing on what to expect, "I your man. If you bring my coat back, I hang it up myself."

"Never mind," Tom said grumpily, "th time."

There was one more pleasant surprise f us, and Tom seemed to find it pleasant to Miss Lies turned out to be young, blond, sl and stunning. The chef's hat toppled off Tom bowed her gallantly into the office.

We had to hurry off to school witho meeting Mother's pupils, and got no mo than a glimpse of them as they left the hou late that afternoon. But the next day Moth said she was going to serve them tea a apple cake, and that if we hurried hom from school we could join the party.

The boys arrived for the tea in th school clothes, but Ernestine and ev Martha, who was beginning to use lem peel on her freckles, put on their be things—dresses with low waists and ski above the knees, high heels, and rolled s stockings with clocks down the sides.

Mother introduced us. "This is Ernestin my next-to-oldest; and Martha; and Fran my oldest boy; and Bill ——"

She was interrupted by Tom. "If you' got time to come back to the kitchen, I'm g something important to show you, ma'am he told Mother.

"Can't it wait until after we've had tea Mother asked.

"Well," said Tom, looking crushed, guess it could. It ain't nothing much."

(Continued on Page 92)

Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

LIBERATED WOMAN: Our great-grandfathers were buried among their wives, their great-granddaughters among their husbands.

Children can always find something to quarrel over—if it's only who gets to punch the color bead in the margarine bag.

She's so hospitable that if a new robin flies into the neighborhood she wants to make a nest for it.

A boy grows up to his nose the way a puppy does to his feet.

Divorced parents trying to enjoy one child are as pathetic as two youngsters sharing one pair of skates.

A child is the catalyst in family life: causes reactions without himself being affected.

My grandmother effectively used the third person in discipline: "You should have known Ursula's children; poor pasty-faced things, always running around with gooey cake before a meal." . . . "That unhappy child of Ernestine's! Not learning respect for anything, not even his dog." And who of us wanted to be an Ernestine's or an Ursula's child!

A modern man is one who goes through the country so fast he is able to read only the top line on the historic plaques.

Child: "Just think! Sammy's mother is forty-two and she's still alive."

It is hard for the new woman in a group to learn to associate the correct names with the correct faces because she hears the names more often than she sees the faces.

A husband is a man who uses a cap with ear muffs once in a winter and expects to find it in plain sight when he wants it next winter.

A child poorly financed by parents may resort to "taking" things just as a ca which never gets a taste of raw meat be comes a prowler.

A hostess is a woman who does her bes to entertain guests and then has to tele phone them next day to recover her nap kins.

Discovering unexpected virtues in you child is like having flowers blossom in th yard of a house you've just moved into.

Early to bed and early to rise
Varies with age, position and size.

They call our son The Long Ranger.

The kind of guest who baffles me is th one who keeps her purse hanging on he arm, even when she performs her ablution

The we-deal partnership makes an i-de marriage.

A boy doesn't care whether the doll bill from a relative crackles with newne or not, only that it talks one hundre pennies' worth.

Even though women have been wearin aprons for centuries, daughter is positi she won't spill anything on the skirt ju back from the cleaner's.

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(Continued from Page 90)

"It isn't anything Mr. Chairman has dug up, is it? You know I don't like to look at those things."

"No, ma'am. It ain't nothin' like that."

Tom departed, and Mother began to feel sorry for him. "It's probably the cat then," she said. "I guess I'd better go see it, or he'll never forgive me." She got up from the sofa. "If you'll excuse me ——"

"We'll go with you, if it's all right," Miss Lies said. "I've been dying to see what he comes into the office to get you for."

"I'm sure Tom wouldn't mind," Mother agreed.

Everybody filed out to the kitchen, and Tom was delighted with the size of his audience.

"You know how the children is always stepping on Fourteen's tail by mistake when she's eating?" Tom asked. "Well, I been putting her milk on top of the icebox and feeding her there."

"That makes sense," Mother agreed doubtfully.

"I lifted her up there twicet, and then look what I learned her."

Tom opened the icebox door and leaned in, as if to get a bottle of milk. The cat, which had been watching him from under a table, jumped onto his back and then to the top of the icebox.

"Bravo," shouted Mr. Yoyogo, who thus became a member of Tom's club for a thousand years and four days.

"Smartest cat I ever trained, bar none," Tom gloated, pouring Fourteen some milk and flicking her whiskers with his forefinger.

All of us thought it was a good trick, and told him so.

"Let's see will he do it for you, Mrs. Gilbreth," Tom said. He lifted down the cat. "Just lean in the icebox like you was getting some milk."

Mother shivered. "I can't stand to have anything ticklish on my back—you children know that," she explained. "Just the thought of it gives me the creeps."

Mother's back was her Achilles' heel. Sometimes, to tease her, we'd sneak up behind her and play creep-mouse with our fingers along her backbone. She'd squeal like a little girl, and shudder.

Finally Mr. Yoyogo agreed to volunteer for the experiment, and Fourteen performed as advertised.

"Bar none!" Tom repeated. "She's the smartest."

"From now on," Miss Lies told Tom, "whenever you tell Mrs. Gilbreth to come back here, we're all coming. I wouldn't miss anything like this."

Miss Lies was in the club for a thousand years and four days too.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Higher Education

By Martha Savage

I can be taught to curl my hair
And how to make myself most fair.
I can learn to type and sew,
Absorb the arts there are to know.
For only a matter of time and
trouble
I could make my knowledge
double.
But who will teach what I must
know:
Where to tell my feet to go?
And why the path before them
dies?
And what broods deep in my own
love's eyes?

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

After we had returned to the parlor, Mr. Bruce, the handsome American who represented the drug firm, said he wanted to get all of us straight.

"I know the two biggest girls are Ernestine and Martha," he said. "Which is Ernestine?"

"I'm Ernestine," she told him, sending her eyelashes into a flutter designed to cause boys to leave home.

"And I'm Martha," cooed Martha, with a slow, open-lipped smile, also designed to lure striplings from their domiciles.

"You can tell them apart," Frank said, "because Martha has the dimpled knees, and Ernestine has the trim little ankles."

Mother said that would be sufficient from Frank, and the men replied they had seen nothing deficient in the knees or ankles of either girl. Somehow, though, they seemed more interested in Mother's apple cake in the younger children than in the [illegible] school girls.

"I'll bet," Bill told Mr. Bruce, "that used to play football when you were a b

"I used to play some," Mr. Bruce ceded. "But that was quite a while ago fore the war. I don't believe I've touch football since."

It developed that all the men had pl football or rugby at one time or ano except Mr. Yoyogo, whose game was ball.

"You boys don't happen to have a ball, do you?" Mr. Bruce asked. "It m be fun, sometime, to get a little exerci passing it around."

"Sure we do," Bill said. "We can pa right now."

"Oh, not now," Mr. Bruce said ha "I just meant sometime. We're havin now."

"Go ahead if you want to," Mother him. "Miss Lies and the girls and I will We won't be going back to work for hour or so."

"The men don't want to play games you boys," said Ernestine. "Why don't stop bothe them?"

The men di seem to think it a bother. After a Mother if she sure she didn't m they followed boys out to the lawn, and picked for a game of t football. All the played except Yoyogo, who said have to watch he learned the r

Tom was cu the grass up f and walked ov join the Japanes the side lines. don't like exe Mr. Yoyo?" he a

"I like it," Yoyogo said. "I never played bef

"If you like cise," said Tom, going to learn some motion study about cutting gr

They walked over to the lawn mower Tom explained that his method was t one row up, and then one row back, and one row up again.

"Very ingenious," Mr. Yoyogo told with a straight face. "Now in Japan we thought of that. We cut one row up, carry the lawn mower on our shoulders to where we started, and cut anothe up."

"There's a lot of things I can learn Tom assured him. "Why don't you try way, and see how it works?"

The Japanese, who really did like exe started out with the lawn mower. To down on the grass, to give instructions i Yoyo should get mixed up and hois lawn mower up on his shoulders.

Mother, Miss Lies and the girls can and sat in the hammocks on the side where they could watch the football Mother held Jane on her lap, and d socks. Miss Lies showed Ernestine Martha a new way to roll up their hair

Mr. Bruce called his team back i huddle and explained that the next would be a long pass to Bill, in the end The Englishman, who was backing u line of the opposing team, slapped his s ting linemen on the part of the anatom was nearest him, and urged them to fiercely.

Tom was half asleep, dragging lently on a cigarette, in the front yard Yoyogo, having sheared the front gra perfection, guided the lawn mower lutely toward the back yard, where the was nearly six inches high.

(Continued on Page 95)

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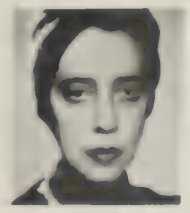


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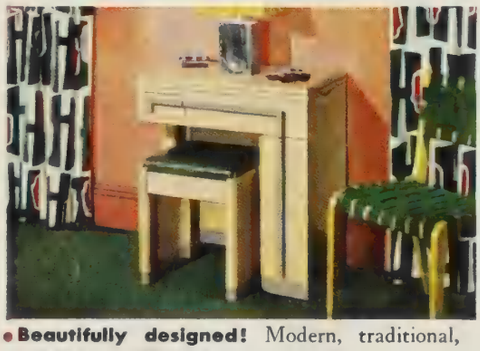
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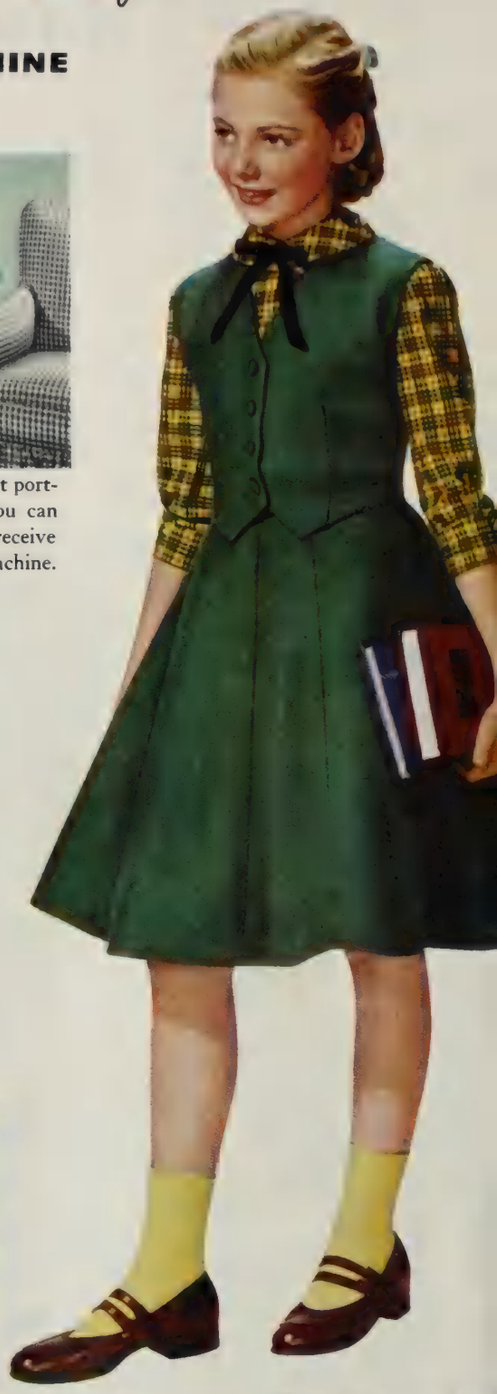
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(Continued from Page 92)

Mother told us at supper, after her stu-ents had gone back to New York for the ght, that they had agreed a little exercise eriod every day would be beneficial.

"I want to tell you how much I appreciate our being so co-operative," she said. "I now it's not easy to have strangers running ound the house and yard."

"Aw, that's all right," Bill said.

"And I don't want you girls to think that ou have to change your clothes every after-oon, or you boys to think you have to play otball with them, if you don't want to."

"Will there be tea tomorrow?" Ernestine ked eagerly.

"A little after three o'clock," Mother dded.

"We should be able to start the game by ree-thirty, at the latest," Frank said.

Mother thought one way she might get otion-study contracts was to apply time-ving methods to the kitchen. Manufac-rers would listen to a woman, she believed, nen the subject was home appliances. If e only way to enter a man's field was rough the kitchen door, that's the way e'd enter.

Her students helped her build an electric od mixer, and draw up blueprints for new pes of electric ranges and refrigerators. other planned, on paper, an efficiency-pe kitchenette of the kind used today in a od many apartments. Under her arrange-ent, a person could mix a cake, put it in the en and do the dishes thout taking more than couple of dozen steps.

On the strength of her ueprints, she landed a ntract with a New York ctric concern. The fee as one Dad wouldn't ve considered. But it as the first job Mother d got on her own, and e was proud of it.

Someone in the electric company told the wspapers about the contract. A woman gineer with eleven children was considered od copy. And in 1924 the idea of a scientifi-ly planned kitchen was news.

The company arranged a press co fer-ce for Mother in New York. The resulting ories, besides telling of Mother's plans, naged to give the impression that our chen in Montclair also was a model of ciency.

Actually, the exact opposite was true. Our chen, the one Tom used, was a model of fficiency. Not that there was a hand pump r the sink or a spit to roast fowls on, but was almost that bad. Our house had been lt when the stress was on spaciousness, l the original owner had planned the chen to accommodate three or four vants.

When Tom baked a cake, or baked what said was a cake, he had to walk about f a mile.

The distance from the sink, which was at a kbreaking level, to the old-fashioned gas ge was a good twenty feet. The food was t in a pantry twenty feet from the stove l forty from the sink. And the dishes were butler's pantry, about the same distance ay but in the opposite direction.

E refrigerator was in an alcove by itself. get to it, you had to detour around a nd that held the bird cage, around a table t held Tom's tools, a plumber's friend, stern-story magazines, and back copies the Newark Star-Eagle; and usually nd Mr. Chairman, or Fourteen, or both.

n the strength of the write-ups about the tract, a newsreel man phoned Mother said he'd like to bring a crew to Mont-r to photograph her in her efficiency hen.

I'd love to have you," Mother told him, t you see we haven't set up the efficiency hen yet. All we have are the blueprints."

That's all right," the newsreel man said, 'll just shoot you in your kitchen there he house."

I don't believe that would be exactly able," Mother gulped.

"The public would never know the difference. They don't know one efficiency kitchen from another."

"They don't?" Mother stalled.

"No. And I'm sure that, being an efficiency expert, the kitchen in your home must be pretty much the latest word."

"But what we want," said Mother, "is the very latest word, isn't it? Not just pretty much."

"What we really want, Mrs. Gilbreth, is just some human-interest stuff. Nothing scientific. Just you in the kitchen with the children around."

"I SEE," Mother said brightly, groping desperately for a way out. "Human interest." She thought of Tom's kitchen. Now if what they wanted were only animal interest ——

"We can come out any day this week that's convenient."

"I'm afraid I'm all booked up this week. How about some other time?" Her tone of voice was meant to convey that "some other time like the year after next would be just right."

"We want to get this while the story's still news. It'll be fine publicity for your business. And it will only take a few minutes."

"All right," Mother surrendered. "Let's make it Saturday, then. Say three o'clock Saturday afternoon."

The course wasn't in session on Saturdays and, more important still, Tom would be off duty. Both Dad and Mother had tried in the past to modernize the kitchen, but Tom and his predecessor had been set in their ways. Mother decided that the least said to Tom about the matter, the better.

Women always have to lie about other women to men, or they are called spiteful or jealous. Men won't let women speak the truth.

—VIOLET TWEEDALE:
Mrs. Barrington's Atonement
(J. Long, Ltd.).

She drew up a diagram for our kitchen, and she arranged with a plumber and a gas man to come Saturday to raise the sink and move the range.

Tom usually left the house after lunch Saturdays, and returned early Sunday mornings. This time, Mother gave him the whole day off and he departed shortly after breakfast. He was in a gay, holiday mood. He intimated that a large segment of the female population of West Orange, a town bordering on Montclair where Tom spent most of his time off, was going to be in for a pleasant surprise when he made his appearance four hours ahead of schedule.

The plumber and gas man finished their work by noon. We carried Tom's tools and the reading material down into the cellar, and put the canaries in his room in the attic.

Then Mother made chalk marks on the floor, from her diagram, showing us where she wanted the refrigerator, the table, and a cabinet for food, pans and mixing bowls. We moved them into place, gave the room a scrubbing, and set up a sort of breakfast nook in the unoccupied half of the kitchen, where the stove used to be.

Mother went through the motions of making an apple cake, in a dry run to familiarize herself with the location of everything. She scarcely had to move her feet at all. She could reach each appliance from a spot in the center.

Apple cake, incidentally, was the only dish whose ingredients Mother thoroughly understood. She had grown up in a home where a Chinese chef ruled the kitchen. And she hadn't had time, since her marriage, to learn much about cooking. But apple cake had been one of Dad's favorite dishes, and Mother had memorized the recipe and just how it went together, so she could fix him midnight snacks when he worked late.

When the newsreel crew arrived, we were dressed in our best clothes—especially Ernestine and Martha, who weren't overlooking any bets in case Hollywood was hunting for new talent. While the crew was setting up lights in the parlor, the man in charge explained what he wanted.

The idea was that Mother would be playing the piano, and we'd be grouped around

(Continued on Page 97)

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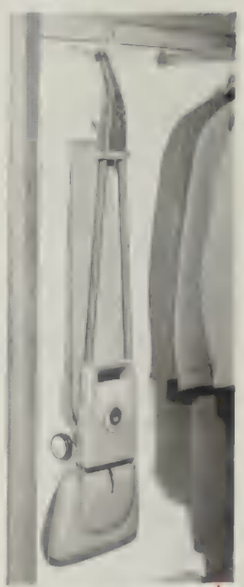
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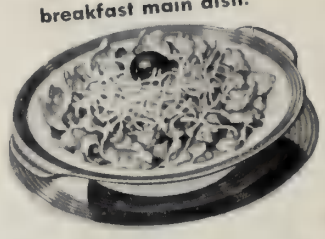
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Extra nourishing! Extra good! And the freshest Corn Flakes of all!



Ready in 2 shakes

A delicious hearty breakfast main dish!



Shake in . . . **Kellogg's Corn Flakes**

Shake on . . . **shredded coconut**

Trimmings . . . **maraschino cherry**

or . . . **dab of jelly or jam**

P.S. *Nothing to cook and mighty nourishing!*

Save-you suggestion: A "breakfast supply shelf" in a handy location— keep cereals, jams, canned juices, coffee together. Saves time and trit-tr

• • •



Enjoys tour. Mrs. June Regnier of Salem, Mass. is a bacteriologist (and now the bride of a physician). After her trip through the Kellogg plant, she writes, "My, you people are perfect housekeepers . . a spotless factory!"

• • •

No breakfast is no-go for losing weigh says *Reader's Digest* reporting on tes with women university students. A the *hidden hunger* caused by skippi breakfast causes tired mind, body a nerves. You look better and feel bett on a nourishing breakfast!

• • •

Mother! On the breakfast table, set u a tray with sugar bowl, salt 'n' pepp silver, paper napkins. Spin-the-tray service helps everybody help himself!

• • •



Tops for topping. "For extra-crisp top, bake lots Kellogg's Corn Flakes Tuna-Mushroom Casser My 3 children love i suggests Mrs. Bernice Brecke of Minneapo Minn. P.S. Marvelous on macaroni-a cheese or any creamy-type baked di

• • •

No duds in Kellogg's VARIETY PA Your pick of 7 real favorites! An out of the 10 boxes are Kel-Bowl-Pa which kids love to eat out of!

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"Signature" Silverware goes with her sterling! "Harmonizes so beautifully, I want *more!*" writes Mrs. Betty Seemann of Whittier, Calif.



Sing a song of breakfast,
Of corn and rice and wheat—
Crispy packs of nourishment,
And all so good to eat!

10-box choice of 7 cereal favorites

Kellogg's
Mother knows Best!



BEGIN THIS LOVELY SET—
your initial on each piece!

Get 4 "Signature" teaspoons of heavy silverplate for only 75¢ and *white-star end* from Kellogg's VARIETY. Package-insert describes offer. With teaspoons you get a list of matching pieces and prices. Start your set now

(Continued from Page 95)

singing. Mother would turn and ask a question, and we'd lick our lips and rub our stomachs. The scene then would shift to the kitchen, where Mother would be making something with a minimum of motions. And the finale would be in the parlor again, where we'd be eating what she had cooked.

"Is there something you can make that won't take too long?" he asked Mother.

"I think so," she said.

"How about chicken chop suey?" asked Bill.

"Or blueberry pie," said Frank.

"I don't believe there is a blueberry in the house," Mother smiled.

"There are apples, though," said Ernestine, coming to her rescue.

"Apples?" said Bill, as if he were reading a part in which he had been carefully coached. "That sounds simply capital."

"Bully," said Frank in the same tone of voice. "I have a suggestion to make, Mother. Why don't you make us an apple cake, for a change?"

"Cease and desist," Mother laughed. "The children are teasing me," she explained. "I'm really not much of a cook. Apple cake is about the extent of my repertoire."

The newsreel man said he was sure Mother was being too modest, and that apple cake would be splendid.

The scene in the parlor went fine. Of course the movies were silent, and everything was done in pantomime. Then we adjourned to the kitchen, and the men were impressed with the arrangement of the appliances.

"I don't see why you hesitated a minute about having pictures made of this," the man in charge said. "Women are going to go crazy when they see this setup."

"Of course the range isn't what it should be, and neither is the refrigerator," Mother explained. "I want a range that stands up high, so you don't have to bend over to see what's in the oven. And I want a refrigerator that you don't have to lean into."

The lights were adjusted, and Mother stood in the center of the working space. She lighted the oven. She pared and cored the apples with a gadget Mr. Yoyogo had made for her. She mixed and sifted the dry ingredients, and she greased the pan. So far, not more than four or five steps. The camera had wound away.

WHEN she opened the refrigerator door, reached in, and picked up two eggs with one hand, and a bottle of milk with the other. Just as she started to bring them out, Fourteen appeared from under a table, and jumped. She landed on the small of Mother's back. "Eyow!" Mother screamed. She threw her hands up over her head, and scattered dairy products from the breakfast nook to the butler's pantry.

"Cut," roared the head of the newsreel crew. "What goes on here?"

"Who did that?" Mother shouted accusingly to Frank and Bill. "It's all right to tease, but Mercy Maude!"

Fourteen strutted across the top of the refrigerator, obviously proud of herself. Mother looked at the cat as if trying to decide whether to wring her neck now, or wait until the company had gone.

"I'm sorry, boys," she said. "I should have known you wouldn't have done it, at a time like this."

We couldn't help giggling. And the cameramen, who had been trying not to laugh, exploded.

"Down, Fourteen," said Mother, still a little indignant and making an ineffectual swipe or two at the cat. "Down, I say, sir." Fourteen, who knew Mother well enough to be certain nothing would come from the swipes, continued strutting. Mother reached over the sink to the shelf where Tom kept his Quinine Remedy, and the cat jumped down and slunk out of the room.

Mother started chuckling herself, and then she had an awful thought. A few years before, a newsreel company had taken some pictures of us at the dinner table in Nantucket. When they were released they were preceded by a caption saying, "The family of Frank B. Gilbreth, timesaver, eats dinner." Then the action was projected at about ten times the normal speed, while the theater audiences howled.

"I WANT you to promise me," Mother said to the men in charge, "that you won't show the part with the cat."

"Good night, lady, I know you've got eleven mouths to feed," he protested. "I wouldn't do you like that." He kept his word too.

Ernestine and Martha mopped up the eggs and milk, and Mother started in again, at the point where she leaned into the refrigerator.

Tom picked that particular Saturday to return early from West Orange. It always made him nervous, anyway, to be away from the younger children for too long, since he was convinced no one else looked after them properly. He also was sure that, as soon as he left the house, we turned his room and kitchen upside down, looking for candy or for future surprises that he might have hidden from us. Having left home earlier than usual, he apparently had decided that he'd better get back earlier, too, and check up on us.

A pupil was having trouble with punctuation and was being called down by the teacher.

"Never mind, sonny," said a visiting school-board president, consolingly. "It's foolish to bother about commas. They don't amount to much, anyway."

"Elizabeth Ann," said the teacher quietly to a small girl in the class, "please write this sentence on the board: 'The president of the board says the teacher is misinformed.' Now," she continued, "put a comma after 'board' and another after 'teacher'!"

He came in the back door just as Mother was putting her cake in the oven. His first glance at the rearranged kitchen confirmed everything he had suspected. He stood there glowering until the final cut.

"Oh, good afternoon, Tom," Mother said guiltily as she stepped out of the work space.

"What's happened to my kitchen?" Tom demanded. "And who scared my cat so she won't come into the house?"

Mother wanted to get the cameramen out of there before Tom said any more about the kitchen being rearranged. "If you gentlemen will just step into the parlor," she told them, trying to push them through the door.

"And where are my birds at?" asked Tom. "You know I can't do no cooking without my birds."

"I'll tell you about it later, Tom," Mother said firmly. "This way, gentlemen, please."

The cameramen, who were picking up their lights and other equipment, were frankly intrigued.

"This is Tom, our cook," Mother finally introduced him. "We couldn't get along without Tom, could we, children?"

"You're going to have to get along without me," Tom sulked, "if someone don't help me move my stove and freeze box back across the room where they belong."

"All right, Tom," Mother gave in.

"I ain't going to work all hemmed up like that," Tom pouted, half apologetically. "I ain't no midget, you know."

Mother's course recessed for the Christmas holidays. Anne arrived home from college December nineteenth, and Al Lynch came to visit Ernestine the following day.

Ernestine had spent the preceding month instructing us how to behave in his presence. No one was to start eating at mealtimes until everyone was served. Frank was not to forget to help Mother into her chair. Martha was to refrain from discussing the cost of various items on the menu. Mother was to be sure Bob and Jane didn't go around the house with their rompers unhinged. All the

(Continued on Page 99)





Sue never worried about her floors—believed they'd *stay* bright and gleaming with occasional dusting! She didn't realize that floors take more punishment than any other part of the house.



Sue got a scare one day, watching her floors take a terrific beating from scuffing feet. Worn spots were beginning to show—the finish was wearing through because it was unprotected.



"It's not too late," her mother said. "Use genuine Johnson's Wax—Paste or Liquid. There's nothing like it to beautify your floors and give them *lasting* protection from ugly floor wear."



Now Sue knows that with a gleamin coat of Johnson's Wax on her floors, it' the *wax* that takes the wear! Floors ar far more lustrous and will *never* nee costly refinishing!

It took the threat of floor wear to teach Sue floor care!



It's so easy with a Johnson's Wax Beautiflor Electric Polisher! You can rent one almost everywhere—available in 50,000 stores. Or buy one for $44.50.

Floors *stay* like new when protected with a gleaming "carpet" of *genuine wax!*

When you use genuine wax—Johnson's Wax—it's the *wax* that takes the wear, protecting the floor underneath!

Scuffing feet can't mar the gleaming, genuine wax finish. Dirt and water don't penetrate the hard protective wax film. A dry mop whisks dust away. Wood floors never need costly refinishing. And linoleum lasts 6 to 10 times longer!

Nothing else gives floors such *lasting* beauty and protection as genuine Johnson's Wax. It takes a little more time to use than "short-cut" polishes and cleaners, but you need apply it far less often. If you are particular about your home, you just can't afford to use anything but genuine Johnson's Wax.

Johnson's Wax comes in two forms—Paste and Liquid. Paste is more economical, because highly concentrated. Liquid is easier to use and contains an efficient cleaning ingredient. *Both* protect and beautify your floors with a hard, lustrous film of genuine wax. Get some—see what genuine Johnson's Wax will do for *your* floors!

For lasting beauty and protection insist on genuine

Johnson's WAX

(Paste or Liquid)



For advice on any floor care problem, write to Consumer Service Dept., S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., Racine, Wis.

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(Continued from Page 97)

oys were to give Al top priority in their athroom.

"All I'm asking," Ern kept telling us, "is hat for four days you try to make believe hat we're reasonably civilized."

It seemed like a fair-enough request. Our rst impression of Al had not been favorble. But first impressions often are unrelible, and if Ernestine had her heart set on npressing him, we thought the least we uld do was co-operate.

"We're going to try to make everything go noothly," Mother promised her. "Now n't you worry, dear."

Frank and Bill moved out of their bedom, and doubled up with Fred and Dan. nne and Martha helped Ernestine change e sheets on one of the beds, clean the room, d stow away radio parts, arrowheads, ckey sticks, some things in glass jars coining formaldehyde, and other miscellanea. ne girls also cleaned the parlor, since Ern anned a buffet supper so that her Montclair ends could meet Al.

We knew Al was driving down from colge, and we expected he'd arrive in an old odel T, probably with writing on the body. e were sitting in the dining room, just fining lunch, when a new, 1925 Packard adster pulled into the driveway. There was writing on it, except for the initials A. L. six-inch letters on the doors. Behind the heel, wearing the most luxurious raccoon at we had even seen, was Al.

"That coat," Martha whistled, "cost six ndred dollars if it cost a nickel. And goodss knows what a Packard costs."

"Don't you ask him hat it cost, either!" Erstine warned.

"You can count on me act civilized," Frank d Ernestine. "If you can d him, none of us will er have to work."

"Get away from those ndows," begged Ernese, who herself was peeking from behind urtain. "Golly, look at that catsy car!"

"Everybody sit down," Mother ordered. Where are your manners?"

We came back to the table and heard Tom to answer the doorbell. A moment later he ened the door from the front hall into the ing room, and stuck in his head.

"It's for you, Princess," he announced. nd from the coat he's wearing, it's a good ng nobody ain't out hunting today in the al woods."

"That will do, Tom," Mother said sternly.

"Henc, henc," Tom wheezed. "I seen him ore at Nantucket."

Ernestine glared at him and put her foreger to her lips, but tried to laugh gaily.

"When he came in," said Tom, "I ast him six cans of peas. He jumped and said, s, sir, anything else?' Henc, henc."

"It's so amusing to have Tom around, n't you think?" Ernestine said loudly. Will you be good enough to excuse me for inute, Mother dear? I'll just run out and who it is."

"Bring him right in," Mother told her. erhaps he'd like some dessert."

ERNESTINE walked to the dining-room door. Why, it's Al!" she exclaimed. "How delitful!" She closed the door behind her, d we heard some running in the hall.

"I didn't know he came from a wealthy mily," Anne whispered.

"He wrote Ern about it," Martha exined. "His father sold his produce busis and bought some stocks."

Ern and Al appeared in the dining room h their arms around each other's waists. ad hung up his raccoon coat and pork-pie , and there was a ring around his patentther hair where the hatband had rested.

"We'll leave your suitcases and ukulele in hall," Ern told him. "I'll see that our n takes them up to the guest room." She nced apprehensively toward the butler's ntry, but Tom was fortunately in the then, out of earshot.

Just as at Nantucket, Al still seemed a lit too collegiate. Only now he also seemed a little too opulent. His clothes were new, extreme and expensive. His plus-eight knickers hung almost to his shoes, and a jeweled tie pin sparkled above the neck of his blue-and-white-checked sweater. Al was smiling, and very handsome. He considered himself well in command of the situation.

"Greetings and salutations, everybody," he said. "Just one great big happy family, eh?"

WE said greetings and we guessed he was right. All the boys stood up—Ernestine had instructed them carefully on that.

"I'd like you to meet my mother," Ernestine said formally. "Mother, may I present Mr. Lynch."

"How do you do, Mr. Lynch," said Mother. "We've all been looking forward to your visit."

"Measured to pleet you," Al chuckled, wringing her hand. "Measured to pleet you. My friends call me Al."

"That's nice," Mother said, favoring him with what was meant to be a cordial smile. But she looked as if she wondered what his enemies called him; and as if, provided they were searching for a word, she might be able to supply it.

"And this is Anne," Ernestine said. "She's just home from Michigan."

"Press the flesh," said Al, pressing it. He didn't exactly go into a clog dance when he put out his hand. But you had the feeling that he might. "Where have you been all my life, baby?"

We thought Anne was going to tell him she had been hiding from him, but instead she swallowed and asked him how things were at Sagiwan Agricultural and Technical.

"Fine and dandy," Al boomed. "Couldn't be better. I guess you read about how we massacred the football team from Wallace Teachers?"

"Isn't that," Anne guessed, "the traditional Turkey Day classic?"

"It sure is," Al agreed. "You read about it, eh?"

"It was splashed all over the front pages of the papers out in Michigan," Anne said innocently. "I wish I had thought to save you the clippings."

Ernestine introduced him to the rest of us, and we all pressed the flesh. He pulled a chair up backward to the table, and sat with his legs straddling the back.

"Did you pipe the chariot?" he asked Ern, pointing nonchalantly, hitchhiker fashion, with his thumb toward the window.

"Why, no," said Ern. "Where is it?" She went to the window. "Gosh, is that yours? Why, isn't that a Packard?"

"A little something the old man gave me for Christmas. Cost more than two thousand beans."

"Does that answer your question?" Anne asked Martha.

"Isn't that grand!" Ernestine exclaimed. But there seemed to be some doubt in her voice.

Al in Montclair, with the family, didn't seem quite so attractive as he had when they were alone in Nantucket.

While he was eating the tapioca Mother served him, Al told us about how he had scored two touchdowns against Wallace Teachers; about how the old man was building a little twenty-room place, that would cost seventy-five thousand beans, on the Niagara River; about how the Tau Tau Taus had stolen a small structure from a farmer's back yard and had put it on the front porch of the Tri-Alph house, just before the guests arrived for the big annual Home-coming swing-out.

We listened, even supplying the necessary polite laughter. But we knew now, if ever there had been any doubt, that he wasn't the man for Ernestine.

Al and Ern decided to go riding in the Packard after lunch. Al was buttoned up snugly in his fur coat, and Ern not so snugly in her wool one. It was below freezing, and

(Continued on Page 102)

In literature as in love, we are astonished at what is chosen by others.

—ANDRÉ MAUROIS:
The Art of Living (Harper & Brothers).

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STIR·N·ROLL PASTRY RECIPE

ONCE YOU TRY THIS EXCITING NEW PASTRY RECIPE, YOU CAN FORGET ALL OTHER METHODS FOREVER!

★ **No pie-making experience needed!**

★ **Guaranteed* better than pastry made any other way!**

★ **So much easier to roll and handle than other methods!**

★ **Stays fresh and crisp for days!**

Something sensational has happened to pastry! The Betty Crocker Staff of General Mills has developed an amazing new recipe using this new combination of ingredients: Gold Medal Flour, salt, cold milk and Wesson Oil. That's *all* you need.

No tricky steps! "Even my 5-year-old child can make flaky, tender pastry with this new Betty Crocker recipe," says one of the scores of homemakers testing this recipe. You just stir all 4 ingredients together and roll out between waxed paper. That's *all* you do!

"Just 5 minutes to make!" adds another enthusiastic homemaker. Dough is ready to slip into pie pan . . . far easier than other methods!

See for yourself! Expert or beginner, you can make flaky, tender, golden-brown pastry . . . every single time! Pastry that stays crisp and fresh for days. "Even juicy fruit pies taste just as good the second day!" says another excited homemaker.

Be first to try Betty Crocker's new Stir-N-Roll recipe. Surprise your family tonight with their favorite fruit, berry or cream pie. Wonderful for meat pies, too. Once you try this exciting new recipe, you can forget any other way of making pastry.

***GUARANTEE: Full Cost of Ingredients Refunded**—*If pastry made with Betty Crocker's new* Stir-N-Roll *recipe, Gold Medal Flour and Wesson Oil is not superior to pastry made with any other recipe, simply itemize cost of ingredients used and send with your letter to General Mills, Dept. 237, 623 Marquette Ave., Minneapolis 2, Minnesota.*

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Betty Crocker's STIR-N-ROLL PASTRY RECIPE

(DOUBLE CRUST)

Preheat oven to 425°.

1. Mix together . . . . . **2 cups sifted *Gold Medal Flour***
****½ tsp. salt**

Add all at once . . . . . **½ cup *Wesson Oil***
and . . . . . **¼ cup cold whole milk**

2. Then stir lightly until mixed. Round up dough . . . divide in halves. Flatten each half slightly.

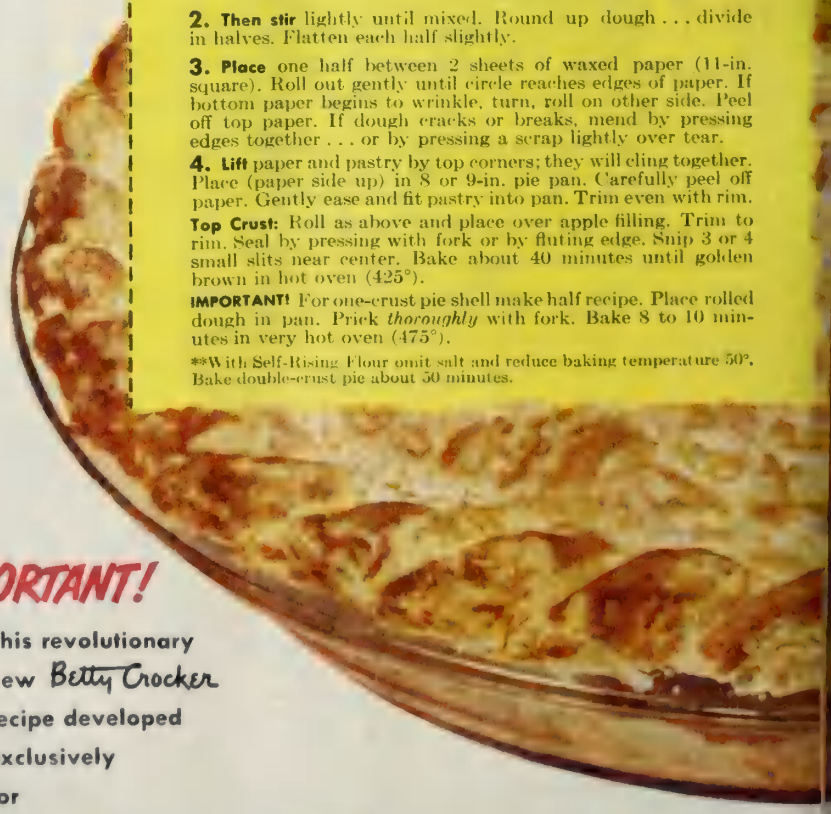
3. Place one half between 2 sheets of waxed paper (11-in. square). Roll out gently until circle reaches edges of paper. If bottom paper begins to wrinkle, turn, roll on other side. Peel off top paper. If dough cracks or breaks, mend by pressing edges together . . . or by pressing a scrap lightly over tear.

4. Lift paper and pastry by top corners; they will cling together. Place (paper side up) in 8 or 9-in. pie pan. Carefully peel off paper. Gently ease and fit pastry into pan. Trim even with rim.

Top Crust: Roll as above and place over apple filling. Trim to rim. Seal by pressing with fork or by fluting edge. Snip 3 or 4 small slits near center. Bake about 40 minutes until golden brown in hot oven (425°).

IMPORTANT! For one-crust pie shell make half recipe. Place rolled dough in pan. Prick *thoroughly* with fork. Bake 8 to 10 minutes in very hot oven (475°).

**With Self-Rising Flour omit salt and reduce baking temperature 50°. Bake double-crust pie about 50 minutes.



BETTY CROCKER PROMISES YOU PERFECT PASTRY *ONLY* WITH GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

Start with your flour! The Betty Crocker Staff developed this exciting *new* Stir-N-Roll pastry recipe to make full use of the superior, uniform baking qualities of Gold Medal Flour.

You can count on Gold Medal! Its superb baking qualities never vary. Each cupful always acts exactly the same . . . to help assure *perfect* Stir-N-Roll pastry *every* time!



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IMPORTANT!

This revolutionary new Betty Crocker recipe developed exclusively for

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NO cutting in shortening! NO guessing at liquid!





Wesson Oil easier to measure than solid shortening!

evolutionary Recipe!

1 4 simple ingredients: Gold Medal Flour, salt, cold milk and Wesson Oil—all in one bowl. That's *all* you need!

NO sticky dough! NO risk of overhandling!





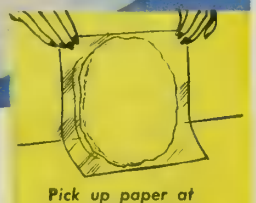
Divide pastry. Round halves and flatten slightly.

Nothing easier! Just stir lightly.

2 Dough looks moist, but isn't sticky. Pick up dough and round into ball. Dough is more pliable . . . easier to handle.

NO messy floured board to clean up!





Pick up paper at top corners; dough will stick to paper.

nazing! Roll out between waxed paper.

3 Place one half between two 11-in. squares. Roll out gently until circle reaches edges of paper. Peel off top paper only.

NO dampening! NO difficult sealing!





Mends easily without moistening! Press extra dough lightly over tear.

Pan-ready! Hold paper over pan.

4 Dough clings until you gently loosen into pan. Shape. Trim to rim. Add filling and top crust. Press gently with fork to seal.



AND WESSON OIL

BETTY CROCKER USES WESSON OIL FOR HER THRILLING STIR-N-ROLL PASTRY

You can see why:

- Wesson Oil is pure *vegetable* oil. Wesson is so light and mild, your pastry is assured delicacy of flavor every time.
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- Wesson Oil guarantees you perfect pastry success only when you use Gold Medal Flour and Wesson Oil and follow all directions in Betty Crocker's new STIR-N-ROLL recipe.

Now, make the flakiest pastry ever with Wesson Oil. Get *your* bottle today!

WOMEN BUY MORE WESSON OIL THAN ANY OTHER BRAND OF SALAD OIL—Famous for delicious salad dressings . . . Chiffon Cakes . . . digestible fried foods . . . and grand waffles, muffins, brownies.

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It's a picnic... anytime you serve **Breast-O'-Chicken** this way - Broil 6 wieners over an open fire. Heat 1 can of Mexican beans and 1 tin O' **Breast-O'-Chicken** tuna together and pour over wieners - Garnish to suit - ah-ah-ah! wait a minute!!!! - Let it cool a bit before you eat it - Get a tin or two O' **Breast-O'-Chicken** tomorrow···



FREE recipe booklet Write

solid pack or chunk pack, and try it!

Westgate-Sun Harbor Co., 1995 Bay Front, Dept. J-5 San Diego 13, California

(Continued from Page 99)

Ern was a little worried about whether she'd be warm enough in the open car.

"It's all right, baby," Al assured her as they said good-by to us in the hall. "If you get cold I'll give you part of my coat—the sleeves."

He threw his arms around her, to demonstrate, and then turned her loose, roared, slapped his knee, and actually nudged Mother.

"I think, Ern," said Mother, wincing and looking as if she'd like to wrap Al's ukulele around his ears, "that you'd better run upstairs and get a blanket."

Ern went and got one, and then they were off to the tune of a horn that played the first bar of Jingle Bells.

"You can see for yourself she's made a terrible mistake," Martha told Mother indignantly. "You're going to have to tell her so."

"I don't think it's fair to judge the boy on such a short acquaintance," Mother said.

"We're trailing by one point," Frank mimicked, "and we're on the thirty-five-yard line——"

"Thirty-five-yard stripe," Martha corrected.

"Stripe," Frank agreed. "I call the signal for a drop kick, and the center ——"

"Pivot man," said Martha.

"And the pivot man looked back like he thought I was crazy. The stands are going wild."

"You stop that," said Mother. "He's Ernestine's friend and he's a guest, and that ought to be enough for all of us."

"It's certainly enough for me," Martha replied. "I'll bet two thousand beans on that!"

"Suppose he should become our brother," Fred said. "How would you like that, Dan?"

"A good question," Martha agreed. "Now go up and wash your mouth out with soap."

We thought Anne, as the oldest, should try to help us make Mother see the light. But Anne merely grinned knowingly at Mother, who tried to avoid her glance.

"We're not going to discuss the matter any more," Mother said. "I want you boys to take his suitcases upstairs, and I don't want anybody to do anything to hurt Ernestine's feelings."

Frank and Bill each took a sticker-spangled suitcase, and Fred followed with the ukulele.

"If Dad were here," Bill said as he deposited the bags at the foot of his bed, "he'd run that sheik out of the house and all the way over the state line."

"When he pulled that stuff about keeping her warm with his sleeves," Frank agreed, "that's when Dad would have swung at him. Mother doesn't understand what things like that can lead to, the way Dad did."

THE boys decided that as the men of the house it was up to them to get rid of Al. Since it was futile to work on Ernestine, the best approach was to do a job on Al.

All the boys took baths that afternoon, and toward the end the hot water gave out. Frank got a screw driver and took the bolt off the boys' bathroom door. Bill opened the bathroom window.

In spite of their coats and the blanket, Ern and Al were blue when they returned home, about half an hour before the supper guests were to arrive. Both hurried upstairs to bathe and dress.

The boys were in Fred and Dan's room, and they heard Al walking around as he unpacked and undressed. Finally they heard him enter the bathroom, experiment the door to see why it wouldn't lock, then slam down the window. The w started to run into the tub.

"We'll wait about three minutes," F chuckled. "Can't you just see him now, s ering, leaning over and running his finge der the faucet, waiting for the water to hot?"

A chilled, unhappy baritone started emerge from the boys' bathroom. Somet about how undergraduates at Sagiwan willing to give their all to the institution, about how other seats of learning w find their lines riddled and their ends flanked. Mr. Lynch apparently was one subscribed to the theory that if you coul lock it, the next best thing was to make a racket that everybody would know it occupied.

THE water in the tub finally stopped ning. The baritone became more chilled unhappy, was choked off entirely in a s dering gasp, and then was breathlessly sumed.

"He's under water," Frank said. ahead, Bill."

Bill walked down the hall to the bath and went in. Al, sitting miserably in a an inch of water, grabbed for a wash when he heard door open, and sp it over himself as he could.

"Br-r-r," shiv Bill. "Why have got the room so c

"Good heav hissed Al. "I tho maybe you were of the girls. For sake, close that d

"Oh, don't about that," said closing it. "No thinks anyth about things like in a large family

"They don't asked dubiously

"Nobody'll any attention to if they walk in, said. "They even notice you the tub."

"You mean may come in?"

Bill shrugged his shoulders. "What you got it so cold for? Is that part training rules?"

"I haven't got it cold on purpose, yo bet your sweet life on that," Al yelped. window was open, and there wasn't a d hot water."

"I believe I'd leave the door open, suggested. "At least until the room up."

"Just leave the door closed. I don't from a large family."

"Suit yourself, then. I'll ask Mot heat some water on the stove and b up."

"Never mind," said Al, who wasn whether Bill meant that he or Mother deliver the water. "I won't be in her long."

Bill helped himself to a glass of wat departed, forgetting to close the door.

"Close that door," Al hollered afte "How many times do I have to tell y

"Okay," said Bill, returning. "Of c if you *like* it cold in there." He slamm door.

The older boys sent Fred and D gether into the bathroom to wash hands. Neither of them paid any atten Al, who sat muttering in the tub, tr finish his bath and get out.

Then it was Frank's turn. Frank h on one of Martha's dresses, silk sto high-heel shoes and a cloche hat.

"If he knows it's me," Frank said, cold feet, "he may get out of there a me a licking."

"He hasn't been here long enough any of us apart," Bill assured him.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

A Dream Within a Dream

By Nancy Byrd Turner

On the old bridge a loitering girl
Has leaned to watch her image gleam
Mysterious, alien, mother-of-pearl,
A dream within a dream.

The long day slowly yields to night,
The sunset and the shadows drown,
And window light by window light
The river takes the town.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



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we hear you holler, we'll all come running. We can handle him."

"Just to be safe," Frank insisted, "get the hockey sticks."

Frank entered the bathroom. As he heard the door open, Al made another precautionary grab for the washcloth. "Yipe," he screamed, when he saw the female garb. He tried to submerge all of himself under the surface of the water, but the one-inch level in the tub offered slight protection.

"Oh, hello there, big boy," said Frank, waving effeminately. "Did you have a nice ride? I'll only be a jiffy." He hurried to the sink and got a glass of water, drank it, and started out.

"Hey, wait a minute," Al growled. "I know you. You think you're pretty smart, don't you?" He made a grab, but Frank got by the tub and out into the hall. Al didn't follow him.

Ernestine knew about there not being any hot water, because she had taken a bath herself. She was furious, but her guests started arriving and she had no opportunity to take the boys to task.

Ernestine answered the door and showed her friends into the parlor. There were about twenty of them. We knew them all, and liked them. We pulled back the rugs and started the phonograph.

Al was a little late coming downstairs. It may have been that he was hunched over a radiator, or it may have been that his wardrobe took a good while to adjust, or that he had to change his hair oil.

Ernestine's girl friends kept telling her they were dying to meet Al, and her boy friends said they wanted to meet the out-of-town sheik who had cut them out. None of them had failed to notice the Packard, parked out in front, and they were impressed.

Al finally made his entrance. All the other boys had on suits, but Al apparently preferred sweaters and plus eights. He had his ukulele with him, and his life-of-the-party smile. He walked over and turned off the phonograph. Everybody stopped dancing, and he had the center of the stage.

"Greetings and salutations, guys and gals," he said, without waiting to be introduced. And this time he actually did do a clog step, ending up on one knee, like Al Jolson. "A little number," said Ernestine's Al, "entitled I Used to Shower My Sweetie With Presents, But it Ain't Gonna Rain No More." He threw back his head and started to strum the uke and to sing, "Dew ackker dew ackker dew, vo doe dee oh doe."

THERE was no doubt he could play the ukulele, all right. And his baritone was much better than in the icy bathtub. But you just couldn't start out a party that way, even in the Jazz Age. Maybe after midnight, after everybody had got to know him better, it might have gone over.

Ern's guests stood there woodenly, looking first at her and then at Mother, who was sitting near the fireplace with some knitting. No matter what Mother may have felt, she showed no disapproval.

Ernestine tried to help her beau. She started to Charleston alongside of him, and shouted, "Come on, everybody." She even licked first her right thumb and then her left, in a series of windmill gyrations known as pickin' cherries.

But it still didn't go over. And the worst of it was that everyone except Al realized exactly what Ern was doing and why she was doing it. They were pulling for her. Some of her girl friends started to Charleston alongside her. And some of the boys began to sing along with Al.

"A little number," said Al, "entitled When Bathing Girls Take up Aviation, I Want to be There at the Takeoff." He laughed and strummed. You had to admit he was handsome. "Dew ackker dew ackker dew."

Ernestine was flushed and out of breath. She knew she couldn't stand another number, no matter how little. "First, Al," she begged, "please get up off your knees and let me introduce you."

"I already introduced myself, baby," Al protested. He got up, nevertheless.

National Cherry Pie Champion Wins with Armour Star Lard!



Indiana High School Girl Reveals Secret Of Her Success

When Jacqueline Hanneman, 17, of Indianapolis won the National Cherry Pie Baking Contest in Chicago this year, it was proof again that Armour Star Lard is the Magic Ingredient of pie champions everywhere.
Here is the prize-winning recipe for

JACKY'S CHERRY PIE CRUST:

1½ cups sifted all-purpose flour
½ cup Armour lard ¾ teaspoon salt
¼ cup cold milk

Sift flour and salt. Cut in half the lard to consistency of cornmeal. Cut in remaining half to size of peas. Work in milk with a fork. Roll half at ■ time to make two crusts.

FILLING:

3 cups frozen cherries
1 cup granulated sugar
5 tablespoons pastry flour
¼ teaspoon salt ¼ teaspoon almond extract
1 teaspoon butter

Thaw cherries almost completely. Drain. If thawed completely, use ¼ cup cherry juice. Mix sugar, flour and salt. Add to cherries. Add extract. Pour into pastry-lined pan. Dot with butter. Cover with top crust, slit. Bake 45 to 50 minutes at 400° F.

Miss Hanneman, who has won several other contests and first prize at last year's Indiana State Fair, uses Armour Star Lard regularly. She says: "It takes *lard* to make a pie crust really tender and flaky and it's the *crust* that makes the pie!"

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"This is Mr. Lynch," Ern said, beginning to make the rounds. "He's visiting us for a few days, and we're having a peachy time."

"Meased to pleet you," grinned Al. He pressed the flesh.

Ern relieved him of his ukulele and put it on the back of the piano, where she hoped he wouldn't find it. Al drifted from group to group, listening to conversations about New York band leaders, Princeton and Dartmouth, new musical comedies, and happenings in Montclair. At first he tried to hold his own in the small talk, but no one seemed interested in hearing about the annual classic involving Wallace Teachers.

Even before supper was served, Al decided he had had enough of the party. "Listen," he said, getting Ern into a corner, "get me out of here. Let's go for a ride or something."

"You know I can't leave now."

"What's the matter with your friends, anyway? Why don't they wake up?"

"Nothing's the matter with them," Ernestine said hotly. "It's you. You're acting like a fish out of water."

"I am, eh? Well, even a fish wouldn't dare go in the water around this house. In the first place, he'd freeze to death."

"I'm sorry about the hot water. But that's no excuse for you to act like you've been doing."

"And in the second place, a lot of wise guys would run him crazy parading around his goldfish bowl."

"What," said Ernestine, putting her hands belligerently on her hips, "do you mean by that crack?"

"I suppose you don't know your brothers keep parading in and out of the bathroom?"

"How would I know about that?" Ernestine asked. "And why didn't you lock the door?"

"And one of your brothers," said Al, ignoring the questions, "dressed up like a girl."

"No," moaned Ernestine. "Oh, no!" Then she started to giggle. "That must have been Frank or Bill. They're wise guys, all right."

"Just wait till I get my hands on them."

"It must have been kind of funny at that," Ernestine laughed, putting her hand on his arm. "Poor Al. What did you do?"

"It may seem like a joke to you," said Al, tilting up his nose, "but I found it typical of everything around here, including your friends."

"And how have you found everything around here?" Ernestine demanded.

"In bad taste. Extremely bad taste."

Considering the source, Ernestine thought that was one of the nicest compliments she had ever heard. She took off the Tau Tau Tau fraternity pin and handed it to him, and Al went up to get his bags. While he was upstairs, she took his ukulele from the back of the piano, and put it with his raccoon coat. Then she went into the darkened dining room, closed the door, and watched through a curtain as he got in his car and drove off to the tune of Jingle Bells.

There wasn't much satisfaction, she thought, in the knowledge that time heals all wounds. If she could just be sure that time wounded all heels. . . .

After Al left, the party was a big success. One of Ern's friends from Dartmouth monopolized most of her evening. Everyone seemed to understand about Al. No one asked where he'd disappeared to.

We didn't have much money to spend for Christmas, but it always was the most important day of the year in our house, and Mother intended to make it so again this year.

"I'd much rather have something you made especially for me, like a calendar or a desk blotter, than anything expensive from the store," she told us. "The best present of all is something given with love and affection."

We had been saving our allowances ever since summer, so there wasn't any real danger that we were going to have to rely exclusively on blotters and calendars. Ernestine and Martha now had lun jobs as cashiers in the high-school caf and Frank and Bill had been doing work for neighbors.

A good many tree decorations from ous years were stored in the attic Mother knew there was happiness in pation of something pleasant, so she e aged us to make fathom after fathom per chains from colored advertisemen illustrations that she'd clip out of mag

It was customary for each member family to give individual presents other members. But as fights and argu occurred, the gift list of each of us see become considerably shortened.

From the point of view of morals, life seems to be divided into two periods. In the first, we indulge; in the second, we preach.
—WILL DURANT.

Almost every argument between T giving Day and Christmas ended wi announcement that the two partic were irrevocably severing Yuletide rel and cutting each other off without sc as a blotter.

"Just for that," one participant shout, "you're off my Christmas li ever. I'm taking the present I had f right back to the store."

"I wasn't going to give you any anyway," the other participant wou low. "Besides, that's the fourth tin week you've taken me off your list."

Of course all was forgotten and fo by Christmas. But if one had kept t would have appeared that only Moth certain of getting presents from any o

In a good many families, the paren the tree on Christmas Eve, and surpr children the next morning. Mother ar thought this was things in reverse the parents had bo fun of trimming watching the loo pleased surprise. house, the chi trimmed the tree, a parents were surpri

Mother was b from the parlor day before Christmas. She wasn't e lowed to witness the arrival of th which was brought home on Fred's wagon and smuggled in through the b door.

We trimmed the tree that night, Mother worked alone in her office. W carols as we weaved on the tinsel and paper chain from the mantel to the c lier.

Mother's office was separated fr parlor by a large sliding door, and som we'd hear her soprano joining in. We thought of Mother as being loneson more. But perhaps she was loneson Christmas Eve.

In a big family, the Santa Claus often leaks pretty far down the line. N anybody deliberately gives it away, cause too many lay it on too heavily remain plausible. In our family, on and Jane were believers, and even th confused by all the conflicting infor heaped upon them.

Nevertheless, all of us hung up our ings. After Bob and Jane went Mother filled our stockings and w hers. We carried our stockings to h then brought them back again whe were filled, since she wasn't allowed parlor.

With the bulging stockings hanging fireplace, we surveyed our night's w found it good.

"The whole room," Jack sighed h "looks just like Woolworth's, only ev ter."

We usually had trouble going t Christmas Eve. But once we droppe customarily slept soundly until ab o'clock, when Mother and the young would rout the rest of us out of bed.

That Christmas Eve, Martha was and couldn't go to sleep at all. Abo o'clock, she heard some tiptoeing stairs and a light click on. Martha w few minutes, and then put on a bathr

(Continued on Page 106)

Beatrice Cooke's Mealtime Adventures



FOR SEPTEMBER: How to make cottage cheese potato salad . . . brown gravy . . . steak with garlic bread.



Let's have a Picnic!

his is the best of all seasons to take to the woods! ot only to escape Labor Day's heat, but, later, to enjoy ıe gold-and-scarlet mystery of dreamy Indian Summer! hope you have many grand outings this Fall. And ere's a little gift from me to put in your picnic basket:

Meadow Gold Cottage Cheese Potato Salad

cups cooked, diced potatoes
cup diced celery
tbsp. chopped green pepper
tbsp. chopped pimiento
tbsp. chopped onion
tbsp. chopped pickle
1 cup Meadow Gold Salad Dressing
1 tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
1 tsp. dry mustard
1 tbsp. lemon juice
1 cup Meadow Gold Cottage Cheese

ombine potatoes, celery, green pepper, pimiento, onion and ckle. Blend salad dressing, seasonings, and lemon juice. ur over potato mixture. Add cottage cheese and toss lightly. ill. Garnish with hard-cooked egg slices and paprika. akes 6 to ■ servings.

r this recipe, I'm fortunate enough to be able to get EADOW GOLD COTTAGE CHEESE and SALAD DRESSING— d I hope you are, too! For MEADOW GOLD COTTAGE IEESE is *creamed*—which gives it a marvelously soft, t firm, texture. And it has an especially fresh, delicate flavor I know you'll find delightful. Discover MEADOW GOLD SALAD DRESSING, too. Just one taste and you'll *know* it has the quality fine salads deserve!

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Certainly a smart suit distinguishes a smart woman. And just so, every now and then, a distinctive package may identify a truly outstanding product. I'm thinking now of MEADOW GOLD ICE CREAM AND SHERBETS and their gay new picture packages. When you see big,



golden oranges on a MEADOW GOLD ORANGE SHERBET package, they tell you that here's a sherbet made with *natural* orange. And when MEADOW GOLD *fresh fruit* ice creams are in season, you can tell them by the tempting fruit pictures. Look for the picture packages, do. They tell at a glance that the product inside is MEADOW GOLD—and your money's worth in quality!

Who is

Kahoka Janet Xenia?

Two hints: 1) She was born near Bicknell, Indiana and 2) her greatest contribution has been in the field of child nutrition. Give up? Well, K. J. Xenia is a beautiful, sweet-natured Grand Champion Jersey Cow! And she's important to you and me because she is typical of the fine, healthy cows which produce the good MEADOW GOLD MILK we drink. You'd find many others like her among the herds which supply Meadow Gold dairies (Betty DeKol Changeling Burke, Meadow-Lodge Blossom Time, and Collins Farm India Concentrator to name just three).

To me it's always reassuring to know that the rich delicious MEADOW GOLD HOMOGENIZED MILK I buy comes from some of the best-bred, best-kept dairy herds in the country. Try this fine milk, do! It's grand just "as is"—or, for variety, some time try serving it this way

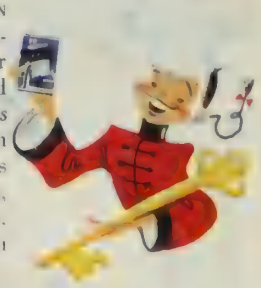
New Orleans "Lasses" Malted

1 fully ripe banana
1 cup cold Meadow Gold Homogenized Milk
Salt
1 tbsp. molasses
Few drops vanilla

Mash banana with fork until smooth. Add Meadow Gold Homogenized Milk, salt, molasses, and vanilla. Shake well. Makes one large glass.

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Dinner for a Discriminating Male

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Broccoli, with chopped peanuts in browned Meadow Gold Butter.

French bread with garlic butter. Get a loaf of good French or Vienna bread. Slice, but don't cut clear through. Mince a sliver of garlic and blend with a quarter-pound of Meadow Gold Butter, softened. Without breaking the loaf, butter the bread slices generously. Crisp loaf in the oven while steak is broiling.

Tossed green salad with Meadow Gold French Dressing.

For dessert, serve a refreshing Meadow Gold Lime Sherbet with coffee and Meadow Gold Cream.

This meal calls for superior butter. And that's MEADOW GOLD, the finest I have ever used. Deliciously delicate and, in most localities, specially wrapped in flavor-saving aluminum foil. Try MEADOW GOLD today. You won't go back to ordinary butter, I assure you!



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(Continued from Page 104)

some slippers, and suspiciously tiptoed down too.

The parlor door was open and the light was on. Sitting on the floor by the tree, with her back to the door, was Mother.

Martha saw her reach through the presents we had piled under the tree, select one, and then feel it, pinch it, rattle it and smell it. Something must have told Mother she was being watched, because she finally looked stealthily over her shoulder and saw Martha.

Martha stood disapprovingly with hands on hips, and tapped her right foot on the floor. She didn't say anything.

"What are you doing up at this time of night?" Mother asked sternly, apparently deciding that a good offense was the best defense.

Martha shook her head and clicked her tongue.

"You should have been asleep hours ago," said Mother. "You'll be exhausted by dinnertime."

"I'm going to tell on you," Martha informed her. "You're worse than Bob and Jane, aren't you?"

"I'd like to know what you mean by that," Mother protested. "Do you think that's any way to talk to your mother?"

"You can't be trusted a minute, can you? Just as soon as you think everyone's asleep, what do you do?"

"I investigate," said Mother, "to make sure everything is shipshape."

"What you mean is that you peek."

"A person with a naturally suspicious nature might put it that way," Mother admitted.

"You know you're not allowed in the parlor until we let you in. That's tradition."

"I know it," Mother giggled. "But your father and I always came down for a preview."

"You mean all those 'ohs' and 'ahs,' and the time Dad fell down in a dead faint, dazzled by all the brilliance, was just an act?"

"If you tell the others," Mother warned, "you may find ashes in your stocking."

"I always thought there was something funny about that fainting act."

"Up to the brim with ashes," Mother repeated.

"So all you want for Christmas," Martha teased her, "is a little love and affection. Well, you can't shake, pinch and smell those!"

"Sit down and have a pinch," Mother grinned. "I won't tell on you, if you don't tell on me."

"I'll be doggoned," said Martha, squatting next to her on the floor. "Do you see any for me?"

"Here's one to you from Anne," Mother replied, feeling, rattling, listening, smelling and using every other sense known to man—and some known only to women. "I think it's a pocketbook."

"You *think*," Martha scoffed. "You're as sure as if you had taken the package to the hospital and had it X-rayed."

WE went down and got our stockings Christmas morning, and Mother got her first official look at the parlor. She didn't forget to "oh" and "ah," and to tell us that the tree never looked lovelier. We took the stockings upstairs to Mother's room, and opened them there. Then we cleaned up the wrappings, had breakfast, and walked to church. The air was bracing, and all of us felt happy and good.

Tom had a fire for us in the parlor when we returned. Mother sat down at the piano, and we went up to the second-story hall and formed a line by ages. Then Mother started to play *Adeste fideles*. We sang and marched single file down the stairs and into the parlor. Anne led the way, as she always had done. In the past, Dad had brought up the rear, either carrying the baby or letting the baby stand on his shoes, while Dad took big steps and sometimes long jumps. This year Jane brought up the rear by herself. We wound up the song standing around the piano, pushing as close to Mother as we could. Frank did his best to sing bass, but all of us knew something was missing from the harmony.

Underneath the tree, besides the presents we had wrapped, were twenty or more cartons from relatives and friends. Mother slipped into the office to get a stenographer's pad and pencil, to make notes for the thank-you letters.

FRANK started passing out the presents. The custom was that only one gift was opened at a time, so that everyone could watch and so that Christmas would last longer.

That year Dan had insisted that he was old enough to do his own Christmas shopping, and Mother had agreed. He had gone downtown by himself, pulling the express wagon after him, and had come home with the wagon piled high. No amount of pumping, even on the part of Fred, from whom he had few secrets, could elicit the slightest information about the nature of the gifts.

It was obvious, though, from just a casual glance under the tree, that Dan's purchases were identical and that he had wrapped them without assistance.

There were eleven of them. He had placed them in a row, a little away from the general pile. Each was as large as a basketball, although irregular in shape. Each gift, whatever it was, was enmeshed—trapped rather than wrapped—in green tissue paper held in place with scores of stickers. Some of these wished you a joyous Yuletide; others voiced dire threats about what would happen if you opened it before Christmas.

All of us had wondered about Dan's presents, ever since he had brought them down from his bedroom the night before. Even Mother and Martha hadn't managed to pinch out a single clue.

In Christmases past, Dan had been primarily interested in presents for himself. Sometimes he had been impatient at the delay involved in distributing the gifts one at a time, and had asked Dad to dig through the pile and find all the presents for him.

But this Christmas, Dan was quiet. Even when he opened a present for himself, he seemed detached and the usual enthusiasm was lacking. He kept his eyes on the eleven packages he had wrapped.

Mother sensed the situation and whispered something to Frank. Frank walked over to the row of misshaped green bundles and picked up one.

"To Mother with love from Dan," Frank read the scrawl on the tag. "Here you are, Mother."

Dan now was squirming with eagerness and embarrassment. "You probably won't like it," he mumbled. "It isn't much."

"I wonder what in the world it can be," said Mother.

"It's nice," Martha told her, dropping her voice, "that you have at least one surprise left."

"I can't imagine what it is, Dan," Mother said.

"Aw, I'll bet you've already guessed what it is," Dan replied. "It isn't much." His cheeks were flushed and he was staring at the floor. He knew all eyes were on him, and he didn't want to meet them.

Mother pulled off the last of the paper and the thing stood naked and revealed.

To begin with, let us say it was a very big china ash tray, large enough to accommodate a whole family of chain smokers, which our family certainly was not. Besides being large, it was hideous. It was, in fact, possibly one of the most hideous ash trays ever to

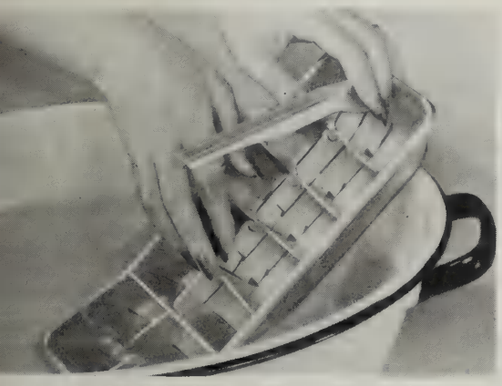
(Continued on Page 109)

When Theodore Roosevelt was President, the proud father of triplets wrote him a letter conveying the big news. An ardent advocate of large families, Roosevelt in a moment of generosity sent the new parent a loving cup.

He received a grateful acknowledgment in a letter which ended: "Is this cup mine outright or do I have to win it three times?"



LS . . . SPOTS . . . ODORS go in a jiffy. Just sprinkle ng soda on damp cloth . . . wipe off inner surfaces *once!* No second cleaning in clear water is necessary here are no suds or grit to rinse away.



TRAYS, CRISPER TRAYS, MEAT TRAYS washed in a ng soda solution are kept safe for unwrapped meats vegetables, for ice tray desserts. Use three tablespoons ng soda to a quart of warm water.



BAKING SODA EMULSIFIES the greasy film that mold and germs cling to. You simply wipe it away.

Your Refrigerator—now Cleaner, Sweeter in half the time

No Rubbing nor Scrubbing . . . You don't even have to rinse!

Baking soda! The same baking soda you have right in your kitchen —women are now finding will give them a cleaner, sweeter refrigerator with less work and in less time than ever before!

Baking soda cleans *without* scouring . . . sweetens as it cleans . . . and you wipe only *once!* There is nothing to rinse away . . . no suds—no grit. It couldn't possibly hurt fine enamel. And you couldn't use a safer cleanser for it is the same baking soda you use for your cakes and biscuits.

Baking soda gives you this quick safe protection—for less than ½¢ a week!

1. **Baking soda quickly emulsifies** the greasy film that mold and germs cling to. Without any rubbing or scrubbing, film disappears. You simply wipe it away.

2. **With baking soda you clean without rinsing.** Just sprinkle baking soda on a damp cloth—wipe off shelves and inner surfaces. Pure, safe baking soda cleans *clean*. And there are no suds or grit to rinse away, no soapy odor to cling to food.

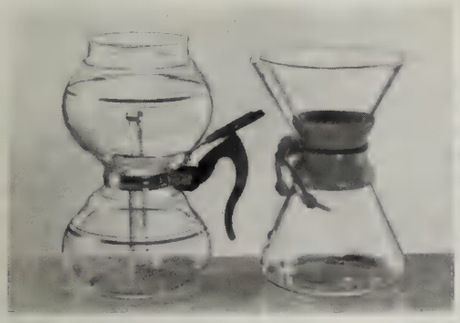
3. **Baking soda kills "icebox odor."** Baking soda removes musty sour food odors that actually adhere to enamel. And baking soda has no odor of its own . . . leaves no "cleanser odor."

4. **Baking soda protects delicate enamel.** Smooth and gentle, it never mars or leaves scratches. Baking soda cleans so gently, it is the cleanser recommended by leading refrigerator manufacturers.

Start today to give your refrigerator gentle, effective baking soda care. With Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand Baking Soda, your refrigerator will be kept immaculate, sweet and sparkling—with half the time and effort.

Recommended by 22 leading refrigerator manufacturers

In your kitchen • Baking Soda cleans and sweetens



FILMY COFFEE OILS that impair flavor are quickly removed with baking soda. Once a week soak in solution (3 tbls. to qt. water) for few minutes. Baking soda keeps beverage CRYSTAL sparkling, too.



TO LOOSEN MILK RING in baby bottles, put one-half teaspoon baking soda in bottle, fill with water. To sweeten THERMOS BOTTLES, partly fill with water, add two tablespoons baking soda, shake well and rinse.



ARM & HAMMER BRAND and COW BRAND BAKING SODA are pure Bicarbonate of Soda of uniform fineness, untouched by human hands in manufacture. Meet all requirements of U. S. Pharmacopeia. At all grocers.

Hotpoint Electric Range

Gives You Fast C-O-O-L Automatic "PUSHBUTTON Cooking!"

Hotpoint's Hi-Speed Calrod® Cookin Units And Complete Oven Insulatio Put Heat Into The Food—Keep Out Of The Kitchen—Make Electr Cooking Cooler Than Ever!

NOW a new, popularly priced Hotpoi Range with "Pushbutton Cooking" a indicator panel enables you to keep far cool in your kitchen—while you cook *faster, easi* and *better* than ever!

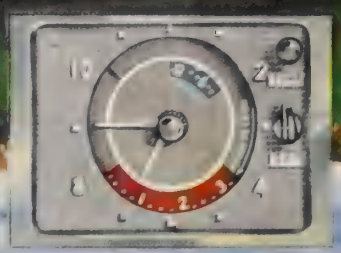
● **The pan-hugging construction** of Ho point Hi-Speed Calrod Units directs heat in the food instead of the kitchen. Also Ho point's six-side oven insulation keeps he sealed inside the oven!

● **Visit your nearest Hotpoint dealer** a see the eight beautiful new 1950 Hotpoi ranges. First in style, convenience and pe formance, they're priced from $159.95. Ho point Inc. *(A General Electric Affiliate)*, 56 West Taylor Street, Chicago 44, Illinois.

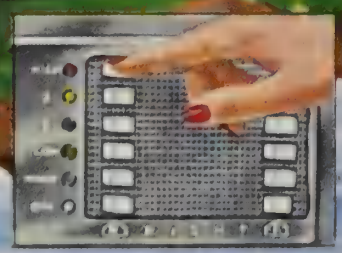
SATISFACTORY OR A RETURN OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
AS NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



● **Hotpoint Hi-Speed Calrod Units** have longer, smaller-diameter coils—give faster response and have far longer life!



● **Hotpoint Oven-Timing Clock** turns oven on and off at pre-set times—controls cooking speed and duration while you're away!



● **Hotpoint Pushbutton Controls** opposite colored indicators help you in quickly selecting the exact cooking heat you want.

Everybody's Pointing To **Hotpoint**
Quality Appliances

RANGES • REFRIGERATORS • DISHWASHERS • DISPOSALLS
WATER HEATERS • FOOD FREEZERS • AUTOMATIC WASHERS
CLOTHES DRYERS • ROTARY IRONERS • CABINETS

LOOK TO HOTPOINT FOR THE FINEST—FIRST!

(Continued from Page 106)

out of the twentieth century, which in
e centuries may become best known for
oduction of the atomic bomb and hid-
ish trays.
e main bowl was of white porcelain and
l as if it had no business being in the
. It was decorated with green and gilt
s, nude except for floating pink ribbon
would have interested Isaac Newton.
d its perimeter were four holes, from
four unused cigarettes protruded. If
ould forget the cupids, which one
't, the whole would have resembled
siness portion of a cow, inverted and
to milk.
ook of pained incredulity, that any
nonstrosity could be devised by a fel-
uman being, passed briefly across
r's face. For a moment she couldn't
ything.
uess you don't like it," said Dan, now
g straight at her. "It doesn't look like
once you get it home from the store."
her tried to talk, but at first nothing
Frank almost laughed, but Anne
him.
hought it was wrapped real nice, any-
Dan said desperately, fighting off
'And the cupies are pretty, even if no-
mokes."
ny, Danny, dear," Mother whispered,
lly recovered, "it's just what I've al-
anted. And just what we need around
specially when there's company. Do
an to tell me you picked this out all
urself?" She went over to him and
him.
," said Dan, his eyes aglow now, "it's
much. Do you really like it?"

k at it, children," Mother told us.
it simply lovely? Such perfect taste.
practical."
only cost fifteen cents, too," Dan

nk of that, children," Mother said.
fifteen cents."
e price is right," Martha conceded.
ally beautiful, Dan."
ne people have all the luck," Anne
ing the ten similar packages. "I sure
meone would give me something like

you, honest?" asked Dan. "Hon-

h, yes," said Anne.
, me too," said Frank.
ne here," said Ernestine. "Lucky
!"
k went over to the row of presents
ked up another one. "To Fred with
m Dan," he read.
, give it here," said Fred, who knew a
n he heard one. "I wonder what in
ld it can be?"

Fred started to shred off the green paper. Dan relaxed and sighed. It was a sigh of ecstasy.

SOMEHOW Mother found time to take part in Sunday-school and parent-teacher affairs, to serve on the Montclair Library Board, and to make motion-study speeches throughout the country.

Her platform manner was as natural as if she were talking to us in the parlor. Often she'd crochet or knit until she was introduced. She had a knack of popularizing a technical subject, by illustrating her points with everyday experiences. Her talks always went over well, and colleges and labor and management groups extended an increasing number of invitations for her to address them.

The money from the speeches didn't go toward running the house. Mother used it to set up special funds, so she could give us things that we wanted, but which the budget couldn't otherwise afford.

"The speech in Chicago will go for Martha's new overcoat," she'd say as she ran over her itinerary with us, "and the one in Detroit will be for Ernestine's college wardrobe."

All of us wanted a small sailboat for Nantucket. Mother had Martha open a separate savings account at the bank—the Gilbreth Boat Fund. Certain speeches were earmarked for that account, and within two years it reached its quota.

Mother traveled by bus or upper berth, to keep her expenses down to a minimum. Most of the speeches were on week ends, so they didn't interfere with the course.

None of us liked her to be away from home. But we could see she was doing it for us, and it was easy to co-operate.

No fees, of course, were connected with the talks Mother made at our schools, and we thought that these were speeches she could well forgo. In fact, we would very much have preferred it, because they were a source of constant embarrassment. But we didn't want to hurt her feelings, so we didn't say anything about them at first.

Mother believed that every resident of a community had civic obligations and responsibilities. No matter how busy she was, she'd drop everything for a PTA meeting.

Her biggest school chore was the annual "Be Your Child" session. This was sponsored by the PTA, and the mothers were supposed to sit at their children's desks, meet their teachers, look over their textbooks and review their papers.

The program was geared for mothers of average-sized families, and failed to take into account the unlikely possibility that someone might have eight children simultaneously in the school system.

(Continued on Page 112)



"That's funny—our mom sent us to play in your house!"



MOR SANDWICH SPECIALS

- MOR Pork with cranberry conserve, marmalade, or jelly and lettuce.
- MOR (Beef or Pork) with crumbled fried bacon.
- MOR Pork with lettuce and cheese.
- MOR (Beef or Pork) and fried egg.

MOR RANCHBURGERS

- MOR Beef, tomato and piccalilli on buttered rolls.
- MOR Beef and Swiss cheese on hamburger rolls.
- MOR Beef and Bermuda onion with bacon.
- Hot Barbecued MOR (Beef or Pork) on buns.

MOR "CLUB" SPECIALS

- MOR Beef and MOR Pork on plain or toasted bread.
- MOR Beef or MOR Pork and cheese with pickle.
- MOR Pork or Beef, with bacon, sliced tomato and lettuce.
- MOR Pork or Beef with chive or onion and cottage cheese.

MOR STYLE "WIENERS"

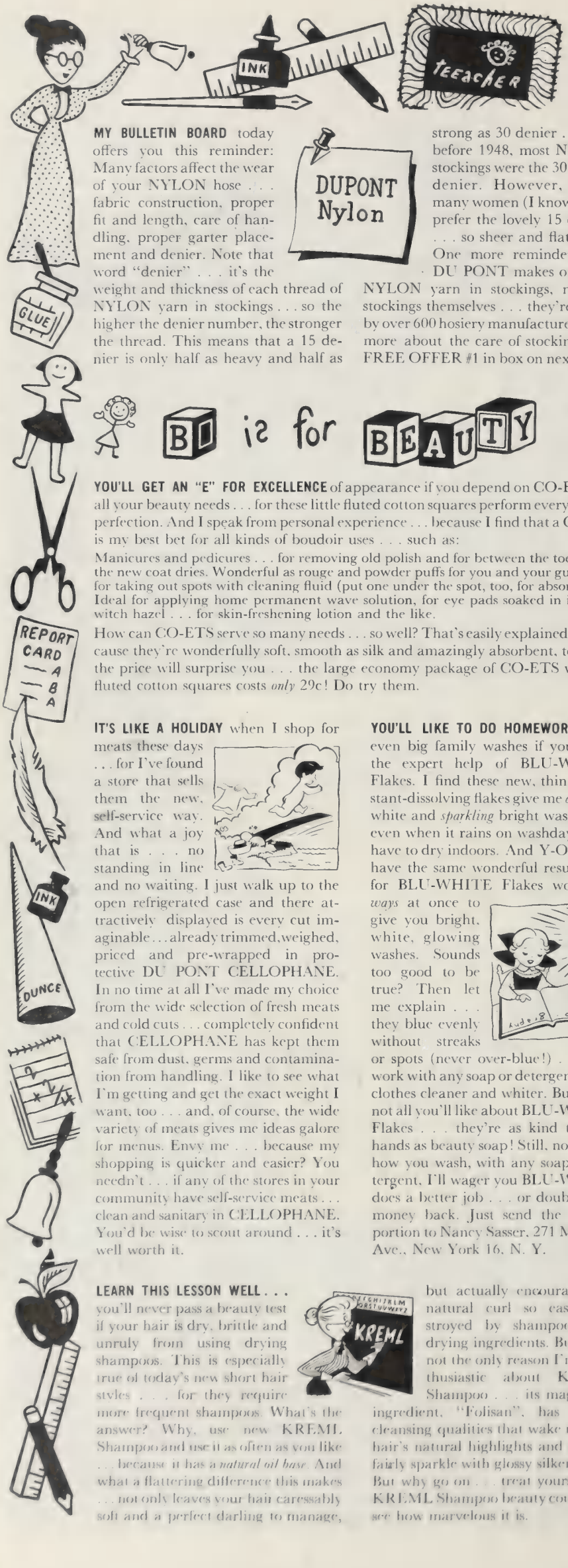
- Cut the MOR meat into 8 "wienie" sticks. Use hot or cold with mustard or relish.
- Cheese-stuffed MOR sticks, bacon-wrapped and broiled.
- MOR "wieners" with green onions and piccalilli.

Everybody loves Wilson's MOR—in sandwiches and in many other appetizing ways. MOR is such a wholesome meat. Comes in one solid piece. So easy to carry to picnics. So convenient at home. Just slice to make hearty sandwiches. Or quickly bake, or broil, or fry. Only MOR *tastes* like MOR. *Buy Wilson's MOR* at your favorite store.

A tasteful meat so good to eat



The Wilson label protects your table



MY BULLETIN BOARD today offers you this reminder: Many factors affect the wear of your NYLON hose . . . fabric construction, proper fit and length, care of handling, proper garter placement and denier. Note that word "denier" . . . it's the weight and thickness of each thread of NYLON yarn in stockings . . . so the higher the denier number, the stronger the thread. This means that a 15 denier is only half as heavy and half as strong as 30 denier . . . and before 1948, most NYLON stockings were the 30 and 40 denier. However, today many women (I know I do!) prefer the lovely 15 deniers . . . so sheer and flattering. One more reminder . . . DU PONT makes only the NYLON yarn in stockings, not the stockings themselves . . . they're made by over 600 hosiery manufacturers. For more about the care of stockings, see FREE OFFER #1 in box on next page.

DUPONT Nylon

B is for BEAUTY

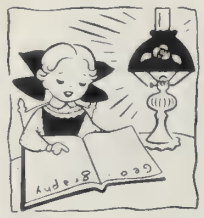
YOU'LL GET AN "E" FOR EXCELLENCE of appearance if you depend on CO-ETS for all your beauty needs . . . for these little fluted cotton squares perform every task to perfection. And I speak from personal experience . . . because I find that a CO-ET is my best bet for all kinds of boudoir uses . . . such as:

Manicures and pedicures . . . for removing old polish and for between the toes while the new coat dries. Wonderful as rouge and powder puffs for you and your guests . . . for taking out spots with cleaning fluid (put one under the spot, too, for absorption). Ideal for applying home permanent wave solution, for eye pads soaked in ice-cold witch hazel . . . for skin-freshening lotion and the like.

How can CO-ETS serve so many needs . . . so well? That's easily explained . . . because they're wonderfully soft, smooth as silk and amazingly absorbent, too. But the price will surprise you . . . the large economy package of CO-ETS with 80 fluted cotton squares costs *only* 29c! Do try them.

IT'S LIKE A HOLIDAY when I shop for meats these days . . . for I've found a store that sells them the new, self-service way. And what a joy that is . . . no standing in line and no waiting. I just walk up to the open refrigerated case and there attractively displayed is every cut imaginable . . . already trimmed, weighed, priced and pre-wrapped in protective DU PONT CELLOPHANE. In no time at all I've made my choice from the wide selection of fresh meats and cold cuts . . . completely confident that CELLOPHANE has kept them safe from dust, germs and contamination from handling. I like to see what I'm getting and get the exact weight I want, too . . . and, of course, the wide variety of meats gives me ideas galore for menus. Envy me . . . because my shopping is quicker and easier? You needn't . . . if any of the stores in your community have self-service meats . . . clean and sanitary in CELLOPHANE. You'd be wise to scout around . . . it's well worth it.

YOU'LL LIKE TO DO HOMEWORK . . . even big family washes if you enlist the expert help of BLU-WHITE Flakes. I find these new, thinner, instant-dissolving flakes give me *dazzling* white and *sparkling* bright washes . . . even when it rains on washday and I have to dry indoors. And Y-O-U can have the same wonderful results . . . for BLU-WHITE Flakes work *two ways* at once to give you bright, white, glowing washes. Sounds too good to be true? Then let me explain . . . they blue evenly without streaks or spots (never over-blue!) . . . and work with any soap or detergent to get clothes cleaner and whiter. But that's not all you'll like about BLU-WHITE Flakes . . . they're as kind to your hands as beauty soap! Still, no matter how you wash, with any soap or detergent, I'll wager you BLU-WHITE does a better job . . . or double your money back. Just send the unused portion to Nancy Sasser, 271 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.



LEARN THIS LESSON WELL . . . you'll never pass a beauty test if your hair is dry, brittle and unruly from using drying shampoos. This is especially true of today's new short hair styles . . . for they require more frequent shampoos. What's the answer? Why, use new KREML Shampoo and use it as often as you like . . . because it has a *natural oil base*. And what a flattering difference this makes . . . not only leaves your hair caressably soft and a perfect darling to manage, but actually encourages the natural curl so easily destroyed by shampoos with drying ingredients. But that's not the only reason I'm so enthusiastic about KREML Shampoo . . . its magic new ingredient, "Folisan", has special cleansing qualities that wake up your hair's natural highlights and make it fairly sparkle with glossy silken sheen. But why go on . . . treat yourself to a KREML Shampoo beauty course and see how marvelous it is.

BUY-LINE



HAPPY NEW YEAR! No, I haven't the wrong . . . it's just that September, the first m of Fall, always seems like the beginning of a Year to me. Everything takes on an exc "hustle 'n' bustle" air . . . school starts, clu tivities get into swing, smart dark cl "blossom" out and Fall decorating transf

WANT TO MAKE A GOOD "GRADE" on your personality? Then use LYKETTE Liquid Cream Deodorant and be liked . . . for it's the quick, new way to stay sweet all day. It has the handiest, gentlest self-applicator ever invented . . . always ready to apply direct with a simple "tip and touch" of the golden sponge-top bottle. Your hands never touch the liquid. What an improvement over the ordinary spray and hand applied type deodorants! LYKETTE is not only the safest, most effective way I've ever found to check unpleasant perspiration, but with this revolutionary applicator that out-modes all other methods there's no mess, no waste and no dribble. I can assure you that LYKETTE is safer for clothing, more economical (since there's no waste!) and that you'll like it. Get LYKETTE Liquid Cream Deodorant at your Drug or Toiletry Counter and be liked.



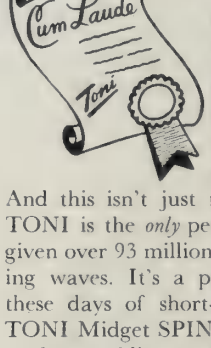
YOU'LL GET A DEMERIT as a hostess . . . unless you keep your household furnishings clean. So remember . . . the very same ENERGINE CLEANING FLUID that's so wonderful for removing grease spots from your clothes is just as useful in endless ways around the house. Take your upholstered chairs, for example . . . with hands constantly touching the arms and heads resting on the backs, they're bound to be soiled by grease and soon look old and shabby. But ENERGINE makes these ugly grease spots right before your eyes. It's ideal for cleaning bathtubs and porcelain . . . as well covers, drapes and rugs. Yo use it on the most delicate fa too (even lace curtains!) ENERGINE is one cleaning that contains no acids or ca Naturally, when you keep clean they stay new and looking longer. Get ENER at your Drug, Grocery or V Store and use regularly.



YOU CAN'T PLAY HOOKY from a painful corn . . . it goes with you wherever you go. The only thing to do is get rid of this "tormentor" . . . and it's no sooner said than done when you turn the removal "job" over to BLUE-JAY Corn Plasters. They work so quickly, too . . . you simply wrap one of these soft felt pads around your sore toe the minute a corn appears. Almost *instantly* it ends agonizing shoe pressure . . . then Nupercaine, a BLUE-JAY "exclusive", soothes away surface pain *while* gentle medication loosens the corn and in just a few days you simply lift it out. If the corn is on your little toe, call on BLUE-JAY Little Toe Corn Plasters . . . they contain all the regular BLUE-JAY features but are especially designed to fit your little toe. Don't suffer the painful hurt of a corn. Get both kinds of BLUE-JAY Corn Plasters at your Drug Counter.



THE GIRL MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED one with lovely, curly hair . . . th *you* can have if you give your TONI Home Permanent. "judges" will decide that your T *feels* as soft as naturally curly *looks* as beautiful and *lasts* as lon $20 permanent . . . but a TONI only $1. The "credit" goes to i clusive gent tion formul especially c to give you a free curl (ev first day!) feels, looks "acts" like rally curly And this isn't just my opinion TONI is the *only* permanent th given over 93 million lovely, lon ing waves. It's a particular bl these days of short-hair-dos TONI Midget SPIN Curlers giv perfect neckline curls far easie faster. There are 6 of them in th Combination TONI Refill Kit—a value for $1.33.



IT'S SIMPLE ARITHMETIC—add th qualities you want most in a cig *mildness* plus *flavor*, and you'll get the same answer . . . CAVAL Your enjoyment of this distinctiv cigarette will be multiplied, too they're the long, king-size length. me to prove this answer? It's as e 2 and 2 equal 4 . . . and here's why:



CAVALIERS are a special, modern blend of fine, light tobaccos of the original Colonial type which are naturally *mild* and *delightful*. AND . . . men and women alike enjoy the longer, more leisurely sm afforded by their king-size length.

Truly, CAVALIERS combine cool mildness with smooth, r flavor to such perfection, they priceless treat in anybody's "l yet priced no higher than other p brands. I'm so sure you'll prefe that I suggest you buy them by th ton! Then you'll have plenty of white packs for both family and g

by Nancy Sasser

AN ADVERTISING PAGE

omes into new. I know your s are full with today's busy ule and endless plans for to- ow . . . hence these "buy- to help save you time and as well as give you new ideas acious living.

Write Nancy Sasser, 271 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y. for these special offers:
#1 ☐ NYLON Booklet—Free
#2 ☐ Q-T Cowboy Cake Favors—15¢ and boxtop

NI AN AWARD from any good . . the beautiful new GENERAL TRIC Triple-whip Mixer for It has everything you could pos- vant in a mixer . . . and here's

ee powerful Beaters that give you more thorough mixing . . . beating tely from center to side of bowl.



They're ABC-easy to clean, too . . . for there are no center shafts to get in your way and no hard-to-reach corners. 2. The best Juicer ever . . . it strains *automatically* . . . lets you up to a dozen oranges with no g. 3. A Built-In Light . . . shines down into the bowl to let you see what you're mixing. 4. A new Selector . . . out in front where it's read and set with 12 speeds to from and lots of power in each! win cheers for your own cooking a GENERAL ELECTRIC whip Mixer to help you . . . so ur G-E Dealer and get one soon.

LITTLE QUEENS IN CALICO and little bashful barefoot beaux back-me-up on this . . . OREO Creme Sandwiches make any lunch box perfect. They're a can't-miss favorite with grown-ups, too . . . for nobody bakes cookies like NABISCO, National Biscuit Company. I've never tasted anything as delicious



. . . but, then, never before was such heavenly creamy-filling put between two such luscious chocolate cookies. They literally melt-in-your-mouth . . . crisp, round, chocolate-rich cookies "packed" with wonderful, vanilla filling. But take this tip . . . to be sure you get the *one* and *only* OREO Creme Sandwiches, look for the red NABISCO Seal before you buy! And always get several packages at a time . . . because they're not only a very special treat in lunch boxes, but with an extra box on your shelf, you're set to serve dessert or quick refreshments any time!

HOOL BELL RINGS . . . all good wives and 's to stock up on MONTE Pineapple It's the handiest, most e juice you can buy . . . 'boasts" a distinctive, eet flavor that's always taste- . Why? Because DEL MONTE s the luscious pineapple flavor its tropical best . . . at the very t when natural tartness and ss are in perfect flavor balance then "hustle" it into the can.



That's why it's not too tart, not too sweet . . . the perfect juice for all-round use. So serve it at: *Breakfast . . . Bedtime . . . Between Meals* . . . any time of day . . . as an economical and refreshing drink. There's lots of "lift" in every golden, tingling sip. *Children* . . . a better drink for them since it's rich in energy-giving natural sugars and an excellent source of Vitamin C.

So don't delay . . . get several cans of DEL MONTE Pineapple Juice today.

E REWARDED with more than a hearty beverage when you drink POSTUM . . . in fact, if you're a *caffein-susceptible*, you'll be helped a richer treasure of health and ss! To illustrate: Mrs. L. Bronx, New York, writes: "Since g to Postum, I have found that p has improved. I can drink ount I choose to without dis- e." Of course, many people nk coffee and tea without ill- . . but others suffer "coffee e, indigestion and sleepless So play safe . . . switch to M, it's *100% caffein-free*. Drink days . . . you'll like its grain- or and see if you don't reap a l reward of better health, bet- and better looks. And just how easy it is to fix:

slightly rounded teaspoon NT POSTUM in cup. Add boil- r and stir well. Serve with sugar m.

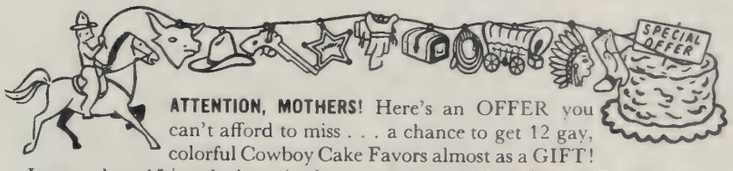
DON'T BE LATE or you'll miss this BIG BARGAIN . . . a brand new FRIGIDAIRE MM-74 Refrigerator with full-width freezer at the sensational low price of $249.75 in most localities. Just imagine . . . a *genuine* FRIGIDAIRE with food-keeping features galore, *plus* a full-width, 31-pound capacity Super-Freezer Chest, that costs no more than



an ordinary refrigerator. There's brilliant Raymond Loewy styling, lustrous Ice-Blue trim, with golden highlights, new, finger-tip action Target Door Latch, full 7⅘₀ cubic feet of food storage space, twin, extra-deep "stack-up" Hydrators finished in acid-resisting porcelain, Quickube Ice Trays, white plastic Chill Drawer, rust-proof aluminum shelves . . . *and* FRIGIDAIRE's economical Meter-Miser, simplest cold-making mechanism ever built. All at a BARGAIN price. Visit your FRIGIDAIRE Dealer. See why you can't match a FRIGIDAIRE.



WORTH CHEERING ABOUT . . . all the time, work, and money you save with every bottle of REALEMON RECONSTITUTED LEMON JUICE! And how you'll especially welcome REALEMON when the family is in a lemonade mood . . . which will be *often* these hot, lazy days! REALEMON, 5 parts water, sugar, and ice . . . that means lemonade in *15 seconds!* It's that quick and simple . . . no cutting or squeezing, no fuss, mess, or muss . . . you just open the bottle and pour. Economical? Very . . . for there's no waste or spoilage ever. REALEMON is lemon juice squeezed for you from fine, ripe lemons and bottled under scientific control for uniformity of strength and flavor. Keep REALEMON handy on your pantry shelf (needs no refrigeration!) at all times. You'll find dozens of uses for it. REALEMON WITH SUGAR ADDED makes lemonade in 5 seconds! Add 5 parts water, and ice! Try both unsweetened REALEMON and REALEMON WITH SUGAR ADDED.



ATTENTION, MOTHERS! Here's an OFFER you can't afford to miss . . . a chance to get 12 gay, colorful Cowboy Cake Favors almost as a GIFT! Just send me 15¢ and a box top from a package of Q-T Instant Frosting . . . see OFFER #2 in box above. They're the cleverest decorations I've ever seen . . . just picture your youngsters' delight when you surprise them with a cake "topped" with a cowboy astride his horse in the center, surrounded by a "border" of ten Western favors . . . including a lariat, steer head, cowboy hat, six shooter, covered wagon and 5 other red, white, green and yellow plastic Cowboy favors. Why such a wonderful OFFER? To introduce you to Q-T Instant Frosting . . . for it requires no cooking and is "miss-proof". You just add water and stir . . . in less than 2 minutes you've a delicious, creamy-smooth frosting to add luscious flavor and colorful beauty to your favorite cake. So HURRY . . . get Q-T and send for the Cowboy Favors today.

MAKE IT A GOLDEN RULE to serve your family a dish of prunes every morning for breakfast . . . because 6 or 7 prunes a day are good for you in every way. But when you buy those prunes, be sure you get the *best* . . . SUNSWEET "Tenderized" Prunes. Why are they the best? For the best of reasons . . . they're fully tree-ripened under California's golden sun. This makes these little health "treasures" extra plump, tender and delicious . . . with a rich, sunny sweetness and fresh "fruity" flavor you don't find in any other prunes grown any other place. It's a wonderful life when you feel good . . . with pep in your step and zing in your swing. So ask your Grocer for SUNSWEET "Tenderized" Prunes today and serve them daily . . . see if you don't sing your way through every day. P.S. Because they're so tender and sweet, you don't even have to cook them . . . they're a treat to your taste and a "toast" to your health just as they come from the package.



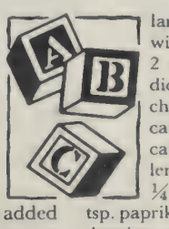
EVEN KINDERGARTEN COOKS can make luscious jams 'n' jellies with CERTO. America's favorite liquid pectin product. It's the easy way—the *one-minute boil* way, which saves precious juice, fresh fruit flavor, and lovely, natural fruit color. It's *fun* to do, and you get an average of *50% more* glasses, too. Try this Plum Jelly and prove it!



Crush 4 lbs. Italian prune plums (do not peel or pit). Add 2 cups water; bring to boil, simmer, covered, 15 mins. Separate juice from pulp by placing fruit in colander or sieve; stir, but do not press. Remove pits. (Use pulp to make Plum Jam . . . see recipe in booklet under CERTO bottle label.) Measure 3½ cups plum juice, ½ cup lemon juice, 7½ cups sugar into saucepan and mix. Place over high heat, bring to boil, stirring constantly. At once stir in ½ bottle CERTO. Bring to *full rolling boil, boil hard 1 min.*, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, skim, pour quickly into glasses. Paraffin at once. Makes about 10 six-oz. glasses.

One taste and you'll agree . . . there's magic in the word "homemade".

KNOW YOUR A-B-C's when it comes to giving a meal extra appetite appeal? The answer is easy when you have DEMING'S SAM-O-LETS on hand . . . for this light meat salmon is wonderfully different . . . the most delicately flavored salmon you've ever eaten. And here's an added "plus" . . . the skin and backbone are removed, too! So serve SAM-O-LETS often "as is" . . . or like this in SAM-O-LETS Salad Southern Style:



Drain liquid from one can SAM-O-LETS into fruit jar. Break SAM-O-LETS into large pieces in salad bowl. Mix with 2 chopped hard-boiled eggs, 2 cups chopped lettuce, 1 cup diced celery, 2 tbsp. finely chopped onion. To liquid from can of SAM-O-LETS add ¼ cup catsup, 2 tbsp. salad oil, 3 tbsp. lemon juice, ¼ tsp. dry mustard, ¼ tsp. salt, dash pepper and ½ tsp. paprika. When ready to serve shake dressing and pour over chilled salad ingredients. Toss lightly. Serve at once. Sounds good? It's simply scrumptious!

You'll find DEMING'S SAM-O-LETS grand for sandwiches, too . . . better keep several cans handy.





The S. O. S. Company, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A., S. O. S. Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

(Continued from Page 109)

Mother would hire a cab for the evening and race from home to the elementary school, where she'd sit at four different desks; from the elementary to the junior high, where she'd sit at two; and from the junior high to the high school, where she'd sit at two more. With the help of a memorandum book, she managed to keep straight the compliments and complaints she received concerning each of us.

"I never thought I'd have to give an F to one of your children," Frank's Latin teacher told her at one "Be Your Child" session. "I've had Anne, Ernestine and Martha. But Frank is simply impossible."

"I know too much about what a fine teacher you are to believe you think any child is impossible," Mother replied with her sweetest smile. "Some pupils are just more of a challenge to teachers than others, isn't that right?"

"I guess so," the teacher said doubtfully. "Put it this way, then—he's the biggest challenge I've run into in fifteen years."

Mother made a memorandum to help Frank with his Latin, and to ask Ernestine to help him too.

"I'll see that he's tutored at home, and I'm confident that meanwhile you'll work everything out," Mother challenged the Latin teacher, heading for the door and her waiting taxicab.

At the high school, Ernestine's English teacher was indignant. She had discovered that Ern had turned in a book report based upon—in fact, lifted from—the blurb on the jacket, and hadn't bothered to read the book itself.

"I can't tell you how shocked I was, Mrs. Gilbreth. It's not at all the sort of thing Anne would have done. And I certainly didn't expect it from Ernestine. I always had considered her the soul of honor."

"I don't think there's really much reason to change your opinion," Mother replied a little hotly.

"I consider it plagiarism, plain and simple."

"Maybe it is," Mother said, "but thinking back, I suppose I've done the same thing. Sometimes when I'm with a group of people who are talking about a new book, I guess I've given the impression that I've read the book, instead of reviews about it in the newspapers."

"Why, I've done that, too, I suppose, but ——"

"It's really the same thing, isn't it?" Mother smiled.

"No, I don't consider it at all ——"

"Don't reproach yourself for it," Mother interrupted. "After all, if a person tried to read everything that comes out, he wouldn't have time for anything else, would he?"

"I suppose not," said Ern's teacher, throwing in the sponge.

"There's no reason for you to feel bad about it. It's really laziness more than plagiarism. And all of us, whether we like to admit it or not, are a little lazy sometimes, aren't we?"

MOTHER headed for the door. But the fact she had dismissed the matter with such glib talk at school didn't mean she wasn't going to have a heart-to-heart talk with Ernestine.

Some of the teachers thought it simply impossible that Mother could earn a living and supervise us properly at home.

Jack's kindergarten teacher, who was new to the school system, tried to pump him about it one day.

"What does your mother do, John?" she asked.

"Lots of things," said Jack. "She's busy."

"Like what, dear?"

"She mends my stockings when t holes in them, and serves the plate table, and gets me up in the morni tells me stories, and plays the pian can sing."

"But she can't do all that, Joh teacher said.

"Why can't she?" Jack asked ciously.

"Doesn't she have a career, John

"I don't think so."

"Why, you know perfectly well sh the teacher said accusingly.

"Well, if she does," Jack shoute never showed it to me."

WHEN Mother started speaking to ent-teacher groups, she explained ab she and Dad had tried to adapt study methods to bringing up a large This involved telling a number o about us, and we'd hear about them day from the children whose pare been present.

That was bad enough. But when was drafted for school assemblies a mencement exercises, it soon became to plow.

Her first appearance was at Nishu elementary school, where she told dren about h had made studies of hin he could sleep the morning used to lather with two brushes, so as time, and coul to a tub of wa himself, rinse out again in a or less.

"It's a goo to learn the way to soap y Mother said cause then eve oversleep you be late for scho

At recess la morning, a bo sixth grade go of soap from t tory, brought it out on the playgrou handed it to Fred.

"Here," the sixth-grader said crowd quickly collected. "Show us h father soaped himself."

Fred knew how, even though h half-hour soaker himself. But he ha tention of sitting down on the cinc demonstrating, especially before audience.

"Come on inside," he mumbled, show you there."

"No, right here," the big boy "Here, take it and show everybody won't be late to school." He cack gave Fred a push.

Fred was in the third grade, a than a head shorter than the other seemed hopeless to fight. If only Bil graduated up to junior high that yea he was a sixth-grader, Bill could han one in Nishuane, and frequently did ciently provoked. Fred took the soa right hand, and put it on his left s

"You start at this shoulder," he whispered, looking at his feet, "a bring the soap down your left side."

A girl tittered, and Fred faltered.

"You bring the soap down your le Fred stopped, looked up from his f drove soap and fist into the belly of mentor. "See if you're big enough me do it," Fred hollered. Then, tr best to imitate Tom's fighting sta fierce grimaces, "I don't take noth nobody, understand? Nothing fr body."

It felt good to be a man inste mouse, even if it meant a licking, a grinned and walloped him again.

The sixth-grader knocked him do sat on him. Fred was informed he ci

(Continued on Page 114)

OBSERVATION POST

Art is the stored honey of the human soul, gathered on wings of misery and travail. —THEODORE DREISER.

In Russia, a man is counted. In America, he counts. —ERIC JOHNSTON.

An antique is any object which no one would be seen with if there were more of them, but which everyone wants when no one has any.

The greatest undeveloped territory in the world lies under your hat.

Middle age is when a man stops wondering how he can dodge temptations and starts wondering if he's missing any.

to lighten & brighten your housework

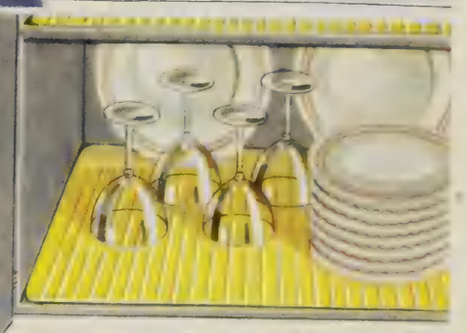
... famous Rubbermaid HOUSEWARE



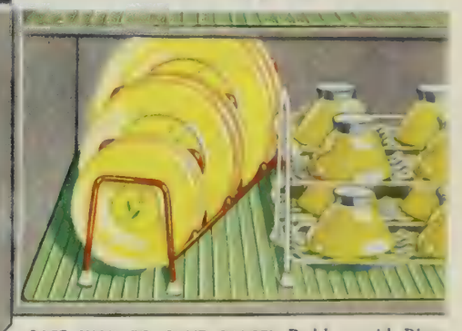
...eze through your housework in jig-time with won-...ful, work-saving Rubbermaid. And almost before ...u know it, you're ready for an afternoon out . . . ...ling perky as a pup on the first Fall day. It's a cinch ...h these Rubbermaid housekeeping helps.







CUT DOWN ON CUPBOARD CARE! Smart new *Rubbermaid Shelf-Kushions* bring permanent new beauty and cushioned protection to your cupboards, don't have to be changed or discarded. Ribbing keeps glassware from fogging . . . plate rail in rear holds stand-up plates.



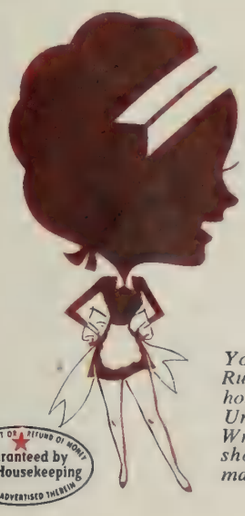
SAFE WAY TO SAVE SPACE! *Rubbermaid Plate Racks* store your plates safely, prevent chipping and breaking. *Rubbermaid Cup Racks* hold your cups in cushioned protection . . . do away with dangerous, old-fashioned stacking.

DISH-DRYING DUO! Your dishes dry themselves in a *Rubbermaid Deluxe Dish-drying Combination.* Stack them in large size Drainer with stand-up silverware holder . . . and let the slanted Draining Tray carry off the water. It's easy to have sparkling-clean dishes the Rubbermaid way.

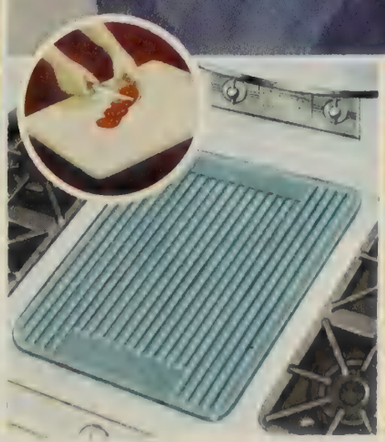




...N SINK SETUP! Your *Rubbermaid Sink* ...turns one bowl into a safe, silent dish ... In the other bowl, your *Rubbermaid ... Drainer* provides a handy self-dryer. ...your *Rubbermaid Draining Tray* with ...-in slope doubles as an all-purpose ...board protector.



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NEW . . . ONE DOES THE WORK OF TWO! Two-faced *Rubbermaid Handimat—Cutting Board* . . . a stove-protector mat on one side, a better-than-ever rubber cutting board on the other. Top has table of kitchen measures.



LONG-STANDING COMFORT! Standing on this soft cushiony *Rubbermaid Tredeasy Floor Mat* makes ironing, cooking, washing dishes, or doing the laundry seem easier and faster. Thick sponge rubber insert on underside . . . top is solid rubber with tapered edges to prevent tripping.

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In minutes, for pennies—you can make your kitchen glow with magical reds, blues, yellows—simply by placing color-bright Royledge on all shelves. Only a penny a foot, new "Plasti-Chrome" Royledge is so simple and quick to use—simply place on shelf and fold down beautiful edge. See glorious new patterns now at 5 & 10's, Supermarkets, Housefurnishing, Naborhood, Dept. Stores.

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Trade Mark "Royledge" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Imperial "Twist"

Beauty With a New Twist . . .

Delicate twists and brilliant swirls, as Imperial *Twist* brings new dining pleasure to your table. A pattern in crystal with delicate contour and translucent beauty, reflecting the flawless artistry of American hand-craftsmen. Open stock. If not available in your locality, write us for the name of your nearest *Twist* dealer.

THE IMPERIAL GLASS CORPORATION, BELLAIRE, OHIO

(Continued from Page 112)

going to eat the soap or go through the motions of lathering himself. About half the bar of soap had been forced down his mouth before Lill discovered what was going on and summoned Dan and Jack.

Lill went into action holding a roller skate by the strap and swinging it around her head. It wasn't exactly Marquis of Queensberry, but extraordinary action seemed called for. Dan used his fists and Jack kicked and bit. A single blow of the skate took all of the fight out of Fred's antagonist, who quietly consumed the other half of the soap while Lill sat on his forehead, Dan his feet, and Jack his stomach. Fred held his arms and did the feeding.

Lill and the boys wanted to tell Mother about it, so she'd stop making references to family incidents in any future speeches at their school. But the older ones talked them out of it.

"You'd only hurt Mother's feelings," Ernestine said. "What do they have, savages at your school?"

"They sure do," Fred agreed.

"The only reason Mother made the talk," Ernestine told them, "was because she thought she was helping you. And if you complain about it, she'll think you didn't appreciate it."

"If you want to know the truth," said Lill, "we didn't appreciate it very much. Everybody looks at you while she's speaking, and afterwards they giggle."

"And they feed you soap," Fred nodded. "The dark gray kind that's meant to take grease off your hands."

"The talk went over well, didn't it?" Ernestine asked. "You ought to be proud of Mother."

"It went over fine," Lill admitted. "We're proud of her. But I hope next time she gets asked to talk at your school."

Mother's next invitation was to address the junior high, where Frank and Bill were pupils. Frank told her at the dinner table, as tactfully as he could, that it would be a good idea to steer clear of family matters.

"Why, of course I will, if that's what you boys want," Mother promised, but her feelings *were* a little hurt. "I won't make the talk at all, if you don't want me to."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," Ernestine told Frank. "Don't pay any attention to him, Mother."

"Oh, we want you to make the speech, don't we, Bill?" Frank said with all the heartiness he could muster. "We're looking forward to it."

"Sure," Bill agreed, "especially if it isn't about the family."

MOTHER tried, in her speech at junior high, to explain the importance of standardizing nuts, bolts and machine parts, to eliminate waste. She saw she had aimed over the children's heads, so she sought to illustrate.

"Here's what I mean," she said. "Take boys' shirts. Almost every shirt has a different type button. When one comes off and gets lost, you know how much trouble your mothers have to find one just like it."

The children seemed to understand that, so Mother continued.

"Think how much time would be saved if all shirts had exactly the same kind of buttons. Do you know what I do? When one of the buttons comes off a shirt, I cut off the button at the collar, and move it down to replace the missing button. Then I just put any old button at the collar, because the tie hides it and it doesn't show."

Frank and Bill exchanged glances across the assembly hall; they knew that that had done it.

Three boys cornered Bill after school and demanded that he loosen his tie, so they could examine the button. Bill wouldn't have objected to showing them, if they had asked nicely. Bill was good-natured enough, but it usually was a good idea to ask him nicely.

In junior high school there were accepted rules about fair fights, so Bill could take on his opponents one at a time, and Frank's assistance wasn't needed. When it was over, Bill's tie was tattered and blood-spangled, but still proudly waved. Ernestine and

ANGLO CORNED BEEF



COLD CUTS FOR A LUNCHEON PLATE

Chill Anglo Corned Beef and slice. Serve with Tomato Salad (tomatoes stuffed with macaroni salad). Serves 4 to 6.

Anglo Corned Beef is solid, lean meat with no waste. Slices evenly.

Try Anglo Roast Beef, too, for stews ragouts, hash and goulash. Unsurpassed quality.

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WANT CASH QUICK

Sell only 100 Ass'ts — make up to $50! Complete line Xmas Everyday Cards. New "Spang-l-ettes" and Famous "Prize" Ass'ts; Name Imprinted Xmas Cards, 40 for $1 up; Stationery; Wraps; Notes; etc. Up to 100% profit. No risk... Money back guarantee. Request "Prize" and Metallic Boxes on approval.

30 FREE SAMPLES

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For EXTRA-RICH BROWN DELICIOUS GRAVY



Use KITCHEN Bouquet

It's easy to make your gravy *extra*-rich, *extra*-brown, *extra*-delicious every time. Just stir in Kitchen Bouquet! Ah! What rich, brown color and how it brings out that true meat taste! Adds no artificial flavor. Good cooks have used Kitchen Bouquet for over 70 years.

COSTS SO LITTLE.

tha once again persuaded the younger not to tell Mother what had precipitated ight.

nd then an invitation came through from school, and the girls were panic-stricken. We're ruined," Martha groaned.

Thinking it over," Ernestine said to Bill Fred, "giving the matter mature delib- on, I believe you two boys had better Mother what happened after she spoke ur schools."

Tell her nothing," Bill grinned. "I en- d it. Anyway, we don't want to hurt her gs."

don't see what you're scared of," Fred "They don't make you eat soap in high l, do they?"

f you tell her now, after making us keep ," Bill threatened, "I'll give her some s to put in her speech. Like about the something fell off and tripped you when valked into the movies, because you had motion study by fastening it with a y pin."

Good night!" Ernestine blanched. "You think she'd tell that one, do you?"

ust don't go hurting her feelings," Bill ed.

ther spoke at high school about proc- harts for industry. And she illustrated process charts were by explaining the ones we had in our bathrooms.

w speakers ever got tter reception at igh-school assem- But Ernestine and ha wished she'd up bridge, like mothers, or con- er speeches to au- es west of the Mis- i.

ou've got to be careful," Martha ed to Mother that

's gone too far," tine agreed. "We'll live it down."

r goodness' sakes, s the trouble?" r asked. The girls n addressed her way, and she was y concerned.

was bad enough Fred had to eat dark-gray soap," a said. "And it ad enough when Bill had to fight to is necktie."

t do you know what I've been getting ?" Ernestine asked. "'My, you look s a daisy, baby. I'll bet you made a nark on the bath chart before you o school this morning.'"

her had had her usual full day. After ech, she had come home and taught urse. There had been the customary ptions by Tom. Dan was in bed with throat, and she had spent half an hour g to him, and another half hour play- rcheesi. The mending seemed to gain , no matter how much time she de- to it. All in all, she was thoroughly nd discouraged.

ess I put my foot in it," she agreed. nly reason I made the talks was be- I thought you children wanted me

ell, gee, we did," said Martha, ——"

ry," said Mother, and there was no cs in it, just a statement of fact, "to best I can."

know you do," Ernestine told her. houldn't have said anything about

y did Fred have to eat soap?" Mother

e story about taking a bath by motion Martha said.

Bill?"

ttons," said Ernestine.

her started out of the room. She was d her shoulders were sagging. Her r had begun to show traces of gray in the last few months. She looked defeated, and almost old.

"The talk went over swell, though," Martha said, running after her. "It was just that one little story."

"I never heard so much applause after a speech at assembly," Ernestine said, running too.

"You didn't?" asked Mother.

"You brought down the house," Martha told her. "We sure were proud of you."

"I'm glad you were, dear," Mother said, squaring her shoulders. "To tell you the truth, I thought it went over pretty well too."

"You had them eating out of your hand," Ernestine nodded.

"I tell you what," Mother said. "I promise I won't accept any more invitations from the Montclair schools."

"Oh, we like for you to speak," Ernestine said. "It impresses the teachers, and the kids too."

"But no more stories about the family, is that it?" Mother smiled. "All right, I promise that, then."

"Just try to be careful," Martha begged, "not to say anything we wouldn't say."

Mother left the house in a taxi one night that spring to speak at an engineering meeting in Jersey City. An hour and a half later, the chairman of the meeting telephoned us to see if Mother had been detained. The audience had been waiting twenty minutes, and she still hadn't appeared.

Our house was only eleven or twelve miles from Jersey City, and Mother as usual had allowed more than ample time for the trip. It wasn't like her to be late for anything. Perhaps the cab had broken down.

About ten o'clock that night, the telephone rang again, Ernestine answered it, and heard Mother's voice.

"For goodness' sakes, where are you?" Ern asked her. "We've been worried to death. They called from Jersey City."

"I just telephoned them," Mother said, and her voice sounded muffled. "It's all right. There's nothing to worry about."

"Where are you now?"

"I had a little trouble, dear," Mother said. "And what do you think? I'm going to have a new nose."

The strain, Ernestine thought, has been too great for her. Something like this was bound to come. No woman could possibly raise a family of eleven, run a business, and make two or three speeches a week, without an eventual mental crack-up.

"Of course you are," Ernestine humored her. "And you've worked hard for it too. You certainly deserve it."

"The new nose is going to look much better," Mother said.

"Oh, much," Ernestine agreed. "I'm sure of that."

"You know how thin the old one was—I never did like it. My father used to tease me about it, because it was just like his. His was thin, too, remember?"

"I'll see that no one teases you about it any more," Ern promised. "What you need is a nice, long rest."

"That's what the doctor says," Mother agreed brightly.

"Now you just tell me where you are, and I'll come and get you."

"I thought I told you. I'm right here in Montclair. They brought me to Mountainside Hospital."

Ernestine was sure then that the worst had happened. "You stay right there," she

(Continued on Page 118)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

When Glory Has Passed

By Hannah Kahn

Whatever a woman
Has learned with her heart
Is never forgotten . . .
Is always a part
Of that which she knows.

Just as the rose,
If red from the start,
However it grows,
Is red at the last,
When glory has passed.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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$24.95 (Including Waffle Grids)



Now — enjoy the convenience and luxury of a second oven at amazingly low cost! Bakes rolls, cakes and pies. Roasts fowl and meat. Serves as warming oven while you cook on the open "door." Chrome finish inside and out. Heat indicator. Table Oven with Lectric Cook, less waffle grids . . .

$29.90 (Oven only, $8.95)



America's most beautiful automatic toaster! Controlled heat makes every slice uniform—as light or dark as you wish; hinged crumb tray; cushioned pop-up; inspection knob. Insulated walls and handles. Exclusive Sta-Warm Shelf keeps extra toast warm. Operates on AC only. Underwriters' listed.

$21.50



Arvin Automatic Irons . . . Guaranteed 5 Years!

$9.95 The truly modern iron at a money-saving price! Weighs only 3 lbs., saves arduous lifting. Fast heat, fast step-down, saves ironing time. Automatic heat control for all fabrics. Ever-cool comfort-grip handle. GUARANTEED FIVE YEARS! Underwriters' listed. At your dealer's.

Arvin Dual Control Iron, Guaranteed 5 years—$11.95

ARVIN INDUSTRIES, Inc., Columbus, Indiana

(Formerly Noblitt-Sparks Industries, Inc.)

NEW! Greatest Helper

These are never-before kitchens and best-ever values! They're Youngstown Kitchens, crammed with more work savers, time savers than ever! Featuring Youngstown Kitchens Automatic Dishwasher with wonderfully simple, all-new principle—the greatest helper a housewife ever had!

THESE new kitchen values shout, "ACT NOW!"

NOW—because in these new, exciting Youngstown Kitchens, years of constant advances in utility and beauty will brighten your kitchen as never before!

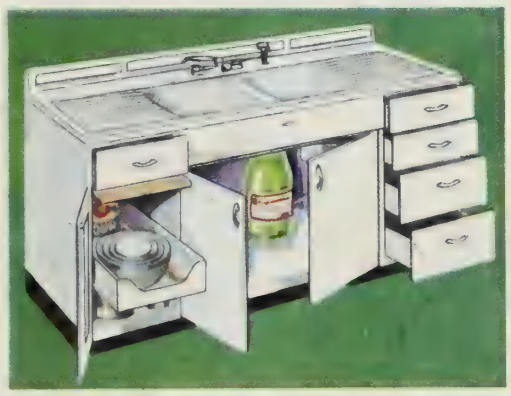
NOW—because Youngstown Cabinet Sinks and cabinets, in matching Hi-Bake enamel finishes and graceful contours of lifetime, *die-made* steel, offer you a wider range of sizes and styles than ever before.

They shout, "ACT NOW"—for here, at last, is really modern dishwashing: either the straight-line way with twin-bowl sinks; or the automatic way in the Electric Sink or Dishwasher, with the exclusive JET-TOWER that *modernizes your dishwashing* as completely as Youngstown Kitchens modernize your home!

Select the right Youngstown Cabinet Sink or Electric Sink, cabinets, and accessories NOW—plan a dream kitchen to fit your space perfectly, your budget easily!

Let your factory-trained Youngstown dealer show you *your* dream kitchen in perfect miniature. Let him show you how to save on installation, and how easy it is to finance. If building, specify Youngstown—you'll *save!*

MULLINS MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
WARREN, OHIO
World's Largest Makers of Steel Kitchens



Beautiful 66" DeLuxe Twin-bowl Youngstown Kitchens Cabinet Sink. One of 13 models. Designed by kitchen experts for straight-line dishwashing, the most convenient, easiest non-mechanical way to do dishes. Twin drainboards, like all Youngstown Cabinet Sink tops, of one-piece, acid-resisting porcelain-enameled steel. Spacious twin bowls. Swinging mixing-faucet; handy, flexible rinse spray.

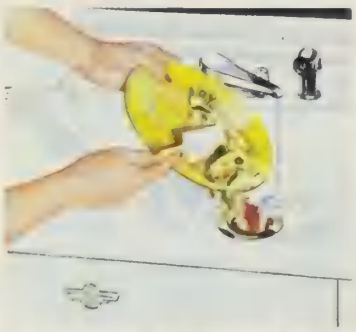


Greatest helper a housewife ever had! New Youngstown Kitchens Automatic Dishwasher. Exclusive Jet-Tower Hydro-Brush Action *completely modernizes dishwashing!* Does dishes for 6 in just 9¾ minutes (normal water pressure). Washes, rinses, stops, opens the cover—automatically, electrically. Does a better, faster job than you can do by hand. Width: 27 inches.



Youngstown Kitchens Electric Sink combines all the timesaving, work-saving features of Youngstown Kitchens Cabinet Sinks and the Youngstown Dishwasher in one unit. Youngstown Kitchens Food Waste Disposer available as optional equipment at extra cost. When building or buying, insist on a Youngstown Electric Sink. Width: 48 inches.

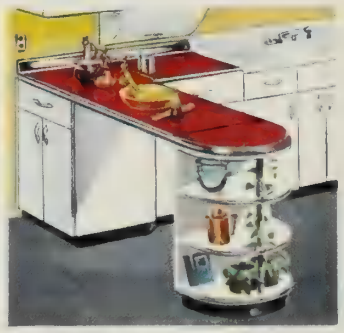




Youngstown Kitchens Food Waste Disposer keeps your kitchen clean as you go. Shreds food waste down the drain. Permits continuous feed! Self-cleaning with self-reversing motor. Easily installed.



Remarkable Cusheen, exclusive new cabinet top material. Has amazing resistance to abrasion, heat, sunlight, food acids, alkalies, alcohols, solvents, hot greases and oils. Ten glamorous, basic colors for any kitchen color scheme.



Beautiful Breakfast Bar with Half-Round Base What-Not. Adds glamour to the kitchen. What-Not is just the thing for often-used small appliances and for displaying decorative pieces.



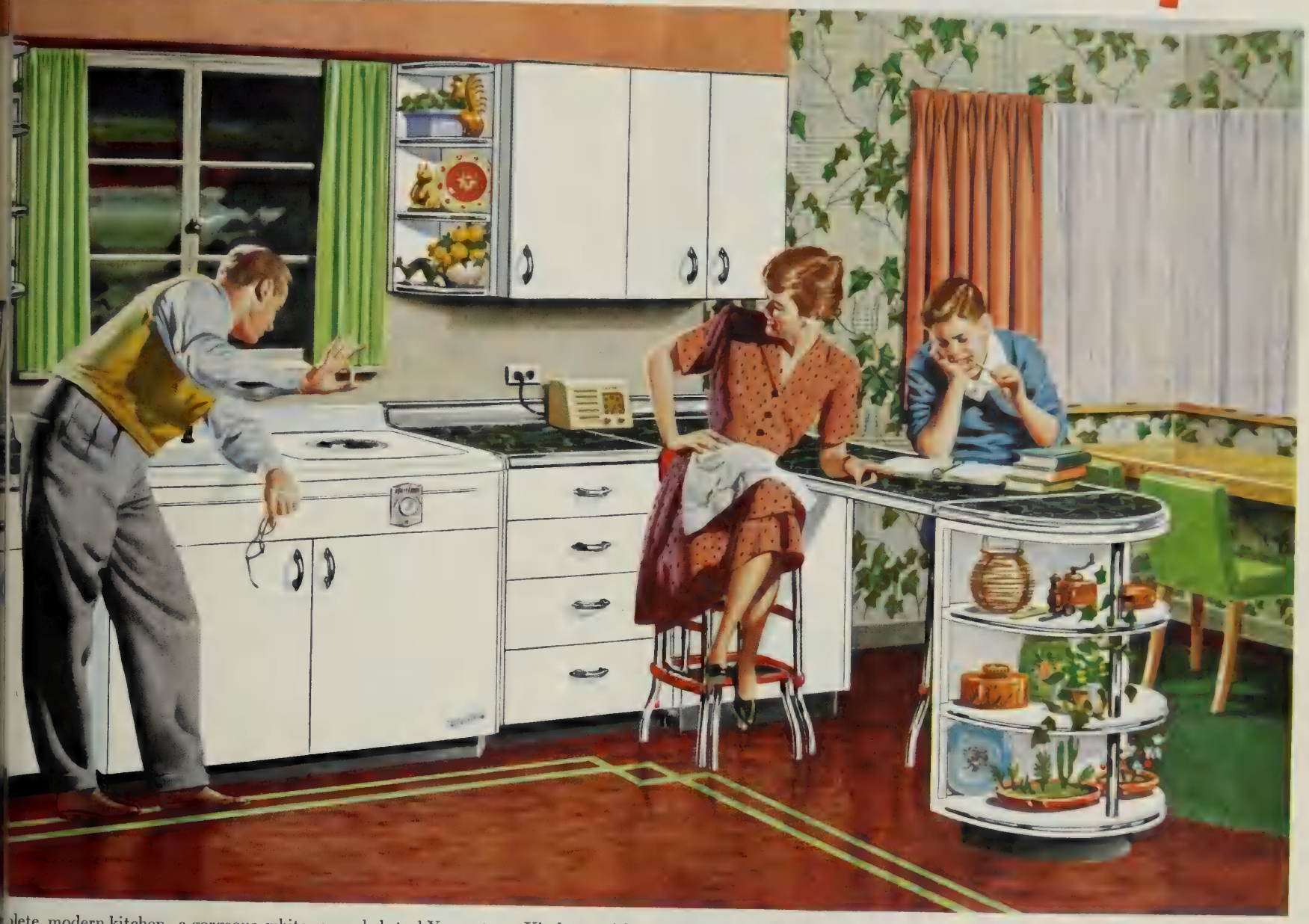
New Rotary Corner Base Cabinet with rotating shelves that bring anything up front. Lips on shelves and rear shield prevent articles from falling off. Puts otherwise-wasted corner space to work.



Swinging mixing- gleaming chrome. Mi at desired tempe Rinse spray with fle for easier food clea rinsing. On DeLux

Youngstown Kitchens®

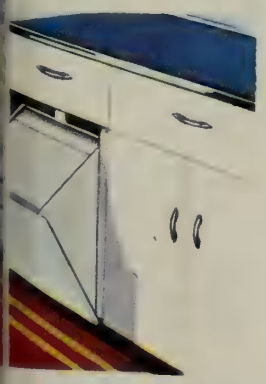
n Kitchen History !



lete, modern kitchen—a gorgeous, white-enameled steel Youngstown Kitchen—with new Youngstown Kitchens Electric Sink, featuring Automatic Dishwasher!



Rolling-Door Cabinets. Fit under wall cabinets. Gleaming, white plastic doors slide up out of way. Keep spices, seasonings separate, out of sight, yet handy, in convenient shelves. Available in two widths: 18" and 24".



Flour Bin Base Cabinet. Increased efficiency for the home baker! Keeps 50 pounds of flour dry and fresh in fully enclosed bin. Eliminates need for old-fashioned flour can. Bin tips out, closes easily. Cabinet matches other cabinets, is 15 inches wide.



Quarter-Round Base What-Not provides wonderful decorative touch to the kitchen when used at cabinet ends. Adds beauty, holds figurines, flowers, china, small accessories. Handsome chrome trim matches Wall What-Nots.



Maple Cutting Board Cabinet Top. Hard, thick maple, laminated side to side with edge-grain surface. Tough as a butcher's block. Provides handy, durable cutting surface. Comes in 24" width, may be cut to smaller widths. Has back-splash.

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NEWEST IDEAS IN KITCHEN PLANNING AND AUTOMATIC DISHWASHING

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Youngstown Kitchens
Mullins Manufacturing Corporation
Dept. L-950, Warren, Ohio

I plan to build ☐ I plan to remodel ☐

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PROVES



you get what you pay for!

In the *KitchenAid Food Preparer* you're buying far more than just a mixer. It does so much more . . . performs so many more useful tasks that make light work of your food preparation.

Unlike the ordinary food mixer, *KitchenAid* has the built-in power to handle the long list of practical *KitchenAid* time and labor-saving attachments. No expensive "power booster" is required. Meat grinder, colander and sieve, vegetable slicer and all the other attachments are conveniently operated by the power-packed *KitchenAid* motor.

With *KitchenAid*, you're buying the most complete, thorough mixing, beating, whipping and kneading action . . . exclusive *Hobart Planetary Action*. Rotating beater travels around a stationary bowl . . . *the natural, most effective way*. No need to manually turn or retard the bowl or assist mixing with knife or spoon. You get superior results *always*.

Try *KitchenAid* and you'll see why it's worth the higher *initial* price . . . why you get even more than you pay for in greater usefulness . . . in more years of satisfaction.

KitchenAid

The Finest Made

KitchenAid Division • THE HOBART MFG. CO. TROY, OHIO

World's Largest Manufacturer of Food and Kitchen Machines

(Continued from Page 115)

choked. "They give you the nicest noses there of any place I know."

"I'm looking through a magazine now to find just the kind I want."

"That makes sense," said Ernestine.

"They won't let anyone see me until tomorrow. I had a terrible time even getting them to let me use the phone. I'll have my new nose by tomorrow."

Then Mother explained from the beginning. Another car had run into the taxi and turned it over. Something had happened to her nose and right knee. A bone surgeon was coming out from New York in a few hours to set the nose. They had injected something into her arm at the hospital that had stopped the pain and made her feel wonderful.

"There isn't much left of the old nose, I'm afraid," Mother added, "so it's just as easy for them to give me a handsome one as the one I used to have. Goodness knows nobody would deliberately choose a nose like my old one."

Mother hung up, and Ernestine explained about the accident to those of us who were still awake. Then she called the hospital desk for additional details. Mrs. Gilbreth's condition was satisfactory, but painful. Visiting hours started at ten o'clock in the morning. Children under twelve weren't allowed to visit.

All of us stayed out of school the next morning. We were sure that, regardless of age rules, Mother would want to see everybody. In fact, we were convinced that if she were deprived of that privilege, her recovery would be seriously retarded.

When your child says "nuts to you" (as we hope he does not) he is employing a term which dates back to the Middle Ages. In those days a suitor invited himself to dinner at the home of the young lady he wished to wed. At the conclusion of the meal, if he was served by her with a dish of nuts, he thus received the information that his attentions were not met with approval.

Ernestine suggested that it might also cheer up Mother if we took her some flowers from the yard. Lilacs, lilies of the valley and daffodils were abundant, and the boys went out to pick them. They wanted to cheer up Mother as much as possible, so they systematically stripped the yard. When they were through, the porch stairs were heaped with blooms and the lilac bushes were reduced to squat shrubs.

Everyone's arms were full as we walked to the hospital, and we had to stop and rest on several occasions. There was more than the usual trouble filing across street intersections, because it was hard to see through our bulging bouquets. Ernestine, in addition to her bouquet, carried a suitcase containing clothes, books, the morning mail and some office work for Mother.

When we arrived at Mountainside, Ernestine, Martha and Frank went in and got Mother's room number from the desk. Then Frank came out and brought the younger children in the back way, through an emergency door used by the ambulance patients. Mr. Chairman came, too, although he knew he wasn't supposed to, stealthily bringing up the rear of the line on his stomach. Dan discovered him in time, and everyone waited while Dan chased him out the door.

Single file, then, they tiptoed up the back stairs and along Mother's corridor, peering anxiously around corners to avoid doctors and the floor superintendent. Ernestine and Martha, who had gone up by the elevator, were standing outside Mother's room and gave the signal that the coast was clear.

Ernestine entered the room. The rest of us stayed in the hall. The bottom part of Mother's face was covered with bandages, and there was a cast on her knee. But she was sitting up in bed, knitting and reading a magazine. She was in a semiprivate room, with two other patients. As it turned out, the man who collided with the taxi was required to pay the hospital expenses. But Mother wasn't taking any chances, in case we had to foot the bill.

"There you are," Mother sighed. "It seemed as if visiting hours would never begin. How is everything at home?"

"Oh, Mother"—Ern ran to her b "does it hurt much? Are you all right

"Of course I am, and I'm getting a rest. Sit down and let me look at you."

Mother introduced Ern to the other patients, and Ern pulled up a chair. Mo kept glancing at the door.

"I don't suppose," she said, "that Ma or Frank came with you, did they? N course not. I forgot. Everybody'd b school, wouldn't they? I know they rules about the younger ones, but do guess the others will come this afterno

The rest of us came in then and piled flowers around Mother's bed. Bob and started to cry when they saw the band They climbed on her bed and snuggle against her.

"What's that for?" Mother said, ki her hand through her bandages and pla it on each of their cheeks. "What are crying for? Don't tell me you're jealous cause I'm going to have the best-loo nose in Montclair."

Bob said he had liked the old nose, ju it was.

"That skinny old thing?" Mother scornfully. "Huh!"

"Does it hurt?" we asked. "You can't us. Does it hurt much, Mother?"

"You can't get a handsome nose like new one without having it hurt a lit Mother admitted. "But it will be wort You just wait for the unveiling."

She said that seeing us for a while and smelling flowers had made feel better, but tha was afraid the hos officials wouldn't it if they found that we had broke rule about children der twelve.

"I'd like to k how babies get here then," Lill "They're un twelve."

"And another thing," Mother told "you mustn't miss any more school on account. I want you to promise me that

We promised. Ernestine said we'd all g school that morning, just as soon as we the hospital.

"We'll need written excuses for b late," Ernestine added. "I wrote them morning. They're in the suitcase. All y have to do is sign them."

Ernestine dug in the suitcase and duced a typewritten original and s onionskin carbons. Mother glanced t over and signed them.

"Thank you, dear," she told Ern g fully. "You write the nicest excuses in family."

A nurse came in then, but she see more concerned about the flowers than breaking the rule about children u twelve.

"I don't believe we have vases enoug all of them," she said, "and they can't there. Your Mother looks like she's lying bier."

We hadn't realized it before, but t exactly how it did look. The lilacs, lili the valley and daffodils were piled on sides of the bed, as high as Mother he The nurse cleared a passage to the bed, lifted off Bob and Jane.

"You mustn't get on the bed," she wa them. "You jiggle it, and your Mother considerable pain."

"Not any more, I'm not," Mother sa

"They say at the desk," the nurse tol "that you children can stay only five utes more, and for you to go out the way, the same way you came in. They want people in the reception rooms to k that the rules have been broken."

"Everybody in the hospital has be nice," Mother said.

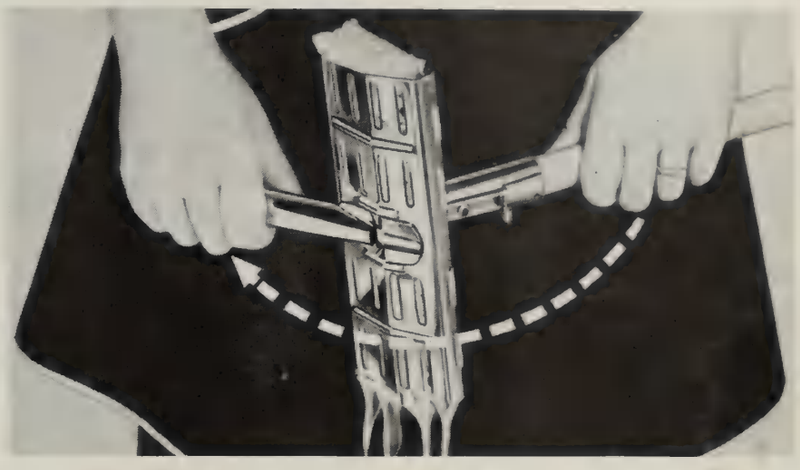
"And use the back door again," the continued, "when you come tomorr *after school.*"

(To be Concluded)

New wet mop keeps hands dry!

No more wringing! You just press the O-Cedar Sponge Mop dry with its built-in squeezer!





Your hands stay clean and dry with the new O-Cedar Sponge Mop because you don't have to wring it. You press the water out with the handy built-in squeezer.

No clumsy attachments needed on your scrub bucket! Truly, the O-Cedar Sponge Mop is the most revolutionary household help since the vacuum cleaner.



You get floors cleaner faster, with O-Cedar's exclusive "wonder working angle." The sponge head *grips* the surface, *floods* the floor, *scrubs* out stubborn dirt. Your floor is dry enough to wax only *minutes* after mopping.



Your hands stay smoother. The hottest water, the strongest soaps cannot harm your hands because *your hands stay dry!* (Won't harm the tough, durable cellulose sponge head, either. It's easily sterilized by boiling.)

O-Cedar Sponge Mop $3.95 complete

Interchangeable sponge refills—$1.49
At leading housewares dealers everywhere

If your dealer cannot supply you, use this handy order form.

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I buy my cleaning supplies at _____ (NAME OF STORE)

Address of store _____

Please arrange to have my dealer supply me with one complete O-Cedar Sponge Mop.

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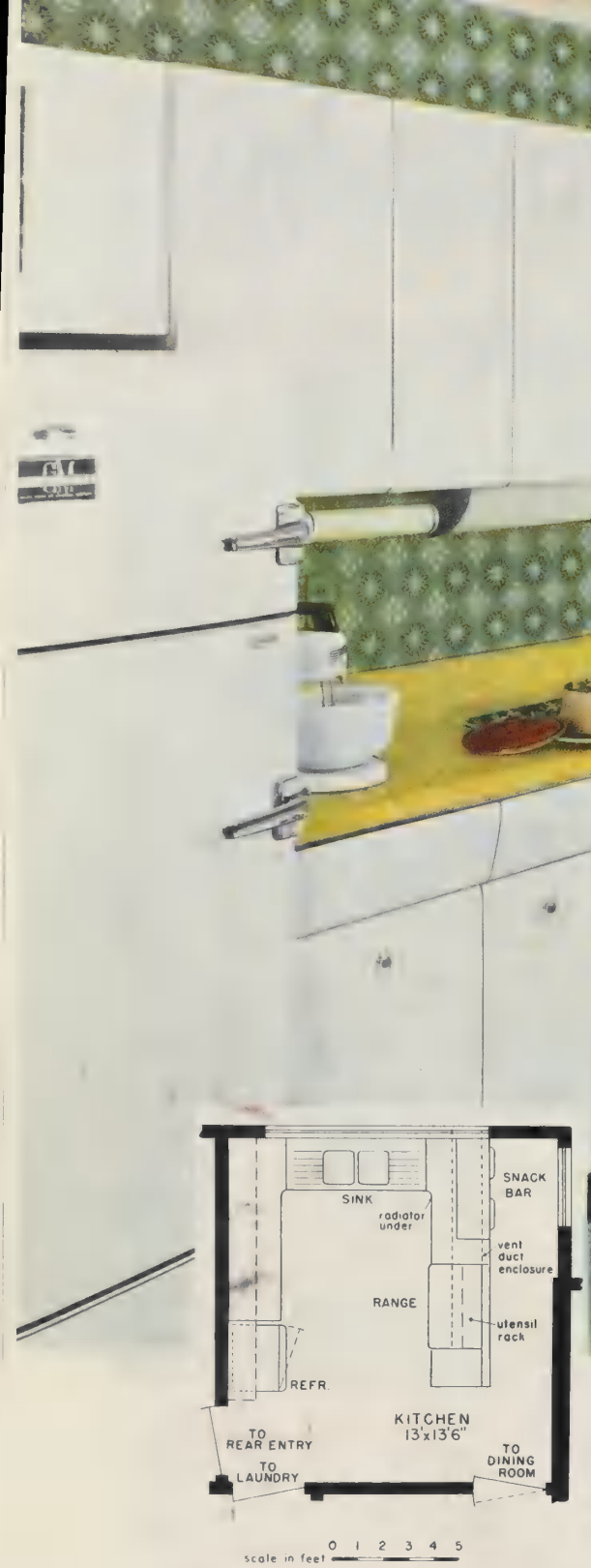
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Toronto, Canada



The bright new kitchen has a generous food-preparation center between the refrigerator and sink—and a woodsy view!

This is what we started with—an out-of-date kitchen with an ungainly sink, an awkwardly placed radiator, and a wooden dresser with top section so low it hindered working at the counter. The refrigerator still stood in the back entry.



Easy to Live wit

ONE of those comfortable houses built in Our Towns early in the tury, out on the Philadelphia Main Line, is my favorite Philade Story. The house has a warm, friendly look. The minute you step the hall you feel it was built to be a home.

A fire was burning on the wide hearth that cool September day w was last there. Book-lined shelves and comfortable sofas made the room quite perfect. Also, I felt a pang of homesickness, for there serenity and home-feeling about the houses I have known in Vi which this house in the frosty North preserved.

But the kitchen had been a difficult problem, for in the houses o period the kitchens were modern once, but now are definitely outm



The range peninsula ties the kitchen units together. The two-way drawer in the narrow counter is handy from both snack counter and the sink side. The ceiling beam effect houses recessed light and ventilator duct, supports utensil rack.

The casual counter for informal eating is dropped to table height so comfortable chairs are used. Serves, too, for making menus and market lists. Washable cotton curtains hang from a track under narrow shelf displaying rainbow-hued old glass.



PHOTOS BY STUART-STEPHENSON

by Gladys Taber

ard to live with. So the JOURNAL decided to solve this typical kitchen em, making the kitchen live up to the house as it had when it was uilt.

e room was about 13 by 14 feet, too big to make a workable plan if ppliances were simply lined up along the walls. You had to walk to get a meal together, and more miles to put things away.

e basic remodeling of this kitchen consisted in creating a U-shaped ng unit *inside* the big room, and leaving a secondary area for casual . The range was placed in a peninsula extending into the room—in- of being isolated on one wall, across the room from the sink—and he range a false beam was built to accommodate a long panel of light and a flue to the ventilator. This also gave space for a wonderful rack to hold casseroles and kitchen utensils at the range.

A cabinet was installed at the right of the range and an open counter connected sink and range. Before, the range was isolated on one wall with a single wooden cabinet around the corner from it. The change added to the storage space and provided a place to dish up hot foods and to cool cookies, cakes and the like. The connections for the range were brought up through the floor, then the backs of the range and cabinet were finished with a low wall.

An extra dividend for this plan was that the radiator and a towel-drying rack were tucked out of the way under the counter. *(Continued on Page 122)*

Today...

compare the sparkle this grit-free cleanser gives to your Sink and your Bathtub

Tomorrow— you'll join the millions of women who refuse to use anything else!



IT'S TOUGH ON ALL DIRT

GENTLE ON ALL SURFACES

KIND TO YOUR HANDS

QUICK- POLISHES AS IT CLEANS

You'll clean your best with

BON AMI "hasn't scratched yet!"

The old sink was replaced by a modern version, with two bowls, two drainboards and extra cupboard storage. Standing at the sink, the homemaker can watch the sunlight latticing the trees on the lovely slope.

The refrigerator has the new advantage of a freezer compartment which holds frozen foods, and a moist-cold storage compartment for fresh fruits and vegetables. It was placed near the rear door—instead of at the back entry where the old icebox had been—with cabinets between it and the sink. This provides a fine place for meal preparation, with storage above and below and room for the mixer and food supplies at easy reach.

The family has a habit of hospitality, which was one reason for choosing a range with six burners and a separate oven and broiler. Meals for a dozen are easy with this much cooking space.

Fluorescent lights, like the one in the beam effect, are recessed in the ceiling above the sink and in the middle of the kitchen work center. An additional light under the wall cabinets at the main preparation center brightens the long counter there.

Yet with all this modern efficiency, the kitchen keeps the charm and traditional feeling of the rest of the house. The floor covered with a soft green plastic cover and the walls papered in a stencil design green with white, as lovely as an old-fa ioned garden. A daffodil yellow for the co ter tops, accented with green and white. curtains are cotton with old-fashio touches of green and yellow rickrack, an shelf across the windows holds lovely glass to catch the sunlight.

The tray rack over the refrigerator built with an open center to frame one of charming stenciled trays when not in This storage unit opens from the side, s is not necessary to stretch over the fr of the refrigerator to reach a tray.

The chairs for the casual corner are ca seated Hitchcock style and were pain brick red. An electric wall clock, traditio in design, was brought from the dining ro and painted to match.

When finished, it was completely mod and efficient and yet just right for South fried chicken and beaten biscuits and sp dark Virginia ham and crusty corn sti made with water-ground corn meal kitchen as happy and hospitable as the of the house.

ESCAPE FROM THE PAST

(Continued from Page 56)

and his need of her, because he knew they were greater than hers for him.

"Did you have a good day?" she asked him.

"Fine," he said. "Everything went very well."

She followed him back to the bathroom and stood leaning against the doorjamb while he washed. She had the body, the graceful movements of a dancer, and her coloring was striking—the extraordinary combination of dark skin and light hair and eyes. Merriam knew she was not, by conventional standards, beautiful. Her nose was irregular and her mouth was too large, but she was one of those women whose fascination for men far surpasses and outlasts mere beauty.

"I don't know why I ask you about your day," she said now, with a little smile. "It's always fine—everything always goes well."

He looked over his shoulder at her, smiling too, and said, "I must be a happy man," and then looked back at his reflection in the mirror, wondering with part of his mind whether he needed a second shave, since they were going out to dinner. With another part of his mind he thought that he had really become a master of dissimulation if Iris believed that everything always went well with him—if he really had been successful in never letting her see his moments of torment and fear—she who loved him and lived with him, his wife ——

But she was not, of course, his wife. She was the wife of David Merriam, the man he had become—a man to whom the daily problems of business were of small importance compared with the major problem of his life, so that if all went well there he felt that everything was fine. The fact that an account had progressed satisfactorily during the day was as nothing beside the fact that he no longer anxiously searched faces for one that might recognize him.

"I'd better shave," he decided. "The Wallachs go in for culture, don't they?"

She laughed. "What has culture to do with shaving?" she inquired. "On the contrary, I've always thought of a beard as a sign of culture. You know, one of those distinguished little Vandykes that make people ask each other who you are—an artist or a writer or a statesman or somebody."

He began lathering his face. He quoted:

"I'm nobody! Who are you?
Are you nobody too?"

Iris chimed in at the end:

"How dreary to be somebody!
How public, like a frog,
To tell your name the livelong day
To an admiring bog."

"David," she said, leaning toward h "it's absurd for you to know Emily Dick son—it's not in character at all. Where did you learn that?"

He grinned. "There was a girl, in my s timental youth. She used to read it to me picnics."

"No, David," she said decisively. "Y never had a sentimental youth. I don't lieve it."

"You'd be surprised."

She looked at him with an expression could not read. "I wish I had met you th when you were listening to poetry on Oregon hillside," she said.

Oregon, he thought. Far from New Yo On the outskirts of Portland—a big enou city so that it would be reasonable for any from there not to know him.

"You wouldn't have liked me," he t her. "They didn't come any more cal and credulous and dumb."

"There's been a gr change," she said sof

"The beneficence time." But it wasn't mer time, he thought, nor a sort of beneficence t had made the gentle, tru ful boy into the ha shelled, cautious man.

Hospitality consists in a little fire, a little food and an immense quiet.

—EMERSON.

"I'll just put on the finishing touch Iris said, moving away from the door. be ready when you are."

Iris, he thought, caressing the name w his mind. She was the one good thing t had come out of all this. If circumstances not sent him to New York he would ne have met her and married her. It was the good thing for him. How it was for her—I it would be in the end—he could not kn He was still often tormented by the thou that he should not have let her in for all possibilities.

It was young Roberts, one of the lay men, who had introduced them. He had co up to Merriam at the office and asked whether he liked the ballet. "I have an tra ticket for tonight," he said. "I thou you might like to go along with me."

"Why me?" Merriam had asked h "Why not a girl? I should think ——"

"No, you see ——" Roberts had laug and blushed. "Well, the fact is, it's a g go to see in the ballet. She's ——" He sh his head, unable to find words, and t smiled again at Merriam "You'll co won't you?"

Their seats were in the third row, c enough so that Merriam could see the ti

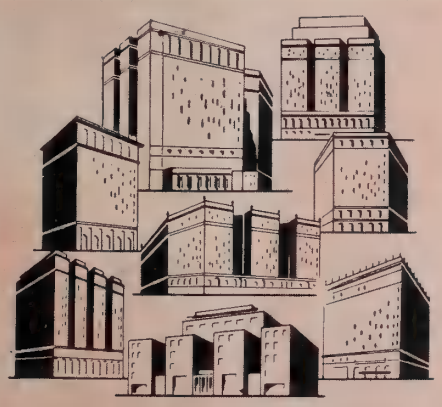
(Continued on Page 124)

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'Dinner at the Statler'*

since we got our new easy-to-use

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You get compliments like that when you cook on a *Magic Chef!* For you're turning out meals that rival America's expert chefs—many of whom use nothing but *Magic Chef*. It's the range, you know, with ALL the important features—yet so simple to operate that even Dad can turn chef and make good! All *Magic Chef* ranges work on city, "Pyrofax" or other bottled and tank gases . . . and they're priced to fit ANYBODY'S kitchen.

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Swell for barbecuers! Regulation chef's outfit, $4.00 value. Get it from *Magic Chef* retailers for $1.98 and this coupon!

No wonder—"more ~~women~~ families cook on *Magic Chef* than on any other range"



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(Continued from Page 122)

artificially smiling face of the prima ballerina. Her dancing seemed joyless and mechanical and he began to be bored by it.

Then Roberts took his arm and whispered, "Here she is, coming on now, the second one."

Merriam looked indifferently, but in a moment he was sitting forward in his seat watching Iris dance across the stage, not taking his eyes off her from that moment. He thought he had never seen anyone so graceful, so vital, so intensely happy to be dancing.

"What do you think of her?" Roberts asked him when the act was over. "Isn't she wonderful?"

Merriam had to return from another world. "She's very fine," he said then. "I'm no judge, of course, but she seems so much better than the star. Why do you suppose ——"

Roberts laughed. "I thought the same thing, but she says she isn't really terribly good—it isn't an obsession with her the way it has to be if you're going to be a great ballerina." He spoke eagerly. "Would you like to meet her?"

They went backstage, and she came out, dressed for the next act. Merriam saw that she was older than Roberts, and for some reason that he could not then name, this pleased him.

"Hello, Jack," she said to Roberts. "It's very nice to see you." She spoke warmly, yet she made it perfectly plain that he was just a boy she liked. Only a woman with a sure knowledge of men, Merriam thought, could establish an entire relationship with a few commonplace words.

"This is David Merriam," Roberts said.

She looked at him for a moment and then gave him her hand, and he had the gratifying feeling that this was a privilege she did not extend to everyone.

He found himself asking her impulsively to have supper with them—he who had done nothing impulsively for so long that he had thought the habit of caution ingrained. She accepted, and that was the beginning. Roberts dropped out of the picture before long. One by one the others dropped out too.

"I try not to monopolize you," he said to her. "I make up my mind not to. Then I do it anyway."

In her apartment after the show, he was able to forget a little the thing he had thought he could never forget.

"If I don't object to your monopolizing me," she said to him quietly, "why should it trouble you?"

He sat still, acutely aware of her, of her smooth, fair hair and her faint perfume.

"You are admired by so many men," he told her. "It is impertinent of me to attempt to replace them."

"That's simply saying the same thing in a different way," she said. She smiled a little. "I've known you for several months, David. You're not an easy man to understand—but this I do know: you'd never have any qualms about replacing any other men, or any doubts about being able to do it, either."

He knew he ought to get out of her life. He fought it for a year, and he lost—or won, depending on how you looked at it.

He spent one night pacing the floor, telling himself that he was David Merriam, that the other man was dead. *But what if someday someone who knows comes along and brings the whole myth of David Merriam crashing around my head and hers?* It was a chance, of course. *Have I any right to take the chance for Iris?* He couldn't answer that. The fact was that he didn't see how he could let her go.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Egotistical Male

By G. M. White

Look, I'll tell you why I'm something—
I'm dashing, what? I'm king!
I rule the space from earth to sky—
The people stare when I walk by.
My back is straight, my head is high—
The birds ask me if they can fly,
The sun asks me if it can shine
Because I hold your hand in mine.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

For a while, that night, he considered tel ing her, but in the end he did not tell her. H thought it possible that she might marry hi anyway, and he could not deliberately burde her with the fear and the wariness and th uncertainty with which he had learned live.

He said this much to her. He said, "M life's not an open book, Iris. Someday son of the pages may fall out and spoil the stor You're taking a chance."

She gave him her little smile. "We're n children, David," she said, with that faculi she had of implying so much in a few word

THEY were married without any sort fanfare. He did not have to suggest this— was the way she wanted it. For a few mont she continued dancing with the ballet, b when the season was over she told him s was not going back.

"This isn't the right sort of life for us she said. "I want to make a home for y and have some sort of social life, enterta friends, other married couples."

He had liked it the way it was, just the tw of them—no new faces, no new challenges meet—but he supposed it was dull for h She loved him, he knew, but he could n hope for the all-encompassing love that had for her. He knew that there were tim when she could not make him out at all. Ho could anyone make out a man who had be born at the age of twenty-seven—a ma called David Mc riam, who had nev existed until six yea ago?

"Black tie for t Wallachs'?" he call in to her now. "Or this one of their infc mal dinners?"

"Informal," sh said. "I think it going to be arty- Myra mentioned violinist and a write She said I'd adore because I used to be dancer or somethin didn't I?"

They went ou laughing. Afterwa Merriam remembere thinking that he ha felt really ligh hearted, for the fir time in almost twelve years.

It happened just before they went in dinner. They were standing together, he ar Iris, when Myra Wallach came bustling t with somebody. She was a big, dark, abru woman who gave innumerable parties. "Th is Charles Granger," she said, and murmur something about Granger's being a new paperman, and then left them together.

Granger stared at Iris. Merriam had se men look at her that way before, with th almost unbelieving pleasure, but since the marriage no one had been quite so open abo it. Merriam was a little amused and o faintly annoyed.

"Did Myra say a newspaperman?" inquired.

Granger turned around. He was sand haired, brown, hard-muscled, with a lea clever face. "Mr. Merriam," he said. stared at David now, and drew his bro together. "Haven't we met?"

"No," David said. "No, I don't think s

It meant nothing, nothing at all. Peo were always saying that to each other, cato ing some familiar something that remind them of someone they knew. He had nev seen this man before in his life. Char Granger? He had never heard the name.

"That's funny," Granger said. "I co swear I've seen you before. The name does mean anything to me, but the face ——"

David could see Iris watching him, waiti to hear him speak. "It's certainly possibl he said pleasantly. "I've been a lot of place

"Oh, well," Granger said, "it's just one those annoying things."

But he did not really pass it off. All dur dinner David caught him looking at h from across the table.

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It didn't mean a thing. A man thought he recognized you and it bothered him, but after a while he would forget about it. He did not really know David. If he did, David would know him, and he had never seen Granger before in his life . . . or had he?

He took another good look at Granger. The newspaperman was talking animatedly to Iris, who sat on his right, his profile turned to David. All at once, as David stared at the long, thin nose, the jutting chin, he became convinced that it was familiar.

The evening passed somehow. Granger seemed to have lost interest in David in favor of Iris, whose side he never left, and David was able to look at him for a long time.

The longer he looked, the more pronounced the sense of familiarity grew. He could not throw off the certainty that Granger was right. They had seen each other in some other place, at some other time. There were so many places where they might have met for a brief moment, and somehow both remembered—in a train, a restaurant, a theater, or one of those New York parties where people were never even introduced to one another. So many places.

Yet David did not believe it had been anything like that. By the end of the evening he was convinced that Granger's face had been one of the faces in the courtroom. He even thought he could see the sharp blue eyes watching him, the narrow lips curved a little contemptuously. How many faces he had scanned, trying to find one that was not contemptuous or horrified or disgusted! But there was not one, nobody at all who believed in him.

Not that he blamed them. He had never really blamed them. The evidence had been so overwhelming. It was he who had signed all the checks, all the papers—not Caleb Ferguson. It was he, not Ferguson, who was obviously in need of money, because his father's estate had just turned out to be deeply in debt. But who, in any case, would have believed that Ferguson would use a trusting young fellow, make him treasurer of the company, in order to cheat his stockholders? Caleb Ferguson, most respected, admired man in town, philanthropist, trustee of the church!

David, whose name had not been David then, had found it difficult to believe it himself. He had thought at first that Ferguson could not have known, any more than he knew himself, the significance of the things he sent to his young treasurer to sign, that someone else was behind it, duping Ferguson. He soon learned what a fool he was. Nobody could dupe Ferguson. The only dupe was David.

"But Mr. Ferguson sent the papers and checks to my desk for signature," he cried on the witness stand. "I didn't know what they were. He said to sign them and so I did."

"Is it true, Mr. Ferguson?" the great man was asked, when his turn came.

Caleb Ferguson shrugged his heavy shoulders. "Of course not. What do you expect the poor boy to say?"

David served five years and eleven months of his sentence. In the beginning he cried every night, muffling his face in the coarse sheet—he was only twenty-one. He was disgraced for life, a convict, and he didn't know where to go, what to do when he got out of there. The town where he was born was the only place he really knew. But he couldn't go back there—he could never go back. His name wasn't a good, clean name any more. It was dirtied now, the name of a cheat, an embezzler, a convict. Well, he would discard the name. He was all right—still the same decent, honest fellow he had always been. Without the blemished name and the record that went with it, he wouldn't be a crook or a convict to anyone. He stopped crying and began making plans.

By behaving himself in prison, he got out in the shortest possible time. He was a man now, twenty-seven, and he had had a lot of time to think and learn. There wasn't any credulousness left in him, any trusting innocence, but there wasn't much bitterness either. He had been used by an unscrupulous

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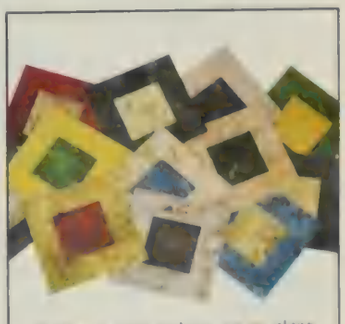
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man, but there was no more time to waste brooding about it—six years of his life were wasted, gone, as it was. He had to look ahead now, and make what he could out of what was left.

The first thing was the new name. He was eager to shed the old name, the blot that went with it, like dead skin, and slip into the fresh, unused, unsullied one. Long ago he had selected Merriam. Not too common, not too unusual. David Merriam. He had always liked the name "David." It seemed to him to be associated with strength and dignity. He could not imagine an embezzler named David.

He went to New York the way he had planned, feeling excitement, a sense of adventure, and the power of a new, self-confident, knowledgeable personality. The personality of David Merriam, from Oregon.

He got a night job as a porter so that he could eat, and he spent his days looking for a place where he could get ahead fast, make up for the six years.

Sanborn, Carr and Whitmore was a young, growing advertising agency, and they had a spot for a young, live salesman to whom advancement meant more than initial income. They were impressed by David. They took him on, and he made good far beyond their hopes or his own. Within four years David was one of the most successful account executives in the agency.

He loved New York, he liked his work and the people he knew, and he was pretty well satisfied with David Merriam. And the more contented he became with this new life of his, this new man he had become, the more it terrified him to think of losing them.

That was when he began to worry about being found out. David Merriam was a respected, well-liked, successful man, but in five minutes David Merriam could disappear, leaving an embezzler, an ex-convict, a man without a job or friends.

He started avoiding, wherever possible, gatherings of people that might include someone who had known him. When he had to join such gatherings for business purposes, he formed the habit of looking over every face as soon as he entered, hoping that he could slip away unnoticed if it became necessary.

Then he met Iris, and in his happiness with her he came close to forgetting the threat that hung over him. He allowed himself to be led back into a normal life, a life filled with friends and social activity. He enjoyed it all. He had been too long shut away from society not to enjoy it. Only at times did the old specter rise again. At times, especially at night when he could not sleep, it seemed certain to him that he would be found out someday, somehow, and lose everything.

IRIS would want to stay with him, he thought, looking across the room to where she sat with her head tilted a little toward Charles Granger, listening to whatever it was he was saying. She would want to stand by him. That was the way she was. But even if he let her remain the wife of a social outcast, which of course he would not do, he would have lost her. She would try to believe him, but the doubt would always be between them.

All at once, as he watched her listening to Granger, the thought struck him that Granger might be telling her now, at this very moment. It was a long time since he had looked at David with that curious, puzzled look, trying to remember. Perhaps he had remembered now—perhaps it had all come back to him, and he was telling Iris.

David could scarcely wait to rush across the room to them, to find out. Iris smiled up at him and put her hand on his arm.

"Here you are," she said. "Mr. Granger has been telling me the most fascinating things about the Orient."

During George Bancroft's term as Secretary of the Navy, he frequently consulted Rufus Choate on legal matters. On one such occasion, the business settled, the conversation drifted to the subject of happiness. Bancroft having declared that he was happier than he had ever hoped to be, Choate demanded:

"Do you mean to tell me that you're happier than you ever thought you'd be when you were a boy?"

"Yes, indeed!" declared the historian.

"Then permit me, Mr. Bancroft," said Choate with a sweeping bow, "the privilege and pleasure of meeting Mrs. Bancroft!"

—WEBB B. GARRISON.

What a fool he was, to imagine that Granger had been pouring the story into Iris' ear! Even if he knew it. Suddenly the whole thing seemed fantastic. He and Charles Granger had never seen each other before in their lives.

Granger held Iris' hand and said, his eyes on hers, "You have a very fascinating wife, Merriam." Then he looked at David and smiled. "You're going to haunt me, Merriam. But I'm sure it will come to me sooner or later where I've seen you."

DAVID made some inquiries about Granger, but they were not very revealing. A reporter, a free-lance writer of articles, he had been almost everywhere. He was much sought after as an eligible bachelor, for he had money and he was considered very attractive and charming, but although he liked women and had great success with them, there never seemed to be any one woman for any length of time. All of which added up to nothing for David, except that it did not rule out the possibility of Granger's having been in his home town. He told himself it was all absurd anyway. He would probably never see the man again.

But when David got home for dinner a few nights later, Granger was there. David saw him sitting in the living room, and he thought *He knows. He's waiting to tell me.*

Iris got up from the sofa beside the visitor. "Hello, darling," she said. "You remember Mr. Granger, don't you?"

Oh, yes, he remembered Mr. Granger.

"I'm staying for dinner," Granger said. "I dropped in to see if I could persuade you and wife to go somewhere, but she insisted on keeping me here and making me a friend of the family." He grimaced. "You're all right, Merriam, but I'm afraid you're going to cramp my style."

David was so relieved that he expanded as he had not done in some time. The other man was good company—he had been all over the world, and he knew how to tell a story. They had a pleasant evening. Granger did not once mention the familiarity of David's face, and David thought perhaps he had given it up.

"I liked you tonight," Iris said when they were getting ready for bed. "You . . . radiated."

David grinned. "Granger's an entertaining fellow," he said.

"Yes—he's very attractive."

They had had a pleasant evening, and it would have been all right if it had ended there, but that was only the beginning. Granger became a regular visitor at their home. And he had not forgotten his idea that he had seen David somewhere before. Often he would stare at David and then smile and shake his head, making a joke of it.

It was no joke to David. It was nerve-racking. His work suffered, and he became irritable for the first time in his life. He was no longer pleasant to Granger. He wanted to make the other man stay away from him, discourage the great friendship he had evidently formed for the Merriams. Yet he could not be too obvious.

"What's the matter with you, dear?" Iris asked him one night after Granger had left. "You haven't been yourself for weeks. I don't know you at all."

David stood turned away from her, trying to control himself. He wanted to shout that he was sick of Granger, sick of having him hang around, but such violence would sound strange, uncalled for. He was not a violent man.

"It's nothing," he said, more shortly than he had intended. "I suppose I've been working too hard."

"Why don't you go away for the week end, David? Why don't you go on that fishing

(Continued on Page 129)

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- 1 cup flour
- 2 teaspoons salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- ½ cup Swift's Brookfield Butter
- Shortening

Put flour and seasonings in paper sack. *Shake* 3 or 4 pieces of chicken in sack at a time to coat. *Heat* butter and enough shortening in a heavy skillet to make ½ inch layer. *Brown* chicken on both sides in hot fat. Cover tightly. *Reduce* heat and cook 30 to 40 minutes. Serve hot or cold in napkin-lined dinner basket.

(Continued from Page 126)

you've always talked about? It would be onderful rest and change for you."

e had not been fishing in years. As a boy, oung man, it had been his favorite sport. streams around his home town were full out. Somewhere in the apartment he had out rod that he had bought one day, in a algic mood, and never used. The idea of g it now excited him.

You know, that's a good idea," he said. hink I will."

e considered asking her to go with him, discarded the notion. She would think it sh for a man to want his wife along on a ng trip.

e left long before daybreak on Saturday ning and got home late Sunday night. fishing was good. He had not lost his skill, it was wonderful to be out in a stream n with a rod in his hand. It made him feel ng again, carefree, as though the bad s had dropped out of his life. Granger, everything that Granger made him re- nber and fear, seemed very far away.

ut when he got back, Granger was there, ng on the sofa opposite Iris, very much at e. David didn't want him there. He ted to be alone with Iris, who sat so tly, watching him with her intent scru- , looking particularly lovely to him after days away from her. But he could not e an issue of it.

How was the fishing?" Granger asked

Fine."

f I'd known you were going, I'd have along. I'm something of a fisherman my- I've fished just about all over the world, ss, and gone miles out of my way to find d stream I've heard about."

avid had never noticed before how rasp- Granger's voice was. He kept talking t fishing. David looked at Iris, but her were on Granger now, and she appeared ested.

bout the best trout fishing I've found," ger was saying, "was in a little town in Midwest. I was on my way to the t on an assignment, and a fellow I met e train told me about this place." He d at David, and an odd little smile d his mouth. "It must have been at least ears ago, but I remember it because I got to the town everybody was all ex- about a trial that was going on, and I into the courtroom to see what it was all t. A newspaperman never misses the ility of a good story."

s spoke for the first time. "What was murder trial?"

anger shrugged. "No, nothing that in- ing. Just a young fellow who had been doing a little embezzling." He yawned. "Guess I'll run along."

David sat rigidly in his chair. It took all the self-control he had practiced for so many years to keep his face expressionless. He must show nothing, give nothing away, until he knew what Granger was going to do.

"Say, Merriam," Granger said at the door, as though it had just occurred to him, "would you come downstairs with me a minute? One of my tires seemed to be developing a slow leak, and if it's gone flat I'd appreciate a hand with it." In the street, Granger pretended to look at the tire. "Seems all right. Sit in the car a minute, anyway, and have a smoke."

"Look here, Granger," David said. "What did you get me down here for? Let's have it."

Granger leaned against a mudguard and looked at him with his thin-lipped smile. "It was a great relief to remember, I can tell you. It kept haunting me. It was the fishing that brought it back. The minute Iris said you'd gone trout fishing, the whole thing clicked into place. I was amazed to discover that no one knows, not even Iris. You've been very clever, Merriam."

David put his hands in his pockets and clenched them there. "What do you want, Granger?" he asked quietly.

"You're not a fool, at any rate. You're not going to waste time pretending you don't know what I'm talking about. That's good. And I have no doubt you've thought of what would happen if this thing came out. You must have thought of it many times."

He seemed to wait for David to speak, but when David said nothing he went on.

"Of course it needn't come out. If I say nothing, the chances are nobody will ever turn up again who knows about it. You'd probably be safe for the rest of your life, unless I talked."

David looked at him levelly. "And do you intend to talk?"

"That depends on you."

"Are you blackmailing me?" David asked him contemptuously.

Granger smiled. "That's an ugly word, 'blackmail.' It's not money I want."

"No? What then?"

Granger lit a cigarette. David saw that his hands were not quite steady. He was not so cool as he pretended. "I want your wife, Merriam," he said.

David stared at him, too amazed to feel any other emotion. "What?" he asked stupidly.

"You're surprised, aren't you? You've be too afraid I'd remember who you were, to notice what was going on. Why did you think I kept coming around, Merriam?"

David could not speak. A dozen incidents stabbed through his mind now: The way



"Another party invitation—oh, dear, that means another new dress."



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ORANGE-GRAPEFRUIT JUICE

Granger looked at Iris—"You have a very fascinating wife, Merriam." . . . The way he had been there, time after time, when David came in—so completely at home. . . . "Yes—he's very attractive." It seemed inconceivable to him that he could have been so blind. He was not thinking, now, of any threats of exposure. He was thinking only of Iris, and that he might lose her.

"Iris," he said hoarsely. "Does she ——"

Something like compassion flashed for a moment in Granger's sharp eyes. "She's been faithful to you, Merriam," he said. "That's the way she is—you must know that." All the hardness was gone from his voice now. "But I think she loves me, and God knows I love her. She's the first woman I ever wanted to marry, and I'll do anything to get her."

David made a short, stiff gesture with his hand. "If she loves you," he said, forcing the words past the ache in his throat, "I won't stand in her way."

"It isn't that simple, Merriam. She'll never leave you for me, no matter how she feels, as long as she thinks you love her."

"What do you expect me to do?" The words were almost a shout. "Tell her I don't love her, and so perhaps drive her into your arms? What kind of a fool do you think I am?"

Granger said quietly, "I think you've forgotten something. If you don't give me the chance I want with Iris I'll explode the whole myth of David Merriam." He had his hand on David's arm, holding him. David flung it off.

"What do you think I am, Granger? You're out of your mind if you think I'll trade my wife for your silence. Good night."

Granger took hold of his arm again, his fingers like a vise. "You're not thinking straight," Granger said in a low voice. "If this comes out, Iris will suffer, too, you know—she'll be the wife of an ex-convict. You'd probably lose her in the bargain, but if you didn't, it would be pretty tough on her, having to start all over again with you somewhere else."

David stood still. A long sigh shook him, and he felt Granger relax his hold. "Go on," David said. This could not be real, he thought. It was fantastic, like a nightmare—the two of them standing here on the sidewalk while oblivious passers-by went about their business, bargaining with David's life.

"You have nothing to lose, really," Granger said, "because if she loves me you wouldn't want to hold her anyway—you said so. And if she doesn't, I'll step out of the picture without saying a word, and you'll never hear from me again."

"How do you propose to find out?" David asked.

Granger lit another cigarette and puffed at it jerkily. "Tell her you've done some thinking about your marriage while you were away, and you're in such a confused state of mind that you want to go to a hotel for a week and be alone until you can come to some decision. Be as vague as you like, as long as you give her the impression that you may be thinking about leaving her." He smiled a little. "If you give her that impression, and I have a week alone with her, I think I'll make out."

"What makes you believe I'll do David asked him. "You can't be sure I w tell her how much I love her and need and give her some other excuse for g away."

Granger shook his head. "You won't that. If you did, you'd never know whe you weren't standing in the way of her piness. It would be on your conscience you used her loyalty to keep her from man she loved—a man who has no past might rear up any day and destroy he curity."

David stood looking at him for a mom "You have a lot of confidence," he finally, "in the conscience of an embezz

Granger smiled. "I'll know if you do cross me," he said. "If Iris tells me she w listen to me because you love her and her, I'll have some telling to do myself.

"I see," David said.

David scarcely left his hotel room work the entire week. Once he went in movie, but the girl in the picture remi him of Iris, an left before it over.

It was almos conceivable tha had convinced Ir easily, when all time he was tal about wantin give their mar some thought, he aching with love her. He would thought it must shown in his w in his eyes, gi everything away but it had not sh he had had so m years of practic concealment.

Iris had said "Very well, Dav and turned a without giving any indicatio whether she was turbed or indiffe or relieved.

He had alw thought she lo him, but had come to love G ger now, inste Granger loved but whether loved him, Da had no way of k ing. He would to wait—and waiting was i minable.

Often during that week alone in his in the hotel he thought that she wou better off if she did love Granger and ma him. He was, as he had said, a man whom her security, her peace of mind, not be threatened.

As the days wore on, he became convi that she would accept Granger. Davi not like him, but everyone else thoug was charming, clever and cosmopolit much more Iris' type, really, than L was. And if this thing he was doing now unscrupulous, it was only his love fo that had made him do it. She would be b off with him.

David tried to plan what he would d had started a new life once before, but h not see how he could do it again, wit Iris. And yet it was not in his nature t up.

On the fifth night he fell asleep face on his bed, in all his clothes, with a lights on.

When he awoke he thought for a m that he was back in prison, and tha had fallen asleep crying, the way he done so often there. But then he knew he had not been crying. He was too o that now. He lay there a moment bef became aware that someone was knockl the door. He got up, smoothing back hi

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

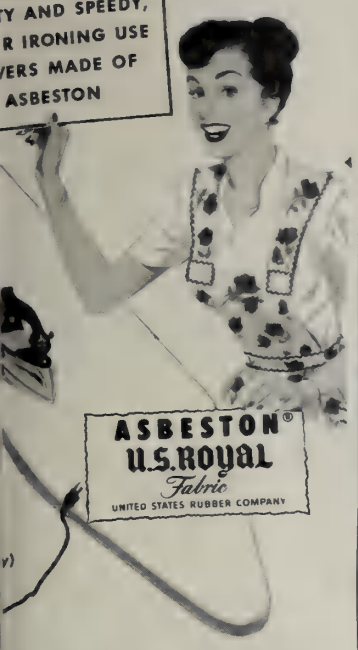
Summer Has Faded

By JESSE STUART

Summer has faded from all living eyes.
It is a written book that we have read
With sentences of green beneath blue skies.
Each word is now a leaf of dying red.
We stand to watch birds gather for the south,
We watch them rise in this bright autumn weather;
And with joy in the heart, song in the mouth,
They are off through boundless skies together.
Above the thistle furze that floats on wind,
Above the leaves of scarlet red and gold,
Above treetops the autumn winds have thinned
They rise to sing before their blood grows cold.
We stand below to listen and to look
And wait the season of another book.

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mechanically with his hand, and opened the door.

"Hello," Iris said. He stood staring at her, and she smiled. "Aren't you going to let me in?"

Of all the things that came into his mind, what he said was, "How did you know where I was?"

She came in and shut the door. "I made Charles tell me where you were," she said.

"Granger?"

"David." She clasped her hands together tightly and looked up at him. "David, we might have lost each other."

At the tone of her voice he came and stood before her, his heart hammering, waiting.

"You've always been so strange, so reserved," she said. "I was never sure how much you really loved me. And when Charles came along and perfectly obviously and boldly made a play for me, and you didn't appear to notice or care ——" She smiled faintly. "After all, I'm a woman, David. You were indifferent, and he flattered me. And he's a very charming man."

"Iris, do you ——"

"No, wait," she broke in. "When you said what you did about thinking over our marriage, that seemed to confirm what I'd been fearing, and I was ready to listen to Charles, ready to think things over myself. Tonight, though, when he insisted on an answer, I told him that I'd have to see you first, talk to you again, before I could make up my mind."

His heart slowed its pounding, and he turned away from her. He knew what he had to do. It had been only a wild hope, a selfish dream that he could do otherwise.

"Go back to him, Iris," he said. "You and I were never meant for each other. I'm sorry—but that's the way it is."

He stood waiting for the door to close. Instead he heard her chuckle softly, and he turned around in bewilderment.

"I wish Charles could know what a mistake he made," she said. "If he had kept quiet and just let me come, and you had said what you said just now, things might have been different. But he wasn't man enough himself to understand what a man you are. He was afraid if he let me come to you, that would be the end for him. And so he tried to stop me by telling me."

"Telling you . . . what?"

She took his hands. "Darling, you know what he told me—about your conviction, everything. Now I understand so many things I could never understand before. I thought you were cold and self-sufficient, but it was only because you had this weight on your heart, this thing you had to keep to yourself for fear of burdening me. Now I know you need me." She looked up at him with such tenderness in her eyes as he had never seen before. "Half of love is being needed, David."

He took her wordlessly into his arms, not kissing her, just holding her. "You're a foolish woman, Iris, my darling," he said finally, softly. "I didn't do the thing I was punished for, but if it ever comes out no one will believe me. The fear of discovery hangs over you now, too, and I never wanted that."

"I have no such fear," she said. "No one who knows you, no one you work for or do business with, could believe that you have ever done a dishonest thing in your life."

"They believed it in the town where I was born, where I grew up. They all believed it there."

She shook her head. "I'm sure that isn't so, David. I'm sure there were people who would have stood by you if you had given them a chance. You were probably so hurt and confused that you thought everybody was your enemy."

He could not speak. All at once he knew she was right. In spite of Caleb Ferguson and Charles Granger, he was here with the woman he loved in his arms. What did he have to fear?

"Let's go home, David," Iris said.

"David isn't really my name, you know," he told her.

"All right," she said softly. "Let's go home, my love."

THE END



Conversation Piece



Designed for outdoor dining—not a picnic menu, but a very special meal.

by Ruth Mills Teague



For dessert, peach tarts with a swirl of creamy, precooked meringue delicately browned. Serve the tarts very cold.

WHEN it comes to food—and when doesn't it?—I think broiled steak would win a popularity contest anywhere. But if the steak has been broiled in a thick crust of salt so that all the juices stay right where they belong, there's no describing its perfection. So I'll plan a terrace dinner around this masterpiece.

The appetizer will be a ribbon sandwich loaf cut into strips. The various fillings are made of different-colored foods and they look as nice as they taste.

The steak can be cooked over a grill or outside fireplace or in your range, and after it's broiled the crust of salt can be knocked off. It comes off easily. The steak can then be carved in thin slices, dipped in melted butter *(Continued on Page 134)*

PHOTOS BY STUART

Everybody loves steak—and broiled in a thick crust of salt to seal in the juices, it's a masterpiece of good eating. Try it carved in thin slices, dipped in melted, garlic-seasoned butter and eaten—immediately; it should be piping hot—on strips of bread or slice it thicker and serve on plates. A hot casserole of green noodles with Parmesan cheese is a perfect accompanist. And for flavor contrast, a well-chilled salad of crisp, marinated vegetables with tangy sour-cream dressing.

Beautiful eating—Sunnyvale Salad!"



Here's the bowl that sends salad fanciers into ecstasies—turns "picky" salad eaters into downright enthusiasts! It's *so* luscious with the "five sunshine fruits" from Libby's famous Fruit Cocktail Kitchens in Sunnyvale, California.

LINE THE BOWL with whatever crispy greens are in season. Have a well-seasoned French dressing ready to serve at the table. Open and drain a chilled can of Libby's Fruit Cocktail. (For a big buffet supper bowl you'll want to use two No. 2½ cans.)

ARRANGE those sparkling jewel-like fruits in the bowl. And as you do that, note *how* glorious they are—real little "jewels" cut from whole, hand-picked fruits! For in sunny Sunnyvale—right in the heart of the California fruit country—Libby selects for this fruit cocktail the *same* fine quality fruits that are packed individually under the world-famous Libby label. That's why Libby's is the *de luxe* fruit cocktail—extra luscious no matter how you serve it!

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FRANCO-AMERICAN MEAL HINTS

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ROAST BEEF AND POTATO ROLL-UPS



ROAST BEEF AND POTATO ROLL-UPS
1 cup mashed potatoes
10 slices roast beef
1 can Franco-American Beef Gravy

Heat oven to 350° F. (moderate). Place a generous spoonful of potatoes on each slice of beef; roll up and fasten with a toothpick. Place in a greased 12x7½x2-inch baking dish; pour on Franco-American Beef Gravy. Bake 20 minutes at 350° F. Makes 5 generous servings.

Tonite's Menu Complete
Tomato Soup
Roast Beef and Potato Roll-ups
(Recipe above)
Buttered New Beets
Tossed Green Salad
Peach Turnovers
Milk and Coffee
Anne Marshall
Director Home Economics

Franco-American Beef Gravy makes the meal!

Made from the juices of selected beef... with that genuine roasting pan flavor! Delicious served with any meat-and-potato dinner. On sandwiches. In stews. Or add it to make your own gravy s-t-r-e-t-c-h.



Franco-American
BEEF GRAVY
READY TO SERVE

(Continued from Page 132)

and eaten on strips of bread. Terrific! Or it can be carved in thicker slices and served on plates.

For another hot dish we'll have a casserole of green noodles or thin spaghetti mixed with butter or margarine, a little cream and Parmesan cheese. This delicately flavored dish is wonderful with steak, and we'll have plenty of it because plenty is what everyone will want.

The salad will be raw vegetables marinated in French dressing, with a delicious sour-cream dressing served in a separate bowl. We'll want a big variety of vegetables: carrots, scallions, tomatoes, cucumbers, green peppers, broccoli, radishes and kohlrabi or white turnips. The vegetables will be crisp and cold and cut fine enough to be easy to eat.

For dessert, peach tarts. They are individual pastry shells filled to the brim with juicy sliced peaches and covered with a precooked meringue, very much like a seven-minute frosting. The meringue seeps down into the sliced peaches and completely covers the tops except for the rims of the pastry shells. The tarts are put under the broiler for two or three minutes to brown and are served very cold.

These recipes will serve six or eight people.

RIBBON SANDWICH LOAF

This will be a five-layer loaf. That is, five layers of bread and four of fillings. Cut off crust from about ⅔ loaf of sandwich bread and slice the long way into five even slices. I will suggest four fillings, but if you have some pet recipe of your own, or if you have left-overs that would make a good filling, go to it. Just be sure you get a variety of color.

Ham Filling: To 1 cup finely ground cooked smoked ham or tongue add 4 tablespoons chili sauce, 1 tablespoon horse-radish, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, enough mayonnaise to bring it to a good spreading consistency, pepper to taste, and salt if needed.

Egg Filling: Hard-cook 6 eggs. Mash yolks and put them through a sieve or potato ricer. Add the whites of 3 eggs minced fine, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1½ teaspoons sugar, ⅛ teaspoon turmeric, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, salt and pepper to taste and enough mayonnaise to moisten. If color isn't a bright enough yellow, there's no harm in adding a few drops of vegetable coloring.

Tuna-Fish Filling: Mash contents of 1 seven-ounce can white tuna fish; add ½ cup finely chopped celery, the other 3 hard-cooked egg whites, finely chopped, 2 canned pimientos, chopped, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, enough mayonnaise to moisten and salt and pepper to taste.

Water-Cress Filling: Chop 1 bunch water cress very fine; add 3 tablespoons chopped chives, 3 ounces cream cheese, 1 tablespoon lemon juice or vinegar and enough cream to moisten.

Spread one slice of bread with softened butter or margarine and a thick layer of one of the spreads. Cover with a slice of bread that has first been spread with butter or margarine, and press down firmly, buttered side down. Spread top of this slice with butter or margarine and then with another of the sandwich spreads. Continue until all have been used.

Wrap the loaf in wax paper or aluminum foil and then in heavy locker paper or a damp towel and store in refrigerator. The loaf should be made early in the day of the party or the day before, because the butter or margarine must harden in order to hold the layers together.

To serve, cut sandwich loaf the long way into thirds, and then cut across at the same distances so as to form tall sandwiches with all the bread layers square. If you like, you can garnish sandwich tray with stuffed celery, radish roses or pickles.

Best liked



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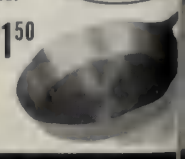


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TEAK BROILED IN SALT CRUST

a good idea to have a consultation with r butcher in advance. There aren't too y perfect steaks in a side of beef, and for occasion you want the best. I think the bone sirloin cuts to best advantage and deliciously tender. Ask him to cut the k a good 2½ inches thick.

you are broiling the steak over an out- grill or fireplace, let the charcoal burn n until you have a very hot bed of coals. e ready a big bowl of coarse salt—not salt—mixed to a paste with water. The se salt can be bought in grocery or feed es. One cup water to five cups salt is it right. When you are ready to broil, rub k well with freshly ground black pepper pat a thick layer of the salt paste all over top side. The layer should be ¼ inch k and it should be pressed and patted un- is quite solid. Cover with a paper nap- or piece of paper towel to hold salt in e and invert steak on a hand grill with handles. Now cover top side of steak salt and napkin, and close grill. For rare k that is not pur- ut good and rare, sixteen and a minutes on each Increase broil- time if you want less rare. When ed, remove salt, ch will have ed a crust that have blackened urned, but don't hat bother you: ll crack off in a arge pieces.

w I'll tell you to do this job in range in case her doesn't per- outdoor cooking u prefer to do it ors. Turn on er and put a y skillet with a l handle under get very hot. e this goes on, top of steak with k layer of salt, e a piece of alu- m foil and put ver salt, greased own. Turn steak and apply salt is side but do over with foil. skillet is piping remove, brush m with salad oil and put steak into it, num-foil side down. Put it back under r. The top of steak should be about inches from heat—the second notches broiler make it just right. Broil sev- n minutes on this side. Have a heavy sheet ready. Remove skillet, put sheet over top and invert skillet so teak is now resting on cooky sheet. Lift uminum foil, put steak back under r and broil this side sixteen minutes. ifference in timing is because the heat skillet starts to cook the aluminum- le of steak as soon as it is put in. Re- steak and crack off salt.

m here on the story is the same whether ooking has been done outdoors or in. teak on a hot plank, platter or board prinkle with chopped parsley. Because salt, the surface of the steak will not be and the parsley makes it look pretty. lown into thin slices—about ⅛ inch Have ready a bowl of melted butter to 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce clove garlic, finely minced, have been . Dip pieces of steak into the butter ut them on slices of Italian bread or on ices of French or ordinary bread. Serve hot.

se small open steak sandwiches can en with the fingers, and to me they better that way, but of course the can be cut into thicker slices and served on plates. But be sure that every slice has been wallowed around in the melted butter. A long ti n ago I dealt with a butcher who would say, when I was buying a piece of meat, "I'll tell you, Mrs. Teague, this will eat good!" And now I'm telling you.

GREEN NOODLES OR SPAGHETTI PARMESAN

Get plenty of green noodles or thin spaghetti and boil in salted water until barely tender. Don't overcook, because they'll spend some time in the oven before they are eaten. Drain in a colander and pour boiling water over them. Put them into a large bowl, add grated Parmesan cheese, melted butter or margarine and some heavy cream. There should be enough cheese to give a delicate cheese flavor and enough cream and butter to keep the noodles from sticking together. They should not be at all soupy, but they should be moist. Add salt to taste, and if you like, a little grated garlic. Toss with two forks, transfer to a greased casserole, cover and keep hot in a low oven or in a pan of boiling water on top of stove. The noodles or spaghetti can be prepared in advance and reheated before serving.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Contented

By Elizabeth-Ellen Long

Too many years I've known of ecstasy
In this poor mortal flesh of mine, this worn
And shabby garment of mortality
Which experts on celestial fashions scorn,
To hail its putting off, its laying by,
With anything but sorrow and regret,
However true that I may gain thereby
Lovelier clothing than I've hoped for yet.
For though its style is nothing new, its fit
But commonplace, such joy in taste and smell,
Sight, sound and touch I've had while wearing it,
So much of beauty and of love as well,
I'd not exchange it, had I my desire,
For all of heaven's very best attire!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

RAW-VEGETABLE SALAD

You needn't have as wide a variety of vegetables as I have suggested, but I think the more the merrier. Break or cut cauliflower into tiny little flowerets about as big as the end of your finger. Slice carrots and red radishes into *very* thin rounds. Cut white turnips or kohlrabi into tiny cubes. Cut broccoli into small flowerets, using only the top of one good-sized stalk. Cut cucumber and pepper into small chunks. All these can be cut the day before and stored in ice water in the refrigerator. The scallions should be cut into thin rounds and the tomatoes into small chunks not too long before they are used. About an hour before serving, drain vegetables, dry on towels and marinate them in French dressing. You can mix them all together or keep the different vegetables in separate bowls. They look very pretty arranged in groups on the salad platter, but once the salad plates are served they are mixed together as if they had been tossed in a bowl, so suit yourself.

SOUR-CREAM DRESSING

Mix together 1 pint sour cream, ½ cup chili sauce, 1 heaping tablespoon horse-radish and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Serve dressing in separate bowl beside salad.

PEACH TARTS

Make individual pastry shells with a nice high rim. Bake in preheated hot—450° F.—oven for twelve to fifteen minutes until light golden brown.

Make precooked meringue by mixing together in top of double boiler 1½ cups sugar, ¼ cup water, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 pinch salt and 2 unbeaten egg whites. Stir ingredients well and beat a little with rotary beater. Have water boiling briskly in bottom of double boiler. Set top in and beat steadily with rotary beater until meringue will hold a peak when you lift beater—6 to 8 minutes. Remove from heat and beat 3 minutes.

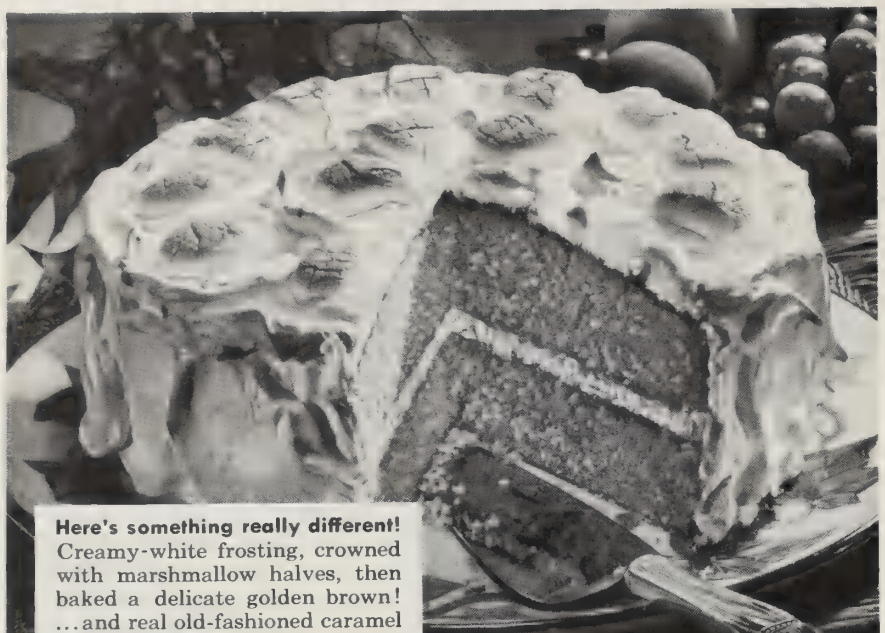
Fill pastry shells as full as you can with peeled and sliced fresh peaches—the more tart the peaches are, the better. Spoon in meringue until peaches are entirely covered

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NEW, WONDERFUL RECIPE FOR

Baked Frosting CARAMALLOW CAKE

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Baked Frosting Caramallow Cake

Preparations—Line bottoms of pans with paper; grease. Use two round 9-inch layer pans. 1½ inches deep. Start oven for moderate heat (375°F.). Sift flour once before measuring.

Ingredients:

- 3 tablespoons caramelized sugar syrup
- 3 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
- 3½ teaspoons CALUMET Baking Powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¾ cup vegetable shortening
- 1¼ cups sugar
- 3 eggs, unbeaten
- 1¼ cups milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 8 marshmallows, cut in halves

Note—For best results, remember that the "priceless ingredient" in this cake recipe is the baking powder. And Double Acting CALUMET is Doubly Dependable—first, in the mixing bowl—then in the oven—to give you the most perfect cakes, biscuits, waffles, pancakes, muffins you ever tasted! That's why . . . *for real Home Made goodness, more women use* CALUMET *than any other brand!*

METHOD: To make caramelized sugar syrup, heat ¼ cup firmly packed brown sugar in a small, heavy skillet over low heat. Stir constantly until sugar melts. When syrup starts to darken, remove at once from heat. Add *very slowly* 3 tablespoons hot water and stir until dissolved. Cool.

1. Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times.

2. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating thoroughly after each. Then add 3 tablespoons of the caramelized sugar syrup and blend. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla; blend.

Baking—Turn batter into pans. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 30 minutes, or until done. Cool.

Frosting—Place cooled cake on baking sheet. Spread Seven Minute Frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake. Press marshmallow halves into frosting on top of cake. Then place cake in hot oven (400°F.) 6 to 8 minutes, or until marshmallows are puffed and delicately browned.

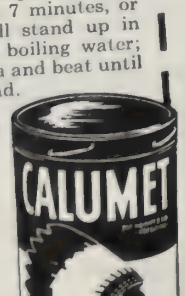
Seven Minute Frosting

Combine 2 egg whites, unbeaten, 1½ cups sugar, dash of salt, 5 tablespoons water, and 1½ teaspoons light corn syrup in top of double boiler, mixing thoroughly. Place over rapidly boiling water, beat constantly with rotary egg beater (or at high speed of electric mixer), and cook 7 minutes, or until the frosting will stand up in peaks. Remove from boiling water; add 1 teaspoon vanilla and beat until thick enough to spread.

In Baking Your Best Bet is—

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and meringue is piled high. Swirl the spoon around on top to make a circular pattern. Put the tarts on a cooky sheet under broiler until delicately browned—this takes only two to three minutes, so watch it. Store in a cool place and chill in refrigerator before serving. The meringue will draw out some of the juice of the peaches and the meringue itself will have a creamy consistency.

Vary this recipe by filling the pastry shells with strawberries instead of peaches sometimes. Very good indeed!

Service. Whether the steak is cooked in or out of doors, the service will be about the same. This isn't a picnic menu—it's a r meal, and a pretty special one at that. table or tables should be set up on the t race, lawn or wherever, and this super tively good food should be eaten in r comfort.

But be sure the steak is sliced, dunked butter, put on bread and eaten *immediately* before it has time to cool. The noodles a spaghetti can be served on plates the c ventional way, and eaten between times, b the steak should go straight from carvi knife to palate, and how everybody—es cially the men—will love it.

ON A SATURDAY NIGHT

(Continued from Page 64)

Not the last word. And don't think there aren't a dozen ways, maybe more, to bake beans. There are. Some put the mustard in the bottom of the pot. Some like the pork all fat, some would walk a mile to get a hunk of streaked lean and fat. Some parboil the pork before it's put in the bean pot, and other cooks scorn such effete and sissy methods and rely on native goodness and long baking to bring out that pork's better nature. Let's call the receipt I'm going to set down a middle-of-the-road receipt. If you're a bean baker, you'll do as you always have. If you aren't, why, here's a start for you. And bless you, one and all.

Now to a Saturday night. I mustn't get ahead of my story as I frequently do. Get my mind all set running along and hitting on all cylinders—and the first thing I know I've run right off the track and find myself at some junction I shouldn't have come to for a long time. So this time I'll start at the beginning and work right through in an orderly way. Watch how I do it. It's quite a trick—for me.

The first item you'll find on the agenda is no less than our old friend and never-failing stand-by—tomato juice. This receipt is all yours for free, in case you are drawn to a kettle when ripe tomatoes appear by the bushel as a needle is drawn to a magnet. If, seeing those two in juxtaposition, you go into action and roll up your sleeves and start getting out the works, why, then this receipt is for you and you will know it as such.

Personally, tomato juice in cans and bottles is good enough for me. But then, I'm reading a serial mystery story and that may partly explain my apathetic attitude toward standing around fussing with tomato juice when it's so cool and pretty in the garden. But *not* in the tomato patch. However, I will agree that there's some point in having your tomato juice seasoned to your taste, particularly if the tomatoes came from your own patch.

TOMATO JUICE

Wash ½ bushel (25–30 pounds) of well-ripened tomatoes. Cut out core and any decayed spots. Cut tomatoes into quarters. Do not peel. Put them into a deep pan in which they can be cooked. Crush them slightly with the potato masher to set free enough juice to start them cooking. Add 5 large onions cut into pieces, a handful of parsley, 4 carrots, sliced, 4 large stalks celery with leaves, ½ green pepper. Cover the kettle and simmer gently until the tomatoes are well cooked. Force the pulp through a sieve or colander fine enough to remove the seeds. Add ¼ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon mono sodium glutamate and 3 tablespoons plus 1 teaspoon salt. Bring strained juice to the boiling point. Pour the boiling-hot juice into hot sterilized jars. Seal. Makes 17 pints.

Well, think on what I said. Work is for the worker. And this is an old and tried receipt—except for the MSG, which is a new wrinkle indeed.

A different story. This is the story of the beans—that comes next and, as I said, it's only one way, but it works and you'll have a pot of beans worthy of the Back Bay if y follow through. And once you get the Sat day-night bean habit, you've no idea h easy it is and how sort of comfortable. I baked beans are pretty swell eating, w catchup or chili sauce or without. I like ex molasses in my beans, and whether they baked in my kitchen or got from the groc I always put in a little more. But don't and do it without trying it out first. Th you can tell. The receipt here is very mod as to sweetening.

BAKED BEANS

Soak 1 pound navy beans in cold water ov night. Drain. Cover with fresh water a cook slowly until the skins break. To te take a few beans on the tip of a spoon a blow on them gently. If the skins break a curl back, they are sufficiently cooked. Tu the beans into a bean pot. (You *have* a be pot, I trust, unless you used it for petuni and didn't I advise against it?) Pour bo ing water over ½ pound fat salt pork; scra the rind until white. Cut into half-inch str not quite all the way to the rind—don't c clear through the rind, as you want the s pork to act like a fan. Put a good piece of pork halfway down in the middle of the p Keep the rest for the top. Mix ½ teaspo salt, 3 tablespoons brown sugar, ⅓ c molasses, ¾ teaspoon dry mustard and teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Add 1 c water and pour over the beans. Add enou more water to cover and bake in a sl oven—250°–300° F.—6 to 8 hours, add additional water to keep the beans cover Uncover the pot the last half hour to bro the pork—and be sure it's brown. At l sprinkle a little sugar on the beans and them stay to glaze. You may not care this glazing business. I don't, myself, l some folks love it.

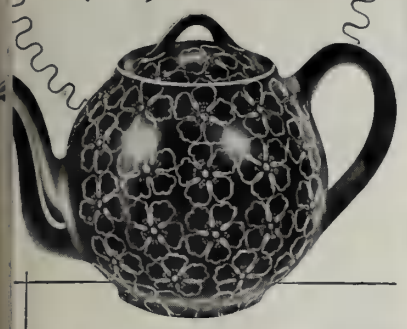
Comes the brown bread. As is right a proper, here comes the brown bread. Lots good plump raisins in it and, like a cake, tender and delicious as ever you could thi One thing: brown bread should be served and I mean hot. And it may be resteam you know, and come out just as good. It ne plenty of good butter or margarine to b tize it with as you consume slice after sl And don't have the slices wafer thin, eith Those are all right for a lady's tea tab but with baked beans you may forget that and have the slices thicker.

Now for your receipt. But, before I forg you know you can buy delicious brown bre in nice round cans. All you do is steam a steam it. A great convenience—at least i in *my* house. I sometimes want baked bea and brown bread in a hurry and then th both may come from cans.

STEAMED BROWN BREAD

Pour boiling water over 1 cup seedless raisi Let them stand 5 minutes. Drain them w Mix together 1 cup flour (save out 1 tab spoon flour to dredge the raisins with lat 1 cup whole-wheat flour, 1 cup yellow c meal, 1½ teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon bak soda and ¼ cup sugar. Stir 1½ cups s milk or buttermilk, mixed with ¾ cup d molasses and 3 tablespoons melted short ng, into the dry ingredients. Lastly, stir

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I cup floured raisins. Pour into 2 well-greased and floured 1-pound cans (baking-powder cans are perfect for this, tight covers and all), filling them ⅔ full. Cover tops tightly with aluminum foil or covers that fit, and place on a rack in a steamer or deep kettle over boiling water. Cover the kettle or steamer, and steam 1¾ hours. All the covering up is because it's *steam* you want. And steam has a way of being very unreliable if it isn't shut in where it belongs.

Bringing home the bacon! I guess in those old New England days I was telling of they didn't have ham and bacon with their beans. Somehow I think they kept to their good salt pork and, having sliced it paper thin and slashed it to keep it flat—well, *pretty* flat—they fried it crisp and brown, sometimes putting on a thin blanket of batter, more often as was. And that it was delicious I can testify, for, although a little younger than Abigail Adams, I've eaten salt pork in about every way known to man—or woman—and I know what I'm talking about. But Canadian-style bacon makes a very fine meal indeed of this baked-bean business.

GLAZED CANADIAN BACON

Buy a 2-pound piece of ready-to-eat Canadian bacon. Place in a shallow roasting pan in its transparent wrapper. Bake in a slow oven—325° F.—for 30 minutes. Remove wrapper and stud the bacon with whole cloves. Mix ½ cup brown sugar with ⅓ cup of any canned-fruit sirup and pour over the top. Bake an additional 30 minutes, basting frequently. Slice very thin, as you do ham—when it's sliced right.

I had rather live with the woman I love in a world full of trouble, than to live in heaven with nobody but men. —ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

Was it originally "cold"? I have often pondered over the naming of coleslaw; could it be that it was named for an old chap by the name of Cole, or was it meant to be *cold* and somehow turned out the way it did? Who knows? Research does nothing for me. I'm at a dead end. Cole or cold, it's all the same to me. Incidentally, the dill makes a big difference. It's really excellent—if you like slaw. And there are two more receipts for relishes coming along, so don't say you didn't have a choice. Maybe, if it's a crowd you're having on a Saturday night, you'll make all three. Anyway, good luck, good relish.

COLESLAW WITH DILL DRESSING

Make a boiled dressing by mixing 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 2 teaspoons sugar, 2 tablespoons flour, a little pepper and ¾ teaspoon salt in the top of a double boiler. Make this into a smooth paste with 3 slightly beaten egg yolks and ¼ cup milk. Cook over boiling water, adding 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, and, while stirring constantly, add ½ cup milk and ¼ cup vinegar alternately, a little at a time. Cook until thick. Pour into a bowl and chill. When ready to serve, whip ½ cup heavy cream and fold into the boiled dressing. Season with 1½ tablespoons vinegar, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar and 1½ teaspoons fresh chopped dill or dried dill or ½ teaspoon dill seeds, crushed. Toss lightly with 2 quarts finely shredded cabbage. Arrange in a bowl lined with the outer leaves of cabbage.

You can always get dill at the herb houses, and maybe it's in your garden or your neighbor's. The fresh is better, but the dried is very good and dill *seeds* are fun.

Promise made good. And now for the two relishes I promised. Here they are—either is good with ham, bacon or beans—and it won't come as a complete surprise, I'm sure, when I tell you that one deals with prunes. In a very nice way, if I do say so myself. And the other has an apple doing a polka with young Horse-radish, the rascal. And if she doesn't know what a temper he has, and a mean dis-

(Continued on Page 139)



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(Continued from Page 137)

ition, too, she'll find out. But once in a le he behaves, and this is one of those es.

PICKLED PRUNES

sh 1 pound tenderized prunes (about 3 s) and stick 2 whole cloves into each ne. Add 3 cups water and soak the prunes 2 hours. Add 1 cup dark brown sugar, 1 cider vinegar and 4 three-inch sticks namon. Bring to a boil. Simmer 30 min-. Chill overnight in the sirup. Makes 1 rt.

APPLE HORSE-RADISH

son ½ pint thick sour cream with ⅛ tea-on salt and 2 tablespoons prepared se-radish. Grate 1 large red-skinned un-led apple on the coarse side of the grater add 1 cupful of the grated apple to the r cream. Mix well. Add a little sugar and a e extra salt to taste, or leave the sugar . It all depends on the tartness of the le.

ving-off place. There has to be an end—n to a Saturday night. So here I am turn-you over to the delicate operation known naking an apricot cake—with trimmings. ow you'll find it easy, and easier still to

APRICOT CAKE

e part: Cream ½ cup shortening and 1 sugar together. Add 2 well-beaten eggs beat until light. Flavor with 1 teaspoon illa. Sift together 1¾ cups cake flour, teaspoon salt and 2½ teaspoons baking der. Add alternately to creamed mixture ½ cup milk. Beat after each addition. in and end with the dry ingredients. 't hesitate to beat. If you've got a mixer, you're in luck. Pour the batter into two 8-inch layer-cake pans greased and lined with wax paper and greased again. Or use the cake-pan liners that don't need greasing. You'll find them at most places where they sell cooking things. They're as handy as a pocket in a shirt. Bake 25–30 minutes in a moderately hot oven, 375° F. Let stand 5 minutes. Turn out and cool on racks.

Apricot filling and meringue: Wash 2 cups dried apricots. Add 2 cups water to the apricots in a saucepan. Cover and simmer until tender—takes about 30 minutes. Put through a sieve or colander and add 1 cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Cook slowly until thick, stirring every minute.

Split your cake layers crosswise. Save ⅔ cup of apricot mixture for the meringue and spread the rest between the cake layers. Beat 2 egg whites until foamy. Gradually add 2 tablespoons sugar and beat well. Fold in remaining ⅔ cup of the apricot purée and 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Frost top and sides of the cake with the apricot meringue, making it stylish with whirls and swirls.

Are the birds leaving? Somehow it seems strangely quiet in the shrubs and in the trees. Can't be that the birds, having schooled their progeny as to the way to get on in the world, are packing up to fly South once more? Why they don't invite the blue jays along I don't know. But I don't blame them. The blue jays have manners which are trying, but they are as beautiful as an army with banners.

Soon St. Martin's summer will be here. We call it the Indian summer. As lovely and as fleeting as a face seen in a dream. And I will say good-by for now. And attend to my own Saturday night. Dear old Saturday night. Remember?

CAN A NATION AFFORD HEALTH FOR ALL ITS PEOPLE?

(Continued from Page 37)

which took it for granted that there ld be the closest co-operation between nedical profession and the state and that nifying force should be the Ministry of th. When the Labour Government came ower after the war and turned down the ne and put forward its own, there cer-y followed a bonny fight between the ister of Health, Mr. Aneurin Bevan, and British Medical Association. But it was provoked by the question of whether should or should not be a National th Service, but by argument as to how n money the doctors were going to be how much liberty going to be left to to choose the con-is in which they were ork, and how far, if by the state, they to retain the inti-relationship, pre-d from all interfer-by any third party, has till now existed between doctor patient. They fought, in fact, on how were to come into a National Health ce, which presumes consent to its nce.

s true that the Fellowship of Freedom edicine, of which the founder was the physician Lord Horder, fights the Serv-the theory that the doctor must keep lf free from anything but the bare mini-of entanglement with the state; but bout 3000 doctors belong to the Fellow-On the other hand, over 18,000 are ng within the Service.

s the fact that the vast mass of the h people, Tory and Labour, doctors ymen, accept the principle of the Na- Health Service. They are sometimes certed by the way that that principle out in practice, grumble noisily—and y should, or wrongs would never get d. But I think that few of them would er it possible to abandon the principle in view of those frightening results. **For it is really true that the National Health Service was called into being because it was what was generally felt to be the only means of fulfilling a useful purpose; or, to be exact, certain useful purposes.**

I can best show you what those purposes are by telling you how various people have been affected since July 5, 1948, when the Service was inaugurated by the Minister of Health, in pursuance of a duty laid on him two years earlier by an Act of Parliament.

Ever since then all of us except children and the old have paid certain contributions to the state under an Insurance Act. (When I give figures I will pay no attention to the devaluation of the pound.) On an employed man's insurance card the employer sticks a stamp for which he pays just under $1 and for which the employee pays $1—a total contribution of almost $2. On an employed woman's card the employer sticks a stamp for which the employer pays 65 cents and the employee 75 cents. Boys under eighteen have to have stamps on their cards amounting to rather more than half the value of those on men's cards, and the girls have to account for rather more than half the value of the stamps on a woman's card; and their employers have to pay their share. A self-employed man has to pay $1.25, a self-employed woman has to pay $1. A man who does not follow any employment has to pay just under $1; such a woman has to pay 75 cents.

I sneak in without paying, under the provision that the wife of a self-employed man can participate in certain benefits, of which the National Health Service is one, on his card.

Of these contributions an average of 10 to 15 cents is allocated to the National Health Service. The rest goes to provide such bene-

The great secret of successful marriage is to treat all disasters as incidents and none of the incidents as disasters.
—HAROLD NICOLSON.

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fits as old-age pensions and maternity benefits. **But the sum of the contributions thus provided for the National Health Service defrayed, at the beginning, only one fifth of its cost. The proportion must be much lower now that the cost has mounted. The deficit, which was originally four fifths and must now be more, is provided from income tax and from indirect taxation, such as the duty on tea, spirits, tobacco, and so on.**

The state goes off with this insurance and taxation money in its hand and enters into a contract with the doctors and surgeons and nurses and druggists and hospitals of the land, by which it agrees to pay them certain fees if they give the population free service. **So now we all can consult a doctor without paying him, get all medicines prescribed by the doctor without paying the druggist, and go into a hospital without paying for the use of the bed or the operating theater or the radiological or any other department.**

Let us first see how it works at the receiving end: on the patients.

II

You are not being at all realistic if you imagine that the National Health Service is the product of an idealism which will no longer suffer it that people shall be sick and uncared for just because they are poor.

The National Health Service does not make any earth-shaking change in the position of the sick poor. If anybody tells you about little English children in garrets who are now borne away in ambulances to be operated on by world-famous specialists and be nursed back to health by nice starched nurses in hospital wards, and suggests that these children would have been left to die in those garrets until July 5, 1948, put him down as a political propagandist and an unreliable reporter.

It is unfortunate, considering that enthusiasm moves the world, that so few enthusiasts can be trusted to speak the truth. —A. J. BALFOUR.

The lot of the sick poor has been improved in many secondary ways; but the primary situation of the patient struck down by acute illness when not possessed of means to pay doctors or nurses or hospital authorities has not been dramatically altered.

This is not a criticism of the Service. It simply means that the medical and surgical treatment and hospitalization of people with yearly incomes below $1700 was so well looked after in most parts of England that, though we would all like to make it better still, it would hardly be possible to do so in our present economic circumstances.

So it happens that when I see our herdsman standing in the courtyard of our house, and I go down and ask him, "What difference has the National Health Service made to you?" he answers, "Why, none."

He is a highly intelligent man, who went a good way up high school, and left only because he comes of a long line of farmers and wanted to get out onto the land as soon as possible. He reads well and widely, and can always understand what the veterinary surgeon says to him, which in these days is something of a test. He votes Labour, and is not looking for a chance to belittle the party's record. But he answers, "Why, none."

He goes on to explain that it could make no difference, because so far as he knew he had always been able to get all the medical attention for his family that he needed, free.

"I got my doctoring free under the old insurance system. As for my family, you remember when my little Tony fell off the tractor five years ago and it passed over his leg? I'd always contributed to the hospital scheme, he got straight into Aylesbury Hospital, and they treated him as if he were a millionaire's son, and I didn't have to pay a penny. I don't think the whole business cost me more than the fee I paid the doctor who came and sent him into hospital.

"And my wife, she had the babies with the district nurse looking after her, and we didn't subscribe more than a few shillings in the year for that, and we got maternity benefit that more than covered that subscription. And there's the baby-welfare center, that costs almost nothing too. So far as I am cerned, they needn't have worried a bringing in this National Health Serv

"But you get medicines for nothing n I said.

"All the medicines that it's wholesom us to take I can pay for," he said, thereby gave proof of his education. It i uneducated section of the public which l to dose itself. He would never think of ta medicine, or letting his family take it, u the doctor told him it was necessary.

But as I walked away he called after

"There's one way the National He Service took away a worry I had," he "When I heard about it beforehand I tho it might sweep away everything that ex already, and my wife and I were ter afraid that we might lose Nurse Vinso was the best news I ever had when I k that she was kept on with the Service."

Nurse Vinson is the district nurse an beyond all doubt, the Great Lady of village. Not one of us but would own she is head and shoulders above us, not because of the work she does, but becau her character and distinction. When herdsman spoke of her, it was with an an tion that no other aspect of our talk ev from him. In fact, all that really moved when he spoke of the National Health Se was relief that it had not swept away the viously existing means of meeting the n cal needs of himself and his family and neighbors.

Now this is an extreme view of the s tion, based on a limited and lucky experie But it is correct in essentials.

The British had no son to be ashamed o medical provision made for their lo income groups. Firs all, they had a useful surance system. It introduced by our g statesman, David L George, in 1911, with intention of taking of employed persons who made just eno money to meet their current expenses, could not be expected to put by the sav which would enable them to cover the of sickness. He put the ceiling of this se at $650 annual income. That ceiling has to be raised twice since; now it is $1

This system gave the insured person right to register with the doctor and go o panel, as his list of patients was called, get his medical attention free. The weak of the system was that it made no prov for the dependents of the insured person their wives, not their children, not thei folk. But this was less of a hardship might appear. Many doctors organized by which insured persons on their p could get medical attention for their fam by paying something like a quarter a Many other doctors never sent in a b services rendered to the families of insured patients, and calculated the work as part of the duty they had to to get their insurance fees.

There was also the district-nursing sy to which Nurse Vinson, of whom my h man spoke, belongs, which sent out t nurses to visit people with low incon their homes and give them whatever ment was prescribed by their doctors, up to midwifery service. This was a re able success, attracting a very fine ty nurse. There were also various units fo ing care of special classes among the de ents, such as maternity and child we school medical inspection, and school services. But there is no doubt that dependents got left out of any scheme ticularly among women past the chil ing age, and old people. They have ben enormously from the National Health ice, under which they have the same rig anyone else. But they are not a very class; that is perhaps why my herdsm not mention that effect of the Service

Beyond this insurance system, ar units which took care of the depender had, over the greater part of Britain,

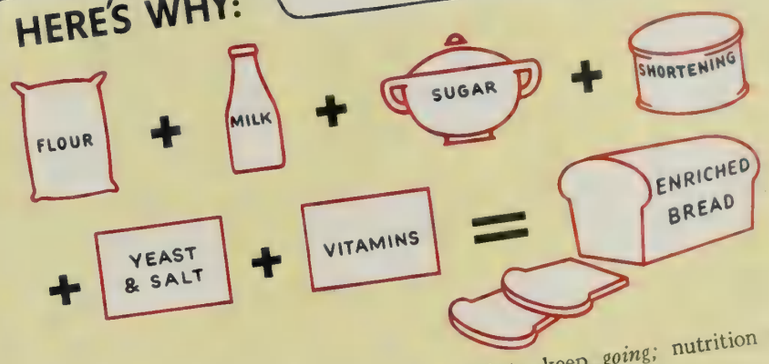
(Continued on Page 142)



B-R-E-A-D...

That's the five letter word for Grow-Up-Strong!

HERE'S WHY:



So, when you fix those school lunches, Mother—be sure there's plenty of wholesome, nourishing *bread!*

All those good foods in it—foods that are rich in protein, calcium, iron and other elements essential to a balanced diet—give children energy they need to keep *going*; nutrition they need to keep *growing*.

Don't forget! Penny for penny, enriched bread (the kind a baker bakes) provides more of the things the body needs—more generously—than any other food you eat at every meal.



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at more BREAD... your best food buy





(Continued from Page 140)

hospital system. There were patches where indifferent local authorities had scrimped on hospital expenditure and where a sparse population could raise no effective hospital committees; and in Britain, as in the United States and everywhere else, it is extremely hard to keep the small isolated rural hospital up to scratch. But we can honestly say that our hospitals gave good service to the public, even though they often looked horrible to American eyes. They do that, I may mention, for a reason which is really all to our credit. We were the first country to meet the medical need of the expanding urban populations created by the industrial revolution, and the hospitals we put up then inevitably seem out of date compared with the hospitals put up by countries which realized their responsibilities much later. And with two wars, we have not been able to rebuild them. Too many of them look dreary, dingy, antiquated. But people get well in them.

For proof, take the figures for maternal mortality in the London County Council hospitals. In 1938—and you know there was no penicillin then—they handled over 20,000 births with a maternal mortality rate of 2.8 a thousand; and many of these deaths were among women who were sent into hospitals because of conditions that could not be coped with elsewhere. In 1947, when penicillin was being used, they got the rate down to one death in 22,974.

This efficiency is not a new thing. Long ago the hospitals were good enough—and I do not mean good enough for the poor, I mean good enough for me.

When my father died he left my mother and my two sisters and myself in dire poverty, and if any of us fell seriously ill, we had to go into a ward in a public hospital. I look back on an attack of scarlet fever that I had as a chlid and I recognize that in the free fever hospital to which I was sent I was given as good nursing and medical treatment and food as I have ever had in any of the expensive hospitals which have in my adult life dug mines in my bank account.

This hospital was theoretically not free, and the patients were supposed to be charged what they could afford to pay. This assessment was usually merciful. The London County Council hospitals recovered only an average of $3 a head a week from their patients. But there are some hospitals which were considered, by members of the medical profession who were in a position to know, greedy enough in their assessments to defeat the purpose for which hospitals primarily exist. But there was an answer to that, too, for during the last thirty-odd years the Regional Contributory scheme spread all over Britain. It enabled everybody who had under $1600 annual income to pay 4 cents a week and get free hospital treatment, and pay 2 cents a week and get free ambulance service. I cannot think of a household in this village which did not pay up under this scheme.

CERTAINLY people had to pay for their own medicines and surgical appliances. But this was not such an absolute deprivation as it seems. If a person really needed a medicine—say he was a diabetic and needed insulin—or if he really needed a surgical appliance—say he was ruptured and needed a truss—and he was without means, he could go to the relieving officer, who would put his case before a committee which would, if they were convinced of his need and his insolvency, give him the money to buy the insulin or the truss. I sat on such a committee for some years, and it was not ungenerous. But it could not have sanctioned a demand for vitamin B tablets to build up a debilitated person, or any such long-term medicament; and in the increased use of these building-up drugs lies the chief and very real merit of the provision of free medicine under the National Health Service. This, again, is not a spectacular reform; it will never make a dramatic impression on the public.

But where the National Health Service makes a dramatic appearance is in another field: in the middle classes. For them it is as if the sun had come out from behind the clouds, and their relief is a promise to the state of a happier future.

Take Charles and Joan as an example of the intensity of this relief, and its social purpose. They do not live in our village. Charles is an officer in the regular army, and therefore they have a house near an army post where Charles is a lecturer, not far out of London. I pass it every time I have to make the journey by automobile, and I stop there as often as possible, because they are entertaining people, good-looking, intelligent, well-mannered, of good stock.

The other day Charles said, "We have good news for you," and Joan explained, "We're going to have a third baby. On the Health Service, bless it, so I don't mind a bit."

No political philosopher could possibly want a higher testimonial to a piece of social legislation.

Charles's army pay is between $4000 and $5000 a year, out of which they have to pay $1000 in income tax. In order to be near the army post, they have to pay a large rent for the only house which was vacant in the district.

They had their first child a year after the war ended; and it cost them, with doctor and nursing home and a nurse who had to stay two months because Joan was seriously ill after her confinement, over $500. Charles was getting less pay then and this amounted to one fifth of the spendable income left after he had settled his income tax. Fortunately, he had his war gratuity and that met the bills. Their second child was born in the autumn of 1948, and this time there was no gratuity to fall back upon.

"We don't know what we would have done," says Charles, "if the National Health Service hadn't been set up in the meantime. We can't save off what I get. I suppose we would have had to borrow money and be slaves for the rest of our lives. As it was, we hadn't a headache. We just sat back and were glad the baby was coming."

Joan says, "That is why we are able to have a third. Our local doctor is attending me for nothing. The district nurse will come every day for a fortnight for nothing. I get a grant of eight pounds (that's not the Health Service, though, but the insurance) with which I can pay a home help, a domestic worker who will be found for me by the Health Service, someone who has got a diploma for efficiency. I've paid nothing all through my pregnancy for my minor ailments. I have a condition that causes nausea for a longer period than most women have to endure, and for that I swallowed sixty pills that cost three dollars a dozen. I couldn't possibly have afforded them. I get my mineral oil free. I get my dentist free—and I have bad teeth and always need a lot of attention while I'm having a baby; I ran up a bill of sixty dollars in my first pregnancy, and I would have run up bigger bills with the second baby and with this one if there were bills any more. And why shouldn't I tell the unromantic truth? I'm one of those women who suffer from piles every time they are pregnant. They need a lot of treatment and suppositories, and I would have been worried by them as well as tortured by them if I'd had to pay for all that."

Middle-class and upper-class people really do talk about the National Health Service with the glossy ecstasy of women giving testimonials in advertisements.

Charles went on, "It's not only this baby business which is so wonderful; it's having the burden of small day-to-day ailments lifted from us. I get all my medical attention free because I am in the army, but if I had had to pay for all the small ailments that our babies have developed it would have been very tough. The local doctor used to charge us two dollars a visit and a dollar if we took the baby to his office, and at that rate a bronchial cold could let us in for twenty dollars in a winter, for just one of them. Also, we consume about fifty dollars' worth of medicine in the year, one way or another. I tell you, we couldn't have done it."

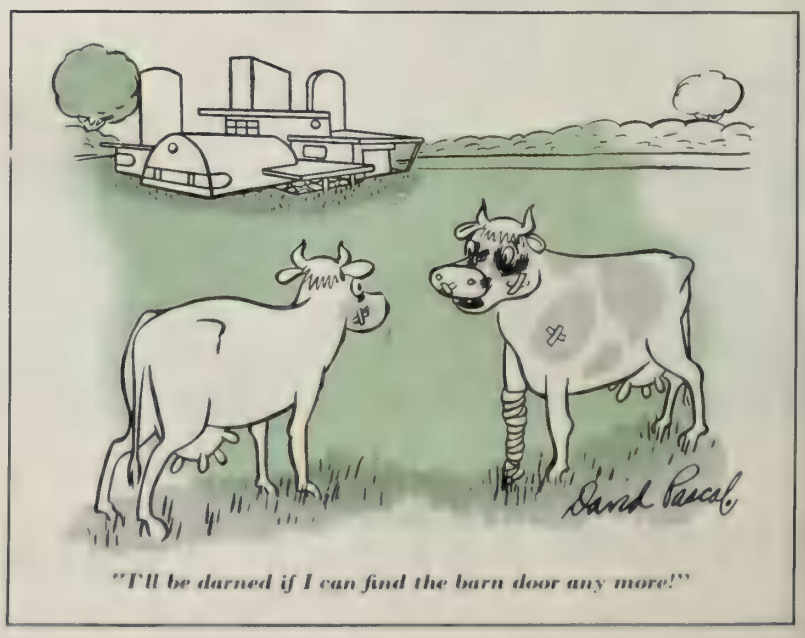
There you see the National Health Service working at its most spectacular. I could match it with a dozen stories.

WE have, like you Americans, the alarming spectacle of costs rising steadily through the years, not only the cost of living, but the cost of being sick, of being dying. Physicians and surgeons met their own financial problems by charging fees which posed their paying patients financial problems which they could not meet, since they were usually on a fixed salary. We, too, have suffered from the theory that a tenth of a patient's annual income is not too much to ask for a major operation, and we know all about expensive hospitalization. But there is a difference between conditions in Great Britain and the United States which made us less able to cope with the mounting price of medical attention.

In Britain a married man with one child who has an earned income of $5000 has to pay nearly $1200 out to the tax collector. He has $3800 left. Now, if he is a professional man, it is not possible, with prices as they are with us today, for him to save a cent after he has paid for his home, his fuel, his light, his family's clothes, their holidays, their private (as differentiated from their state) insurance. To pay $500 for an operation would mean anything from a headache to disaster for him; $1000 would certainly mean disaster. I would not like to say what income a British citizen would now have to have in order to spend $500 or $1000 with a completely light heart. Remember that at present he has to make $20,000 before he has a spendable income of $10,000.

Well, what about the people who have less than $5000 but more than $1700, which is the ceiling above which nobody was allowed to be insured under the old Lloyd George system? There were something like 2,000,000 of them. What was to happen to them when they were sick?

(Continued on Page 144)



"I'll be darned if I can find the barn door any more!"

Lunchbox Special...



with that French's flavor!

5 ways to add taste-thrill to lunch box meals with FRENCH'S—
the smoother, creamier mustard men prefer!

ye-filling! Hearty! Delicious! Combine cup grated Swiss cheese, ½ cup ground oked ham, 1 tablespoon horseradish, 1 blespoon French's Mustard; 1 tablesoon mayonnaise, salt to taste. Spread rye bread. Add lettuce, if desired.

lix together ½ can (7 oz.) tuna fish, cup chopped celery, 1 teaspoon lnon juice, 1 teaspoon French's Mus-t·d, 3 tablespoons salad dressing.

3 Mix together ½ cup chopped cooked chicken giblets; 2 slices bacon, cooked and chopped; 4 tablespoons mayonnaise; 2 tablespoons French's Mustard; salt.

4 Blend 2 tablespoons French's into 4 tablespoons butter or cream cheese. Add minced chives or chopped olives.

5 Mix ½ cup chopped hard-boiled egg with 1 tablespoon diced stuffed olives and 2 tablespoons French's Mustard.



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At curtain counters everywhere you'll find the Wat-a-set label tucked in the folds of many different brands — in a variety of styles and prices. Be certain of curtain WASHABILITY — choose Wat-a-set finished curtains. Mount Hope Finishing Co., North Dighton, Mass.

Wat-a-set® Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
The ORIGINAL Lasting Curtain Finish

(Continued from Page 142)

The National Health Service answered that question. And do not say that the question should never have been put, that it is Britain's own fault if she is faced with the bankruptcy of a broad stratum of her population, because she need not have imposed on herself this high taxation. There are two good reasons why we have to tax ourselves heavily. First, we spent a great deal of money fighting Hitler, and though Marshall Aid helped us most generously, your help has not (and why should it?) covered the cost. Second, in our depleted and compact country we had a special need to smooth out the inequalities of the old-fashioned economic system, because we saw the possibility of troubles ahead and knew they would disorganize our civilization completely if we did not build up a commonwealth on the foundation of the social services.

We are riding a storm, and the benefit the National Health Service has conferred on the middle classes has certainly trimmed the ship.

III

THE main trouble which afflicts the people who use the National Health Service arises, strangely enough, out of its very success. It arises out of the time factor.

In May, 1949, when I was traveling in Western Germany with Dorothy Thompson and my husband, I picked up a throat infection which never cleared up, all the summer through. In September I said casually to my dentist, "It's a queer thing, but I've had a sore throat for over four months now, and every now and then I wake up choking, and I can't swallow as well as I used to do. I can't get a pill down without water, which used to be one of my few accomplishments."

My dentist answered, "I think you should go and see your doctor about that."

I said, "Oh, no, I won't bother; my throat's not bad; it's just a slight thing, I'll get on all right."

"No," insisted my dentist, "that isn't the sensible way to behave. Go to your doctor as soon as you can. And I'd get him to send you to see Sir X.Y., if I were you."

No words have ever given me a queerer feeling than those last sixteen. For I had come back on the Queen Mary two years before with a cancer team which had been touring the States, and Sir X.Y. was one of them. The only thing to do was to make the examinations that must follow as interesting as possible, so I said, "I'll go through this thing as a routine National Health Service patient."

But when I said this to my family doctor he looked doubtful. To begin with, it would mean that I could not consult Sir X.Y. He was attached to a London hospital, and the only specialists to which my doctor had the right to send me worked in hospitals in two towns in my district. This was not a real hardship at all. Those specialists were more than capable of giving me the examination. That was not what worried my family doctor. He said flatly, "You won't have time." And that was the real objection. Patients suspected of cancer have a high priority, but even so I would have had to go to one of these hospitals in my district and wait anything from an hour to three hours on two separate days, to see the specialist and the X-ray operator. Each of these towns is about an hour's drive away. This meant that two whole days would be consumed, not only for me, but for my husband, who wanted to go with me. Moreover, I would have had to use up a tidy piece of our gas ration—gas is no longer rationed, of course. (This I would not have had to think of had I been a helpless patient, for the National Health Service would have sent a free ambulance for me. They have an ambulance service which is almost too good, for it is being used so much that it is feared that it is being abused.)

When I came to think it over I found that I had not two spare days. I was working, on a piece which involved much research,

Yes, man has one advantage. He can get married if he wants to.

—COL. W. C. HUNTER: Brass Tacks, (Reilly & Lee).

I was doing a job for a refugee comm
I had promised to speak at two meet
And my husband, with his work in
government and on our dairy farm, had
unbreakable engagements than I had. S
husband and I went up to London one da
for ten minutes in Sir X.Y.'s waiting r
and were with him for half an hour i
consulting room. And the next night I
called up by Sir X.Y., who told me
the suspicion of cancer was without
dation. I had lost only half a day, if tha
hours; and I had not got tired, I had g
with my other work, and I had not h
break a single engagement.

If a person's time has more than a cer value it does not pay him or her to us National Health Service. So many pe are resorting to the doctors' offices to the hospitals that the queues seem less. Here is one instance in which the are actually getting less satisfactory ical attention than they had before th stitution of the Service, for in many patient departments the time of waiti doubled or trebled. And it is no joke si in a hospital waiting room when you feeling ill.

Superficially this may seem a sligh
jection. It would seem to mean that a ce
number of persons who can afford t
private patients are forced to stop ava
themselves of the public services and go
to being private patients, thus remo
themselves from the queues. I can affo
pay the $100 that these examinations
me, and because of the time element I h
do it—what's wrong with that? But it
not work out quite like that. People's
often has a value wh
not fully coincidental
its cash value and ma
entirely detached fro

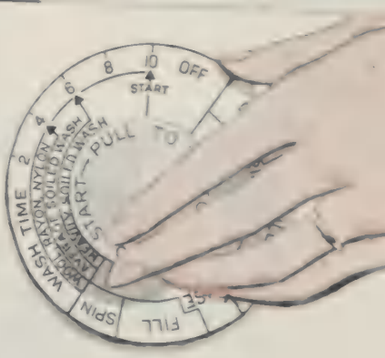
Here is a typical e
ple of someone whose
is too valuable on a
term assessment for
to spend a couple of h
waiting in a doc
office every time he needs medical a
tion, but who does not at the pr
moment get paid at a rate which
ables him to look down his nose at
relief given by the National Health
ice. Near me there lives a man in
middle age who is setting on its feet a
tracting business which he has inhe
from his father and which was knocke
pieces by the war. He and his wife an
four young children are all registered u
the National Health Service, and the
and children have derived great benefit
it; but he works far too hard to go and
in an office. He tells me that he has
several times to see his doctor, but has
yet sat it out. The only consultations h
ever had have been over the telep
which is more like mind reading
proper medical practice, and when ar
ment which should have been recogniz
the doctor's office became so acute
he had to go to bed and the doctor vi
him at home. This man is really being
out of the benefits for which he has
both as an insured person and as a taxpa

BUT he does get his medicines for not
I have come across a still harsher case, w
the insured persons did not get even
benefit. An unfortunate Polish refugee, w
sole means were a grant she received fr
charitable committee, what she made o
two paying guests, and what her sons
daughters, who were all students workin
university degrees, made by coaching p
in foreign languages, had to confess t
committee that she owed nearly $4
medicines which she had bought at a
store near her house. She should, of co
have sent the various members of her fa
who needed these medicines to their d
and got a separate National Health pres
tion for each medicine, which then w
have been handed over the counter
nothing. But the poor lady pleaded,
perfect truth, that she was too busy
the housework and cooking for her chil
and the paying guests, and her children

(Continued on Page 147)

Now! A Wonderful New Frigidaire Automatic Washer

with Time-Saving Select-O-Dial!





The only automatic washer with all-porcelain rust-proof finish inside and out.

SET IT ONCE! Sensational new electrical control lets you *pre-select* right washing times, even for woolens, rayons, Nylons—no hand-controlling! Automatically fills washer—controls rinsing, drying—even cleans and shuts off washer!

You can't match the brand new Frigidaire Automatic Washer for *really* easy, *completely* automatic washing—even of special fabrics which require hand-controlling in most automatic washers. You simply dial the recommended washing time—it's marked right on the Select-O-Dial—and the washer does the rest in as little as 24 minutes! No waiting for the tub to fill before adding soap—no need to return till your washing's done. What could be easier!

Watch Frigidaire's Live-Water washing—see why there's nothing like it for getting clothes *clean*. Watch the surging, penetrating currents of hot, sudsy water that produce all the washing motion—with no pulling or yanking. See how your things are always completely submerged in water—not half in, half out. Note that *clean* water is used for each wash and both deep-water rinses! You use as little as 12 gallons of hot water—and none is wasted!

See the smart styling by Raymond Loewy! Look at the new back panel that fits flush against the wall—puts controls in easy reach, away from water. Notice the new neon signal light. And remember—this is the only automatic washer that's all-porcelain inside and out!

New quietness, new smoothness. Thanks to Frigidaire's new direct-drive Unimatic Mechanism and new Free-Floating Tub, this washer is so vibration-free you can stand a coin on edge on the washer while the washer is running. No bolting down!

See a Proof-of-Value Demonstration at your Frigidaire Dealer's—look for his name in Classified Phone Directory. Also find out about the new Frigidaire Automatic Dryer and Electric Ironer! Or write Frigidaire Division of General Motors, Dayton 1, Ohio.

This emblem on a Frigidaire Automatic Washer assures you of the same measure of convenience, economy, dependability and beauty that made the Frigidaire Refrigerator America's No. 1 Refrigerator.

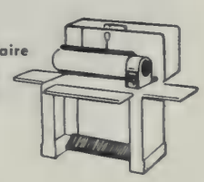
You can't match the New FRIGIDAIRE Automatic Washer

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New Frigidaire Automatic Clothes Dryer!



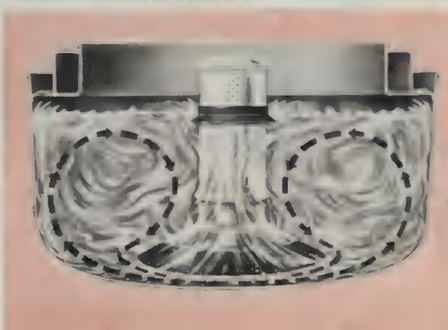
New Frigidaire Electric Ironer!



Rapidry-Spinning is DIFFERENT. This washer spins far faster than most automatic washers, really gets the water out of clothes. Result—many of your things are dry enough to iron immediately and everything's lighter, easier to handle.



Live-Water washing is DIFFERENT—and the secret is the Frigidaire Pulsator. Its short, fast, up-and-down strokes send tides of hot suds surging through and through your clothes—get things *really* clean, white, bright. Nothing else like it!



New Underwater Suds Distributor is DIFFERENT! Automatically makes good soap or detergent even more effective—turns it all into bubbly, hard-working suds before it ever touches your clothes! Never leaves a spot or stain!



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Magic Fruit Sauce

1 cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk (use rest of can for Truffles below)
4 tablespoons lemon juice
½ teaspoon finely grated lemon rind Cold Water

Mix Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon juice and rind, stirring until thick. Add water by tablespoons until of desired consistency. Serve over mixed fresh fruits in season (oranges, pineapples, sliced bananas, strawberries, raspberries, grapes).

Magic Truffles

Creamy chocolate candy!
Mixed in minutes with

Borden's Eagle Brand

1 package (6 oz.) semi-sweet chocolate pieces
⅓ cup *plus* 1 tbsp. Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
Pinch of salt
¼ teaspoon vanilla or imitation rum extract
3 tablespoons ground nut meats (optional)

Melt chocolate, *without stirring*, in top of double boiler over rapidly boiling water. Take from heat. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, salt, flavoring and nut meats. Stir only till blended.

Turn into container lined with waxed paper and press into block 1 inch high. Chill in refrigerator until firm (about 2 hours). Turn out of container, remove waxed paper and cut into serving pieces. Store in airtight container. Makes more than ½ pound.

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IF IT'S BORDEN'S—IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!

(Continued from Page 144)

usy doing their own studying and coach-
heir pupils, to spend hours waiting in
doctor's office. Here some people so
that even the payment of their insur-
dues meant a sacrifice were being done
f what was their right.

is is at present a real defect in the sys-
and it would be dishonest not to admit
avity. But time will cure it.

r one thing, these new queues of patients
st partly of people who are seeking
cal attention because they do not have
y for it. Now some of these people really
ed medical attention, and could not pay
; and they may be expected to recur in
ueues. But there are others who do not
medical attention, and come simply
se they like getting something for
rently) nothing. Of these some will
. It is not really very amusing, consult-
octors and going to hospitals. If you
t that there have always been paying
nts who found it amusing to consult
rs and go to clinics, and never seemed
ary of it, you are forgetting that now
doctors and clinics are no longer paid by
patients, they will probably throw
out.

tain districts can be named by the
cal Practices Committee, which con-
of seven doctors and two laymen, as
ed areas," and the committee may re-
ny practitioner permission to set up
h an area if they think that it already
ins too many doctors competing for
f the sick. **When this system has been
ng for some years the existing num-
doctors will be fairly distributed all
Great Britain, and there will be no
for any doctor to have more patients
s panel than he can treat without
nable delay.**

the transitional stage is uncomfort-
and how it could have been avoided I
t see.

IV

doctors made a great fuss about
g into the National Health Service,
at was largely because the Minister of
h, Mr. Aneurin Bevan, made a dog-
of the negotiations with the British
al Association over the terms on which
ere to come in; and the secretary of the
h Medical Association, Doctor Hill, is
of a bulldog himself. But there are
ng on doctors exactly the same forces
reconciled their middle-class patients
Service.

ow very well how it used to be in the
al profession, because my sister is a
. With the help of the scholarships
Andrew Carnegie, of Pittsburgh, gave
native Scotland and the self-sacrifice of
other, she went through Edinburgh
sity with hardly a penny at the back
So, though she was the top of her year
ery, there was no question of her be-
g a surgeon, which is a much more
n activity among women in Great
h than it is in the United States. She
body to finance her through the long
of working without reward which was
cessary preliminary to a surgeon's
She could not even raise the money
a practice. Some of the women in her
ad parents rich enough to start them
eons; nearly all of them, after a few
had practices bought for them. And
usly parents have less money to spend
r daughters than on their sons.

times are changed. So the National
Service looks very pleasant to a
doctor who wants to be a general
ioner. He takes his degree, holds some
l posts, goes into practice in some
at is not "closed," and can have as
National Health Service patients as he
up to the number of 4000 at an annual
ion fee of $3.50, and a payment for pa-
n outlying districts based on the mile-
has to cover to get to them, and fees
from $25 to $35 for obstetric cases.
also take private patients if he can find
e. He cannot cultivate these better-
cases at the expense of his National
Service patients, because he is strictly supervised and his National Health Service patients can file complaints against him before a stern and impartial tribunal. No doctor is engaged by the National Health Service on terms that make him a full-time servant of the state, for that is held to be dangerous. He might become a slave of the state.

Some practitioners have refused to come in under these terms and are carrying on just as they did before; but it is doubtful if many young doctors will choose to start in practice of this kind. They would be at odds with the majority of their profession if they did and they would have very little to gain by it, as they would not have made names which attract private patients. Better to accept the National Health Service's offer of employment under terms which might, if exploited to the full, yield the young doctor something like $15,000 a year.

The snag is that $15,000 is very hard to make. The 4000 patients it represents are far too many for one man to handle. The Ministry of Health never liked putting such a high limit to a practitioner's list, and would not have done so had there been a more equitable distribution of doctors; but they had to allow the figure in order to get the whole of the population in touch with medical attendants in areas where there were too few doctors.

The figure seems even more fantastic today, because the proportion of the 4000 who not only register but turn up at the doctor's office is much greater than was expected. A medical statistician estimates that during the first twelve months after the National Health Service came into being 5 per cent more people over sixteen complained of illness than in the previous twelve months, and the number of actual illnesses recorded by doctors increased by 8 per cent. The number of times that the average person consulted his doctor went up, in 4000 cases which were investigated, by 13 per cent. But the doctor's ability to treat his patients cannot go up by 13 per cent.

So there are two courses open to him, if he has the full panel he is allowed. Either he treats them conscientiously and overworks himself to the danger point, or he gives them perfunctory treatment. But these are extreme cases. Many doctors have fewer patients on their lists and have a satisfactory schedule; and it must be remembered that the "closed area" system will in time reduce the number of practitioners who have the full list. But doctors with fewer patients do not make $15,000 a year; and it seems probable that to guarantee them a satisfactory livelihood the capitation fee will have to be raised. Certainly we will have to revise the system by which the country doctors in our hilly districts and marshlands who cannot take more than 1000 of the scattered population on their lists are guaranteed a basic fee; for at present it is only $1500 a year, which is far too low.

Crepuscule Twilight

By Lucille Watson

My love, light not the lamp—
Let the sweet dusk invade:
Thro' open casements high
The trees approach, the sky
Flows in. You seem to fade,
To float. Give me your hand.
Could we but drift away
To melt in soft cascade
O'er this enchanted land,
Could we but drift away,
And thus, perhaps, evade
Inevitable day.
You seem to float, to fade.
Give me your pale, cool hand,
Let the deep dusk pervade.

On the whole, however, the general practitioner is not displeased by his financial position under the Act. He has security. But how does it affect his work?

Well, this business of overcrowding, of overwork, though it is temporary, is feared by some doctors to be doing permanent harm to medicine. They say that the doctor who finds himself faced with a mob of patients tends to send all of them who have anything but the simplest maladies off to hospital, and so tends to become a diagnostician on a very low level of diagnosis. It is partly, they say, the doctor who yields to this temptation who is responsible for the hospital outpatient queues.

He is also making barren a most fertile field of medicine. For the general practitioner, and only the general practitioner, can get thorough views of illnesses in relation to the whole life of the individual who is suffering from them. He alone can look at a patient and say, "He's not developed as he should have, considering what he was as a boy of fifteen, but I think it may not be going as hard with him as it looks; I remember how bad he seemed to be three years ago with that attack of pneumonia, but he got over it quickly enough. I wonder if he has the curious constitution of his father and his strong old grandfather, or if he takes after his mother's folk. They're weakly stuff." That valuable fund of knowledge can never be accumulated by any other type of doctor, and some of them doubt if it is being accumulated by that type today.

"But," says the general practitioner who lives down the road, "he won't be able to accumulate it in the present conditions, because of the one weakness of the National Health Service which seems to me insuperable. As you know, I was passionately against the scheme before it was introduced. On most points I think I was crying out before I was hurt. But I do feel that on one point I was right. The necessary relationship between the doctor and the patient has been destroyed. In the past a man has come to me and said, 'Doctor, I'm ill,' and I've looked at him and thought of nothing but how to make him well, and he knew I was thinking of nothing but that, and he could believe me. I had an undivided loyalty to him. But now I am an employee of the state, and I owe loyalty to the state as well as to my patient, and the state can dictate what I am to do to my patients, and I don't like it.

"Here is an example. You know my assistant, Doctor M. He is really trying to make the scheme work, and he is a conscientious human being. He does his best for the patient, but it would not occur to him to be extravagant, because he knows quite well that England today isn't running with milk and honey. An old girl moved into the district the other day and sent for him because she was suddenly tied up in knots with arthritis. She was ill otherwise; it was really a sad case. It turned out that she had a mouthful of rotten teeth, and though we don't hang arthritis on bad teeth as confidently as we did, there was no question that she couldn't be allowed to go on with a mouth like that. We sent her along to a dentist who recommended drastic extractions, and together we worked out that the extractions should be divided into four, with fourteen days in between. First we were going to extract two teeth; then, if the reaction was O.K. we were going to extract five teeth; and then, if she could take it, we were going to extract seven the next time; and at the last extraction the remaining six teeth would go. For these four extractions the dentist was going to charge the National Health Service twelve dollars fifty and the anesthetist was going to charge seventeen dollars. So he notified the Dental Estimates Board to that effect and waited. I'm damned if he didn't get a letter back from them reducing his fees to six dollars and the anesthetist's fees to ten dollars with the warning, 'If you do not agree to amend the fees as above, the Estimate Form should be returned, with your observations, *before treatment is commenced*.'

"Well, we put the old girl into cold storage, and the dentist protested that the doctors—myself and M.—who had seen the case



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had said that the teeth must come out by progressive extraction in view of her desperate state of health, and that the reduced fees were not suitable for several sessions for either him or the anesthetist. After nearly three weeks, during which the poor old girl's teeth were vigorously discharging pus into her system, the Dental Estimates Board replied to this protest with the calm remark that it was no good, they were only going to pay for one simultaneous extraction.

"The dentist wrote again and protested, and the board answered: 'The method and number of teeth to be extracted at each visit is a matter for the professional discretion of the dentist, and part of the normal care which should be given to this patient in her best interest. This does not attract any special fee. The regulations make provision for an appeal against the decision of the board, if you so desire.' Well, it was by now the third of November, and the extraction had been recommended by the dentist and M. and me at the beginning of September. Of course the dentist and the anesthetist went ahead and did the job at a loss.

"Now do you see what I mean? I hung about because I had got entangled with the state, when my duty to my patient was to go straight ahead. **Of course I'm unhappy when my paymaster is the state, which I find is capable of coming between me and my patient and insisting that I give her a different treatment from that which the professional knowledge of myself and my partner has prescribed,** though they haven't sent a soul near the place even to have a look at her. I feel I am a hypocrite for staying inside the scheme.

"But," he added after a minute or two, "I must admit that we have suffered from very few cases of interference. But I don't think there should be any at all."

"Why do you think the Dental Estimates Board did this obviously silly thing?" I asked.

"Lay interference, I suppose," he answered gloomily. "I expect the Dental Estimates Board is loaded up with civil servants and other laymen who never saw a stethoscope."

"Are you sure of that?" I asked.

"No," he said, "and there's something that makes me uneasy. There is so much paper work in connection with the Service that I've never had the time to study the whole Act, though in the past I've always known by heart every piece of legislation which affected my work."

"Let's look it up," I said; and we found that it was and it wasn't a piece of lay interference.

THE Dental Estimates Board consists of a dental chairman with six dental members and two lay members, all appointed by the Minister of Health after consultation with representative dental organizations. But it was true that nearly all treatment except emergency treatment, plaster fillings, scalings and repairs to dentures had to be s tioned by the board, and that this sanc ing is done by lay clerks who have no kn edge of dentistry or, of course, the pat This was bound to happen. The propo of dentists in general practice is only a 1 to 5000, so none could be spared to do paper work. But the general policy of t lay clerks is of course decided by the dominantly professional board, and whe talked it over we realized why that b was imposing on its subordinates a ch paring policy. Without doubt it was fe dizzy because it had in front of it the fi for the first year's working of the Ser and was trying wildly to cut down exp wherever it was possible, and even whe was not.

We had come up against the real ch against the National Health Servic costs too much.

V

THERE are those who say, "Health ca cost too much." But it can. A famous pe ric surgeon, who gives the children i care more than all the money in the w could ever buy, because his tenderness great as his brilliance, said to me, "I am that it will be a disaster to the health o nation if health is given too high a pric If too much of our national wealth go medicine at the expense of food and ho and clothing and general civilization, sickness will increase." A physician o same high type said to me a few hours "What is the good of the state giving a free treatment for a duodenal ulcer if h got the ulcer through worrying about taxes he has to pay to enable the state to him that free treatment?"

You cannot dismiss such remarks as propaganda—though, politics being they are, I am willing to concede that t remarks would have been made about Labour Government-sponsored Service if they had not been true. **When the Act introduced in 1946 it was estimated th would cost $508,000,000. By the time Service was inaugurated, two years l the estimates had risen to $832,500,00 1949 the estimates rose still further. this year we are landed with an estim for 1951 of $1,600,000,000.**

Now it is possible to be too badly fr ened by these figures. A great proporti these sums represents money that w have been spent anyway on medicine, wh the Service had been introduced or Individuals would have spent it by d payments to doctors, nurses and hosp now they first pay it to the tax collector, pays it to the doctors nurses and hosp on their behalf. The worry is how m money is wasted on administration cos this indirect method and whether wastage is counterbalanced by the quit saving effected by bulk buying of m care.

(Continued on Page 150)



"I don't like my attitude!"



His baby comfort depends on your protective care

Your Baby's Skin is thinner than yours



hoose his little toys carefully—making hat they're soft with rounded edges. His kin is so tender, a sharp plaything might "hurt" it. His skin is thinner than a up's—skin studies show that it would jured" quicker. He depends on you to is thinner skin from harm.

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Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

(Continued from Page 148)

But it is only sane to feel some fright, and indeed considerable fright, at these figures.

They mean that Great Britain is paying out $32 a head for medical care. Now, you cannot pay out what you do not earn. If you consider that out of our population of 50,000,000, 10,355,000 are under nineteen, and that another 5,250,000 are over sixty-five, you will see what a load this bill is on the producing adults between these ages.

You can gather what our plight is by comparing your expenditure with ours. Our national income a year ago was about $42,480,000,000; yours was about $221,500,000,000. You have more than five times as great a national income as we, which means considerably more margin. But 40 per cent of our income and only 24 per cent of yours goes in taxation. I again beg you, please do not put down that difference just as thriftlessness. We have had two world wars; we really are trying to work out an economy in which all citizens can be guaranteed full employment, which is not a contemptible aim. But it makes life difficult. The mere fact that 16,000,000 of our population—that is, 32 per cent of it—are too old or too young to be in full production explains why it is very difficult for us to have only 60 per cent of our national income at our own disposal as private persons.

The part of the taxation which goes to the National Health Service takes 5½ per cent of our national income.

It is misleading to consider it as an isolated payment. To get its full unpleasantness, consider it in conjunction with another tax—our defense tax. You lay out 3.5 per cent of your national income on that; we lay out 7 per cent of ours. That and the National Health Service account for 12½ per cent of our national income. And that percentage is increasing.

Now, why does the Service cost so much? Partly, of course, because some silly people are rushing to take advantage of a service which appears to give them something for nothing, and are seeing doctors and buying medicines which they do not really need. But that will wear out in time, though we have, as you have, some patent-medicine addicts for whom the National Health Service has turned the whole of time into a wonderful lost week end. You can write off altogether the suggestion that it is due to the freakish peculiarities of the Service which are being so much publicized. It isn't because the National Health Service is throwing the taxpayer's money out the windows by giving free wigs to all the bald. The approximate cost of the wigs provided in the first year of the Health Service amounted to $146,000, and as each wig costs about $48, this does not account for more than the number of people whom you would expect to need wigs because they are suffering from varying degrees of baldness which might prevent them from obtaining employment and leading normal lives, due to such causes as burns, accidents, head operations and other misfortunes.

But there is one item which, alone and inevitably, even if every person connected with the giving and receiving end of the National Health Service had behaved like angels, would have made it enormously costly. The Service had to take over the hospitals. They were in such a desperate condition that the National Health Service would have had to be created to get them on their feet, if for no other reason.

Any hospital, in any country, is a frightening economic portent today. Ours were especially frightening because of what happened to them during the war. A hospital is a very delicate and complicated organism and it would have to be a very hardy specimen to survive what was done to nearly all of them between 1939 and 1945. First, during the "phony war" they passed under government direction and were either cleared of their ordinary patients and kept empty for air-raid casualties who never turned up for a year, or they were evacuated into the country, in both cases to the utter confusion of their organization and their accountancy. The nation footed the loss, but all the same it was hard to keep the books going in a way that made sense. Then, when the phony ended and air raids began, all the hospit our great cities suffered appalling dar The London County Council had bet 60 and 70 hospitals within the London and these were hit on 492 occasions. I d mean that they were hit by 492 bom mean that they were the subject o separate attacks, ranging in intensity the dropping of a single bomb to bom ment by masses of high explosive and i diaries or by rockets and land mines. S teen of those attacks were so severe tha hospitals affected had to close down en and evacuate every patient within walls. The sum of this was that in Lo alone over 5000 beds (including 600 in m hospitals) were totally destroyed.

Every hospital that was not obvi immune from attack had to take drean expensive precautions, such as the build blast walls to protect the ground-floo dows and the provision of alternative and electricity supplies. This capital ex iture was sometimes worse than a loss in peacetime; the blast walls cost a as much to pull down as to build.

Again it can be said that all this wa for by the nation. But ask yourself, were a hospital authority, if you would relished the task of putting your part institution on its feet again in these ci stances. There were not only all the pro that sprang from the positive inconven of the war; there were the negative pro also, such as those which faced the L County Council when it had to fac prospect of making up arrears in buildin maintenance work, the extent of whic be guessed from the fact that its capit penditure in the single year 1939 was $4 000, and had had to cheesepare th 1940 and 1941, and thereafter coul spend a single penny on this essential

Moreover, the war posed new ho problems quite apart from finance housing shortage meant that the hos were flooded with chronic sick. Peo longer had the accommodation for th valids and their old people; and so them who had room for them had lost, the war, their sense of obligation towar families. Civilization is not stamped deep into us yet, it must be remembere housing shortage also meant difficulty i viding nursing staffs. There are not e nurses to go round, anyway, but man pitals cannot engage even those rea come to them because they have no modation for them.

Imagine the state of mind of a ho authority that knew it had to overco these difficulties before it could get b the *status quo* of 1939; and knew, too insolvency was a part of that *status qu* would have to be reckoned with when back there. For all the voluntary ho were well and truly in the red, living on drafts; and the hospitals which belon the municipal and rural authorities w the uncomfortable political equival being in the red, which means that any which got into power and raised the enough to cover hospital expenses have red faces next time it went to the

Nobody connected with medicin deny that at the end of the war most tals wanted very much to come in out rain, and that the universities felt the ing hospitals to be in such a poor wa the future training of doctors was in jeo unless they were reorganized. And th not a temporary misfortune; it had coming nearer and nearer to us for de

A modern hospital is not really so m an institution as it seems. It nourishe the grateful patient, in its bosom; insists most greedily that it should be ished in the community's bosom on that bosoms can hardly run to now There was published in the British M Journal, just before the National Service came into being, a most rema article by Dr. Frangcon Roberts, the cian in charge of the X-ray clinic a great hospital, Addenbrook's, in Camb In 1897, he tells us, the hospital consi

ds, served by four physicians, four ns and two residents. In 1932, the staff en to sixteen, and in 1947 it had risen r seventy; and the nursing staff had upplemented by an army of radiol- dietitians, speech therapists, labora- echnicians, occupational therapists, tists, hospital physicists, masseuses, therapists, child-guidance workers, photographers, record officers, health s and social workers. The number of ogical examinations rose in that time few to 20,000 a year, the number of counts had multiplied by fifty. There X-ray department to speak of till then it occupied two small rooms, occupies floor space twelve times e.

hospital has grown out of all propor- the size of the town; and it has not shed the tide of disease so much as uld have hoped, for the great killers sablers, cancer and rheumatism, for e, have not been diminished by the e in medicine which has tidied up minor ailments.

the cost per inpatient has risen in that eriod from under $8 a week to just $35, and in the same period the cost tpatient has risen from just over a to just over a dollar a visit.

east three factors go to cause this cost, which are nobody's fault. One is in the cost of commodities. The price which is such an important item in a l budget, has increased 900 per cent lifetime. The second is the rise in the labor. The nurses mestic staff of hos- used to be paid skinflint, degrading es which we would amed, and rightly, to anybody today. rd is the advance of ne, which makes for y of auxiliary forces octor Roberts de- And, make no mis- ou cannot diminish it by resolving not to pamper the pa- or it is not the patient but the doctor I demand that extra radiological test. ourse these new hospitals cannot be ed by the same means as the old. egional Contributory scheme grew up to the Second World War and all it. More and more insurance schemes eated to enable middle-class people to private wards of hospitals and draw in-aid for any operation or serious ill- y might have. People still subscribed itals and left them legacies in their ut no piecemeal insurance schemes, ate benevolence, could satisfy the e of this medical Moloch. It was as if who were used to paying taxes suf- o finance a bow-and-arrow army were y asked to find the money for a ized army complete with tanks and It looked as if not only would the who needed hospital care be forced to out it, but as if all sick people of ind and degree in Britain might have ithout it in future, for it is, after all, itals that men learn to be doctors. If to solve this grave problem, it was ry for the state to take over the ls.

ouble was that some deluded people d that when the state had done this olved the problem, and the hospitals ahead without worrying about their y. I have even heard a hospital ac- nt, who of all people ought to have better, answer an inquiry as to where ey was to come from for certain ward ns with the roguish retort, "That's asury's headache."

advantage, and the sole advantage, t in state acquisition of the hospitals t enables the state to take a survey of mmunity's need for doctoring and the profession's power to doctor it, and this against the community's power he medical profession for the required of its power to treat it. Obviously it should profit by being able to apply to the dissociated units which it now takes over the principles of rationalization which we see the great industries using to increase production and avoid waste. But time was needed to get the facts. Even a great deal of time, considering the complexity of what was to be investigated: a complex of over 2000 hospital authorities, of different sizes and character, which had all had their accountancy systems strained to the limit by the confusions of war. But time was exactly what the Labour Government did not give to this problem. It gave energy and good will and intellectual ability and administrative ability, but not time. Because politicians must get their results quickly, before their party goes out of office. And if they act so quickly that their results are mistakes, then they must defend them, for their party's credit.

So one often hears from the best-informed doctors the criticism: "I am for the National Health Service, but I think it ought to have begun with the hospitals, and got that mess straight. But they would have had to do that slowly, and this is a harum-scarum business rushed through for political purposes."

VI

It is altogether deplorable, the way the briers and weeds of partisanship grow over the National Health Service and prevent us from seeing it clearly.

In telling the story of the Service I have deliberately omitted to describe much of the emotional effect which it has had on Britain, because such emotion has been completely irrelevant to the functions, ideal or actual, of the Service, and has been the result of ephemeral political shenanigans. I could have filled these columns with the most entertaining accounts of the battles between the Minister of Health, Mr. Aneurin Bevan, and the doctors, in which tempers on both sides blazed like lightning.

Reformatory measures are hailed as cure-alls by people who have a happy confidence in the perfectibility of human nature and no discouraging acquaintance with history to dim it.
—AGNES REPPLIER

Mr. Bevan is a valuable human being. He is handsome with the handsomeness that is a sign of warmth. He has an eye that shines at the sight of the world, his gestures respond and invite, and there is nothing false about his good will—he has the weight of sincerity behind him. He is a Welshman, and he recalls that other Welsh orator, Lloyd George, because in each case there is cool ability behind the burning oratory.

He has a largeness, and he has leadership. But the trouble is that the Labour Party was too long in opposition. The result is that he is engaged in a permanent flirtation with the idea of becoming a rabble rouser. There is a group of malcontents among the supporters of the Labour Party who joined it in the belief that there were a lot of rich people and a lot of poor people, and the party was going to relieve the poverty of the poor people by taking away the wealth of the rich people by a short and, they rather hoped, painful process.

Mr. Bevan has fallen to the temptation of exploiting the malcontents. He is not of the clay of which rabble rousers are made. The counsels he gives in private in his capacity of a Cabinet Minister are sober and balanced, and he is an able and conscientious administrator. But his public utterances and behavior are often far inferior to himself. For the sake of attracting those who love violence, he pretends to be a violent man acting violently. Obviously he has from the beginning visualized the National Health Service in realistic terms, as an attempt on the part of the community to buy itself as good and as fairly distributed medical care as it can afford on its restricted means. For the sake of appealing to the malcontents, he has represented it as a benefit to the poor which he is wresting from the hands of the reluctant rich. To that end he conducted the negotiations with the doctors as if they were moneygrubbers trying to fleece the impoverished sick, and constantly addressed them in terms which pleased the coarse-minded who like a good brawl.

DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE PREFER

HERBERT TAREYTON



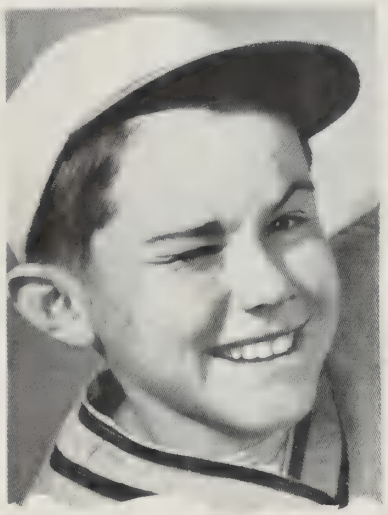
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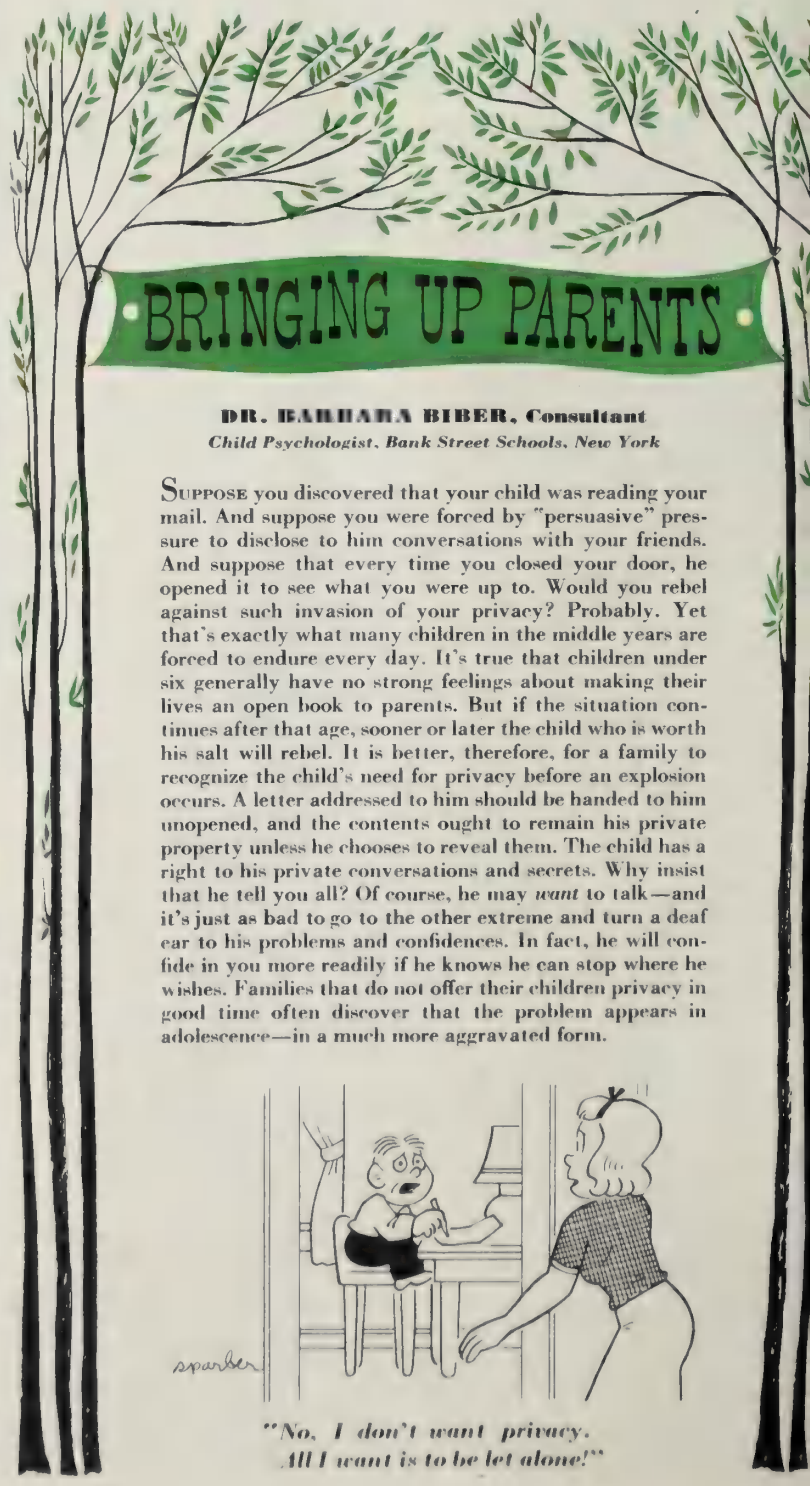


CHILDREN'S SIZE BAYER ASPIRIN

I would not put the case against him too strongly. He has issued some very wise warnings to those who believe that the provision of the social services is simply a matter of dipping into an inexhaustible kitty. Only recently he reminded the House of Commons, in a debate that dealt with the heavy expenditure of his ministry on the National Health Service and the housing program, that one of the consequences of the Labour Party program was that "if we want to have more of a particular thing we can have it only at the expense of some other thing," and he has appealed to the public to use the National Health Service temperately and with regard to the needs of others.

If he is peppery, it is because he has had to put up with much criticism which is unjust. I have told you that all well-informed opinion was in favor of the hospitals' being taken over by the state; but the first results of that transfer necessarily looked unsatisfactory from certain angles. Not only did the patients have to wait longer, because the overworked general practitioners were referring more of their cases to the specialists, and because many middle-class people who would previously have gone to private hospitals are now using the free hospitals; the hospitals themselves are in certain instances deteriorating. It is the business of the new (and often inexperienced) regional boards that administer the hospitals for the state to try to raise all the institutions in their to the same level. This is not such a egalitarian measure as might appear, fo pitals which are satisfied with their finance and efficiency and operated en on their own, unentangled with any authority, or with any university, ca permission from the ministry to remain side the Service, and many get it. Thes chiefly hospitals run by religious bodies societies for their own members. The Masonic Hospital, for example, is outsi scheme. But the regional boards, since are working out a national scheme, hav force to spread out the means at thei posal over all the hospitals in their raising the backward areas at the expe the advanced ones, and telling the more perous hospitals that they must get on what they have already had while the ones now have a chance. This means th patients living in the advanced areas customed to report to the more prosp hospitals sometimes do not get as good ice as they did prior to the introduct the Service. I fail to see how this could been avoided by any Minister of Health had been Aesculapius himself, and it irk the fiery temperament of Mr. Bevan held responsible for it.

It must be said that the worst po effect of the National Health Servic been freely and frankly admitted b



DR. BARBARA BIBER, Consultant
Child Psychologist, Bank Street Schools, New York

Suppose you discovered that your child was reading your mail. And suppose you were forced by "persuasive" pressure to disclose to him conversations with your friends. And suppose that every time you closed your door, he opened it to see what you were up to. Would you rebel against such invasion of your privacy? Probably. Yet that's exactly what many children in the middle years are forced to endure every day. It's true that children under six generally have no strong feelings about making their lives an open book to parents. But if the situation continues after that age, sooner or later the child who is worth his salt will rebel. It is better, therefore, for a family to recognize the child's need for privacy before an explosion occurs. A letter addressed to him should be handed to him unopened, and the contents ought to remain his private property unless he chooses to reveal them. The child has a right to his private conversations and secrets. Why insist that he tell you all? Of course, he may *want* to talk—and it's just as bad to go to the other extreme and turn a deaf ear to his problems and confidences. In fact, he will confide in you more readily if he knows he can stop where he wishes. Families that do not offer their children privacy in good time often discover that the problem appears in adolescence—in a much more aggravated form.

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Bevan. This relates to the teeth of the nation. It happened that a gross error was made in fixing the rate of remuneration of the dentists. It was just one of those blunders which spring from the fact that though men always tell women, and rightly, that women are no good at figures, men are no good at them either. Human beings do not find it as easy to count as to read and write. The actuaries missed the mark very badly and an extraordinary situation arose.

A flood of people dashed themselves against the doors of the dentists' offices, consisting partly of the tireless breed who never weary of getting something for nothing, but much more of people who really had been too poor to get dentures or thorough care of the mouth, and were naturally delighted at the thought that they were going to have those vacant gums properly furnished and that perpetual neuralgia stilled. The reaction of the dentists depended on their characters. Many dentists were honestly appalled by the horrible mouths that were now brought to them, and did their best to cope with the demand by working all day and far into the night. Others worked as long because they saw their practices doubling and trebling and quadrupling and even more. Both these classes found that at the scale of fees fixed by the ministry they made fortunes. Instead of earning from $3000 to $10,000 or $15,000 a year, they found themselves in a Klondike rush that gave them $20,000 to $60,000 a year, and even, in one glorious case, $96,000. The only person who got left out was the sensible chap who knows that a dentist, of all craftsmen, cannot hurry and cannot be overworked, and took only a few extra patients onto his panel. Some idea of the gold rush is given by the fact that the estimates for the Dental Services in England and Wales rose from $76,000,000 in 1949 to $112,816,000 in 1950. (This, I think, is one of the catastrophes which could have been avoided if greater time had been given to the preparation of the scheme.

Now, you cannot throw a scale of pay overboard in a hurry when you have recruited a service. Mr. Bevan has once cut the pay of dentists by halving everything any dentist made over $20,000, and he has twice cut the fees, by 20 per cent and 10 per cent. But not unnaturally this fantastic scale of reward tempted dentists who were working in other services where the fees were lower. It unfortunately happened that the dentists working in the maternity and children and the school services were paid at a very mediocre rate, which would have attracted few practitioners if they had not also offered permanent employment and pensions. But the National Health Service offered both permanent employment and pensions and these huge rewards, which, though they have shrunk, are still larger than any salaries the local authorities paid the dentists in these services. **There was such a wholesale exodus out of these services and into the National Health Service that there are now areas where only one school dentist is left to take care of the teeth of 30,000 children.**

At this point, I own, I watched Mr. Bevan with some suspicion. It is true that it is relatively unimportant what happens to the teeth of the adults in the population if you attend to the teeth of the children; half an hour in the dentist's chair under ten saves many hours in adult life. But children have no votes, and mothers are not an important political group, and the mixed adult population which benefits from the National Health Service provides the bulk of the voters. However, **Mr. Bevan pointed out this mistake with emphasis in his annual report, and is said behind the scenes to have most energetically represented that the position must be rectified, and that while he must economize on the National Health Service dental services, the local authorities must spend more on their maternity and child-welfare and school services.**

But here is a case where Mr. Bevan did not, and could not, keep his hands quite clean when the political handling of the National Health Service was muddy. He was quite a distance from the mud. It was thrown by the extremists of his party, but he never

(Continued on Page 155)

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(Continued from Page 153)

ped the fight by a clear statement as he
nt have done.

ne public is being greedy over medicine.
resented at the drugstores something
200,000,000 prescriptions in twelve
ths, and the estimate for the cost of
icaments had to be raised recently
128,000,000. This service is an espe-
y severe trial to the conscience, for
prescription often costs so little. Con-
ce says, "Oh, I can't be expected to hurt
elf over that seventy-five cents," and
es to multiply seventy-five cents by the
ber of National Health Service patients.
**e should have been a system from the
by which every patient had to pay a
ortion of the cost of a prescription,**
pt in certain cases of destitution; and
thing of the sort is being worked out
but with great difficulty, as there is
ble about getting the drugstores to
rtake to collect this fee and be respon-
for the accountancy.

hen the heavy cost of free medicines
me apparent, the extreme left-wingers
vered that it was not the population
were to blame, but the wicked capitalist
manufacturers who were making
ous profits on the goods they sold to the
suffering Labour Government. Later,
Bevan himself took the same line, but it
be remarked that he did it with great
aint, and had some reason on his side.
requested doctors not to prescribe the
nsive proprietary medicines that were
on the market by the drug manufac-
s, but to order their local druggist to
e an equivalent for the preparation from
aw materials, which, as he quite rightly
were often much cheaper. He named
arations which the drug manufacturers
for 75 cents a bottle when the local drug-
could make the same quantity out of the
ingredients at a cost of 20 cents. "I
," said Mr. Bevan in the House, "to get
co-operation of the medical profession
of the whole House and of all parts of
country to cut out those proprietary
cines which are unnecessarily expen-
" and there he left the subject.
at was a dangerous thing to do, for in
he high cost of proprietary medicines is
neans by which the drug manufacturers
ce the research which is necessary be-
he drug which has been discovered in
niversity laboratory can be turned out
antity in the factory, sold in the drug-
, and prescribed by doctors for their
nts. There are firms which are part of
lacred structure of medicine, and are
d commercial but nevertheless count
g the healers.
fact, Mr. Bevan, when he talked of per-
ng doctors not to prescribe expensive
ietary medicines, should have added,
true that thereby we will break up the
xisting system by which the discoveries
ademic research are transformed into
therapeutic agents, and we have at
t not the slightest prospect of setting
alternative system."
the blame for this suppression of an
ial fact about the medical supplies of
untry lies not with Mr. Bevan. Could
onestly expect any Cabinet Minister
ging to a party which for many years
racticed the wholesale denunciation of
lism to stand up and explain that they
not carry out a socialist measure were
for the public services rendered by a
er of capitalist firms? Of course you
not.
e fault arises because the National
n Service should be built on firmer
d and in a less stormy atmosphere
re found in the political world.

VII

TIMES it looks as if we had started
wrong foot and would never get into
But listen to what a famous surgeon
e when I went to see him in a univer-
aching hospital. He is just sixty this
ut looks older. Quite a lot older than I
pected; I had not seen him for many
I got the explanation of his look of age
he said:

"The National Health Service has had very little effect on my work except financially, and there it has come down on me like a ton of bricks.

"You know that when I was in Harley Street in London I spent almost three quarters of my time in hospital practice, for which I was unpaid. But in spite of this, and although I never looted my patients of the high fees some of my colleagues did, I was able to make about fifty thousand dollars a year. This gave me plenty to run my home and give my wife and my three young sons all they needed, to take out insurance to feel comfortable about the future, and to invest a reasonable amount in good securities. Even when all this was done I found my balance at the bank steadily increasing.

"Then the war came, and I was put in charge of the —— Board at the Ministry of ——, and I was turned into a civil servant and paid at the rate of seven thousand dollars a year. But I could do private practice, and I was able to carry on, just, with the help of that bank balance, which of course melted."

(It has to be noted that it is very hard to discuss the effects of the National Health Service with any of the individuals it affects without being referred sooner or later back to some confusion created by the war. The Service did not start with a clean sheet.)

The Grandmothers

By Elizabeth McFarland

Little cheeks like toys,
Little pointy chin,
Little fluttering joys
When rosebud love smiled in;
Small shoes with button closing,
Black eyes like beady snaps;
A tendency toward dozing,
A cleverness at naps ——
Once I'd a lovely grandmother;
The days stretched long, unblinking.
Now an old gray pussy
Sits home and does my thinking.

"Then, at the end of the war, I was offered this superb job—a professorship here, with my own unit and all the equipment I have ever thought of in my wildest dreams. Of course I took it. But the pay was only ten thousand dollars a year. And even that was not such a sacrifice, for I sold my big house in London and lived much more modestly down here, and started up in private practice again. Things were not what they had been, but they were better.

"But when the National Health Service came in, I found myself sliding down again. The work that was done by voluntary hospital organizations and by local authorities and by exchanges between individuals is all done now by committees which a man of my experience cannot dodge. So now I have neither the time nor the inclination to do more than an odd case of private practice at very infrequent intervals. The surplus of vitality that I have over and above what I need for my hospital work is drained away by committee and administrative work. And my salary has not gone up under the new system. It has been hard for them to calculate exactly what a hybrid animal like me—half teacher and half surgeon—ought to get, and they underestimate the reward we ought to get for the hospital work I do in the course of my teaching. You can't blame them. When it comes to settling the rewards that ought to be given to people working in an industry which has never had its finances clear anyway, and each of them has slight differences of qualification and experience and function, it's no wonder that they slip up sometimes.

"Well, I get eleven thousand dollars a year, and my suspicion that I ought to get more is confirmed by the fact that my deputy, who is paid by the state just for his hospital work, gets more than I do. It's true that I might have ten thousand dollars in addition to my salary under the system by which 'distinction rewards' are given to specialists of outstanding merit. Four per cent of all specialists can be awarded that sum, ten per cent can be awarded six thousand dollars a year, twenty per cent can be awarded two thousand dollars a year. It means that about a third of us get over ten thousand dollars a year, counting our varying basic salaries; and of course the youngsters start with salaries we never got for years. But about these awards, you know how slow the state is in moving; two years it is since the National Health Service came in, and I don't think any of those awards have yet been given. They shouldn't have started the thing in such a hurry, you know.

"Well, in the meantime the red four figures in my banking account—four, mark you—get steadily bigger. For the first time for many years I am deeply concerned about money matters, and it is likely that before long I shall have to sell out some of my securities to wipe out my overdraft. Of course, against all this, I suppose I come in for a pension under the superannuation scheme, but this will be very small indeed, for one coming into the Service as late in life as I did. Well, well, it does me good sometimes to remember the house in Bryanston Square and the pink geraniums in the window boxes, and the parties we used to have, and the winter sports at St. Moritz, and buying birthday presents for my wife at Cartier's. All that's gone forever. But I suppose it doesn't matter."

I WAS wondering if it did matter. I know that bacteriologists and physiologists and radiologists have always done their work on small incomes, and glorious work it has been. But to be a great surgeon is different.

Those other workers do not have to make sudden decisions, carry an operating team along with them through moments of sudden crisis and uncertainty, borrow strength from their nerves to stand the strain of hours of momentous and delicate craftsmanship wrought on living flesh. Such ordeals had been delicious to him, because he had the personality of a great actor, and a crucial operation was like playing Hamlet; and like every actor, he was a show-off, and because he was a show-off he had loved the big house with the pink geraniums in the window boxes and the diamond bracelets from Cartier's.

If you are a show-off, can you go on giving your best if you are deprived of the gratifications that are loved by a show-off? And what about his equivalent the brilliant consulting physician? Would he be able to move into the sickroom where somebody was perishing mysteriously, to give a star performance in terms of intuitive diagnosis and resourceful prescription and magic radiation of hope, if he was not treated like a star? Would he be able to give his best in this austerity world?

But my friend went on: "Why do I say that? Why do I say I suppose it doesn't matter? I know it doesn't. When hospital facilities improve, I think there is a chance of spending my last few years in relative happiness.

"Financially, the sight of my hospital wards ought to depress me. There are always a number of cases which, up till two years ago, I would have been looking after in a small private hospital at substantial fees. Actually I do not feel the smallest pang of regret. I get much more satisfaction from operating in a large public hospital with a team I have picked and trained and worked with day in and day out. I operate in two hospitals, I have a team in each which I couldn't admire more, and in both the patients get a fair deal, or would if we weren't overcrowded. We can't give the patients all the privacy they ought to have. Yes, we're overcrowded and understaffed, but essentially the layout's very good.

"Yes, I really do like the National Health Service very much indeed, from the point of view of my work, though I think it is a rushed scheme precipitated on us for purely political reasons, and Bevan raises my

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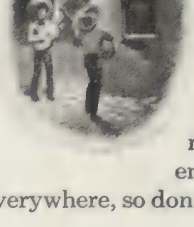
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hackles. In the future, owing to the pooling of hospital administration in every region, there is going to be much greater uniformity in the quality of surgical services. These smaller provincial-hospital surgeons are being brought into closer contact with the surgeons from the great teaching hospitals, and in this way the standards will be raised. The old get a chance to find out what the young are learning, the young get a chance to find out what the old have learned.

"And it is a marvelous relief not to be deeply concerned about the cost to the patient of the treatments in hospital or about his loss of earnings while under treatment. That's all looked after by nonmedical people and so one can concentrate on carrying out the ideal treatment regardless of the time and money it may cost. It is really wonderful to see the social workers spending their time not in hounding patients for donations but in arranging for aftercare and improved home conditions and comfortable convalescence. It is simply delightful ordering appliances for patients and not fretting whether they can afford the initial outlay or the replacements. Oh, I know about the people who are getting things they don't need on money we are all bleeding to death paying out in taxes. But my people are really ill, and they have a right to these things, and it's good for the community that they should have them and get well. Mind you, we're giving all these benefits where we can and when we can, because our waiting lists are horribly, tragically long. But so far as we give them, those benefits are superb.

A budget is a method of worrying before you spend instead of afterward.

"I know it's a mess. Lots and lots of things are wrong with the Service from the ground up. But really, if a human being can do what I did to a kidney this morning, and leave its owner as good as new and even better, then it's reasonable to suppose that somebody else can put the National Health Service on its feet. And even if my banking account blows up and me with it, I'll say, 'God bless it.'"

VIII

I HAVE left out so many aspects of the Service I wanted to describe, but I hope I have convinced you that the British National Health Service is not just a folly. It is not meaningless. It is a muddle and a monster and a premature baby. It can never work out to everybody's satisfaction, even if it is unmuddled and grows up normal and gets out of the incubator looking fine. Remember this: A National Health Service must be a disappointment, however successful it is. It is bound to be taken as a promise to give the whole population first-class medical and surgical treatment. Well, it can't do that. There are not enough first-class doctors, surgeons, dentists, oculists or nurses to go round, and not enough hospital beds. You are up against a natural insufficiency here; and if you quarrel with it you will have to quarrel with the same insufficiency which makes it impossible to guarantee every citizen a wife as beautiful as Elizabeth Taylor, and a Park Avenue apartment. In any National Health Service a large proportion of the population will have to make do with second-rate attention, and maybe some that is not so good as that. But that would be more grimly true without a National Health Service, and we are better off with one, for it has a purpose, and unless there is another war and unless we all fail in our dut should fulfill it.

There are four points which the S has impressed on me, and I think it m useful to Americans to hear what are.

1. The National Health Service of Britain is not a piece of Socialist fre ness, but a necessity recognized by i gent citizens of all parties. The bulk population came out of the Second War unable to pay for medical attent the scale which was necessary if docto nurses were to make a living, and the tals were tottering toward insolvency.

If the pressure of history acts on the lation and on your hospitals in the sa kind way, you Americans will nee want—it won't matter whether you w or not, you will need it—a National Service of your own.

2. Start examining the medical lan early to see if that need is appearin the chief thing necessary for the esta ment of an efficient service is time. It be based on calcul beyond the power community to coll consider quickly. I enterprise compara the mobilizing of the or Navy or Air Force after the outbre war. Its accountancy alone presents trophic possibilities of waste. Ask an whose wartime work lay in the f department of any war-created unit Administration if you want confir of this statement.

3. It is necessary to frame the cond of the National Health Service so tha easy for the persons drawing benefit derstand how much it costs, and wh for it, and what their own contribut that payment, direct or indirect, is. dren should be taught the mechani the fund in schools, and the figures sho displayed in public places. When peopl spent in the old days, they knew it b their purses were empty. Now they ca spend and never know it, because purses are empty anyway, as they han most of their money to the tax collecto they cannot tell when his purse is e This is a new problem arising out of and complicated way of living and it be met by education.

4. A National Health Service shou lifted out of the political field, beca will be a success or a failure accord the degree to which it is regarded tively. In America you have a bipa foreign policy, and it is just as necess have a bipartisan health policy. N should be allowed to cheer or boo an connected with such a service. The demonstration allowable is a slight kn of the brows, such as might be provok the working out of a mathematical pr

In spite of the obvious fact that all points spring from my sense that ou tional Health Service is not so good might be, I invite you Americans with fidence to come to Great Britain ten from now and look at it. By then it something to be proud of; and you may we were not so foolish for frankly adm when times have changed and the o rangements for meeting the physical cr life had broken down, and setting making new ones. There are many dif sorts of pioneering.

THE VIOLIN

(Continued from Page 66)

his premium. It's just what he wanted, isn't it?"

"Sure, but when he sees it there's going to be trouble. I know. My brother's girl once sold something like that for a doll, and she hadn't had it five minutes before the head fell off. If you'd done like I said, put your foot down, we wouldn't have had this mess."

Mr. Spencer's head came up from the dishpan. "It's not a mess at all," he said. "I let him do this for a purpose. Maybe next time he'll be willing to take a little ad

"But what about the lad—spending weeks of his vacation selling salve, an ting nowt for it?"

"Good for him!" boomed Mr. Sp from the dishpan. His long arm grope the towel. Mrs. Spencer lifted it off th and thrust it into his hand. "It's just he deserves." Mr. Spencer came up, ru his face. "It's going to be a very good les

(Continued on Page 158)

· came back into the driveway. She
l to the front door and unlatched it.
e came bounding up the front steps
flat, narrow cardboard carton in his
He dashed into the living room,
d on his knees in the middle of the
d began tearing at the carton like a
dog over a bone. Mr. Spencer came
closed the door behind him.
ıd the packing now," Mrs. Spencer
I don't want to vacuum that rug
ı one day."
there was no packing. Willie folded
e flaps and pulled out the violin. He
up; turned it around.
!" he said, and then more quietly,
t's little, isn't it?" His voice grew
I guess they make them that way on
—so they won't be so hard for chil-
play."
Spencer looked at her husband. He
away.
: was rubbing his hand across the
the violin. The varnish was rough. It
ıt a scratchy sound that carried
the still room. "In the picture it was
nt color," he said in a subdued voice.
picture it was kind of red. This one's
wn."
Spencer sat down. His fingers were
on the crushed brim of his hat.
fitted a small black peg into the
nd began tightening a string. The
ckled ominously under his fingers.
y it splintered. Willie stared at it.
hed his hand quickly across his eyes.
in another one," said Mr. Spencer
You only have to have one string to
ıt." He rolled and unrolled the hat-
his fingers.
fitted another peg into the scroll,
riously threaded the gut string. This
lding the small bridge upright as he
he was able to get it tight. He took
from the carton, and tried holding
n in various positions, finally put-
igh on his chest. Carefully he drew
across the string. No tone at all came
nly a faint, high whistle.
: and see if there's some rosin in the
r. Spencer said. He was leaning for-
w with his hands on his knees. His
fallen on the floor.

hunted through the box. He pulled
oklet about the size of a large postal
the front in small letters were the
Instruction Book." He tossed it
ickly. He dug into the carton again,
e up with a small square of green
de was an irregularly shaped piece of
e held the bow between his knees,
ed the rosin up and down the hair.
a lot of it on—more yet," Mr.
said.
rubbed till the powdery rosin was
ıt of the hairs of the bow.
try it," Mr. Spencer said.
lifted up the violin. He pulled the
ss the string. The sound that came forth was thin, and whiny, without a particle of resonance. He put down the bow and held up the violin. "It's no good," he said softly. He turned to his uncle, and his lip began to tremble. "It's no good," he said in a louder voice. "It won't play." And suddenly he stood up, flung the violin on the sofa, and rushed sobbing to the bedroom.

Mrs. Spencer glared at her husband. "Well," she said, "are you satisfied?"

"It's a good lesson for him." Mr. Spencer's voice was scratchy. "It's turned out just ——" He tried to clear his throat, finally gave up, and stared fiercely at the rug.

"You and your confounded ideas," Mrs. Spencer said. She hurried into the bedroom. Coming out a few minutes later, she paused in the doorway. "And never you mind about that old violin, Willie," she called out, "because I'll be back from my shopping in a little while, and I'm going to bring you something real nice."

THE sobbing from the bedroom continued.

Mrs. Spencer turned to her husband. "Educational, eh?"

Mr. Spencer did not look up.

She picked up her shopping bag and went out, banging the door behind her.

It was almost an hour later when Mrs. Spencer returned. She labored up the front steps, pushed open the front door, balancing an armload of paper sack and the net shopping bag precariously. Mr. Spencer was still sitting in the chair.

"Where's Willie?" Mrs. Spencer asked.

Her husband indicated the bedroom. Mrs. Spencer cocked her head. From the bedroom came the rasping whine of a violin. She sighed.

"Well, anyway," she said, "I've brought him something nice."

She went into the kitchen, took the groceries out of her bags, and fixed up a big soup bowl full of ice cream and strawberries. The whining sounds still came from the bedroom. Mrs. Spencer walked back into the front room, carrying the bowl, and listening.

"You know, Henry," she said quietly, "it really doesn't sound so bad. He's sort of getting the hang of it." She turned to her husband. "Maybe, with some practice ——" Her voice faded out. On the sofa she saw the little violin, lying where Willie had thrown it. She put the bowl down on the table. "Henry Spencer," she said, her voice rising threateningly. She went into the kitchen. She came back with the open tea canister in her hand. "How much was it?"

"Fifty-five dollars."

Mrs. Spencer sucked in her breath in a long hiss. "You crazy fool," she said fiercely. "You great lumpin' fool." Then she set the canister down, and came over and put her plump arms around her husband. "Henry, you didn't have to do that."

Mr. Spencer drew away. "Now don't get the idea I'm giving in to him, Jennie. It's—well, I just thought it might be nice to have a little music around the house." THE END



"At least you'd think they would act like grown ups."



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—In a New Bath Size Cake, Too!



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN ENGSTEAD

Intelligent food habits, regular cleansing and medicinal care are the three major steps toward clearing up those pimples, bumps and blackheads medically classified as acne vulgaris. Depending upon the individual, it may take anywhere from two weeks to two months before you notice a pretty difference in your skin.

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN
Beauty Editor of the Journal

3 Steps to a Prettier Skin

"Facial" Foods

Skin imperfections are aggravated by fatty substances which accumulate in the oil glands of the skin. When this accumulation is excessive, it increases the amount of oil secreted by the glands of the skin to the point where the pores become clogged near the surface, causing blackheads and whiteheads. When these tiny glands become infected, your skin "breaks out" and trouble begins! By decreasing the amount of fat in your diet, you are taking step number one toward complimenting your complexion. Here is a basic eating plan, plus some diet reminders suggested by our dermatologist:

BREAKFAST

Fruit juice, large glass. (Choose from orange, grapefruit, pineapple, apricot or other nectars.)
Cereal, dry or cooked, with sugar if desired; no more than ½ cup milk.
Toast, 1 or 2 slices. Jam or jelly is allowed, but not more than 1 pat of butter.
Coffee or tea with little milk and sugar.

LUNCH

Thin soup. (Such as Scotch broth, clear tomato, beef or chicken bouillon.)
A light sandwich (or vegetable, fruit or cottage-cheese salad, Melba toast).
Stewed fruit (such as figs, prunes, pears, apricots, peaches) or gelatin dessert.
Fruit or tomato juice, large glass.
Tea or coffee with sugar as desired.

DINNER

Clear soup or fruit cup.
Any lean meat.
Any green vegetables, potatoes or rice.
Salad.
Stewed fruit or gelatin dessert.
Bread and butter (but not more than 1 pat).
Tea or coffee with little milk and sugar.

Diet Reminders

1. A glowing complexion depends upon good health so that your system can carry off body poisons. Insufficient food weakens your resistance to infection. Don't confuse your complexion diet with a reducing diet!

2. Bread, rice, potatoes and other starchy foods are permissible in your diet. Help yourself depending upon whether you are overweight, underweight or just about perfect.

3. Brush up on your will power and try to avoid: chocolate, ice cream, pastries, nuts, large amounts of butter, cream or cheese. Because egg yolks have a high fat content, our doctor limits his patients to two or three eggs a week.

4. *Avoid fried foods.* Broiled lean meats, steamed or boiled vegetables, stewed or fresh fruits are kind to complexions and should appear daily in your diet.

5. In addition to a quart of fruit juice each day, drink lots of water. A tumbler before breakfast, one or two at midmorning and late afternoon. Sufficient *(Continued on Page 222)*

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THE SNOB

(Continued from Page 35)

"Swell," Kenny said. "Pratt."

"I never heard of such a school," Christian said. "What's it called—Pratt?"

"It's an art school. It's in Brooklyn. I got a catalogue in the mail last week."

Christian puffed at his pipe and looked across at his wife, who seemed on the verge of tears. "It's all foolishness."

Kenny looked at Elizabeth, who nodded in agreement and pressed her balled handkerchief to her nose. He sighed. "If I can't go to Pratt, the heck with school. I'm going to be an artist."

Christian went out on the front steps to smoke in injured silence. At length he returned and suggested that he might speak to Adam Bordner, who owned the hardware store in which Neffs had worked as sporting-goods clerks for two generations.

"What do you mean, you'll speak to Mr. Bordner?" Kenny asked warily.

"Maybe," Christian said, with the air of a magician producing silks from a paper frame, "maybe Mr. Bordner would be willing to start you off as a stockroom boy."

Kenny laughed. "No, thanks."

Christian lost his temper. "You've got to get this foolishness out of your head!"

"It's not foolishness."

"I've worked hard all my life. You'll have to work hard too."

"I *am* going to work, at my drawings."

"That's not work, son."

Kenny revealed, then, a secret he had been treasuring for weeks. "Couple of weeks ago I went down to the newspaper office and showed some of my stuff to Mr. Carmin," he told his father. "I'm going to be a cartoonist on the paper as soon as I get out of high school."

Christian Neff dropped his pipe.

A woman may consent to forget and forgive, but she never will drop the habit of referring to the matter now and then.

The Neffs never became accustomed to the thought of Kenny working on the paper, even after he had been at it six months; when their friends asked what the boy was doing, they replied bravely that he was thinking of quitting the paper and going out to look for something at the plant. Kenny had no such intention. The bitterest disappointment of his life came the day he was fired (for drawing a caricature of the managing editor, a Mr. Cletus Reinhold, as a pig with dollar-sign eyes.)

To the partial relief of his parents, he next worked about seven months as assistant to the window decorator of Schlager's, a department store. He lettered signs—FALL CLEARANCE SALE, GREATLY REDUCED PRICES—and kept hinting to the decorator that he might brighten them with line drawings. The decorator soon found an excuse to get another assistant, a more practical boy who could do straight, accurate lettering, none of this line-drawing nonsense. Kenny finally succumbed to his parents' entreaties and went out to the plant, where he was hired as a mechanical draftsman and laid off, as the personnel manager gently phrased it, a year later. No reason was given for his dismissal, but Kenny needed none: he had been intensely restless and unhappy at the job, and he planned never to do such work again. He told his parents, frankly and defiantly, that he wasn't going to do anything but draw pictures from then on.

THAT was in 1940. There isn't much to be said for his behavior during the next year, except that he acted his chosen role faithfully. He had grown to be a tall, personable young man, with what his puzzled, disapproving aunts called his father's features: straight black hair, dark blue eyes, a thin and slightly arrogant nose—the Neff nose, they called it in the family. To his mother's great embarrassment, he always wore red plaid lumberjack shirts and old sweat pants or jeans. He and his friend Ed Wenger were usually to be found in a neighborhood taproom on River Street, a few blocks down from the Neff house (Christian Neff had nev been in the place in his life).

KENNY and Ed had known each oth slightly when they were in McClockey Hig but they had never been close friends un the night Kenny walked into the Riv Street Café with an Ernest Hemingway bo under his arm. He had just finished it a was wishing desperately for someone to d cuss it with (Buchanan people, as a rule, not read books; no one has time to re books). Ed, sitting at the bar, had notic the book and said, in the clipped voice affected, "Good novel," and they had got talking and it had turned out that Ed's fa ily considered him worthless too. Ed want to be a writer, he explained apologetically. had been going to college, but had been forc to quit because his father, Elam Weng hadn't understood why any son of his shou want to major in English rather than busin administration. Ed was now working at t plant on the yard gang, trying to save enough money to leave home for New Yo he felt he might be able to get some writi done in Greenwich Village (he wanted write an autobiographical novel dealing w the moral corruption of Buchanan familie Ed spent most of his time in the River Str place because he no longer had a typewrit his father had taken it from him because made too much noise at night. He was getting much writing done because couldn't seem to do it in longhand: it ma him nervous he confid to Kenny; he didn't how Somerset Maugha managed it.

The two friends m nearly every night, talki about the fun they we going to have when would be selling stories the big magazines a Kenny illustrating them. Then they wou walk up the street and continue talki on the steps of the Unitarian church. Son nights they drank more than others, a one night they drank so much that ambitious young cop in a patrol c stopped them as they were singing a staggering their way home. He took the to the station, and the desk sergeant, w was older and more kindly, put them in t sobering-up cell. They lay on the hard c and fell asleep until around five in the mor ing, when the sergeant awakened them a said they ought to be ashamed of theirselv fellows their age acting a ram on the street that hour in the morning. He winked wh he said it and asked if they had bus fa The incident was reported in the paper, a Buchanan became more and more convinc that Kenneth Neff and Edwin Wenger w no good, no good at all.

After this incident, Kenny briefly cons ered joining the Army. He wasn't think much about the possibility of a war then, and Ed were still a year too young to taken in the draft. He thought the Arm might be a solution simply because it wo get him away from the nagging of Christ and Elizabeth, but he had to admit that hated the idea of Army discipline even m than he hated his life at home. Besides, had begun to send cartoons to the big ma zines, and although they were coming ba with rejection slips, sometimes one or t came with encouraging notes from edito

Almost every afternoon, after Ed finish his shift at the plant and Kenny decided had done enough drawing for the day, th met downtown in Sensenich's Drugstore talk to the girls who congregated there. T girls were either students from McCloc High or recent graduates who were work in stores or offices around town; they were pretty, bright, fluttering and giggling fr one booth to another, well dressed a lively—all completely unlike themselv Ed said sometimes, as they would be thirty, when they would have enjoy so to speak, ten years of married life. Th

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was one girl, Nancy Thomas, whom Kenny saw more of than the others. He had taken her out several times the year after he graduated from McClockey; she was then still a sophomore, but now she was a senior and seemed much older. Their dates had never amounted to anything more than a trip to the movies or to the Y.W.C.A. weekly dance, and Kenny was unaware that she liked him better than anyone else. He simply thought of her as the only girl in the drugstore bunch to whom he could talk for any length of time without getting insufferably bored, but he often wished that she would get interested in some of the things he and Ed liked to talk about. At length he gave up trying to get her interested, but he went on seeing her because at least she didn't look bewildered or disapproving when he told her about some cartoon he was working on.

Kenny hurt Nancy cruelly one afternoon in February of 1941, although he didn't intend to and, in truth, didn't realize it at the time. He went in Sensenich's around four-thirty looking for Ed, who didn't show up at all that day, and then he saw Nancy and some other girls sitting in a booth in the rear. After a while he picked up his drink from the soda fountain and sauntered back toward them, and when he had gone halfway he saw the new girl. His first impression was so clear that he remembered it years afterward, but at the time he showed no particular emotion. He simply sat down beside Nancy, grunting hello to the other girls—Evie Jackson, Sally Millick, Gen Kennedy. They gave him a loud, foolish greeting, and someone asked if he'd been arrested lately (he and Ed had to take this joke every day from almost everybody they knew). Nancy glared at the girl who had asked the question and patted Kenny's knee under the table, which annoyed him. The minute he had sat down he had begun to feel stiff, shy and out of place, as though he didn't belong at the table or as though he were dressed improperly (which, by Buchanan standards, he was). He looked straight at the new girl; she looked back at him for a flickering second before she lowered her eyes to her cherry smash. The expression on her face disturbed him: he thought she found him disgusting. No one made any effort to introduce them (everybody assumed that they knew each other), and Kenny wished he could keep from staring at her. He had never seen a girl who looked so much the way he always had secretly thought a girl should look.

WHAT mainly struck him was the way she sat there, composed and calm, not smiling like the others, not talking in that near-hysterical tone they affected; simply sitting, sipping her drink, her hands folded neatly on the table. She looked younger than the others—Kenny suspected that she was probably no more than a junior—but she seemed older; she almost seemed to disapprove of them. Kenny kept looking at her covertly, pretending to be interested in the smoke from his cigarette; he liked the way her smile broke, slowly, and he liked her for not bursting into uncontrolled laughter at every opportunity. He wished he could figure out some way of getting her into the conversation, and in his mind he began to blame Nancy for not introducing him.

Five minutes later, the girl abruptly got up, said, "Well, good-by," and left. It was the first sentence she had uttered, but it was enough to fill Kenny with emotions he had never experienced before. He wished that he could turn and watch her walking out.

Gen, Sally and Evie, with a great commotion of gathering up books and tying head scarves, left him alone with Nancy a few minutes later. Nancy immediately began talking about the Valentine Dance her Girl Reserve Club was going to give, but Kenny couldn't keep his mind on what she was saying. He thought, *I'd like to paint that little face.* In his mind's eye he could see the way he would do the hair, the eyes, the mouth.

"Kenny!"

He realized that Nancy was frowning. "Sorry—what?"

"You haven't been listening." She sounded fondly reproachful. "When do you think you'll know?"





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Bourjois

"Know about what?"

"The *dance*, silly. Do you think you'll be able to go?"

Kenny didn't want to ask when the dance was going to be, so he nodded vaguely. "I'll let you know, Nancy."

"I hope you can go," she said, moving a little closer to him. "Gen's going to get her father's car, and she's asking Ed Wenger, and that way we can all go together."

"Fine."

"Kenny, did you have another fight with your parents or something?"

"Nothing more than the usual—'Kenneth, why don't you go out and try to get another job at the plant?' et cetera et cetera." He lighted another cigarette, trying to be casual. "Say, who was that babe?" (He and Ed called all girls babes, which the girls hated; they didn't understand that it was just the word he and Ed used, that it wasn't derogatory.) "The one that left before the others did."

"Oh, *her*." Nancy seemed relieved. "Jean Bowman," she said. "*Roberta* Jean Bowman."

"She new around town?"

"Heavens, no. We've been in the same class since first grade." Now she was regarding him with alarm. "Why?"

"No reason. Just wondered who she was."

Nancy's green eyes hardened. "So that's why you weren't paying any attention to me," she said. "It won't do you any good to get interested in *her*, Kenny."

"Who said anything about that?"

Nancy gathered up her books and held them tightly against her breast. "I have to go. Let me out."

"Wait a minute," Kenny said. "Why do you say it wouldn't do me any good to get interested in her?" He gestured vaguely. "Not that I want to."

"Her parents are *particular* about her. You know, they're Buchanan Club and all that. Come on, I have to go."

"So're your folks Buchanan Club," Kenny said.

"Mine're different. Daddy doesn't care *who* my brother and I go around with, as long as they're nice." She drew a long breath. "Kenny, I simply *have* to go. I promised mother. Come *on*."

Kenny reluctantly let her out of the booth and followed her to the front of the store. "Who does she date?"

Nancy stopped and faced him angrily. "You act as though you're thinking about calling her." Her eyes sparkled scornfully. "It won't do you any good, Kenny Neff! She only goes out with Buchanan Club boys, and if you think she'd go out with ——" She broke off, unable to complete the insult. "I think you're just ——" she burst out a second or two later, broke off again, pushed through the door and fled down the street.

KENNY thought, *I never thought she'd behave that way*. It didn't occur to him that his casual-sounding questions had wrecked Nancy's life for a long time—for a few months, that is, which is a dreadfully long time in the life of a high-school girl—and that she would always regard him as her lost, willful love. (Buchanan men are cared for and protected and nagged by their women, but they scarcely ever understand them.) A couple of days later, Kenny met Nancy walking down the street toward Sensenich's. She passed him by without a nod, and he was honestly puzzled.

Our Lady of Seasons

By Emily I. Alleman

Spring's lady is winsome, light-hearted and gay,
With garlands in her hair;
A daisy chain about her neck
And sparkling eyes that dare.

Summer's lady is pregnant and slow,
Heavy now with fruit,
Anxiously waiting the harvest days
While listening to Pan's lute.

Fall's lady finds her labor is over,
Her task has been well done;
She dons a gorgeous, crimson cloak,
And sallies forth for fun.

Winter's lady is weary and cold;
Anxious now to rest,
She snuggles beneath a blanket of snow,
By all who know her blest!

The evening of the day he first saw R
Jean Bowman, Kenny sat down at his
ing table and tried to do a sketch of h
could remember her face clearly—it
well-defined picture in his mind—b
couldn't draw what he saw. She had re
brown hair that fell in waves, a great
hair, evidently naturally curly; her eye
dark brown and her eyebrows were th
a face as frail as hers; she looked th
wasn't quite; there was a delicacy abo
a sensitive look outlined by her no
small mouth; and her face, he remem
was scrubbed, not powdered. He to
pencil again and tried to sketch her, b
nose didn't come out right and th
looked like a wig. He tried five or six
more, but always the chin was too
or the eyes were wrong, and when he
the lines the drawing always looked

AT length he heard the telephone
downstairs, and his father calling, "
you," and at that moment he looked
clock and realized that he had been
at his drawing
nearly three ho

It was Ed,
if he didn't kn
there was a lot
there that migh
waste if he didn
drink it. He
his Mackinaw
good night to h
ents (who sighe
left the house
way down the
he remembere
he had left th
on in his roo
went back, to
unfinished sk
off the boar
tore them int
strips which he
into his pocke
suspected
rightly) th
mother ofter
into his ro
see what fool
was going on,
was determine
she wasn't go
pry into this
his life. He thr
strips into a sc
the way to th

Ed, in the
of giving the
machine a thorough beating, was
clined at first toward conversation.
was so anxious to talk that he could
contain himself; he tried avoiding t
ject for two or three minutes,
couldn't hold it back after that.

"Hey, Ed," he said, in what he ho
an offhand tone, "you ever know
named Jean Bowman?"

Ed scratched his head. "Yeah,
so—little babe, lot of hair. Why? Do
me you're interested in *her*. She c
more'n fifteen."

"She's a senior, same as Nancy. H
you know her?"

Ed waved his hand. "I've seen her
that's all. She used to go with . .
Schiller, I think. That crowd, an

"Oh," Kenny said dispiritedly.

"Snobs," Ed said. "Buchanan Clu
Don't waste your time."

"She didn't look like that kind of a
me," Kenny contended.

"Well, she is. You know that bunc
our league, not our league a-tall."

"Nancy's Buchanan Club too,"
said. "So's Gen Kennedy. What's
ference?"

"I'm not sure I know how to exp
but there's a difference," Ed said. "N
old man, Gen's old man, they're diffe
they belong to the club, but they
frantic about it. Maybe it's because
had dough all their lives. Guys like Sc
old Schiller, Hap's old man—an
Bowman . . . well, the way I get it

(Continued on Page 166)



Backboon! Just the bra for the new sleeveless blouses and dresses. If you wish, the back-elastic can be tucked completely out of sight and fastened by its hook to your girdle. Exquisitely embroidered white nylon marquisette. $3.50. Bra #2231.



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(Continued from Page 164)

few occasions when my old man will accept me as a human being, they made their dough in the last twenty years or so. They're the worst snobs because they *want* to be snobs. It doesn't make sense—you'd think the Thomases and the Kennedys would be the worst. It's one of the things I want to put in my book."

Kenny said nothing. He felt as low as he would have if Ed had told him he no longer liked to read Hemingway. When Nancy had said "Buchanan Club," it hadn't meant much; but when Ed had said "Hap Schiller," and had attempted to explain the difference, the whole situation suddenly seemed hopeless. Hap Schiller was one of the richest boys in Buchanan; his father was a director at the plant. As long as he could remember, Kenny had been in awe of Hap and the boys and girls the latter accepted as equals. They went to Buchanan Academy for Young Men or Miss Kling's Classes, instead of McClockey High; they drove their own cars, they dressed well, they always had money, they went to whatever colleges they wanted to; they were so remote from the circle in which Kenny moved as to be like total strangers—although, of course, Kenny always nodded to Hap Schiller when they passed and Hap always nodded back. There was no friendship in the exchange.

Sipping his beer, Kenny realized that he could never hope to do more than sit opposite the Bowman girl in Sensenich's. It was unthinkable, just as his desire to be an artist was without precedent. If he had been, say, Matt Helfer, whose father owned a feed-and-grain business, there might have been some hope for him. Matt's family wasn't Buchanan Club, but it once had been richer than it now was, and Matt was sometimes seen running around with Hap Schiller and his crowd. Matt was even a little like Hap Schiller: he wore loud, flashy sports jackets, and drove a brand-new convertible that his father had given him when he graduated from high school. (Christian Neff had given Kenny a watch, a pocket model that Kenny never carried because most of the other guys he knew wore wrist watches.) Matt might have a chance with Jean Bowman; not Kenny.

Chance is the pseudonym of God when He does not want to sign His name.
—ANATOLE FRANCE.

Ed was looking at him. "Really hit you, huh?"

"No," Kenny said. "I mean, I'd just like to sketch her."

"I know what's on your mind, Ken," Ed said, "and let me tell you this: forget it. You'll just get yourself a lot of trouble. You'll get all mixed up with her—or *think* you're getting mixed up with her—and then one day, bang. They'll crack down. There's no licking that crowd. No cracking it, Ken. Not *us*."

"I been thinking about the way she looked at me," Kenny said, "and I guess you're right."

Secretly, he believed no such thing. Despite everything Ed said and everything he knew himself, he had decided that there was a chance—just a slight, irrational chance—that he had been mistaken about the look she had given him. *Maybe*, he thought excitedly, *she felt the same way I did*. The more he thought about it, the more certain he became. Her eyes had lingered with his longer than was usual—and once, as he was looking at her, he had been sure that she had looked back. She was so much the kind of girl he had been thinking about for so long, it seemed impossible that what Ed was saying could be true. She even looked, he thought, like the kind of girl who would understand why a man had to draw pictures.

The next few weeks were the best and worst that Kenny had ever experienced. The best times came when he was alone, when he could sit with his eyes closed and pretend that he was with her. The worst times were when he suddenly would be reminded of his status in the Buchanan world by some homely detail he had never particularly noticed before: the way the light in the dingy bathroom worked only part of the time boards in the upstairs hall that squea the corner of the kitchen ceiling that stained with dampness every time it ra He found that he was doing less and work at his drawing board; none of the toons he did seemed to satisfy him, an fell into aimless reveries more often tha had before. He became so critical of the he was forced to live that matters fi came to a head, with Christian telling that he either would have to get a job o out on his own, once and for all. He to part-time job, working mornings in M and Haymer's, a department store, assi in the package room and sweeping the walks in the mornings; he told himself he had taken the job not because o parents, but because he wanted to save buy a new gray flannel suit in case—ju case, he thought—he might ever mee Bowman girl.

He spent fewer and fewer evenings i River Street place, because he couldn't to get along even with Ed. One night had a violent argument over a matt trivial that neither of them, later, coul member what had started it in the place. Ed finished it by saying, "Since saw that babe you act like you're out of head," and this so infuriated Kenny th almost took a poke at him. As he was wa home the last snow of the season beg fall, first slowly and then in white sti swirls, and through it the quiet buil along River Street seemed colder, more more forbidding than he ever had seen look before. He had been so lonely, hated the town so mu *and yet*, he thought ering), *if I leave no never get to know her.*

Christian, reading paper on the sagging in the parlor, looke in mild surprise as Kenny entered. " chase you home?" he asked, not unp antly.

"Can't I even come home without kind of criticism?" Kenny demanded ran upstairs.

In his room, he threw himself on his He wondered if anyone had ever be lonely and miserable and helpless as he the thought infuriated him. He stoo quickly, turned on the bedside lamp, s to his drawing table and seized the sta newly finished cartoons lying there. E thing was useless, pointless; the com forces, the town and his family and his f pursuit of a foolish goal, suddenly be too much for him, and with this thou began tearing the drawings with long, s sweeping, vindictive motions, as thou were destroying everything that plague The pieces fell to the floor in gusts, li snow outside. They lay there as lim forlorn as his own body, sprawled acro bed that his mother had made (so lov that day.

The next day, surprisingly enough, much better. He had a twinge of regret he saw the pieces of paper scattered a the room, but then he grinned philosop at himself in the bureau mirror and re that it would be good discipline for begin all over again.

At breakfast that morning he s Christian. "I'm sorry about last nigh

Christian looked at him in su "Well."

"Maybe you're right, dad," Kenn "Maybe I *am* nuts, trying to be an But I've got this job, part time, and you'd just give me a little more time

"Son," Christian said, slowly eati oatmeal, "your mother and I just what's best for you."

"I had a nice note from the ed Homemaker last week," Kenny "Maybe I'll sell them something one days. Then maybe you'll see that it's foolishness."

Elizabeth, who was at the stove, s hear they're taking on again at the

(Continued on Page 168)



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(Continued from Page 166)

"I'm not ——" Kenny began indignantly, and then realized the futility of argument. He got up from the table abruptly, got his coat from the hall, and left the house.

But even the breakfast-table unpleasantness couldn't destroy the feeling that had been in him since he awoke. It had been nearly three weeks since he had seen the girl, and he hadn't been able to get her out of his mind. It probably wouldn't be possible to see her, but there was no point in going on this way. Sweeping the sidewalk in front of Marton and Haymer's, he felt even more confident: the only thing to do, he knew, was to have a whack at it. The thought filled him with a quivering nervousness, but he resolved to go ahead. He felt pretty good the rest of the day.

A voice that sounded as though it belonged to a tall, severe schoolteacher answered the telephone.

Hesitantly, Kenny said, "Is—uh—Jean there?"

"Who?"

"Jean. Is this the Bowman residence?"

"Oh." The telephone was put down, and Kenny could hear the woman calling, "Robbie, dear, for you." (He wondered why Nancy hadn't told him that she was called "Robbie.")

When she answered, she sounded like a child of twelve or thirteen, not at all as she had sounded in Sensenich's that day, and Kenny was so startled that for a moment he couldn't speak. "Hello?" she said again.

"Uh," he said, "uh, I wondered if ——" He paused and breathed deeply. "This is Kenneth Neff. *Kenny* Neff."

"Beg pardon?"

"I don't think you know me, but I saw you one day downtown in Sensenich's. A friend of mine—you know her too—Nancy ——"

"Who did you say this was?"

"Kenny Neff."

Silence.

"Did I meet you somewhere?" she asked at last.

"Not exactly," Kenny said. "You were in Sensenich's with Nancy and the rest of them, and ——"

"Nancy who?"

"Nancy Thomas. It was after school one day about three weeks ago. After school."

"I don't guess I remember."

"I thought you mightn't. It was just for a little while—you left. It wasn't long, and you left, and nobody introduced us—I guess they thought we knew each other." He uneasily, hoping it sounded d "The reason I called you up. I wante to you about painting your picture,

"I don't understand. Try to talk

"All right." He put his hand ove ceiver and coughed. "I'm an artist. I'm trying to be an artist. I mostly toons, but sometimes I do serious d and I wondered ——"

"Could you talk louder?" she "What did you say your name was

"Neff."

"Do you go to McClockey?"

"No, I graduated. I'm ——"

"The Academy? Did I meet yo Valentine Dance?"

"I don't go anywhere," Kenny graduated. I was going to go to coll dad and I talked it over and decided better keep on with my drawing at

"I can't understand what you're s there something the matter with phone?"

"There must be," Kenny said, wishing he had figured out what to

She clicked the hook several tim you still there?"

Kenny cleared his throat. "I'm wanted to ask ——"

"Where *do* you go to school?"

"I *don't* go. I work at home."

Another half-minute silence. "W you say you were calling about,

"Uh—it's kind of hard to explai you in Sensenich's that day and I color of your hair. I mean it looked a it might look good in a picture, and I maybe you might let me paint you.

"What on earth for?"

"Well, uh, just—just paint you, t Do you think you'd be interested?"

She didn't even hesitate. "I don so, thanks."

Kenny tried to sound jaunty, an "I see." He cleared his throat again thanks anyhow."

"You're welcome."

He hated her politeness, he hate eptitude; but he was driven to tr "Well, then," he said, "if you don your picture taken—*painted*, I m you suppose I could see you someti

Again no hesitation. "I don't t thanks."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"Oh." There was nothing more "Well, all right, then. Good-by."

"Good-by," she said, hanging up



"That's a break—'No' in Spanish is the same as 'No' in English!"



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He discovered that the telephone was wet from his sweating hand. A single clear thought stood out in the jumble of disappointment that crowded his mind: he had ruined everything. Any chance he might have had of ever seeing her was now ruined once and for all, for everything he had said was wrong. But even if he had planned what to say to her and rehearsed the tone of his voice, he probably would have made comparable blunders—he would have made them because he was Kenny Neff and not one of the Hap Schiller gang. The faded flowers in the green-and-pink-and-brown wallpaper of the hallway suddenly snapped into focus before his glazed eyes, and he wished again, as he had so many times of late, that he were someone else. But even as this thought formed, the same dogged spirit that kept him drawing his pictures formed another one: just speaking to her had been an accomplishment, a step in the right direction. At least he had overcome his reticence, his inferiority, enough to call her. And, despite his embarrassment at his poor showing in the call, he immediately began to search for a new excuse to call her. He refused to believe that she was actually as cold and distant as she had sounded. It was probably because she'd been taught by her Buchanan Club parents to be polite. *Maybe she didn't remember me at all*, he thought; *maybe if I could just see her sometime, she might feel the way I do.* That was unlikely, he knew, but still ——

THE new excuse was almost too good to be true. One or two nights a month, Kenny attended a sketch class conducted in the local Y.W.C.A. by a Mrs. Florence Reedy Hemmelburger, Buchanan's one acknowledged artist. The other members of this class were old ladies who liked to paint on plates, and effeminate boys from McClockey High, and the only reason Kenny went was to sound off some of the notions about art that he had formulated either from experience or from reading—usually the latter. The women and boys pretended to listen closely to what he had to say, but most of them were bewildered by his conversation and dismissed him privately as a boy who was a bit strange—or so, at least, he thought. Yet he continued to go, for class was the one place he knew of in Buchanan where there was some interest, no matter how slight, in art; the one place where he didn't feel a complete outcast.

A couple of evenings after he called Robbie, he went to the class and found that Mrs. Hemmelburger had once again persuaded some local merchants to put up money for a sketching contest. Mrs. Hemmelburger, who was about thirty-eight, lithe and flashing-eyed, had once been married to a Buchanan Club man, a plant executive whom she later divorced. She had a way with the department-store people: they didn't really approve of art—it had no connection with anything they knew—but they had to admit, when she challenged them, that it *was* nice to have some pictures around, and that it was a good thing to encourage local people to paint them. So they donated the prize money and agreed to display the pictures in corners of their show windows. This time, Mrs. Hemmelburger told her class, the contest would be in portrait sketching. When Kenny heard the news, he wanted to rush right out and call Robbie, but he stayed and waited to hear the details, and then decided that it wouldn't do to call her right away.

He waited two or three days, as a matter of fact, until the contest was announced on the front page of the afternoon paper (Mrs. Hemmelburger had a way with editors as well as with department-store men). Then he wrote a note. It took him a long time; he wanted to be absolutely certain that it was worded properly. It said:

Dear Robbie: You may have noticed in the paper that the "Y" Sketch Class is sponsoring another sketch contest. I am a member of this class and would like very much to enter the competition, but the trouble is that I do not know of a suitable subject. Possibly you remember that I called you a few days ago and asked if you would sit for me. At that time you said "No," but I am hoping you will change your mind. I would very much like to sketch you be-



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32 Campfire or Angelus Marshmallows
½ cup coffee cream or top milk
½ cup finely chopped cashew nuts
½ cup finely chopped candied fruit (cherries, lemon, orange, citron, grapefruit peel, pineapple)
Grated rind of ½ lemon blended with 1 teaspoon sugar
1½ cups heavy cream, whipped

Melt marshmallows in coffee cream over very low heat, turning until smooth. Cool and add nuts, fruit and lemon rind. When well blended, fold into whipped cream. Pour into 1-qt. ring or pudding mold. Place in freezer or mixture of ice and salt about 2 hours. When firm, unmold by dipping in hot water for a mere second. Serve with raspberry sauce. Serves 6 to 8.

BAKED BANANAS HAWAIIAN
4 large bananas
Juice of half an orange
1 tablespoon sugar
½ teaspoon cinnamon
16 Campfire or Angelus Marshmallows

Peel and scrape bananas. Cut into halves lengthwise, place in baking dish and sprinkle with orange juice, sugar and cinnamon. Scatter bits of butter over all and bake in moderate oven 40 minutes. Then cover bananas with marshmallows and bake another 15 minutes or until well browned.

*By Paul Koy, executive chef Royal Hawaiian Hotel, Honolulu



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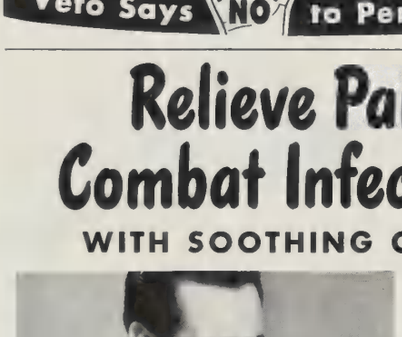


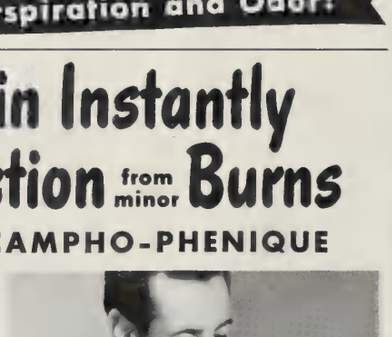
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*Due to external causes.

CAMPHO-PHENIQUE

(PRONOUNCED CAM-FO-FIN-EEK)

THE ANTISEPTIC THAT RELIEVES PAIN INSTANTLY

cause your face is ideally suited to the medium of pastels, which is what I plan to use. I will call you in a day or so to hear your answer.

Yours very truly,
KENNETH NEFF.
(Kenny)

P.S. I am sorry about that telephone call.

After some deliberation, he crossed out the P.S.; there was no point in letting her know that he knew how awful it had been. He showed the letter to Ed, who said it was all right, if he wanted to send it, but he didn't think it would do much good.

"I'm telling you, the girl's one of those Buchanan Club snobs," Ed said. "It's not going to do you any good."

"Maybe not," said Kenny, "but I won't be able to sleep until I'm convinced too."

"It must be wonderful," Ed said dryly, "to be so young and so alive and so gay and so in love."

"Go take a flying kick at yourself," Kenny said, smiling sheepishly.

He bumped right into her one day in the following week. He was going into Sensenich's, she was coming out, and they almost collided. She gave him a look that seemed to say he should look where he was going, followed by one that seemed to be recognition. He didn't know if she wanted to speak, or wanted him to, but he jammed his fists in his Mackinaw pockets and took the initiative.

"Hello, Robbie Bowman."

The expression on her face changed quickly to surprise. "Hello," she said, frowning slightly.

"I'm Kenny Neff," he said, his confidence beginning to go. Maybe Ed was right.

"You're ——" The surprise changed to astonishment. "*Well*," she said. "Hello."

"Uh—I was wondering if you got my letter."

She nodded.

"I was going to call you up tonight."

No response.

"I was—uh—I was wondering what you'd say."

She shook her head. "I don't think so, thanks."

For one horrible moment he thought he felt tears coming into his eyes. "Well, I thought maybe you might've changed your mind."

"I don't think so. I don't know why you'd want to do me."

Quickly he said, "I *told* you, your hair—that is, the color—the bone structure in your face, the ——"

She was laughing. "Do you use this kind of line all the time?"

Kenny flushed. "It's no line, *honestly*. Listen," he said, gesturing toward the soda fountain, "would you like a root beer or something?"

"I don't—oh, all right, I guess so."

As he took a step toward the fountain, he suddenly remembered that he had only fifteen cents. If she ordered a soda, or a large root beer or anything that cost more, he wouldn't be able to pay for it—and the clerks in Sensenich's always wanted their money right away. Too many of the high-school kids were always trying to cheat them out of it. Kenny flushed again, and said:

"Funniest thing, I guess we can't have anything now. I've got to see a guy, and I'm late—I forgot about it until this minute."

"Oh," she said (and he thought she seemed dubious). "Well, all right."

"Pretty dumb trick," he said, "asking you to have a drink and then running out." He cleared his throat, hoping she hadn't gathered that he didn't have the money. "How about the painting?"

"I'll have to know more about it."

"Fine," he said. "I'll call you, maybe tonight." And then he attempted what he later considered one of the stupidest gestures he had ever made. He shook hands—or, rather, tried to. She seemed startled and puzzled by the gesture, and made no movement toward taking his outstretched hand, and then he reached for hers but didn't quite catch it.

"Uh," he said, reddening again, "well, long," and then turned abruptly and we

All the way home he kept cursing and c gratulating himself, alternately: cursing cause he hadn't had money enough to s and talk to her—Hap Schiller would ne have been caught in such a situation, certainly Robbie Bowman would h looked down upon any boy who was s enough to have no money (naturally, thought, it would never occur to her tha person might *not* have money at all). *impossible*, he thought despairingly; *Ed right, I just don't belong in her league*. Bu the same time, he was congratulating him because it seemed that he was at last mak some kind of progress. He couldn't define look she had given him when they met at door, but it was altogether different from way her voice had sounded on the telepho At least she hadn't gone right by with speaking, and at least she hadn't said fl that she wouldn't allow him to paint *Maybe I'm making some progress*, he thou excitedly, and that night he was so genuin pleasant to his parents at the dinner ta that Elizabeth later remarked to Christ that he was probably in some kind of trou

He called her at eight. A strange fem voice answered, took his name, and said t Miss Bowman was not at home and was expected until late that night. The sa thing happened the next night, and the n

The fourth night, Robbie herself swered—answered, and promptly crus him. It was as though they never had me Sensenich's—her little-girl voice seemed have taken on some of her mother's auster She said she wasn't s that she wanted him paint her; she would h to hear more about it when he asked her if could see her the next in Sensenich's, she said didn't think so.

"I don't like that p much," she said.

"Well, *when* can I see you?" Ke asked.

"I'll think about it," she told him, hung up.

Kenny said to Ed, a little later in the R Street bar, "The more I think about ba the more mixed up I get."

"Do yourself a favor, Lover Boy," Ed. "Forget this one."

He saw her the next afternoon in S senich's. Her presence indicated clearly t he had been snubbed the night before, thought. He tried to catch her eye, and he waved at her; she didn't wave back, he felt so foolish that he got up and left. rest of the day he brooded, knowing should at least have gone up and tried to to her.

"Why would she act like that?" he manded of Ed.

"I've been telling you all along," Ed s "She's one of that Buchanan Club bunc

The next day he couldn't work. Tw three times he started writing a note to but he couldn't express exactly how he f He made several attempts at beginn sketches of her, but none of them satis him. He made four cartoon roughs and t them up as quickly as they were finished. smoked a pack and a half of cigarettes couldn't eat any dinner. He went back to room and tried to reread The Sun Also R but lost interest after the first three pa He decided that what he probably had to was get drunk, but the idea didn't make feel any better.

As he was leaving the house, the teleph rang. He picked up the receiver, thinkin was probably Ed. *It was she*. Kenny alm dropped the receiver.

"Is this Ken?"

"Ken—Ken speaking," he said, his vo trembling. He hoped that Christian Elizabeth, who were in the parlor off front hall, wouldn't suddenly come out see him blushing. "How are you?" he ad uneasily.

"I'm fine. How are you?"

"Fine. Uh ——"

> **We love best in the days when we believe that we alone love, that no one has ever loved like us and no one ever will.** —GOETHE.

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There was a long silence.

"Say," he said finally, 'is this you, Robbie?"

"Of course. Who did you think it was?"

"I thought it was you, but I didn't expect—I mean, I saw you in Sensenich's yesterday, and I thought you didn't want to talk to me. I mean ——"

"I didn't see you.'

"Oh."

"I wanted to ask," she said slowly, "if you still want to do that thing you were talking about."

"That —— Oh, the picture. Sure. Gosh, *sure*."

"When would you want to do it?

"Gosh," he said, thunderstruck, 'any time. Any time at all."

"I thought maybe," she said shyly, "you might not be busy tonight."

He cut himself four times while shaving, and slipped and fell as he was stepping out of the bathtub and gave his shoulder a terrible wrench, and took nearly fifteen minutes picking out the right tie, which he tied and retied nine times until it was so wrinkled he had to spend more time selecting another one and finally, when he was ready to go, he was positive that he didn't look right. There was no time to change clothes again; he wanted to save the new gray flannel suit for some other night, in case (his heart began beating faster) she agreed to see him again. He ran downstairs and banged the door and ran for the bus stop, and halfway there remembered that he had forgotten his pad and pencils. Christian and Elizabeth, sitting in the parlor, exchanged worried glances; they were positive, now, that he was in serious trouble.

"Let me see it," she said.

Kenny regretted that he had begun the sketch; it was as bad as the ones he had tried at home. He was sure that she would think that he wasn't an artist at all; that his wanting to sketch her had been, as she had said, just a line.

"It's only a first rough," he said casually.

"I want to see it anyhow," she said, getting up and crossing to the leather chair in which he was sitting. She bent over; he closed his eyes as he felt her looking at the picture. She said nothing.

"Pretty bad, isn't it?" he asked timidly.

"Why"—he was certain she was trying to find something noncommittal to say—"why, it's *wonderful*, Kenny!"

'Listen," he said sternly, "don't say that just to be nice."

"I'm *not*. I think it's . . . why, Kenny, I never thought you were this good."

"It's awful," he said gloomily.

"It's *not*. I don't think the hair is just right; it doesn't look like my—well, maybe it does. But the face is right. I'm not that pretty, but ——"

"Yes," he said softly, "you are. You're prettier." And where he found the courage, he never knew, but he found it somewhere: he put his hands on her shoulders, drew her down and kissed her. At first she protested, hastily and wordlessly, turning her head away, but he pulled her closer and his mouth followed hers and caught it and then she was kissing him back and all he could think of was how light, how beautifully light she was, how light and cool her mouth was against his.

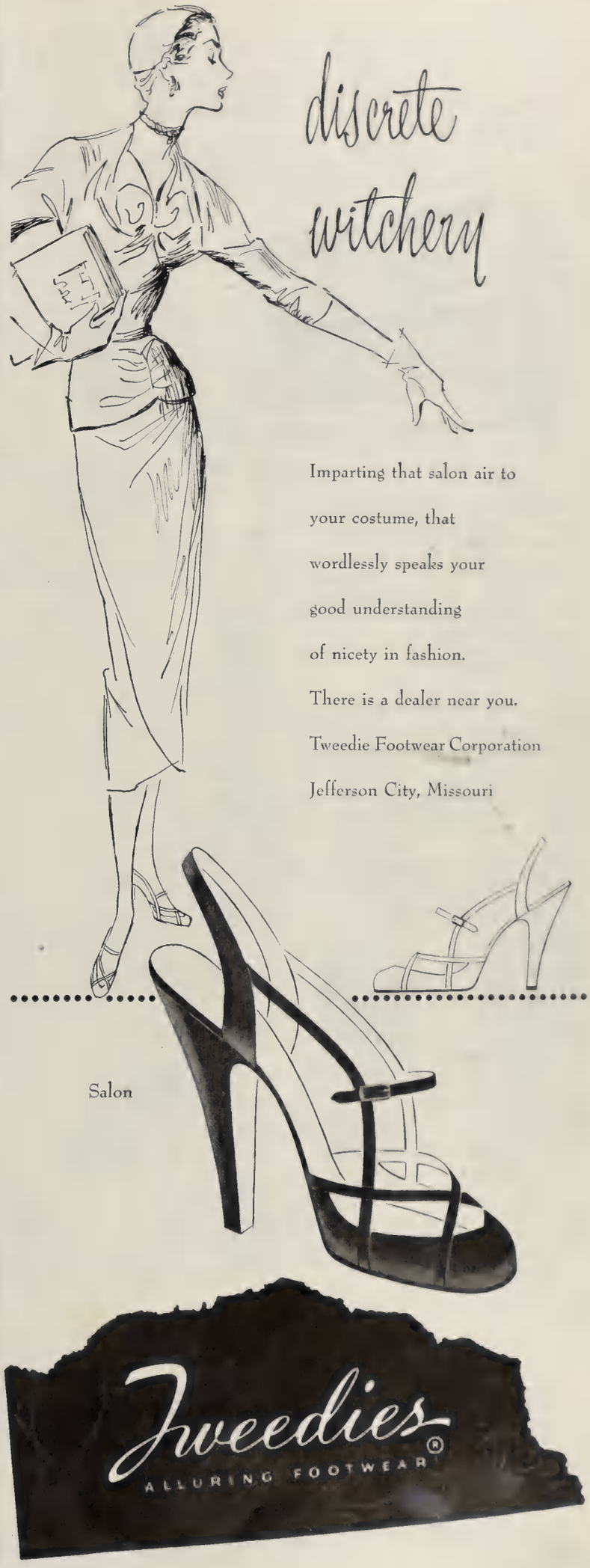
"My goodness," she said at last, whispering.

He put his face in her neck and hair.

"Kenny." The word was like a kiss. His arms tightened. "Kenny," she breathed again, "I never thought ——"

"Me neither." It was a phrase he and Ed used, derisively, but saying it to her made him feel oafish, afraid that she would think he used that kind of language all the time, and as though to atone for using the crude words he kissed her again, more gently.

When they stopped he knew that he had lost all shyness, all reticence. Even this strange house, with its elaborate furnishings—the straight, uncomfortable chairs such as he had seen only in downtown antique shops, the thick red rugs, the heavy drapes, the way everything looked as though it were cleaned freshly each day (and all this



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in contrast to the shabby place of his parents)—even the house, which earlier had made him feel so awkward, could not affect the new strength he had found with her. He had no clearly articulated thoughts, but he knew that for the first time in his twenty years he had done something important: it was almost like the time Miss Howell had said that the Little Red Hen was a fine drawing, or like the time a woman had written in to the paper to tell the editor that she enjoyed a cartoon signed K.N.—but this was better, far better, than either of those times. And with this knowledge came decision. He put his arm wholly around her and settled her in his lap. She rested her head on his shoulder, and as she did he wondered if this really was real.

"You smell nice, Kenny," she said in a small voice.

He felt his forehead reddening. What did you say when a girl said something like that to you? He tried a joke: "I took a bath, even though it wasn't Saturday." She didn't laugh; she said nothing. "How do you mean, I smell nice?"

"You smell like cigarettes and like you've been drinking beer. Kenny, do you drink an awful lot?"

She couldn't have said anything that would have pleased him more. He smiled slowly. "No, not much—some nights, though, Ed and I get pretty plastered. I was going out to get drunk when you called."

"Who is Ed?"

"Ed Wenger."

"Oh, *Edwin* Wenger."

"He's my best friend—my only friend. Ed's a writer, a good one." (He had read only two of Ed's stories, and hadn't fully understood either until Ed had explained, but that was all right; Ed sometimes didn't understand his cartoons.) "You'll have to meet Ed," he continued.

She hadn't been listening. "Kenny, I wish you wouldn't drink so much."

Touched, flattered, moved beyond belief, he kissed her again, this time a long kiss; in the middle of it she moved her little hand and put it on his.

At last he said, "I wanted to do that the first time I saw you in Sensenich's."

She caught her breath. "So did I."

He drew back, stupefied. "*You* did? Why, the first time I called you, you didn't even remember my *name*."

"I thought you were something—*somebody* else. I remembered you, Kenny. I sat in Sensenich's that day and I wondered how it would be if you kissed me. And I wanted you to, and—it was the funniest feeling—I felt scared."

"If that's true, why wouldn't you let me see you when I asked you?"

"I couldn't, then."

"How come?"

"I just couldn't."

"I don't get it. If you wanted ——"

At that instant Kenny glanced up and saw, across the room, a handsome silver tea service gleaming on a large mahogany table. Behind it hung a thick velvet curtain, falling to the floor in luxuriant folds. The objects looked so perfect that they seemed almost to have been put there as part of a setting for a play; and then Kenny knew why they seemed artificial and unbelievable to him. He had never seen anything like them before, except in plays and movies. Such things were not parts of his life; they could never be

Good Memories

By Margery Mansfield

The folks are not vindictive. You can "live it down."
But nothing is *forgotten* in a little town.

"Five generations, they were ne'er-do-wells" . . .
"Thanks to the church, he has been going straight" . . .
"That girl was wild . . ."
It is a dubious fate
To matter so that no one can forget
What you did, or who your parents were.
We understand why many leave—and yet,
We would not like to go away too far.
We are not sure that we would rather be
Where no one would be caring what we are.

the lives of Christian, Elizabeth an neth Neff. Elizabeth served tea to her Aid Society meetings out of an old ch that had been her grandmother's; it and clumsy-looking, with ugly rust Oriental figures painted clumsily on th Elizabeth thought it was pretty. Ke as though the Bowman tea servi spoken to him; he could not keep th lessness from flowing into his face. H stiffened, and she felt the movement

"Maybe," he said, forcing out the "maybe I'd better go home now, R

"*Why?*" She looked at him in surp looked, he thought with a pang, the had looked that day he bumped int Sensenich's. "Why so soon?"

"I'd just better, that's all."

"Nobody's home but Arthur—my br and me, and Arthur's out with Lind ler. My parents are on vacation— down South. Arthur won't be in for

Lindy wa Schiller's sist name cut into

"Please d so soon, P Please."

He stood set her on he thinking onc this time sorr how very li was—then tu around and her, playfull into the cha bent over h hands on th arms.

"Do you w to stay, Robb

"Of course voice became "Oh, Kenny Kenny, I neve anybody that fore in my wh I never ne hate that never did, thought I would until mar——"

"If that's Kenny inte "how come yo let me see you tonight?"

"I just *cou*

"Was it," he said tensely, "becau parents didn't want you to?"

She looked relieved; or, he though to. "Oh, no. They don't know abou

"Why haven't you told them?"

"There wasn't anything to tell. Le plain it to you, Kenny. I don't hav dates, and the ones I do have are with boys that—boys my parents Know their families, anyhow. My always been . . . I don't know how t he's just been *funny*. He likes to kno everything I do, and he's that wa Arthur too."

She paused, took his hand, and until he sat beside her in the big chair. Kenny waited for her to go on able; he was more convinced than ev Ed had been right: the girl was a sn was just trying to make it easier for looked at her coldly.

"When you called, Kenny, that fir I thought you were somebody else. why I acted the way I did. Then whe you that day in the drugstore, and fo *you* were the one who called, I was *wanted* to see you—but you know, know anything about you, and I ask Nancy anything about you becau Kennedy told me Nancy thinks you steady ——"

"She *does?*"

"That's what Gen says."

Kenny smiled wryly. "She's got thinks coming."

(Continued on Page 174)

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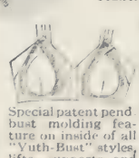
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to bear the time that remained until
, when he would go out to see her again.
me his personality changed completely;
night, after dinner, he even offered to
his mother dry the dishes.
nny found that ideas for cartoons were
coming faster than ever, and he was sure
his drawing technique was improving.
never he showed a new bunch of draw-
to Robbie, she exclaimed over them in
s of such honest delight and apprecia-
hat he often thought it would not be
before he was the best cartoonist in the
ry. Two or three times he began sketch-
er again for the contest, but he never
ged to finish a drawing that suited
he invariably stopped in the middle to
er, and then they would either forget
the drawing and crush it beneath
in the chair they were sitting in or he
exclaim, with a rush of love and won-
hat he knew he would never be good
h to satisfy himself with a picture of
He never did enter the contest.)
night, in the River Street place, Ed
him rather petulantly what the two of
did together all that time, and Kenny
rced to say, "Nothing much, we just sit
d and talk"—and it occurred to him,
a sudden, that that actually was all
did do. Their times together were as
plicated as their love; other kids went
ces, to the movies, or to the rec center
Sensenich fountain in the evenings,
Kenny and Robbie did was sit in her
room or on the front porch. Some
they went walking in the Buchanan
ection, the residen-
ea surrounding the
nan Club.

The same defects which we find insupportable in others seem quite proper in ourselves; they are no burden, we do not feel them. —LA BRUYÈRE.

ny's one main
t in those happy
as the love he shared
er, and he tried to
ll other, worrisome
ts submerged as
of the time as possi-
w and again, in spite of all he could
y would crop up again, as on the eve-
hen she took him into the basement of
use and showed him the workshop in
she refinished furniture. The shop was
ed with woodworking tools that looked
nore beautiful and expensive than the
enny remembered using in the crafts
ment at McClockey High. The hobby
have seemed an odd one for most girls,
seemed to him to fit Robbie's simple,
disposition; it was a good and useful
o do, and he was impressed by the
–a chest of drawers, three plain
lvania Dutch chairs—she already had
on; but somehow, the elaborate fit-
the shop bothered him.
Idn't even have a brace and bit, if I ever
old man I wanted to do this, he thought;
n't have it even though Bodner's gives
ty per cent off on everything he buys.
're moody again," she said.
"
are. I know by the way your face is."
right," he said, furious at having been
ut, and forgetting, for the moment,
e was, "all right, I'm moody."
nny! You've never talked like that
"
're *always* telling me I'm moody, or
ng."
you *are* that way a lot of the time."

BE I'd better go," he said, and with-
ther word went up the stairs, got his
aw from the front-hall closet (the
the Bowman coats lined neatly in
ade him feel more than ever like a
er), left the house and went straight
iver Street bar. He felt terrible when
called to the telephone by Harry
use an hour later. It was Robbie, call-
ell him she was sorry.
're right—I *do* tell you you're moody
n," she said tenderly. "Oh, Kenny,
that I love you so, I get upset when-
ink you're troubled. I have to know
n your mind."
t down the telephone and dashed to
e so fast that he was completely out
h when she came into his arms at the door. They were kissing in the doorway when Arthur came in. Arthur looked faintly annoyed, but said nothing and went out.

(Arthur looked faintly annoyed at everything, Kenny often thought. Robbie didn't like him much, she sometimes confided to Kenny; he was too much of a snob. Kenny said nothing, but he privately classified Arthur as the chief contender for the All-Time Jerk championship. His first meeting with Arthur had afforded the two of them the longest conversation they ever held. Arthur said, "Hello," and so did Kenny. Arthur said, "What do you do, go to school?" And Kenny had said, "No, I work for myself." Arthur said, "Doing what?" Kenny said, "I'm an artist." "Oh," said Arthur. "Well, so long." Robbie had later told Kenny that Arthur was "with daddy, handling traffic," and Kenny felt a little better, but not much.)

THE fight over the moods was their first and last during that blissful week in which the elder Bowmans were still away on vacation, but there was one night when Robbie was the one who wore the troubled look. At first Kenny thought she was concerned over her parents' home-coming (they were due to arrive the next day), but this so distressed him that he didn't want to ask what was the matter. After a while she volunteered the information. She began very gently.

"I was talking to May Gerlach today, Kenny." She looked at him for a reaction, but there was none. "She told me she was shopping on Saturday."

"So?" He had no idea of her point.

"She said she was shopping in Marton and Haymer's."

Instantly Kenny understood what writers meant by saying that a person's blood froze. "So?" he said brazenly.

"Kenny," she said, "what do you do all day?"

"Draw." He couldn't look at her.

"*All* day?"

He bent his head, like a caught child; irrationally, he wished he had never met this girl.

Her voice was still low and sweet. "Why didn't you ever tell me, Kenny?" She touched his arm. "Why, Kenny?"

Still without meeting her eyes, he got up and started toward the front door. She ran to him and caught his arm, but he shrugged her away and grasped the knob.

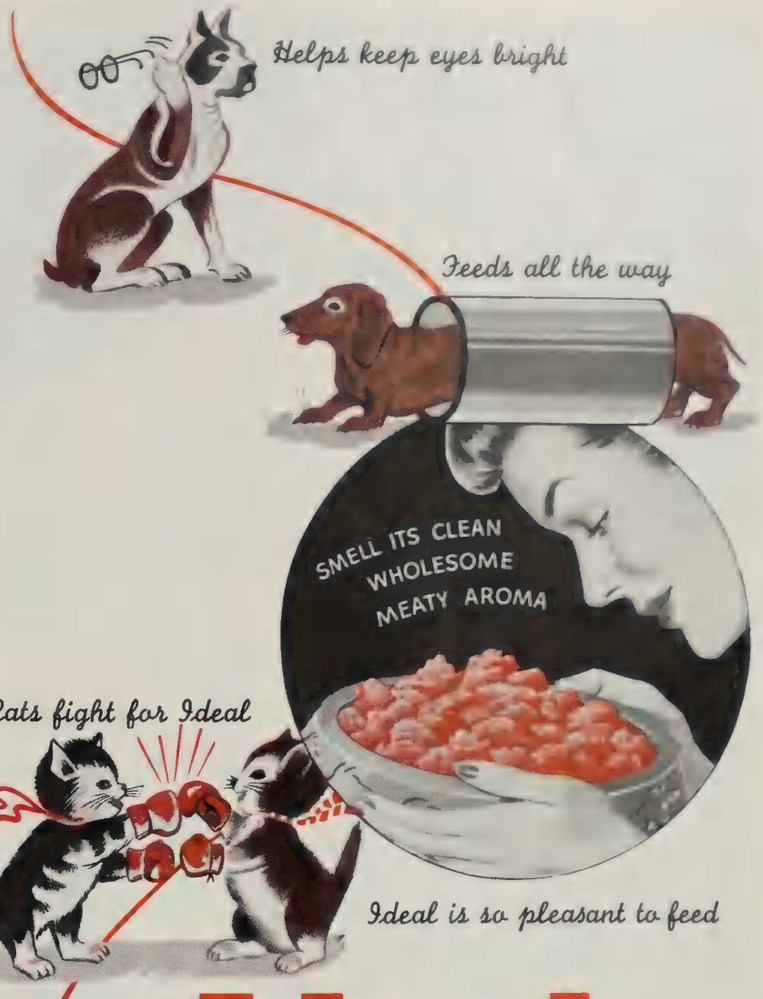
"Kenny! Where're you going?"

He forced himself to look at her. "All right, I lied to you. I'll take off now."

"Oh, if I'd known it was going to make you act this way, I ——"

"May was right, Robbie. I told you I draw all day, but I don't. I do work at Marton and Haymer's in the mornings. I sweep the sidewalk and I straighten stuff on the shelves, that's what I do. It's my job. I used to draw all day, but I had to get a job or my parents would've driven me nuts." Everything was coming out now, and he couldn't stop. "I went to work because of them—not because I wanted to, but because they kept after me. They don't think it's respectable to be an artist—nobody here, nobody in this town, does. You have to work and earn dough, like Arthur. You have to be successful, like your father is. My old man isn't. To him that's a sin—so he's got to keep after me. If I make a lot of dough, that'll make him feel better—it'll make him feel as though he hasn't sinned in his life. That's the money philosophy this town is built on. It's like all Americans—like all American towns, I mean. If you don't make a lot of dough, you're no good. Ed Wenger and I've talked it over night after night. It's ——" He became aware that he was almost shouting, and quieted instantly. "I'm sorry to get so corny, Robbie," he said apologetically. "So long." He put his hand on the doorknob again. "I know this busts us up. But I always loved you from that first day in that drugstore, and I always ——"

Her hands were on his arms, then on his shoulders, then around his neck, and she was pressing her body (her light, light body) to



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him harder than ever before. He tried to push her away, but he couldn't move her; her lips were on his cheek, her mouth was all over his face, and he could feel her tears. His jaw dropped incredulously, the way it had the night she called him.

"Furthermore," he said to Ed, crazily proud, "she said she was *glad* I was sweeping those sidewalks."

"She just wanted to neck," Ed said.

Nothing could touch his triumph. "She said it didn't make any difference. She said she wouldn't care if Christian and Liz were both drunks and janitors out at McClockey. She said even if everybody she and I knew, knew they were janitors, and drunks, that wouldn't matter to her. She said she'd love me anyhow."

"Let either one of them be a drunk or a janitor," Ed said, "and I'll give you a thousand bucks for every time you go to State Street again. All babes are alike."

"No kidding, Ed, this babe is — have you *ever* seen her?"

"I saw her long before you did," Ed told him. "She looked kind of frail to me, frankly."

"Her eyes," Kenny said dazedly. "They're brown, mostly, but they're mottled. They've got little spots of yellow and green in them, little high lights. Mottled."

"Yeah," Ed said. "Ought to be remodeled."

"I'm serious," Kenny insisted, draining his beer. "You know what else she said to me?... Hey, Harry, a couple more here.... She said, 'Kenny, I know you're a good artist and I know you're going to be famous someday. But it takes time. You mustn't worry about your parents and you mustn't let anything get you down. You mustn't ever forget that you've got to do what you want to do. I believe in you, Kenny.' That's what she said. She believes me. Believes *in* me." Kenny finished one of the fresh beers. "No kidding, now, Ed, isn't that something? Ever hear of a babe saying anything like that?"

Ed looked as though he were beginning to accept the idea at last. "Pretty terrific, all right."

"Wonderful," Kenny said thickly. "Wonderful is what it is." He motioned again at Harry, who looked at him dubiously.

"Do you think," Ed said cautiously, "that her parents are going to share this lifelong devotion?"

"Hell with them," Kenny said firmly. "She's got her own life. That's what she says, anyhow. Hell with them."

"Son," Ed said, "nobody in that Buchanan Club bunch has any life but the Buchanan Club bunch's life. Remember that."

KENNY put his hand unsteadily on Ed's shoulder. "Someday I'm going marry that girl, Ed, and you're going be best man. Old Wenger. I can see you in a morning suit now."

"I'd have to be in one if you married her, that's for sure," Ed said. "I can see what kind of wedding you'd have now." He turned to Harry Buckhouse, who was leaning on the bar, regarding Kenny with a scowl that showed plainly what he thought of twenty-year-olds who couldn't hold their beer. "Don't forget you're living in Buchanan, Ken," Ed said somberly. "Someday, maybe, we'll lick it. Sometimes I think maybe we got to go away to do it—that's why I wan to New York. But you know, somet think"—Ed looked away, and seeme talking to himself—"sometimes I th never do lick it even if we run away lick it by getting adjusted to it. We c that; we're not that way. I don't kn we lick it, but I know that maybe w do. Maybe it gets us in the end. I — suddenly looked at Kenny again, and his head in disgust.

Kenny's head had fallen, and he wa ingly, soundly asleep.

J. LUTHER BOWMAN surprised Ken looking a good deal like some of the m brought their wives into the River Café on Friday nights to eat crab cak steamed clams. He was about five fee but his stout belly and his fattening face made him look shorter. His r kinked hair came to about an inch and above his eyebrows. Sitting in his front reading the Sunday papers, wearing kled brown salt-and-pepper suit, he look much like a Buchanan Club man, thought; he might have been Christia sitting there only differen that J. Luthe man got u shook hands, when Ro brought Ken the room; Ch might have hands, K thought, but would have oc to him to g Yet, despit man's disarm pearance, sensed that th under the hairline, we missing a detail.

"What's name, you Mr. Bowman "Kenny Robbie said, you about daddy." He held that m impatience which girls often speak parents.

"Oh, you're the artist," Mr. Bowma He sounded exactly the way Arth sounded when he found out; the word emphasized, but it wasn't slighted "I'm glad to meet you."

"How do you do?" Kenny said pol possibly too politely, he thought, for that Arthur, who was sitting on a across the room, reading Nation's Bu made an almost inaudible sound of d Arthur hadn't spoken as Kenny ente

Mr. Bowman grunted, a not unf sound, and got behind his papers Kenny wondered if he were expected t conversation—and, if so, what he wou about. All he knew about the man wa Robbie had told him: that he had star as a clerk in the plant's traffic depar worked his way up gradually, and fina to set up a trucking business of his o now operated a large hauling compan offices in seven states. His trucks carried plant products.

Robbie had taken a seat on a Vi love seat, and after a few indecisive s Kenny went over beside her. The ne minutes were awful. No one said any Mr. Bowman and Arthur continued t and Robbie played idly with some r sewn on her skirt. Kenny turned on glanced at her, trying to smile, but t pression was rather sickly. She evident waiting for him to say something, but thing he thought of would have sounde ish. It was as though the presence father and brother had suddenly made strangers. Once Mr. Bowman clear throat and looked over the edge of his

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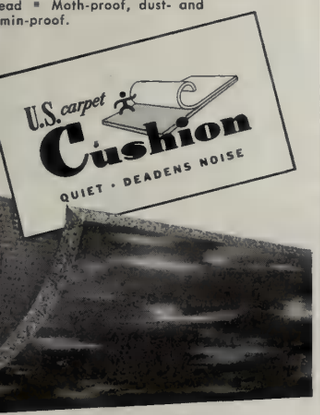
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Kenny looked forward, waiting, but the man said nothing. Kenny's face got red. He felt in his pockets for cigarettes, took out the pack, and was about to light one when he looked at Robbie. She shook her head, a gentle warning, and he flushed once more and replaced the pack.

It was even worse when Mrs. Bowman came in a minute or two later. She was as tall and severe as her voice had sounded on the telephone. Her features were those of her daughter, but they were made more clear-cut and angular by age. She reminded Kenny at once of the silver tea service. He had the sense to rise immediately, but as he did he realized that the cigarette package was sticking from his pants pocket, making an odd bulge beneath one side flap of his jacket. He could feel Mrs. Bowman's cool gray eyes looking at the bulge and at the baggy knee of his left trouser leg. She made no attempt to shake hands. She said, "How nice of you to come . . . Kenneth," sounding (thought Kenny) as though it were the last thing in the world she thought was nice.

Mr. Bowman lowered the paper and looked at his wife. "How's she doing out there?"

Mrs. Bowman cast her eyes to the ceiling, as though the matter were beyond her control.

"Hadn't you better be out there watching her?"

"I make her nervous, Luther." Mrs. Bowman addressed Kenny. "The servant problem," she said, indicating that she was sure he would sympathize.

Kenny half smiled, nervously. "It must be pretty bad, from what I hear from my mother."

Robbie looked at him curiously, her little mouth open at the lie.

"It's dreadful," Mrs. Bowman said. "We've had three different cooks since the beginning of the year. This one came *yesterday*."

"She's funny," Robbie said, smiling.

"Robbie, dear, sh-h!"

"She is," Robbie insisted. "She put the spoons on the wrong side last night, and she puts leftovers in some of our best Spode and puts them in the refrigerator."

Kenny almost asked what Spode was, but caught himself. He tried to smile again.

"I kind of like her," Robbie said. "She talks to us at the table as though she's one of the family. She's funny."

"It isn't funny at all," her mother reproved. "It's dreadful. When you're running a house of your own, dear, you'll realize how dreadful it can be."

"When I'm running a house of my own, I'll do all my own work."

Arthur now contributed his single speech of the entire afternoon. "Huh."

Mrs. Bowman was looking at Robbie with an expression that indicated her desire to terminate the conversation, and her intention of going into it later at some length. Kenny was delighted: Robbie's words had been addressed to him, he knew. In a sense, she had been saying that she was going to marry him, and that she knew young artists couldn't afford servants, and it didn't make any difference. He felt much better, and relaxed a little.

Dinner was served about fifteen minutes later, and Kenny went into the dining room confidently. The week before he had taken a book by Emily Post from the library, and he had practically memorized the sections on table manners and silverware. He had even discussed his behavior with Ed, who said, "Just eat slowly, don't take helpings like you do at home—don't take as much, that is—and watch the others to see what forks and stuff they use. Wait'll Robbie's mother picks up her tools. That's the signal to go ahead." Kenny studied the etiquette book so earnestly that he was sure he would get through all right—and perhaps he would have, if it hadn't been for the Bowmans' new cook.

When she came through the swinging door from the kitchen with the roast of beef her eyes fell immediately upon Kenny, and she stared at him intently. Kenny, surprised, stared back; there was something vaguely familiar about her, he thought, but he

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couldn't remember where or when he might have seen her. She was a fat, placid woman, with broad arms and red hands; her apron spotted with brown grease. She set the roast squarely in the middle, then, evidently remembering that it didn't go there, picked it up without embarrassment and placed it in front of Mr. Bowman, who looked annoyedly at his wife. Mrs. Bowman shook her head warningly. The cook backed off, her arms folded.

"Anything else?" she asked.

She hadn't taken her eyes off Kenny, and he began to wonder, worriedly, what was making her stare. He glanced down at his shirt front self-consciously.

"That will be all, Mrs. Maurer," said Mrs. Bowman.

Kenny was certain he had heard the name before.

Mrs. Maurer nodded, turned, started for the kitchen, stopped, whirled, and faced Kenny again. "Say," she said, with the air of having made a great discovery, "ain't you Mrs. Neff's boy?"

The blood in Kenny's face felt hot and cold all at once, and he knew that everyone at the table was staring at him. He started to answer, but couldn't; the only thing he could think of, at that crazy moment, was that the etiquette book had said nothing about a situation like this.

"I said to myself when I come in," Mrs. Maurer continued relentlessly, "I know that boy from somewhere. It just now come to me—I used to live across the street." She addressed the room at large. "Small world, ain't?" And, shaking her head, she retreated philosophically to her kitchen.

Kenny was never able to explain, later, just how he survived the rest of that horrible afternoon.

"You crazy?" the tailor said. "It fits you perfect around them shoulders." He tugged at the back of the coat. "You wouldn't want a better fit'n that. Not a wrinkle in her."

"It should hang straighter in the back," Kenny said, for the second time.

"The reason it hangs that way, you hold your head funny. You oughta try standin' up a little straighter."

"This is the way I always stand."

"You oughta stand straighter. Listen, you're gettin' a forty-fie-dollar Tux, hardly used at all, you wouldn't even know anybody'd ever worn it, for twenny-fie. I'm givin' it away to you, practically—alterations are a favor just because I know your old man, that's the only reason I'm givin' 'em to you. Anybody else walk in here wantin' a Tux, I'd charge him thirty-fie, forty-fie dollars for that one, and if he'd ask me to pay it off three dollars a week, you know what I'd do? I'd laugh at him. 'Take it or leave it,' I'd say. I'm doin' you *a favor*."

KENNY knew he was defeated. "All right, Mr. Nablo. But fix the pants, will you, for sure?"

"Cerny I'll fix the pants. I told you I would, not?" Mr. Nablo stood back and regarded Kenny. "You want my strictly honest opinion, *honest* I mean, you look like a coupla million bucks in it."

Mr. Nablo had been right, Kenny thought as he stood in front of the mirror in his room on the night of the dance that Millie Haverstick's parents were giving for her. The wrinkle didn't show when he stood straight; the Tux fitted him well, the pants were altered to the proper length, his shirt and tie looked fine (he had had a little trouble with the collar button), and, as the tailor had predicted, he looked like a million bucks. Even Christian and Elizabeth were impressed when he went downstairs; so impressed that he had to restrain himself from strutting. Elizabeth took some of the edge off his pride by saying, as he went out the door, "Now, you be sure to mind your manners with those swells out there," but his feeling of confidence returned when Mrs. Bowman complimented him quietly upon his appearance and Robbie said, "Why, Kenny, y handsome!" She told him again in the way to the Buchanan Club (N man had offered them her coupe thing was right this evening: he her a three-dollar corsage, he had bucks in his pocket, the heavy wonderful beneath him—at last b ginning to feel less like a trespasse

> **The man who removed the mountain was he who began carrying away the small stones.** —CHINESE PROVERB.

THE knowledge lasted until the inside the ballroom at the club, an on about fifteen minutes more, un covered that something was w wrong. The other young men, eve of them, were wearing business sports coats and odd pants. So chaperoning husbands.

While Robbie was in the pow Kenny sidled off to one corner, potted palms, thinking nervously t somebody else would come in a Tu maybe it wouldn't be so noticeabl lights were turned down for danci he lighted a cigarette he saw A who was Hap Schiller's best frie toward him, snicker, and whisper to Sally Killian, Hap's cousi looked around the room; a grou were clustered around Millie H furtively looking his way from tim *It's my imagination*, he thought in and knew at once that it wasn't. across the dance floor, trying to w pretending to be unconcerned, an on the veranda. A little knot of standing just outside, laughing up He paused and said "Hi" to Ma Matt looked at him as though recognize him, and then said, as t prised, "Oh, Kenny kept wal veranda railing there peering darkness, as th ing for somethi Robbie took "Hiding from m He couldn't l because he was sure that Helfe group in the doorway were wat

"Why didn't you wait for me in asked, in simulated indignation.

"Wanted to get some air," he s belligerently.

The sound of his voice brough up to his face quickly. Alarmed What's wrong?"

"I'm," he began miserably, "I' guy here in a Tux."

Her hand flew to her mouth. "Y Oh, you *can't* be, darling."

"I am," he said. "Why didn't y Robbie?"

To his utter disbelief, she begar "Why, Kenny, I —— My goodn vitation said semiformal, and t optional, usually. I didn't ask the their dates were wearing—I just assumed *some* boys would come fo usually do." Now she was laughin why didn't you call Hap Schille Bates and ask them what they were

How could he explain to her th the last thing in the world he w considered doing?

"Kenny," she said, "it's not you're in disgrace." She laughed

"I saw them snickering about i angrily. He drew a breath. "R might as well face it. I just don't your league, that's all there is to came into his eyes.

She stopped laughing and look keenly. "Kenny, you're making over nothing. *Really*, if it makes y awful, we'll just tell Millie that understood, and she'll understand

"We won't tell Millie *anything* fiercely.

"What will we do? Althou Kenny, I don't know that we have thing at all. Nobody will think about it, *believe* me. You act as the kids—as though you think the like you. That's not true. Lind asked me in the powder room if over to her house for supper on S

"I don't fit in with that bunch," Kenny said stubbornly, "and you know it. Robbie, I might as well go home."

"We'll both go."

"No, you stay. They're your friends."

"But, Kenny, you're my date! What ——" She was very close to breaking down.

"We might as well bust up," he said cruelly. And then, half to himself: "Ed certainly was right."

"We'll do no such thing," she said. "I know what we'll do. I'll say I'm sick."

He looked at her, at her little face, so resolute and so full of feeling for him, and somehow, that moment, he began to understand himself a little better. The knowledge wasn't particularly palatable, and he refused to accept it, then; he kept it hidden until years later, partly because he wanted to and partly because he couldn't do otherwise.

"We'll just tell Millie I'm sick," Robbie said, tugging at his arm and starting toward the ballroom. "It doesn't look as though it's going to be a very good dance"—her voice trembled a little—"anyhow."

The Tux episode was not forgotten (Kenny sometimes had horrible nightmares about it), but it was never mentioned again, and gradually it was eased into the background by the happy events that crowded their lives during April and May of that year. They saw each other constantly, not only after Robbie finished school in the afternoons but also on Wednesday nights (he met her after the Girl Reserve Club meeting), Friday nights (they sat and talked), Saturday nights (they went to the rec center), Sundays (he went out for dinner at her house; Mrs. Emma Maurer, fortunately, was no longer the Bowman cook), and on those occasional evenings when the Bowmans went out to visit friends and were likely to stay late.

Robbie was excitedly trying to decide which college she would go to in the fall; Kenny hated to think of her going away, and hoped she would pick one that wouldn't be too far from Buchanan. He tried to behave with enthusiasm when she was discussing the fall, but he couldn't help the depression that came into him when she talked about school. He wanted to say, "I wish we could get married," and didn't dare; he was sure that marriage was the last thing she had in mind, for that time at least, although one night when they were kissing she had said, "Kenny, I wish we were older." He hadn't pressed her, for he knew that if she brought up college again he would become surly and probably start a quarrel. He started all the quarrels, he often reflected bitterly; he started them, she ended them; but he sometimes had the feeling that she was holding back some part of her emotions. He sometimes caught her staring at him, and he thought she was thinking about how he was dressed (he still felt that his clothes weren't quite right; he never looked as neat as Arthur or Hap or even Matt Helfer, although he was spending virtually every cent of his Marton and Haymer money in the clothing department of the store).

He didn't really find out what was going on inside her until one night about a week before her Senior Prom. It was a Friday night, and they were going to the movies; when he got to the house, Robbie was still upstairs in her room. Mr. and Mrs. Bowman were sitting in the parlor, and she excused herself almost as soon as Kenny arrived. That was when it happened.

Mr. Bowman put down his newspaper and grunted once or twice, and Kenny thought he was going to begin one of his speeches on what Roosevelt had done to the country. The speeches came almost every time Mr. Bowman was moved, which was virtually every time Kenny saw him. But this night the man was looking at him oddly, and Kenny was suddenly afraid.

"Mrs. Bowman," Mr. Bowman began, "Mrs. Bowman and I have been having a talk, Neff, and now I want to talk to you."

Kenny thought, *Here it is at last.*

"Sit down," said Mr. Bowman, as though it had just occurred to him. Kenny sat in a

(Continued on Page 181)





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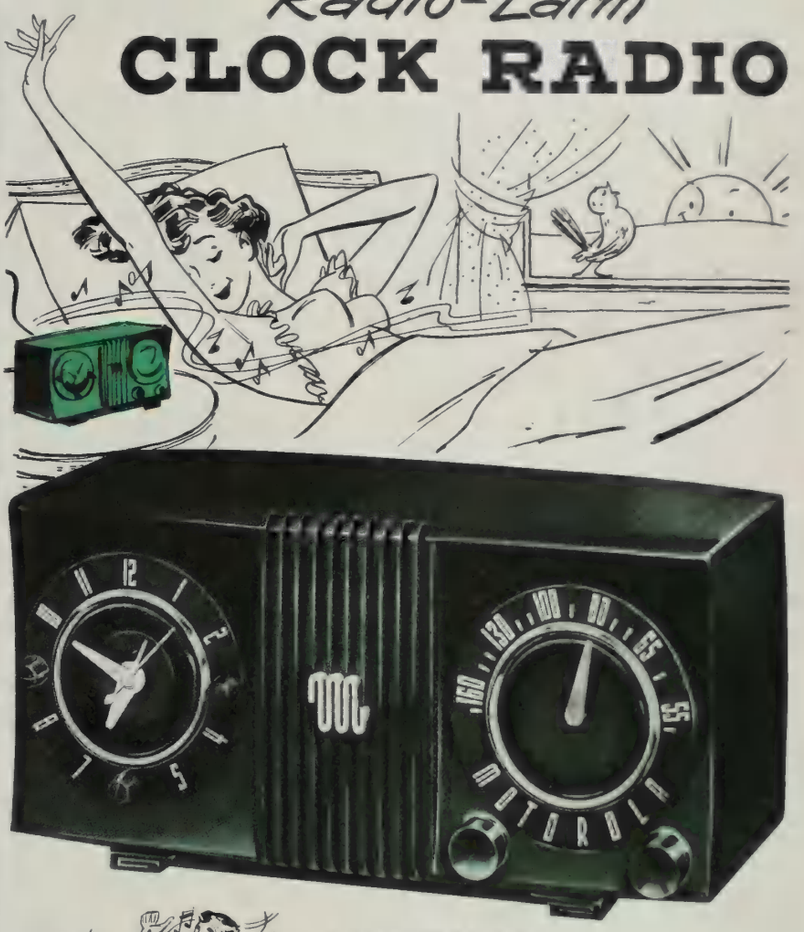
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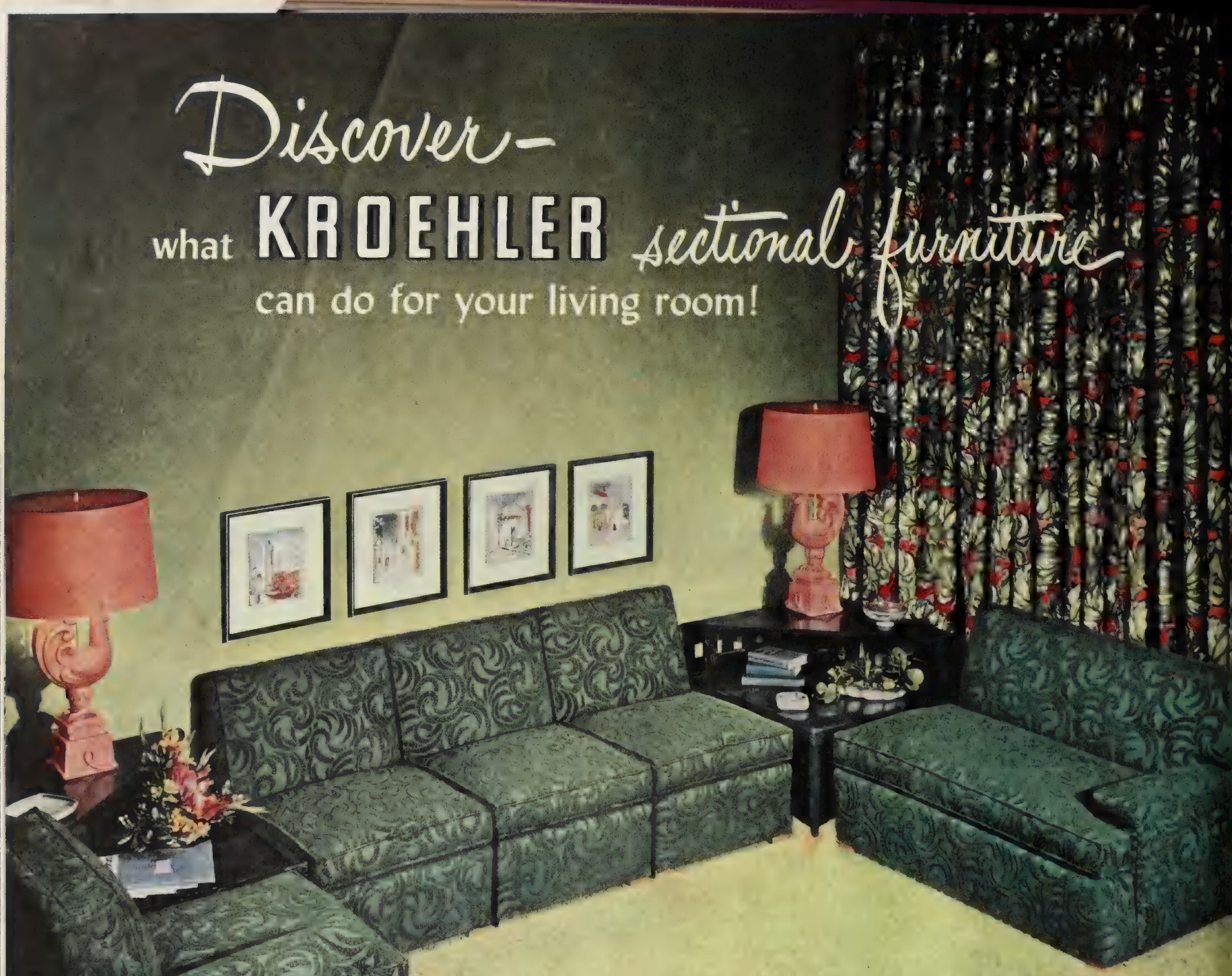
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CORNER ARRANGEMENT



FIRESIDE GROUPING



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LONG WALL ARRANGEMENT



(Continued from Page 179)

ck chair. "We've been seeing
of you out here of late," Mr. Bow-
tentatively, "and I must say I
don't see anything wrong in that.
o have our kids bring our friends
friends. That's what a home is for.
Robbie seem to like to go out with
r, and I don't see any harm in that.
e way kids are. I'll say one more
d that is you seem to be a good,
ell-mannered young man. . . . How
ou, anyway?"
ty."
eem all right to me," Mr. Bowman
. "I tell you frankly, I don't know
about this art business, but I guess
ably do and that's your business.
ur, now, he's in the truck line with
know that. Maybe he won't stay
-he might go out in the traffic sec-
e plant one of these days, just for
re experi-
one thing
ur, he puts
solid hours
You got to
that kid."
his discom-
y thought
t the only
would like
Arthur was
ust in the
looked at
an's moon-
alf hoping
he dreaded
be said.
the same
e knew it
e anything

as saying,
Mr. Bow-
on, looking
. "So does
man. But
Neff, it's...
you a lit-
g—you're
ity, after
you a little
be so seri-

tared, un-
gine what
eant.
is our only
Mr. Bow-
saying.
man and I,
ays been
ful of her.
at's only
aybe you
we feel, if
a sister at
seemed
onfidence;
which had
ng quality, now became stronger
rect. "You know, Neff, we don't
have a sister or not. We don't
ning about your family. Even
s she's never met them. I under-
bie tells me—that your father
Adam Bordner in the hardware
known Adam Bordner for years,
ver met your father, Neff."
minable pause.
that we've always been careful
Mr. Bowman said, clasping his
So, naturally, when she came to
this getting-married business,

?" Kenny started forward.
like it was a surprise," Mr. Bow-

owman, you're——" Kenny
confused to go on.

d been thinking it over, and de-
dn't much want to go to college,"
n said. "The only thing we took
as she's got it in her head to get
u're the only fellow she's been
th—I tried to get her to go out
with Win Bates' kid a couple of times, so did Mrs. Bowman, but you're the only one."

Kenny began to see what the man was driving at; now it was only too clear, and his fear changed to anger.

"We have nothing against you personally, it's just that ——"

"BUT you do!" Kenny burst out. "I don't happen to be in the Buchanan Club crowd, so that makes me no good as far as you're concerned. I see that, Mr. Bowman. That's the Buchanan way, isn't it? As long as I just come out every once in a while and see her, it's all right—it doesn't matter much if my old man works in a hardware store. But if she gets the idea—and it was *her* idea, not mine—if she gets the idea that maybe she doesn't want to go to school, you decide you'd better put a stop to it. Is that right?"

Kenny's voice was so hoarse, so full of fury, that Mr. Bowman sat up straight, as though in alarm. "Better watch your manners there, young fellow."

"Watch my manners!" Kenny cried. "You know, for a long time I was pretty sure something like this would happen—but then, after a little while, you people seemed so decent, and Robbie so nice, I was pretty sure that maybe it wouldn't. What you're telling me now is that I'm not good enough for her. All right. That's all I want to know."

And, leaving the astonished man sitting in the living room, he turned and rushed from the room, without calling up to Robbie, without bothering to take his hat (which arrived in the mail four days later). At the corner of State Street and Buchanan Club Road he sat down, breathlessly (he had been running), and began to weep in rage and desolation. The following week, when he was standing in Sensenich's and saw her coming down the street, he quickly moved away and began walking home.

Kenny enlisted in the Air Corps late in 1941. He flew thirty-one missions from an English base as a gunner, and on the thirty-second he got some flak and broken glass in the face. He fainted, and it wasn't until they pulled him out on the ground that he learned there was a huge piece of metal in his left shoulder. He went to the hospital, where they decided to take off the arm; then they decided to try to save it, then they wanted to take it off again. Finally they made up their minds and left it on. He was in the hospital a long time, and there began drawing the Yank cartoons about the blundering soldier that later got him assigned to London to work on the staff of the magazine. He had a pretty good time in London.

Ed, who was stationed at a northern base, came down one week end on a pass.

"Promise one thing," Ed said. "Promise you'll never go back to that town."

Kenny snorted. "I won't go back. Maybe for a visit, and so I can see ——"

"See who? Whom. *Who*. Who cares? Who is it you want to see?"

"Parents," Kenny said.

"Parents! You've still got that babe on your mind. Ever hear from her?"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

A Tree Full of Angels

By Joseph Auslander

William Blake went out and walked,
And after an hour came in,
His dark eyes glowing as he talked
To coal-eyed Catherine:
He said the lightfoot rain had turned
A tree to tiers of candles;
He said a bush with God's eyes burned
Where Moses left his sandals.

She knew that what he saw—wild plum,
Apple or peach or cherry—
Had by an act of faith become
A seraph sanctuary;
What few, if ever, seldom see,
Her William saw as plain:
A tree, a more than earthly tree,
Drenched with unearthly rain.

Her black eyes kindled to his mood,
For Catherine loved him dearly;
And since she loved, she understood
And shared his vision clearly:
She also saw the fine rain falling,
She also heard that rain—
The voice of God's bright angel calling
From an English lane.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



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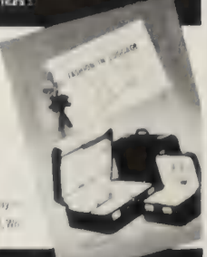
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"No."

"You write to her?"

"I started to, once or twice."

"Forget her."

"Don't think I haven't tried, Ed."

Ed promised that he would come down again in two weeks, before his outfit was moved, he said, but he was killed not long after that in a mass raid over Regensburg.

Kenny's Yank cartoons were picked up and reprinted by national magazines in the States, and when he finally got back he found that he had a small reputation. There were offers waiting for him everywhere, it seemed. It pleased him to be recognized at last, but somehow the knowledge didn't give him the great bang he had anticipated. He worked in the New York Yank headquarters while sweating out his discharge, and in the evenings he went with other staffmen to Tim Costello's or Nick's or Bleeck's. Everybody, he soon found out, knew his work (or pretended to), and he met a great many people whose names he had been seeing in books and magazines since the days when he and Ed had first begun to read. He liked most of the people he met and they seemed to like him, and he decided that he would stay in New York after his discharge. A publisher decided to bring out his cartoons in a book and gave him a $1500 advance. Leonard Lyons mentioned him twice in his column, once after he went to "21" with a stupid, dark-haired little movie star he had carried off from a party at which she found it unnecessary to be seen. He was attracted to her because of her voice, which was like that of a child, but he became tired of her fifteen minutes after they left the party.

FINALLY, reluctantly, on the furlough just before his discharge, he went back to Buchanan. Elizabeth Neff (who looked older and more frightened than he remembered her) was hurt because he hadn't come home sooner, but Christian seemed sincerely glad to see him, and a few hours after he arrived, Christian unbent so far as to say that he was proud, very proud, of the way Kenny's work was going. Kenny felt no real satisfaction when he heard the remark; he was tempted to say something about the original lack of faith, but he decided there was no point in it: those days were over.

He walked uptown to the Hotel Buchanan and met two brothers he had known before the war, the Creamer boys. They told him they were working for the plant's new war-products annex and asked if they hadn't seen his picture in the paper. They remembered seeing it, they said, but they forgot what it had been put in for; you know, they said, so many guys were getting their pictures in all the time. He spoke to them a few moments, and then went into the hotel lobby and used the telephone.

An unfamiliar male voice answered. "No," it said, "this is the Bowman residence, but Robbie isn't here. This is Arthur."

"How are you, Arthur—I didn't recognize your voice. This's Kenny Neff."

"Kenny —— Oh, *Neff*." A slight silence, just long enough to be irritating. "Robbie isn't here any more—dad built a new house, out in Buchanan Vista. She's out there, I guess."

"Can you give me the number?"

"Why," said Arthur, as though he were somehow unwilling, "I guess so." And, after a few seconds, he did.

Kenny felt as though he should say something more. "Still with your father, Arthur?"

"No," said Arthur, "I'm out with the plant now. The big annex they built out on the East Side." (He said it in a way that conveyed his considerable authority.)

"I see," said Kenny, conscious that Arthur hadn't asked what he was doing. "Well, thanks for the number. See you around, maybe."

"You're welcome." Arthur hung up.

Kenny dialed the number Arthur had given him.

Her voice had not changed. He felt himself trembling. "How are you?" he asked, his voice unnaturally husky.

"Why," she said, gasping, "why, for goodness' sake!"

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ought maybe I'd have to identify my-

hless, she asked, "When—when did back?"

morning. How are you?"

ny, are you discharged?"

days or so, and I will be."

n hardly believe it's you."

, it is. Can I buy you a drink?"

' she said regretfully, "I have to e—I'm expecting a call. I'd love to, ."

t is, Kenny thought, *the old brush-off. might have known.*

don't you come out?" she asked.

ld it be all right?"

t do you mean?"

last time I was there," he said, "I left under—well, I imagine your asn't any too pleased."

't be silly," she said. "That was a e ago. Can you come out?"

ou want me to?"

ove to see you."

t weak as he left the booth, and in on the way to her house.

ouse was even more impressive than on State Street had been. It was a ry colonial—white frame, green a breezeway connecting the main to a four-car garage, a coach light in the drive. He wondered, absently, Bowman had been able to get the s for it in wartime—and knew, in instant, that for Bowman it prob- ln't been a problem at all. Such ver were problems for the Bowmans Schillers. She must have seen the the cab coming up the drive, for waiting at the

> **Love consists in this, that two solitudes protect and touch and greet each other.**
> —RAINER MARIA RILKE.

en he got out, he driver two dol- had a brief argu- ecause the man l that it was much ; Kenny had for- hat this wasn't k. Finally he left in the middle of a sentence and to her in the doorway, wishing his 't feel so feeble.

hook hands, but didn't say much of . She motioned him toward the living ich looked much the same as the one her house. It was bigger, but the niture was there, and so, he saw, ilver tea service. She led him into a to one side, a study, also furnished familiar furniture that had been in house: the red chair, the boat lamp, (never used, but never dusty), the ng prints on the paneled walls. She Vindsor chair and he sat down in the r one by the desk, and as they were felt all his confidence run away and of the telephone conversation was y destroyed; now, in these remem- roundings (remembered at least f the furniture), there was as great a en them as there had been on the t he went to see her. She said, nd he said, "Well," and that was of them said for a moment.

ery nice to see you, Kenny."

o see you too."

een a lot of your cartoons in maga-

ded.

ght they were awfully good."

ks."

lo you ever think of your ideas?... much older."

on't. You seem just the same."

I guess. You know Buchanan. u go away to school for four years, o change."

Are you working or anything?"

out at the Junior League nursery ee afternoons a week."

— I might have known." This himself.

did you say?"

that's fine." He began to think g her again was a bad idea.

l nothing for a space that seemed Finally: "What will you do when it?"

"Work for magazines, I guess, free-lance. I had a couple of offers, but I can probably do better by myself."

"You always did like to work alone. Oh, Kenny, it's so wonderful that you're so successful."

"I'm not," Kenny said. "I want to be an illustrator; now I'm only a cartoonist."

"But you will be. And it's so wonderful that you've done so much already."

"It's great," Kenny said. "Just great."

"You sound bitter."

"Me? Why, I'm the picture of sweetness and light. Old Pollyanna Neff, the boys call me in the Yank office." He stopped and looked at her. "Refinished any furniture lately, Robbie?"

"Why, yes, I— Why do you ask that?"

"Just wondered." Then, unable to control himself: "I asked that," he said slowly, "because it often seemed to me one of the few things about this place that represented anything real and true." When he saw her hurt expression, he softened. "Sorry, Robbie. I don't know what's the matter with me. Coming back here got me depressed, I guess. I walked downtown tonight after dinner. Everything was just the same, but everything was a little changed. I was a stranger here when I lived here, but at least I was accepted as a stranger. Now I'm a real stranger. I don't know where I belong."

The front door opened, and her parents came in. They came immediately to the study without removing their coats. "You in there, Robbie?" Mr. Bowman called.

"Come in a minute," Robbie said.

Mr. Bowman waddled in—he had grown much fatter—and when he saw Kenny he stopped, shocked, but quickly recovered his composure. "Why," he said, "it's . . . Neff, isn't it?"

"Why, Kenny Neff," said Mrs. Bowman, without gladness. "You're taller, aren't you?" She sounded as though she were examining a piece of worn material that somehow had survived the years; she made no attempt to shake hands.

"Kenny's home on furlough before getting his discharge," Robbie said.

"Been a long time since we've seen you," Mr. Bowman said.

"Yes," Kenny said, an edge in his voice. "Guess you saw some action, eh? Or no, you worked on that magazine, didn't you? They had a story about you in the paper here. Robbie showed it to us."

"I worked mostly on the magazine," Kenny said. He touched the scar beneath his left eye and said, "I got this from a broken window. Some guys were playing baseball outside, and one knocked a homer ——" He felt a little crazy.

"Kenny was a gunner for thirty-two missions," Robbie said impatiently. "He was wounded. See—he's got the Purple Heart."

"That was for one day when I cut my finger peeling potatoes," Kenny said. He was angry: he was still Kenny Neff, they were still the Bowmans, and there was no reason for this false display of cordiality. The uniform was a pass to the house, but it was stamped TEMPORARY. His name would not come up at their dinner table, nor would his activities be discussed at the Buchanan Club. He was, in effect, the friend of the cook who had come back, and he could sense this, he thought, in their manner. What was worse was that Robbie seemed bent on defending him. He made an effort to be civil. "Well, I just stopped by to see Robbie for a minute, so I guess I'd better ——"

"Why," said Mr. Bowman gruffly, "stay a minute, Neff. Maybe you and I could have a drink."

"Don't go, Kenny," Robbie said.

"I kind of promised my parents I'd be home early."

"Have a drink," Mr. Bowman urged. "Your parents'll wait for you. They've been waiting a long time, haven't they?"

"It must have been terrible for them," Mrs. Bowman said, with what passed for





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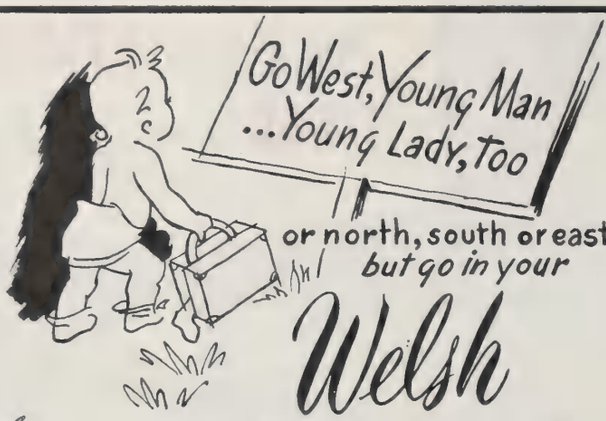
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sincerity. "I don't know what I would have done if Arthur had had to go."

Kenny wanted to ask why Arthur hadn't been in the service; as far as he knew, Arthur had always been in good physical condition.

"How about a drink?" Mr. Bowman asked again.

Kenny was unable to understand why the man was attempting to be so friendly; it didn't follow, not after the unpleasant scene that had ended their last encounter. *Maybe* he thought irrationally, *he wants a drink so he can get up courage to throw me out again.* He half smiled, then said, "No, I really don't think so, thanks."

"I suppose Robbie has told you her good news," Mrs. Bowman said.

"News?" Kenny looked at Robbie questioningly. Robbie was looking at her mother with an expression that was more exasperation than anything else, and he suddenly was alarmed. "What news, Robbie?"

Robbie said, "Oh, *mamma*."

Mrs. Bowman said, "Our Robbie is going to announce her engagement next week."

Kenny felt faint. He couldn't look at anyone but Mr. Bowman; and then he thought he understood why the man had been so cordial. "Why," he said, "swell." The flat, hopeless tone communicated everything. "Who to?"

"To Hap Schiller," said Mrs. Bowman. "You probably knew Hap in school, didn't you? Or, wait—Hap went to the Academy. You went to McClockey, didn't you?"

"I knew Hap very well," said Kenny.

"Isn't that good news?" Mrs. Bowman went on. "Such a nice boy. We've known him ever since Arthur and Robbie were very small."

"Well, congratulations, Robbie," Kenny said.

"Next week Robbie will be having a party at the club, and you must —— Oh, but you won't be in town, will you?"

"I'm afraid I'll be going back to New York tomorrow."

"So nice to have seen you again," Mrs. Bowman said. She put out her hand. "Do come and see us again sometime."

"Yes," said Mr. Bowman. He, too, put out his hand. "We can have that drink then; how about it?"

"Swell," Kenny said. "I'd like to."

"Good night, Neff," said Mr. Bowman, following his wife across the front room.

"Good night," Kenny said. He picked up his service cap from the arm of the red leather chair and finally looked at Robbie. "Good night, Robbie."

Her voice was unnaturally shrill. "*Stay!*"

He sat down.

Two awful minutes passed. Kenny began to stare at her; he stared until she nervously stood up, walked to the front room and came back.

"I'm sorry you had to hear it that way, Kenny," she said.

"I won't ask why you didn't tell me."

"I wanted to do it later." She closed her eyes tightly.

"You're twenty-two," he said, "or is it twenty-three? And you're still acting the way little girls do. 'Robbie dear, put on your party dress. Robbie dear, don't go around with Kenny Neff. Robbie dear, marry Hap.' I hope you have a ——"

She sat erect. "You've got no right to say those things, Kenny."

He picked up his cap, gripping it as though he wanted to rip it in shreds; and then the tension collapsed inside him. "I know," he said. "I guess I never had any rights in the whole situation. I never had any right to get interested in you in the first place, no right to get to know you. Your father made that clear, perfectly clear."

"Kenny," she said, "don't talk like a martyr. He just thought we were getting too serious, that's all."

Kenny said, his voice rising, "If we're talking about rights, what right did *he* have to decide that?"

"After all, he *is* my father," she said added hesitantly, "And maybe it wa fault. I didn't say anything about g married, exactly, but I talked about girls who were engaged, and I guess n once or twice I said I wasn't sure whet not I wanted to go to college in the fall. I said was enough to worry him."

Kenny shook his head. "It wasn' idea of your getting married that w him—a lot of babes around here get m when they're eighteen. They just want you to marry me." His voice b rough. "The snobs!"

"Don't say that!"

"It's true."

"It is not. You wanted to believe i it wasn't. All my father did was ask yo to be too serious, and you lost your te You ruined everything. When I told about you in the first place, they h objection—they liked you, even, whe started coming out. They ——"

"They didn't like me as well as Sch he put in hastily.

"—— and they were *very* nice to except Arthur, and he didn't count. D remember how mother used to give car when we had dates?"

"I never wanted to take it. It wa charity."

Her voice was distraught. "It *wasn'* Kenny, *why* are you this way? Why a so stubborn?" She clasped her hands t and her brown eyes were bright with "I've thought about this a lot, Ke I thought about it all the time you were and I think I finally began to unde what made you the way you did. I know how it happene somewhere just befo met me you got mix about—well, about a things. Somewhere y the idea that just b your parents didn't lot of money that was something ashamed of, and because your pare and you can't blame them, because didn't really know better—because you ents wanted you to do something else b draw your pictures, you thought ther something shameful about that too. M Ed had something to do with it, too—I know what he thought about things, know you and he felt about them the way." She caught her breath, and h tried to interrupt. "Don't stop me. K Somewhere you got off the track, Kenn I never realized it—I never realized serious it was until you had that scen daddy. You're ——"

What we need most is not so much to realize the ideal as to idealize the real.
—F. H. HEDGE.

"You're wrong," he said coldly.

"You *see?*" she wailed. "You won' listen to me, Kenny! You won't look truth about yourself! Do you know w think? I'll tell you — *I think you' snob!*"

She sat back, her eyes open wi though surprised at what she had Kenny's mouth opened, first in indign then in confusion, then in a mixture two, and finally in thunderous recogn At last he saw, completely and clearl part of himself he had glimpsed that he'd worn the Tux to the Buchanan dance. But the sight was too much f just then; the knowledge was too d ing.

"It's not true," he said, in a whisper.

"It is," she said, nodding. And then: but Kenny, I ——" and she was sta in his arms.

He stared at her for a moment, kiss twice, then suddenly sat on the floor, p her with him; she protested, at firs after a second she came to him wil almost happily. He kissed her again.

"Robbie," he began, "I don't what Wait." Doubts beset him "If you believe the things you just sai that mean you don't love me?"

"Love doesn't have anything to d those things." She said it firmly, but last three words she seemed to choke.

(Continued on Page 187)



Four boxed corners fit sheet to mattress like a second skin. Taut tuck-under prevents sheet from wrinkling.

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Amazing *CONTOUR* sheet can't wrinkle, can't pull out... *and now at the price of conventional sheets*

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GLOVES BY ANDRÉ DAVID

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(Continued from Page 184)

"That proves I'm right," he said stolidly. 'If I'm the one you want, why're you narrying Schiller? They're forcing you into t, aren't they?"

She shook her head miserably. "No, they ren't. Hap's always been around, you now that. I've known him all my life. I vas sure you'd never come back, or that if ou came back you wouldn't be changed—ou'd still have those ideas about not being anted—and I was sure we'd never get to-ether. I thought you'd forgotten me. You ever wrote."

"I wanted to. I'll bet I started a hundred tters."

"Oh, Kenny, I wanted to hear from you *much,*" she told him. "I thought about ou every night. I used to worry and I cried ll the time."

His voice hardened a little. "If that's true, hy Hap?"

"I told you," she said. "He was just al-ays around, that's all. And he's nice, nd ——"

"He's nice," Kenny said, his voice getting arse again, "and he's rich, and your par-nts want you to marry him, and ——"

"Kenny," she said quietly, "you'd better ."

He stood up, and pulled her to her feet. Good night, Robbie."

She caught him at the door and put her ms around him. "Oh, Kenny, please ——"

He grasped her by the shoulders and held r away to look at her. "You can't do it!" said fiercely. "You're *my* girl, Robbie."

She closed her eyes, clenched her little ts, and put them against his chest. She ook her head.

"*Please.*" Now he was almost crying. t's *your* life, Robbie. Don't let them run —don't let them ruin it!"

"They aren't," she cried—and it was al-ost a scream. "*You are!*" Sobbing, she rned and ran up the steps. He heard the or to her room slam.

Quietly, he opened the front door, stepped t, closed it behind him and walked down e long driveway, where he turned and oked back at the house. There were no hts on the second floor. He imagined her her room, weeping on her bed, and he t his old angers and doubts return. *The obs,* he thought, and the words brought ck to him, at once, the things she had d, the truths about himself that he didn't nt to hear. He took a half step forward, as ough to go back, and then the realization hit him as hard and impersonally as the flak had hit him that day in the bomber. He wasn't willing to admit that everything she had said was true, but he knew that she had been close to the truth—close enough to make him realize how wrong he had been. He started forward, thinking he would go up and knock on the door, and she would come down, and he would tell her he knew he was wrong, and she would kiss him, and then she would go upstairs and get some clothes together (if her parents asked what she was doing she would simply tell them and so would he), and then they would go and tell his parents and go back to New York and get married and ——

She was going to marry Hap Schiller.

He stopped, halfway to the door, and looked up again at the dark second-story windows. He stared at them a long time, as though hoping for some flash of light, some signal, some sign that she was looking out, hoping for him to come back. There was no sign, and there never would be. He opened his mouth to call, but as he began to form her name he felt ridiculous: it was exactly the sort of thing that Buchanan Club people did not do. He turned, then, and walked away, not looking back at the house, and when he finally came to a street corner he sat down under the light, took off his cap and began slapping his knee with it. This time he didn't weep. He simply sat, staring inward.

After his discharge from the Army he took a two-room apartment with a skylight on Barrow Street in Greenwich Village and began to look for work in magazines. It came easily; in less than a week he had enough assignments to keep him occupied for two months. He bought a great deal of expensive equipment and materials, including an air brush he didn't really need, fixed up the apartment the way he wanted it and started to work.

Tried to start.

The first job he did, an illustration for a boy-girl romance, was a relatively easy warm-up, and took him only a day of steady work. He felt good and sure as he sketched, and he was satisfied with the penciled version, but when he took up his pens and watercolor brushes, he wasn't so certain. He leaned back, examined the drawing carefully, and knew he couldn't submit it to the editor who had given him the job. It was an acceptable piece of draftsmanship, but there was something wrong with the picture: the people in it looked as though he'd used clothing-store dummies as models. They were standing stiffly, and the smiles on their faces weren't remotely real. That night he fell asleep with his clothes on. The next day he tried again, and again the sketch didn't come off. He went to bed early that night, but didn't fall asleep until around four A.M. When he awoke around eleven he went straight to the drawing table, trying to concentrate on the work he had to finish, but by six that night, after twenty-odd false starts, he knew that it was no use. He went to sleep again. Two or three hours later he awoke, his head feeling as though someone had taken a knife and cut a deep gash from the outside corner of his left eyebrow to a point about an inch below his left ear. Nevertheless, he tottered to the drawing table, sat down, tacked on a new sheet of paper and picked up his pencil. Then he threw it down and went to the telephone.

The operator was exasperating. She didn't understand the name of the town at first, she got the number wrong until Kenny corrected her irritably, and she pronounced the name "Bowmer." Kenny, sweating, lighted his third cigarette.

"Hello?"

The fact that it really was her voice, that she really was there, was almost more than he could stand. For a second or two he couldn't speak; all he could think of was that she always sounded the same on the telephone, always like a little girl.

"This is the Bowman residence," she repeated. "Hello?"

"It's me." He didn't sound at all like himself.

"Who did you wish to —— *Kenny!*"

"I'm sorry to call you this late," he said, thinking as he said it that it wasn't actually very late.

"Are you in town?"

"No, New York."

She said nothing, and he literally began to tremble.

"Listen," he said, desperately keeping his voice from shaking, "I've got something to tell you, Robbie." He swallowed, wishing he could get his breath. "You were right." He paused. "I've thought about everything you said—I haven't been able to think about anything else. I don't know how it happened to me, but it did; I *was* the snob, you were right. I haven't thought about anything else for two weeks. I can't work. I haven't drawn a line. I know it's too late, but I had to call you and tell you that I think you're right, and"—he broke off, gasping—"and," he finished lamely, "I'm sorry."

"Kenny," she said, "I ——" She stopped.

For nearly a minute there was no sound but the faint static on the long-distance connection.

"Are you still there?" she said at last.

"Yes," he said. "Are you?" Struck by the ridiculousness of the question, he laughed. "Well, I guess that's all. I hope you'll be very happy. I mean that. I'm sorry it didn't work out, Robbie."

Without saying good-by he put down the telephone abruptly, bent his head and propped it in his hands, and sat that way nearly fifteen minutes. He didn't want to think, he didn't want to feel: he wanted to cry, but knew that he wouldn't allow himself that cheap, unsatisfying release. "Well," he said aloud, "so much for that." He sat down at the drawing table, and as he did he knew that this time his work would go along smoothly.

He was right: it went along so well that the sharp headache faded away, and when he next looked at the clock it was four A.M. He leaned back in the chair, exhausted, dropped off to sleep, and awoke around ten in the morning. It took him a second or two to realize that the telephone was ringing. He picked it up, wondering who could be calling him, and realized that his back and neck and arms were stiff from sleeping in the chair.

Her voice was as cool and sweet as his forehead was hot when he realized who it was. "How on earth," she said, without any preliminaries, "do I get from this station to Barrow Street?"

THE END



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Army service halted Todd's career in '41, but brought him Katherine, who knows, too, "acting's in the blood."

"THE MOST TALENTED KID IN TOWN"

Meet the Todd Karns, of Hollywood. Todd isn't a star, or even a name actor, but people who know what it takes say he will be.

By ROGER BUTTERFIELD

SWING south off Sunset Boulevard near the place where it runs out of Hollywood and into Beverly Hills and you can quickly lose yourself in short side streets that all look pretty much alike. Here the little green and buff and salmon-colored stucco houses crowd closely together, though each has its tiny front lawn and its flower beds. Flowers are cheap in Southern California; they spring up wherever there is a garden hose. And when you add their vivid colors to the sun-baked hues of the houses, even a tired old street can be beautiful.

The children give life to this section. They spill out of the too-small houses and leave their toys and tricycles strewn across the sidewalks; on hot afternoons they squat on the curb and try to make mud pies out of sand that is always too dry. Although Ciro's night club is only a few blocks away, this is not the fabulous Hollywood of convertible Cadillacs and tiled swimming pools and cool tree-shaded estates. But it is Hollywood nevertheless, and one of the oldest parts of town. Some of the houses here, the residents will tell you with awe, are actually thirty years old.

The house at 8959 Norma Place, where Actor Todd Karns and his pretty blond wife Katherine and their four-year-old daughter Tina live, is one of the older ones. It is a low, square four-room house with grayish-white stucco walls and a peaked roof and a small front porch which is always full of Tina's express wagons and fire trucks. A hedge of red geraniums five feet tall runs along the driveway to the one-car garage where Todd keeps his 1938 Chevrolet coupé. (He bought it ten years ago for $500 cash, and it is still running fine.) In the back yard there are a couple of young fig trees, and some wire clotheslines that are always busy, and two chain swings for Tina and her friends and a concrete incinerator for rubbish. About the only other thing there is room for is a lean-to shed of whitewashed boards which used to be a chicken coop but which Todd has converted



With Tina Karns, 4, "everything's a production"—from mud pies to new speed records in her express wagon.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DON ORNITZ



Telephone is important to the Karns—"an actor never knows when a call might come for him." Todd has an agent who "does the scurrying for movie work"; if he has lined up a job, interview or screen test, he will phone that news to Todd early in the day.

Talent alone won't fill the family dinner table—and "even actors like to eat."

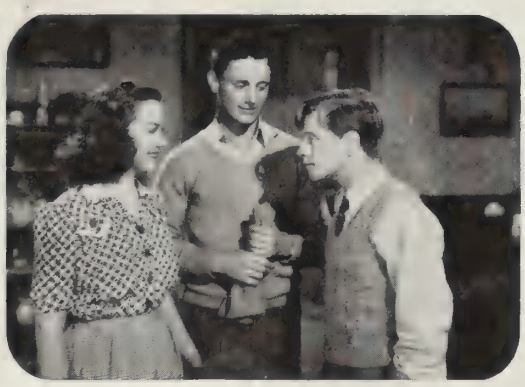
into a studio, with a wood-burning fireplace and barbecue inside. Th is where the Karns hold most of their dinner parties, and have fun i the evening with their friends.

Todd Karns is a motion-picture actor and a good one, according t some well-qualified experts. Leo McCarey, for instance, the man wh produced Going My Way and other smash hits, thinks that Todd ha "the brightest future of any young man in Hollywood." And Jimm Stewart, the actor, grows positively lyrical in assessing Todd's poten tialities. "He's loaded with talent," says Jimmy. "He stands out fro the crowd around here like a—like a—bonfire in the night!"

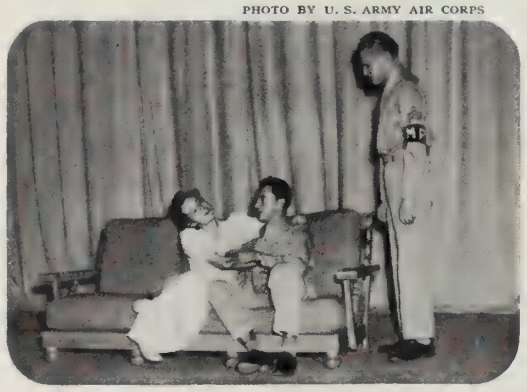
But talent alone won't fill the family dinner table. And as Katherin who does the cooking, says: "Even actors like to eat—especially m actor!" Since Todd got out of the Army at the end of 1945 he has ha less than one year's work in a total of five pictures. Three of thes jobs were for featured roles, while two were small "speaking parts that lasted two days each. His earnings from all five came to $11,36 Add to this $2740 which he picked up doing short stints as an acto and part-time director in television, and you get a total of $14,10 Subtract the usual 10 per cent for his agent, and you're back t

High lights from Todd Karns' own story

PHOTO BY U. S. ARMY AIR CORPS



Todd was "one of 1941's most promising actors" after role in Andy Hardy's Private Secretary.



Army brought Todd and Wac Katherine Flaten together when they lent talents to a camp show.



"Strictly against regulations"—officer dating e listed Wac. Dates, later marriage, were secre



Good Sam, with Gary Cooper, gave Todd good part in '47 at $600 a week—but for 4 weeks only.



1948–9 brought movies' "big scare"; few jobs. In '50, "best part to date" in It's a Small World.



Temporary job as assistant director for televisi studio provides modest pay—but good experienc

$12,697. Deduct another $4000 for hospital and medical bills—Katherine has had two serious operations, and surgeons, like almost everybody else, seem to assume that all movie actors are swimming in money—and you're down to $8697. Divide this by 4½ years, and you get something like $37.16 a week for such trifles as food, clothing, monthly house payments, an antitermite treatment for the kitchen wall, telephone and electric bills, furniture, tires, gasoline, insurance.

Obviously it isn't enough, and the Karns are frank to admit it. They have got by so far, and stayed out of serious debt, by infinite ingenuity and the utmost thrift. Katherine's food bills rarely come to more than $15 a week plus $3 a week for milk, which is sensationally low for Hollywood. Whenever she finds a good "special" in meat at the nearby supermarket, she buys a large quantity, and stores the surplus in the freezing compartment of her refrigerator. She serves lots of fresh fish, which in California comes as low as 9 cents a pound. Spanish rice, and pea soup cooked with a chunk of salt pork, are other "main" dishes which don't cost much.

It was Katherine who discovered Veteran Salvage, Inc., a kind of permanent rummage sale in a big concrete warehouse just around the



During lull in his acting career Todd took up painting—with Tina's Christmas-gift paints. It was just fun at first, later serious ("with making money in mind," says Katherine) when his gay, colorful pictures found ready market at $25 to $125 each, paid surprising $3000 first year.

★ **HOW AMERICA LIVES** ★

When he has no acting job Todd paints 6 or 7 hours a day, finds Katherine a hard-headed and helpful critic. Back-yard studio, once a chicken coop, has fireplace, barbecue, now provides room for entertaining.





's a Wonderful Life (Todd played Jimmy Stew-'s brother) made 1946 best year financially.



th actress Helen Chapman, Todd plays lead in films about young-marrieds Jackson and Jill.



Already a complex personality at 4, Tina has a well-developed sense of drama, loves speed, often plays so hard she literally drops. Four-room Karns' home is old for Hollywood—30 years; was once home of Todd's actor father, Roscoe Karns.



"Thinking out" a picture problem in his studio, Todd is reminded of an appointment by Katherine. Sometimes he wonders if he should give up acting, earn his living painting and designing textiles. So far the answer has been "no"—acting's still his first, and real, love.

"We are not what America thinks o

corner from their home. She bought a wicker rocking chair there for $1, painted it white, and installed it as an attractive feature of her semi-Victorian living room. A walnut ladder-back with cane seat also cost her $1, but it took her a week to scrape the paint off it. Todd buys secondhand work pants at Veteran Salvage, for 50 cents a pair.

Luckily for them Todd's father, Roscoe Karns, himself a well-known film and television actor, holds title to their house. Todd pays the $40-a-month finance charge in lieu of rent, but when he is hard-pressed his father takes over part of the burden on a loan basis.

Both Todd and Katherine are veterans and they have long since collected and spent the 52 payments of $20 a week which they were allowed after the war. And at times when he is really flat Todd doesn't

The Karns don't care much for big Hollywood parties, like to entertain a few close friends informally, with beer, steaks barbecued at the studio fireplace.



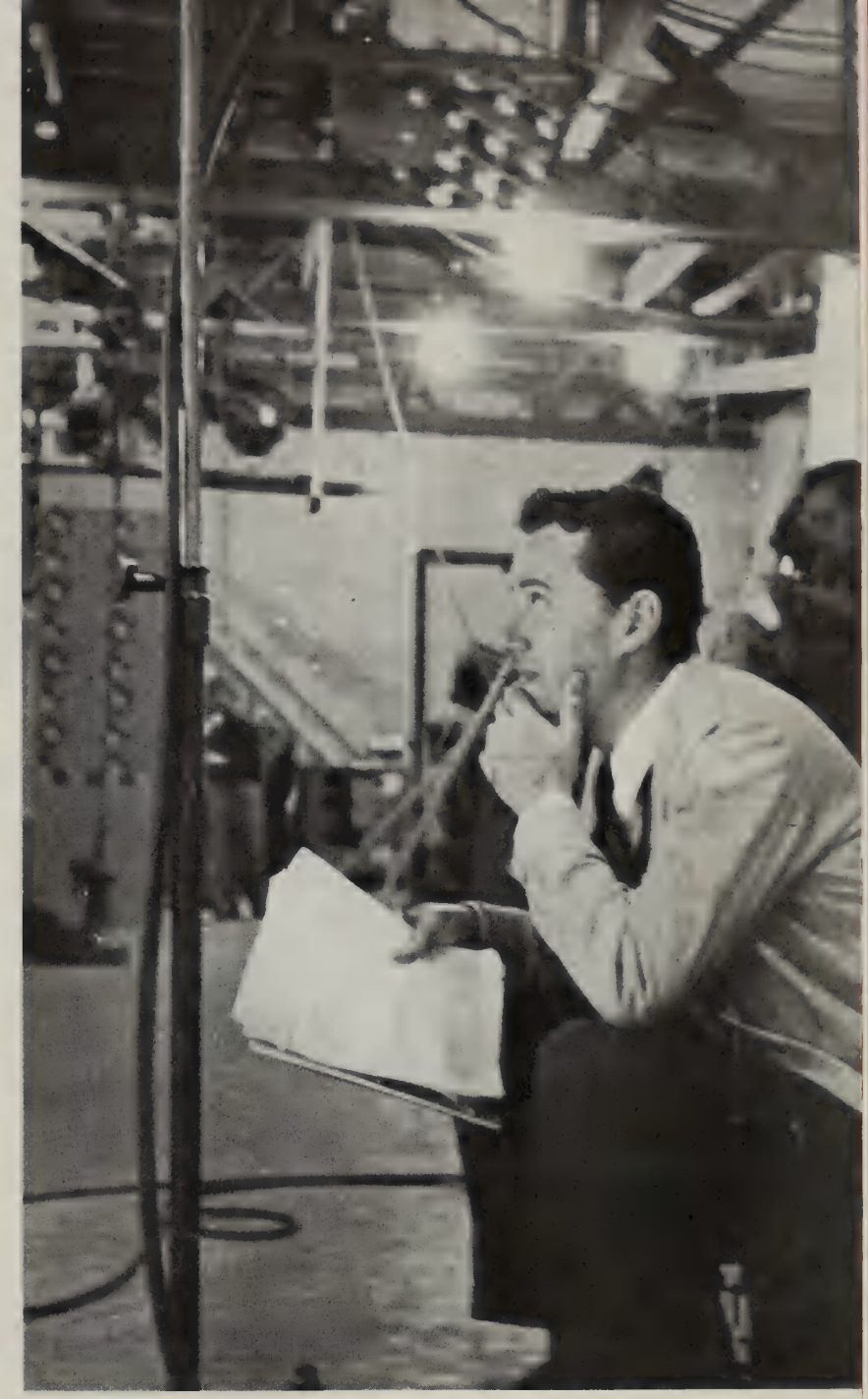


"I love having him home most of the time," Katherine says, "and he really knows his four-year-old as well as I do." During long convalescence following Katherine's second, incomplete pregnancy, Todd kept up his work, cared for Tina, did most of cooking and cleaning.

…hen it hears 'Hollywood actor.'"

hesitate to go down to the big building at Santa Monica and Orange Drive where the State of California hands out $25-a-week unemployment-insurance checks to jobless men with families. This isn't relief money, exactly; it is fully financed by a payroll tax on employers, and anyone who has earned a certain amount the previous year, and is willing and able to work again, is entitled to it. Todd has had plenty of professional company on these trips, for movie profits have declined sharply in recent years, and hundreds of competent actors and actresses—thousands if you count the "extras"—have been out of work in Hollywood.

Todd's biggest "break," if you want to call it that, has been with his painting. He has always been interested in making pictures, though



Todd's "assistant director's" job on television called for script changes, arranging props, pinch-hitting for actors; ended recently. "What did I do? Came home, ate a good meal, and washed the dishes. I always wash the dishes when I get fired."

Real celebration calls for a rare evening out for dinner and dancing. A favorite spot, La Golondrina, on downtown Los Angeles' famed Olvera Street.



Katherine has been actress, radio announcer, designer, librarian, Wac—she can cook a 36-cent dinner for 3, or collaborate on a scenario with Todd.

"We're solving our problems in our own way—and successfully."

totally lacking in any kind of art training. In 1947, when he was broke and out of work, he did a little water-color landscape as a Christmas present for his parents. It was pretty crude, but Todd had fun doing it, and when Tina came home with a box of water colors from a party soon afterward, Todd confiscated it and did some more. He worked mostly from snapshots of places he had seen in Europe before the war—street corners, churches, the Paris flower markets, and so on.

In January, 1948, he took three of these early efforts to Barker Brothers, a big downtown furnishing store. To his great surprise the lady buyer in the art-and-gift section paid him $12.50 apiece for them, ordered more, and gave him a little window display. His work was labeled "Primitive," and sold out within a month.

Todd's next-door neighbor, Al Ruditzky, heard about this and took Todd to see his brother, who had just opened a new night club on "The Strip," which is really Sunset Boulevard. The brother gave him a big commission to paint eighteen world-famous restaurants, like Maxime's in Paris and Antoine's in New Orleans, to decorate his club's lounge. Singer Frank Sinatra saw these night-club pictures and asked Todd to do a series of New York City scenes for his office in Beverly Hills. Garry Moore, the radio comedian, also ordered a painting from Todd.

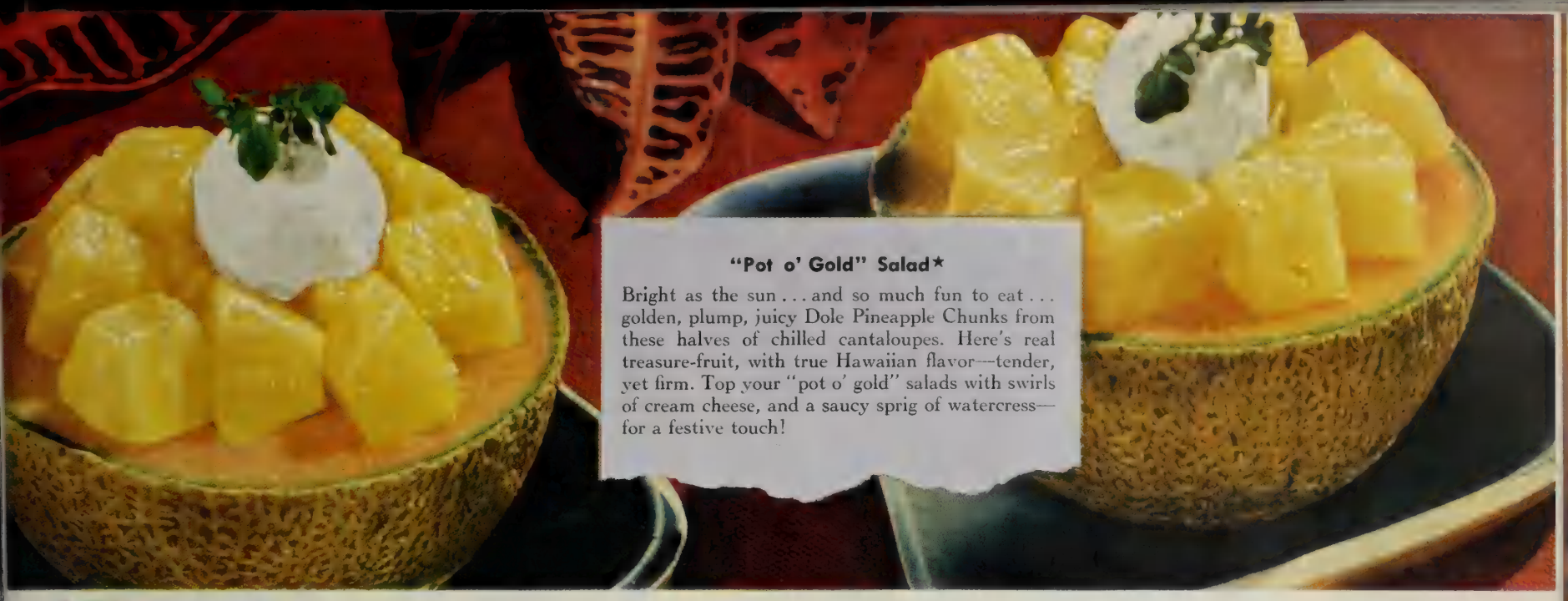
All together, in his first year as an artist-for-profit, Todd earned nearly $3000 by painting. This was phenomenal, when you consider that some really distinguished painters go on for years without collecting half as much. Todd attributes his success to two things: 1—His early prices were low, from $25 to $100; and 2—He tries to give his customers exactly what they want, in *(Continued on Page 203)*

"No money in the bank, but we're eating, and all the bills are being paid."



Television's a "must"—Tina insists. Favorites, Hopalong, puppet "Beanie."





"Pot o' Gold" Salad★

Bright as the sun . . . and so much fun to eat . . . golden, plump, juicy Dole Pineapple Chunks from these halves of chilled cantaloupes. Here's real treasure-fruit, with true Hawaiian flavor—tender, yet firm. Top your "pot o' gold" salads with swirls of cream cheese, and a saucy sprig of watercress—for a festive touch!

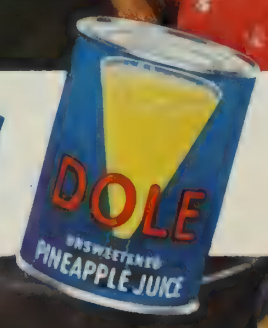


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when you have DOLE for dinner!



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★*By Patricia Collier,* DOLE HOME ECONOMIST
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IMPROVED
Fels-Naptha Soap
WITH NEW 'SUNSHINE' INGREDIENTS

Main Dish for Four $1

By LOUELLA G. SHOUER

KATHERINE KARNS has several pet economies: buying day-old bread, rolls, pies, and so on, at bargain prices; using margarine, and always buying the supermarket special for the day in meat or fish—whatever it may be. "When shad is nine cents a pound, for instance, I buy shad, and for about a quarter we have a delicious dish for dinner.

"Spending only fifteen dollars a week (bottled milk is extra) for food is not such a feat. Three or four of my friends spend only that much and they all have larger families than I do," Katherine says. "Here in California our variety of fresh fruits is so large and usually plentiful and cheap that I think there is little excuse for extravagant spending. We don't have meat every day—we eat more local fish and are completely happy with good things like Spanish rice and homemade vegetable and pea soup as the main dish—one reason budgeting is fairly easy for us."

Whether it's easy or a struggle for you to keep the week's meals within the limits of your own top figure for food spending, a main dish for four that is a pleasure to eat and that has the added advantage of costing in the neighborhood of a dollar is welcome in anyone's menu plans. Here are seven good ones that may cost more or less than their price tags, depending on the price situation.

★ ★ ★

BEEF-AND-NOODLE CASSEROLE

Approximate cost, $1.08. Serves 4.

Brown 1 pound raw ground beef in 1 tablespoon shortening. Add ⅓ cup chopped onion and cook a few minutes. Cook ½ package noodles (4 ounces) in boiling salted water and drain. Mix with meat and onions and add 1 cup cooked or canned peas, ⅔ cup diced celery, ⅓ cup diced green pepper and 1 can mushroom soup, thinned with 1¼ cups milk. Season with 1 teaspoon salt and a good dash of pepper. Mix well; pour into a casserole. Dot with margarine or lay 2 strips bacon over the top. Bake 1 hour in moderately slow oven, 325° F.

★ ★ ★

LAMB KIDNEYS TARTARE

Approximate cost, 95c. Serves 4.

Buy 8 lamb kidneys for 4 (about 1 pound). Remove outer membrane and fat. Draw a sharp knife nearly through each kidney from the outer or rounded part without actually cutting in two. Spread open. Brush with melted margarine. Season with salt and pepper. Broil under moderate heat until just done. Serve on toast, hollow side up, with a spoonful of tartare sauce in the hollow of each.

Tartare sauce: To ⅓ cup mayonnaise add 2 tablespoons minced dill pickle, 2 or 3 stuffed olives, chopped, ½ teaspoon grated onion and 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

★ ★ ★

NEAPOLITAN SOUFFLÉ

Approximate cost, 44c. Serves 4.

Cook ½ cup elbow macaroni in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and add 1½ tablespoons margarine. Make a thick cream sauce as you do for the base of any soufflé, using 2 tablespoons margarine, 2 tablespoons flour and ½ cup milk. Add 1 cup canned tomatoes, 1 cup grated American cheese, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon paprika and some pepper. Add macaroni, and heat together for a minute. Cool slightly. Beat the yolks of 3 eggs until thick, and fold into the macaroni-and-cheese combination. Lastly, beat the 3 whites and fold them in. Pour into a 1½-quart baking dish or casserole. Set in pan of hot water and bake 45 minutes in a moderate oven, 350° F.

★ ★ ★

BLANQUETTE OF VEAL

Approximate cost, 96c. Serves 4.

Have 2 pounds shoulder or breast of veal cut into 2- or 3-inch pieces. Put in pan with water to cover. Bring to boil. Remove scum. Simmer, adding 2 small



atherine Karns keeps within the limits of
15 for her week's meals—says it's easy.

ions (stick 1 clove in each), 1 carrot, ed, ▪ sprig of parsley, 1 teaspoon t and a pinch of basil. Simmer slowly til tender. In last part of cooking—at is, just before the veal is tender—d 8–10 small peeled onions. When at and onions are tender, strain th. Remove all vegetables but the 10 onions added last. Thicken broth th a little flour and water. It uldn't be thick—just past being ny. Heat and add meat and onions. d some of the gravy to 2 slightly ten egg yolks. Return to pan. Add ablespoons lemon juice and ¼ tea-on grated lemon rind. Heat a few nutes, but do not let it boil. The *nquette* may be brought up to this nt in advance, adding egg at last nute. Serve around a bed of rice. rinkle with chopped parsley.

★ ★ ★

CHIPPED-BEEF FONDUE

Approximate cost, $1.01. Serves 4.

t 6 slices bread into small cubes. ate ¾ cup Cheddar cheese. Alter-e layers of bread and cheese in a king dish—having 4 layers in all and ling with cheese. Make a custard of int milk, 2 eggs, slightly beaten, l salt and pepper to taste. Pour this r the bread and cheese and bake 1 r in a moderately slow oven, 325° F. rtly before it is done, shred 6 ces chipped beef, then sauté in 3 lespoons margarine. (If beef is te salty, freshen it first by letting it nd in boiling water a few minutes, then draining.) Push the beef to side of pan—blend 3 tablespoons of flour into fat. Add 2 cups milk gradually. Stir until thickened. Season with pepper. Serve the chipped beef over the fondue.

★ ★ ★

BAKED PORK CHOPS WITH CORN

Approximate cost, $1.08. Serves 4.

Flour 4 shoulder pork chops (1¼ pounds) and brown in 1 tablespoon shortening. Season with 1½ teaspoons salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Place chops in casserole. Sauté 2 medium onions, chopped, in the drippings. Sprinkle over the chops. Combine 1 No. 2 can whole-kernel corn, ½ cup chili sauce, ½ teaspoon salt, some pepper. Pour over chops and onion. Cover, bake 45 minutes in moderate oven, 350° F. Uncover and bake 10 minutes more.

★ ★ ★

SPANISH LAMB

Approximate cost, $1.10. Serves 4.

Put ¼ cup flour and ¾ teaspoon salt in a paper bag. Put 1¼ pounds lamb shoulder cut for stew in the bag and shake well so that the meat is evenly coated and seasoned. Brown meat evenly in 3 tablespoons bacon fat. Add 6 small peeled onions, 1 carrot, diced, 1 cup diced celery, 1 can tomato sauce, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon vinegar, ¼ teaspoon thyme and ¼ cup chopped green pepper. Cover and simmer 1 hour or until lamb is tender. Skim off fat. Reseason to taste.



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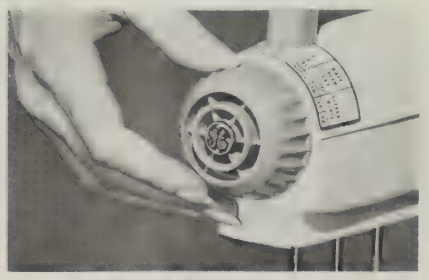
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GENERAL ELECTRIC

This is an ordinary little room given style by its Rousseau color scheme, its area of unbroken color, a good new chair and tables and Todd Karns's modern paintings.

PHOTOS BY HAROLD FOWLER



Traditional pieces add a homey touch in an otherwise modern room and look comfortably at home.

Bare Elegance

By HENRIETTA MURDOCK

Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

"DEAR MISS MURDOCK: You requested that we submit our ideas on what we would like to have done to our living room in theme, feeling, and so on, within the limits of our budget. We want our walls a powdery terra cotta—complimentary to a couple of interesting old walnut pieces and, incidentally, flattering to myself. The rest of the decorating should consist of elimination. We want a freer, easier-to-keep-clean, uncluttered room with an air of bare elegance."

There were numerous changes that we helped Katherine Karns make in order to achieve the air of bare elegance which she desired. The first thing was to rip out a fake fireplace which broke up a good wall space and added clutter to the room. We then suggested making a real asset of the floor, since the Karns could not afford rugs or carpets. The floors were sanded and stained a deep walnut, very pleasing with the *(Continued on Page 232)*



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Four-gore plaid skirt makes news because the 100 per cent wool is guaranteed washable. "Easy-to-Make" Vogue Design No. 6521, 24 to 34 waist. Worn with a black jacket.



Crisp white linen blouse with trim roll collar. Five buttons sparkle down the front, ribbon tie at neck. "Easy-to-Make" Vogue Design No. 7159, 12 to 20. Wear with plaid skirt.

$100 Pattern Wardrobe

By NORA O'LEARY

$100 must cover pretty Katherine Karns' every wardrobe need from morning shopping to evening partying. The JOURNAL took on the assignment and worked out a wardrobe which included even accessories and a topcoat (not shown) within the $100 budget. Designed to be interchangeable and practical, it is based on a black wool sheath dress with waist-length jacket. The total cost of fabric *(Continued on Page 206)*



Black wool dress with matching waist-length jacket, white linen collar, black velvet pill-box and bag. Vogue Design No. 7071, 12 to 20.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK SHAW



Slim black wool dress worn with a crisp black taffeta sash makes an exciting silhouette for dining and dancing. White doeskin gloves.



© VOGUE

The black sheath dress worn with a net overskirt banded and dotted with black velvet . . . gathered onto a velvet ribbon sash. Vogue Design No. 7102. Small, Medium, Large.

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ont. (*Conn. residents please add sales tax.)

"THE MOST TALENTED KID IN TOWN"

(Continued from Page 194)

ubject matter, and even in colors. (What e doesn't say, because he is very modest bout his work, is that his paintings are ways bright, amusing, and different from he usual run of decorative art.)

Todd is frankly in a quandary about his ainting. There are times when he has a rong impulse to chuck everything else and ust earn a moderate living by painting pic-ures and designing textiles and such. And here are other times when he realizes that his would probably be a mistake. His adven-ure in art has kept his creative energy burn-g during the long periods when he couldn't et regular work, and it has enhanced his lf-respect as well as his pocketbook.

But acting is in his blood.

Ten years ago, when Todd first broke into he movies, he seemed to be headed for ardom in a hurry. He was only 19 then: a im, self-possessed youngster with dark hair nd big brown eyes and a serious, watchful xpression that could change in a flash to a eaming smile. (He still looks pretty much he same, though the seriousness has eepened.) Todd had grown up in Hollywood here his father was a popular and successful ember of the movie colony, so he knew a lot the right people to start with. Even in high hool he was a remarkable golfer, and he ayed golf with Bing Crosby and Groucho arx and a lot of other celebrated characters.

It was Billy Grady, the hard-boiled talent out for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, who "dis-vered" Todd for pictures, as the saying es. Grady watched him perform at the ax Reinhardt Workshop in Hollywood, d wrote a glowing report which began: This kid is the most talented kid in town. . . . in play light comedy with the best of them d also can do the dramatic. Watch Karns." etro promptly signed him to play opposite ickey Rooney in Andy Hardy's Private cretary and Todd almost stole the picture. uella Parsons said in her column that ickey had better watch his laurels, and she picked Todd as one of the ten most promis-ing actors of 1941.

Metro put him in another Andy Hardy picture and one named Eagle Squadron and then Fox grabbed him to be Jane Withers' leading man in an epic of the 4-H Clubs called Young America. At this point an em-barrassing interruption occurred when Todd developed make-up poisoning on his chin and had to quit the picture after three days. "I was crushed," he recalls. But Leo Mc-Carey signed him to a personal contract for a whole series of pictures he was planning to make, and Todd was riding high again.

It was just his tough luck, of course, that the Japs picked this particular time to bomb Pearl Harbor. But the fact remains that the nearly four years which Todd spent in the Army broke into his career at a crucial point—the point where he had already made good in a big way as an actor, but was not yet established as a box-office "property." When he got out he had to start almost at the beginning again, and that was really tough.

But if there had been no war, Todd might never have met Katherine, and that would have been tough too. Because Katherine is really something. Not only does she have an interesting face and an attractive figure—both important qualifications—but she has initiative, charm and brains. Katherine is a veritable blond volcano of helpful ideas, ranging all the way from a thirty-six-cent dinner menu for three to a movie scenario which she and Todd are writing in their spare time, and which they plan to produce on their own someday. Katherine has done a little acting herself, and she has also been a radio announcer, window designer, publicity girl, small-town librarian and a lot of other things in her 29 years, including a corporal in the Women's Army Corps, better known as WAC.

She was assigned to the publicity office of the big flight training center near Hobbs, New Mexico, when she first met Todd, or "Rock," as she calls him. (Todd's first name

How the Karns Spend Their Money

MOVIE actor Todd Karns' income is so irregular he and his wife have no fixed budget. "He just gives me $20 a week and that's it," says Katherine. When Todd has a job they live as cheaply as usual, and bank all they can against the big expenses that are sure to come. Following are their basic expenditures during the 52 weeks ending June 1:

	WEEKLY
Food (including $12-a-month milk bill)	$18.00
Payments on house	10.00
Clothing (about $100, mostly for alterations on secondhand things from their families)	2.00
Gas and electricity	2.00[1]
Telephone	2.00
Water (including $2.85 a month for softening service)	1.00
Newspapers and magazines	1.50
House furnishings	5.50[2]
Doctor and dentist	5.00[3]
Life and auto insurance	6.00
Gasoline, tires, etc.	4.00
Painting materials	7.00[4]
Club and union dues	.75[5]
Church and charity contributions	.25
Total	$65.00

Note: The Karns' earned income during the same 52-week period was considerably less than their expenses. Todd collected $2042—net—from movie and television work, and $803 from paintings and textile designs. The difference was met by a refund on his G. I. insurance, and by state unemployment-insurance checks.

[1] The kitchen gas stove supplies their only heat in winter. And even in Southern California, January can be cold!

[2] This includes installment payments on a new bed and set of table silver, and $83 which Todd paid for his television set on a trade-in.

[3] Until recently Katherine took monthly blood tests, to guard against possible anemia.

[4] Including wood and molding for frames, which Todd and Katherine make for all his pictures.

[5] Todd's necessary card in the Screen Actors Guild costs $4.50 a quarter. He also has an "honorary" membership ($9 a year) in the Hollywood Athletic Club, and Katherine belongs to the Beverly Hills Women's Club ($12 a year).

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is Roscoe, like his father's, but his friends have always called him "Rock" or "Rocky." He uses his middle name on the screen.) They were working together on some acts for a big camp show. Katherine wasn't much impressed at first—Rock was only a second lieutenant assigned to hospital rehabilitation work. Besides, he had grown thin in the Army so that his eyes looked bigger than ever, and a couple of warts stood out on his face with startling clearness.

But after she watched him work on the stage for a while, Katherine discovered that Rock was not only handsome but appealing. Even better, his sense of humor seemed to coincide exactly with hers. There was one skit he did in the show which she particularly enjoyed—one that Rock had "stolen" from Groucho Marx. In it he pretended to be the timid patron of an all-night lunch counter, trying to explain to the proprietor why ten cents was too much for a cup of coffee and a doughnut. "Across the street," he kept saying, "I could get a cup of coffee and a doughnut for five cents." "Yeah," growled the proprietor, "but here a cup of coffee and a doughnut is ten cents." It doesn't sound so funny in print, maybe, but Katherine laughed at it until the tears rolled down her cheeks. On the night the show came off Rock was easily the star, and Katherine realized that she loved him.

There was a party after the show, with real coffee and doughnuts for members of the cast, and Rock and Katherine stayed there for a while. Then they drove down to the flight line to say good-by to a friend who was flying to New York to take part in the big Air Forces show, Winged Victory. This particular member of the Air Forces had never been in the air before, and every time the B-17 commander would rev up one of his big engines, the actor-aviator would come dashing off the plane, scared to death. Rock and Katherine had a million laughs out of this, as the saying goes, and drove back to her quarters in a very cheerful frame of mind.

But at the door Katherine's happiness took a sudden nosedive. "I wanted to see him more *so* badly," she remembers, "but it was against regulations and it might get us both in serious trouble, only it would probably be worse for him. We had a colonel in command of the post who was a real so-and-so and always sniffing around for scandal—everybody hated him. So I told Rock we'd have to say good-by. That hurt me more than anything I ever did."

But Rock wasn't listening. "Don't worry about it," he said. "We'll manage somehow."

At first the way they managed was for Rock to stroll casually into the publicity office where they could snatch a few minutes together. But there was always a chance the colonel would hear about it, and transfer one or the other of them a thousand miles away.

So they started arranging outside dates via the trunk in Rock's car. He would park behind the mess hall at dinnertime when everybody was inside eating. Katherine would hurry out early and climb into the trunk, and Rock would slam down the lid and lock it. Then off they would go two or three towns away to dance to juke-box music. Sometimes Katherine would bring along a sweater and a string of pearls and substitute them for her WAC blouse in the nearest washroom. And sometimes they would just drive out in the desert and look at the stars.

After several weeks of this dangerous business an MP stopped Rock's car at the gate one night. "Sorry, sir," he explained. "Someone stole the colonel's tool kit. We have orders to open all the trunks."

"What?" yelled Lieutenant Karns, sparring madly for time.

"You'll have to open the trunk," the MP repeated.

"But it hasn't been opened for years. I don't think the key fits," Rock lied outrageously.

Katherine, who could hear everything, died a thousand deaths waiting for the lid to open. But Rock twisted the key in the lock, tugged ineffectually on the handle, and put on perhaps the most convincing show of his life.

"It simply won't open," he insisted.

"Oh, all right, go ahead," shrugged the MP and turned to the car behind.

That did it. Several nights later when they met at the usual place Katherine started to open the trunk, but Rock pulled her up on the front seat beside him. "You're only going to make one more trip like that," he told her. "That is, if you'll marry me." For just an instant Katherine reflected blissfully that marriage was against the regulations too. And then she said yes.

The following Sunday (February 27, 1944) they drove sixty miles to the little town of Artesia and persuaded the Methodist minister to interrupt his afternoon prayer meeting long enough to marry them. Then they had to drive back to the camp very fast because Katherine was on duty that night.

When the marriage became known, the results were about as expected: the colonel blew his top and banished Katherine to headquarters at Santa Ana, California. But later she was transferred to Deming, New Mexico, which was only about 340 miles from Hobbs. On his free weekends Todd could drive almost all day and meet Katherine part way at La Cruces, where they would have Saturday-night dinner together, and then go out and camp in the warm sand beside the Rio Grande. On Sunday mornings they would wake up with the sun—and sometimes a group of wide-eyed little Mexican children staring down into their faces. They would take a dip in the big river, and then Todd would start the long trek back.

During Todd's final months in the Army they banked about $500 toward the expenses they knew were coming. Katherine was six months pregnant when they arrived in Hollywood just before Christmas in 1944. The housing shortage was on in full force and they had to move in with Todd's family. This was not a happy arrangement, though the elder Karnses were kind. Katherine happened to have a very uncomfortable pregnancy, with all the nausea and fatigue she thought had been relegated to the Victorian age. She was sure Todd's parents regarded her hasty marriage as a drawback to his career.

One day Todd's father drove by the little house at 8959 Norma Place, a sentimental journey he sometimes made, because this was the very house where the Karns family had lived when Todd was little and Roscoe his father, a rising young actor. To his delight he noted that there was a new "For Sale" sign on the house. He hurried to the agent's office and bought it on the spot, then turned it over to his son on terms that amounted to $75 a month rent. (Later, when Todd was out of work, the house was refinanced and he now pays $40.)

Todd's best year, financially, was 1949, when he was featured as Jimmy Stewart's

NEXT MONTH

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younger brother in It's a Wonderful Life, a successful Frank Capra production. He worked most of that year under contract at $200 a week, and earned $8000 altogether. Even with the expense of Tina's arrival in March, he was able to put $2000 in the bank.

But all of this, and a lot more, was wiped out a year later when Katherine became seriously ill during her second pregnancy and was rushed to the hospital for a series of costly blood transfusions. For weeks she was under the care of three special nurses, and she lost her child.

Todd's contract with the Capra group expired in March, 1947. After that he didn't earn another cent until October, when he landed a part in Good Sam which had Gary Cooper in the principal role. Todd got $600 a week while he was working on this picture, which sounds like—and is—good money. But he worked only four weeks.

During all of 1948 and most of 1949 Todd had no film work at all. This was the period of the Big Scare in Hollywood, as previously mentioned, and thousands of others were out of work too. Todd's agent, Leon Lance, worked hard for him and Todd himself went so far as to follow an old producer friend of his father's to a ball game and ask him, between bites of a hot dog, whether he could give him a job. Another time he wormed his way into a big studio on a fake pass, practically demanded a screen test for a part in a new picture.

His latest role, which he thinks is the best he has had so far, was in It's a Small World, a picture about the life of a midget which has been released only recently. In it Todd plays the part of an amiable Gulliver in G. I. togs who shows the midget hero how he can earn his self-respect in a world that likes to laugh at undersized men. Prior to this picture Todd had usually been cast as what the trade calls a "character juve," or juvenile. His new role gives him a chance for some thoughtful and sympathetic acting, and he makes the most of it. However, this job lasted only ten days, and because the picture was made by a small independent on a greatly reduced budget, Todd's pay was only $500.

Meanwhile Katherine had suffered through another disastrous and incomplete pregnancy, and there were more huge medical bills to pay. (She is fully recovered now, and the doctor thinks she can have children with no further trouble.) During her long convalescence it was largely up to Todd to take care of Tina, which included such things as feeding, dressing and trying—often without success—to make her take an afternoon nap.

For Tina, a curly-haired and lovable child, is also something of a handful. She has inherited all her mother's effervescent energy, plus the acting talent that runs in the Karns family. With Tina, as Rock says, "everything is a production." For instance, she will be sitting in front of the television set after dinner, seemingly absorbed in the adventures of Beanie, a puppet character who is her favorite. Todd or Katherine will start out the door on a momentary errand. Instantly Tina jumps off her chair, sobbing as though her heart would break, and wraps her chubby arms around her parent's legs. "Whe-e-ere are you go-o-ing?" she wails. "Just down to the store—I'll be right back," is the answer. "All right," says Tina, switching instantly to a businesslike mood, "bring me back some ice cream." Once she was sent off to bed, howling mournfully, but became strangely silent the instant the door was closed. Katherine tiptoed in and found her on a stool, staring at herself in the mirror. "I want to see my tears," explained Tina.

Because of Todd's uncertain employment status, the Karns have no routine schedule. When he has a movie or television job he has to be up at seven and out of the house before eight. At other times—which have been in the majority so far—he and Katherine get up around eight and enjoy a leisurely breakfast together. Then Katherine dresses Tina while Todd does the dishes. She used to object to his doing any housework, but he finds that a certain amount of it helps to clear his mind and put him in a good mood for painting.

Around ten Todd goes to his back-yard studio to paint and wait for a possible call.

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KATE GREENAWAY *dresses little sister in a 2-piece middy dress of plaid gingham, big sister in a bolero dress of striped corded chambray. Both dresses set off with broadcloth . . . $3.95 to $5.95. They're pre-shrunk, washable, and very* **LINIT** *starchable!*



LINIT® *starch keeps cottons crisp and new-looking longer . . . starches evenly . . . gives smooth iron-glide. It penetrates fabrics . . . so they stay fresh, neat, jaunty. That's why many leading dress designers label their dresses: "Starch with* **LINIT.**"

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LINIT *adds the "finishing touch" . . .*

. . . to dresses, blouses, children's clothes, housecoats, men's shirts, curtains, bed and table linens. Make **LINIT** *in a minute . . . see easy directions on every* **LINIT** *package. All grocers sell* **LINIT.**

from his agent. That usually comes before noon, and may lead to a studio appointment, or even a screen test. But most days he puts in six or seven uninterrupted hours at his easel, lunching quickly on a sandwich and milk which Katherine brings out on a tray. Her own activities, aside from Tina and preparing meals, revolve to a considerable extent around an ancient Singer sewing machine which she picked up cheap ($32) from a neighbor. She turns out cotton dresses and lingerie for herself and Tina, and numerous Christmas and birthday presents. Some of her best-looking clothes have come to her secondhand from Rock's younger sister, who is married to a well-to-do hotelman in San Francisco. Rock also wears his brother-in-law's sports jackets, altered to fit.

The family dinner is at five-thirty, and at six Tina's television show begins. Her bedtime is at seven, but this is often stretched for an hour or more, especially during the long summer evenings under daylight saving, when the sun simply refuses to go down. Todd sometimes works in the studio at night, but if he is in a relaxed mood he will pull the television set into his bedroom, stretch out on the bed, and watch a baseball game or wrestling match. He rarely feels like reading anything except movie scripts and the daily papers.

The Karnses know a lot of movie people, including some whose names are world-famous. But they don't see much of them. And they don't like the typical big Hollywood party, where everyone seems to be pushing and striving for the limelight. "The trouble with most actors," says Todd, "is that they are always 'on.'"

Their own idea of a good time is to have one or two couples drop in at the studio for barbecued steaks and an evening filled with talk about art and Army life and babies and other things they have experienced together. Their closest friends are a well-mixed group—they include a prominent Hollywood script writer, the manager of a wholesale provision store, an up-and-coming sculptor, a lady lawyer from the U. S. District Attor office, and a Nisei war veteran who wo a supermarket by day and paints beau imaginative pictures at night.

All of them are frank young folk who pretty freely about their problems. Not ago, for instance, there was a discussi which several persons present casually mitted to affairs before marriage. The these average young Americans talked a their most intimate feelings in front of friends was surprising to Todd and Ka ine. "We don't shock easily," Kath said later. "But it does seem as th people are shedding their inhibitions faster than we ever realized."

Their own marriage, a wartime elope to begin with, has had more than the Hollywood rocks on which to crash. Ther almost every obstacle against it: illness of money, two high-pitched temperam which were soon supplemented by a thir Tina is very precocious emotionally), depressed by unfulfilled ambition, Katherine depleted by long sieges in sick

Strangely enough, the last two lean seem to have brought them closer tog than they ever were before—closer, than those carefree mornings when woke up together in the warm sand besid Rio Grande. Maybe it was all the tro they have faced and come through toge maybe it was Rock's painting, which given them both a new outlook on life. way, it happened—they both agree on

The last time I saw them, at the e May, Todd had just been interviewed possible part in a big Civil War epi grinned when he told me. "Maybe maybe no," he said. "I've been throug so often that I don't even tell mysel hopeful. It'll be great if it happens, be I got fired again last night. They had me go at the television studio. So what do? I came home and ate a good meal then I washed the dishes. I always was dishes when I get fired."

$100 PATTERN WARDROBE

(Continued from Page 200)

and findings for this costume came to $15.82, using a $4.95-per-yard woolen. The dress can be worn with a sheer overskirt or a sash, and when worn with the jacket looks like a suit. Her extra plaid wool skirt, which is guaranteed washable by virtue of a new treatment, cost only $7.12 to make. We have allowed Mrs. Karns a total of $32.90 for accessories—hat, shoes, bag, gloves, collar, sash—and still were able to allow $15 for material to make a short, bright-colored coat to wear over these other clothes. Below is the itemized list of cost of fabrics and accessories.

Black wool jacket dress (Vogue Pattern No. 7071)

Wool crepe	$13.62
Findings and pattern	2.20
	$15.82

Overskirt (Vogue Pattern No. 7102)

Net appliqué	$12.75
Findings and pattern	2.15
	$14.90

Plaid skirt (Vogue Pattern No. 6521)

Washable woolen	$
Findings and pattern	
	$

White blouse (Vogue Pattern No. 7159)

Linen	$
Findings and pattern	
	$

Allowance for fabric and findings for a short topcoat . . . . . Total

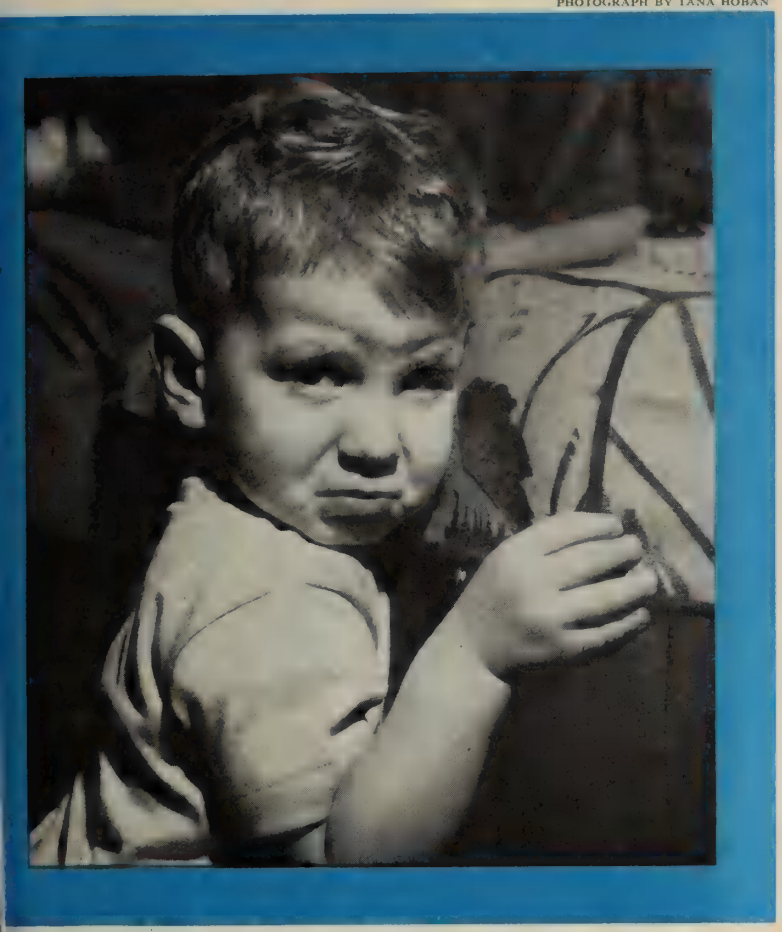
Accessories

Sash	$ 5.00
Gloves	7.00
Hat	5.00
Shoes	8.95
Bag	5.00
Collar	1.95
	$32.90 Total

Vogue Design No. 6521. "Easy-to-Make" skirt; 24 to 34 waist. 40c.
Vogue Design No. 7159. "Easy-to-Make" blouse; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 50c.
Vogue Design No. 7071. One-piece dress and jacket-blouse; 12 to 20, 3 to 38. 75c.
Vogue Design No. 7102. "Easy-to-Make" aprons; Small (22-24), Mediu (26-28), Large (30-32) waist. 40c.



PHOTOGRAPH BY TANA HOBAN



Children don't know that we call it reassurance, but when their behavior is difficult they are asking for love.

reat Childhood Fears With Love

By Dr. Herman N. Bundesen
President, Chicago Board of Health

EW weeks ago a young mother came
) me for help with her preschool child,
hose behavior had taken an unac-
)untably bad turn. Hitherto a happy,
rained child, Dickie had suddenly
d having temper tantrums, refusing
sucking his thumb constantly and
ıg his bed night after night. "I just
understand it!" the mother wailed.
)uldn't understand it either—at first.
told this mother what I have told so
others on these occasions: "There's
s a reason for undesirable behavior.
find out what it is."
course the first thing to look for in a
this kind is some physical ailment or
ion that may be causing the trouble.
rade infections, for example, nutri-
tional disorders, and many other conditions that are not severe enough to produce pain or other active symptoms, often result in behavior disturbances such as this child showed. Hence a thorough physical examination by the family doctor is always the first step. In the greater number of cases, however, many of the children who display these signs of "problem behavior" are reacting to deep-driven fears of one kind or another. To understand and correct their behavior, we must find and remove the cause of the fear.

In some cases this is a fairly simple procedure. Often, for example, an obvious cause suggests itself, such as the arrival of a new baby in the family, with consequent loss of attention to the older child. He fears that he is no longer loved and wanted. Where the cause is more obscure, the search may entail a painstaking study of the whole family situation, and possibly also examination of the child by a psychiatrist. Today many school systems employ trained psychologists or guidance experts who are glad to assist parents with this type of problem.

In the case of Dickie, our study of the tantrums, bed-wetting and other bizarre behavior revealed the cause to be one of the more common childhood fears—fear of desertion by his mother. But it took us some time to find this out. At first, neither the mother nor the father could think of any change in the family's life or any experience of the child's that could have been responsible for the onset of the disturbed behavior. In fact, they were inclined to believe that Dickie was just passing through a "contrary phase," and they were a little impatient with me because I couldn't give them a few simple rule-of-thumb procedures to straighten him out.

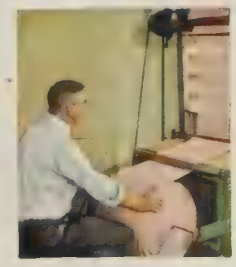
My persistent questioning finally revealed a fact that seemed unimportant in itself, but which proved to be the key to the situation. A few months before the difficulty started,

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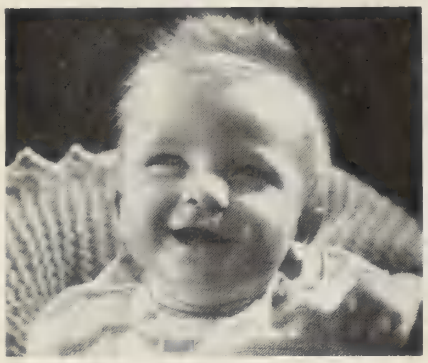
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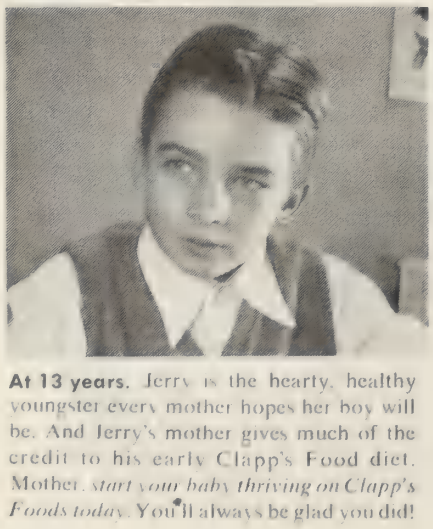
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on several occasions the mother's regular baby-sitter had been busy and a substitute had been employed. The woman had seemed kindly and competent enough and had reported no trouble at all with Dickie. It developed, however, that she was neither so kindly nor so competent as it had appeared, and that she had enforced her idea of discipline by such threats as, "If you don't go to sleep (or keep quiet, or eat all your supper) right away, your mother won't come home at all!"

Actually, it is unlikely that a few such incidents could have caused all the problems that ensued, or that even repeated occurrences could have been so troublesome, had there not been other contributing factors. The mother in this case was inclined to be nervous and irritable, and the father was often away from home on business. These circumstances combined to give the child a feeling of insecurity and uncertainty. The baby-sitter episodes served to touch off bad behavior when fear of desertion was added. The behavior was an unconscious, and successful, effort to claim attention of which Dickie had felt a lack.

In this case, as in many others, it was not enough simply to find and explain the cause. Mere disciplinary measures, I knew, not only would not suppress the bed-wetting, thumb-sucking and other symptoms, but might also cause the child's fears to find expression in still other ways. Night terrors, loss of bowel control, vomiting and even speech disorders can emerge from these hidden fears when they are dealt with arbitrarily. It was necessary to convince the parents that the child's fears could be overcome only by repeated assurance, through actions as well as words, that

No one becomes bad suddenly.
—LATIN PROVERB.

Dickie was loved and wanted. The process took months, but it resulted in the disappearance of the symptoms.

Of course childhood fears commonly occur as responses to many different causes. Fear of loud noises, for example, is frequent in babies and small children, as is fear of falling and of the dark.

Fear of strange places, and especially of strange people, is another common cause of upsets in child behavior. But while the small baby may burst out crying when confronted with a strange face, the child of two or three or more may suppress his fear only to have it emerge in the form of odd behavior. Other symptoms that I have seen on many occasions are fear of dogs and other animals, fear of certain objects such as automobiles, mailboxes or fireplugs, and even fear of the moon, stars or bright lights.

Wise mothers never scold or belittle children for expressing such fears. It may be natural for a mother to feel some humiliation when her own child shows desperate fear of a dog that other children accept and romp with, but she must not speak impatiently to the child or let him know she is ashamed of him. This cannot possibly do any good, and it may only add to the child's fear.

These children with fears need love and sympathy, and the need is especially great at the time fears are felt. Mothers and fathers who turn away when the frightened child runs to them for comfort and protection are betraying a trust and perhaps doing serious harm. Instead, they should comfort the child until the acute fear has passed, then gently and carefully show that the feared object is actually harmless—taking pains, however, not to force acceptance or persist in the effort if the strong fear shows signs of returning.

The point for mothers to remember, however, is that the particular situation or object that produces fear is usually comparatively unimportant. The real cause is likely to be found in the family relationships, and the cure requires first understanding and then patient, continuing effort—as well as real love.

THE END

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SOMEBODY'S ALWAYS CHASING SOMEBODY

(Continued from Page 38)

*Y*ou got acquainted. In case you've for-
en, it was when you came wandering
my apartment while I was painting my
"
t was an honest mistake. I got the
g floor."
Furthermore, bats don't get in your hair.
's an old wives' tale. And you've been
g you want me to get married."
do, I do," Henry said grimly. "I've got
t you married. Do you realize I'm going
il in thermodynamics? I am eager to
you get married. You could say I'm des-
e. In case you've forgotten, I helped
n your campaign with that nonobjective
er until you decided you didn't like his
urns, and I helped you with that bas-
st until you dropped him for sneering
hönberg. What more can I do?"
Those were girlish infatuations. Oh,
, this time it's really love."
Then grab him. What are you hung on?"
e won't notice me. He doesn't know I
He's so deeply withdrawn in himself,
n such a vital, thrilling way. Oh, he's
nse."
at guy?"
mean his soul. He's like Beethoven.
ully, he's sort of diminutive, but in a
tough way. You'd make two of him.
like a—like a dashing, finely drawn
He's terribly handsome, naturally.
ead looks like it should be on a new
But you can only really know him
gh his poetry. He's the editor of Dithy-
—it's a quarterly published over on
Eighth Street. I've memorized all his
that I've seen. Would you like to
ne?"
ry grunted.
's called Bucket." Alice closed her eyes
cited:

You say nor care I why I'm bottomless
a pale pail paler
looks in crescent's Pan
an stars of crystal Jupiter
t sore unbound."

e opened her eyes. They were touched
weet and tender light. She said, "Isn't
utiful?"
unds vain," Henry said.
said the 'Isn't it beautiful?' myself.
isn't in the poem. Isn't it perfectly
1?"
."
t it paints him exactly, exactly as

e got a picture of a little horse with a
hless bucket."
s plain to see that about poetry you
know thing one."
ing one?"
s an expression of Dimmick's. Will
ke me over to the Village Villa to-
It's where he always goes in the eve-

." Henry said.

is it, Hank, really. The minute I
immick I'll go out of your life forever.
er bother you again. I'll be moved
a pink cloud. . . . What the heck is
ng?"
pointed to a metal figure, or structure,
g on his desk. It was composed of
and arcs of shining steel. She lifted it
nd it heavy and put it down again.
a toolmaker's vise," Henry said.
ounted on a double sine bar, which is
d on two protractors, so you can hold
ce at any angle for grinding. I made
yself."
you invent it?"
sn't an invention, it's a modification.
makes the job a little easier."
very impressive. It could be a Pi-
straction." Alice looked at it admir-
hile she tilted its jaws one way and
. She said, "I'll make coffee and ham-
e while you clean up. If we eat now
't have to buy anything at the Villa."
vent into the kitchenette, which was
ff from the main room of the apart-
ment by a canvas curtain. Henry sat for a while looking at his toolmaker's vise, warming himself at the memory of Alice's casual words of praise. He was proud of the contraption, and Alice's recognition in it of some sort of achievement brought a rather unreasonable sensation of bittersweet gratification.

He got up at last and collected clean clothes from the golden-oak bureau behind his desk and went into the bathroom and locked the door.

HENRY had been drawn to Greenwich Village, not by its Latin Quarter traditions but by a job in a tool shop on Spring Street, a shop small and informal enough to provide a job for a tool grinder working part time while he went to school. Henry's G. I. educational allowance had run its course and he still had two years to go for the engineering master's he had set his sights on. There was nothing to do but bull it through on a margin of nickels and dimes by working at his tool-grinding trade. In a sense he had to stand aside from the rest of life for those two years, and dedicate himself. Henry did not think of it as dedication, but something in his make-up, some deep psychological flaw doubtless, would not permit him to stop what he had started until it was done. He could live with the bum food and the hard work, but such extraneous influences as Alice made it very tough. Alice was merely an emotional problem, to be sure, and the inner struggle she created could be fought down by iron will and calm intellectual control. Above all, calmness, calmness to keep his sense of values straight and his eye unwaveringly on the ball.

The Village Villa was a basement restaurant. In a corner a man with a guitar sang Dollar is Your Best Friend. Most of the customers were middle-aged people quietly eating *spumone*. Dimmick sat at a table alone with a bottle of wine. Henry recognized him before Alice pointed him out. Dimmick did indeed look subtly like a small, neatly brushed horse; a nervy, straightforward little guy, Henry thought grudgingly.

They sat down at a table and a waiter brought them a basket of bread.

"Just coffee," Alice said.

"Nothing for me," Henry said.

They each got a piece of the bread before the waiter took the basket away. Dimmick saw them and got up and came over to their table, carrying his bottle of wine and a glass.

He said, "Hey hey."

"Hello," Alice said. Her blue eyes dwelt on him with melting adoration.

Dimmick spun up a chair and sat down.

"This is Henry," Alice said.

"Hi," Dimmick said, without looking away from Alice. "Listen, I asked all over where I could find you. You can't do this to me."

"But I told you I had a date."

Dimmick appeared to come to himself. He looked around at Henry. He said, "Well, I'm dead."

"Henry's just a friend," Alice said. "He lives upstairs from me."

"It's all right, buddy," Dimmick said to Henry. "Somebody's always chasing somebody. Give me a minute and I'll go away and cut my throat."

"Sure, go ahead," Henry said.

The waiter brought Alice's coffee and two spoons. Dimmick asked for empty glasses all around.

When they came Dimmick poured wine and said to Henry, "Is it permitted to drink a toast to your girl?"

Alice smiled, her comeliest smile, with dimples.

"To Alice," Dimmick said soberly. "I look at Alice and I know what living means."

"I've got to go to work," Henry said. He stood up.

"Don't get sore," Dimmick said.

Henry went out calmly. In the street he found that he was still clutching his glass of wine. He drew back his arm and hurled the glass of wine at the moon that soared over

the party's on plastics Housewares!





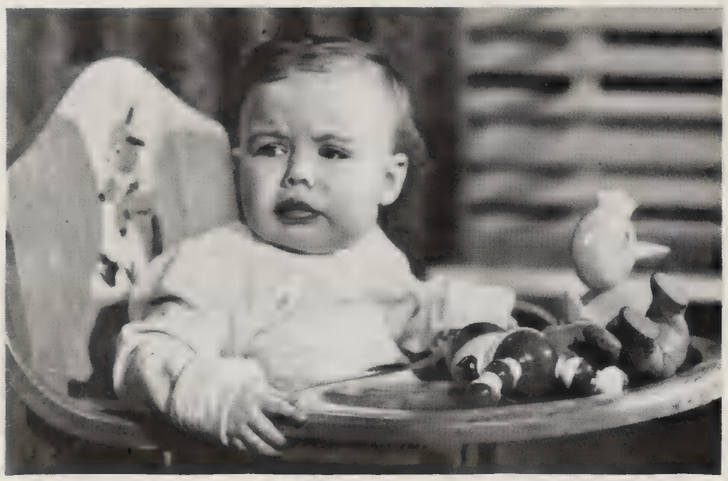
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"From high chair to high school!"



Waverly Place. He went home and changed clothes and went to work. He ground tools for three hours, and at half after midnight knocked off and went past the Village Villa on his way home.

Alice and Dimmick were still at the same table. Now they were holding hands. Henry went in.

He sat down and Alice said dreamily, "Don't you think so, Hank?"

"Think so what?"

"Haven't you been listening?"

"I've been away," Henry said.

"Oh." Alice looked at him and after a time her vision cleared. She said, "Oh, you've changed. Are you going to work?"

"That's where I've been."

"Oh. Then you didn't hear."

"No," Henry said a little apprehensively. "I didn't hear."

"About Dimmick. He's going to win the Fellowship. It's so important because it means everything. But you've got to help."

"Give him the libretto," Dimmick said. "He doesn't read you."

"It's a long story," Alice said. "It begins with the fact that Dimmick's father is wealthy but he won't give Dimmick any money."

"He's got a bundle yea gross," Dimmick said, measuring with his hands to indicate a trayful of banknotes and, presumably, gilt-edged securities. "But he won't get up dime one."

"He gave Dimmick a thousand dollars and told him if he could make his living for two years as a poet he would subsidize him thereafter. Dimmick invested the thousand dollars in Dithyramb and got the job as editor in return, but it doesn't pay enough to live on because the magazine loses money instead of making money and even though Dimmick gets first dibs at the petty-cash box he says there's never any more in it than thirty cents at a time. And he positively slaves at the job."

"I could make more sitting still," Dimmick said.

"So he'll never live through his two years," Alice said. "But then I thought of the Sacheverell Honeywood Fellowship at the Honeywood Foundation where I work. The Fellowship amounts to five thousand dollars given outright to the artist selected from among a recommended group, and he can use it in any way he wishes to further his education or career. It's perfect for Dimmick and I happen to know that the board hasn't been able to decide on a suitable recipient for the Fellowship this year, and I'm Mr. Dodd's secretary, and he's the director of the Foundation, and all I need to do is submit Dimmick's name through Mr. Dodd, and Mr. Dodd will do it in a minute, he's an angel. So it will have Mr. Dodd's recommendation and the only other person on the board who counts is Mr. Barnett, the painter, and he doesn't know anything about poetry anyway so he'll simply take Mr. Dodd's recommendation."

"I've got it made," Dimmick said. "It can't miss."

"The only catch is," Alice went on, "that names must be submitted in pairs in applying for the Fellowship. It's just a rule. So we have to have someone else to submit with Dimmick and we want to be sure it's someone who wouldn't have the ghost of a chance, so I thought of you. We can submit your statue. I mean your toolmaker's vise."

"That's not only ridiculous," Henry said, "but it also sounds crooked."

"Crooked," Dimmick said. "How straight can you get, for that kind of hay?"

"It's perfectly legitimate," Alice said indignantly. "You made it, didn't you? It's part of your career, isn't it? You could use five thousand dollars, couldn't you? Theoretically, I mean, to further your education?"

"Theoretically, yes," Henry said.

"On that kind of scratch a poet can get married," Dimmick said. He squeezed Alice's hand. Alice closed her eyes and her cheeks grew pink.

Henry knocked over the wine bottle. Dimmick and Alice stopped holding hands and dodged back. Fortunately, the bottle was empty. It rolled off the table and Henry

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aught it as it fell and put it on the table etween Alice and Dimmick.

"Sorry," Henry said.

"We'll call your statue a time-space de-ign," Alice said.

"Year One, Atomic Era," Dimmick said.

"Oh, yes, that's good," Alice said. "It won't be any trouble at all to you, Hank. There won't be anything for you to do except ign the application. I'll make it out for you. And the best of it is that the Fellowship has o be granted by next Tuesday. We'll just barely get in under the wire, and it will go hrough before there's any chance for some-hing to go wrong."

"I want to see this thing first," Dimmick aid.

"Oh, Hank's statue," Alice said. "You an see it tomorrow night at the party."

"What party?" Henry asked. Alice kicked im on the shin.

"So I buy that," Dimmick said. He and lice peered fondly at each other around the ine bottle. "Don't I get to see you again ntil then?"

"Silly," Alice said. "It's only until to-norrow."

Dimmick reached out like a blind man and ently touched the dimple in her cheek. He aid, "I'll take that with me and put it under ny pillow." He got up and walked out with-ut looking back.

Alice said, with a blissful sigh, "Isn't he verything I said?"

"He left us with the check," Henry said.

"He did not. He paid or everything while ou were gone. That's he way he is."

"What makes him alk the way he talks?"

"He's a student of ant. I mean slang, not mmanuel. He wants o be a poet of the peo-le. I think he's begin-ing to like me."

"He's obviously off is rocker about you, which brings up an-ther point: What's he idea of dragging me in on this romance in he first place? I heard the guy say he's been egging you for a date."

"You're so ignorant of these things," lice said. "A girl can't be too cagey. That's hy I said there was a party tomorrow night. 've got to look busy and popular, so he has he feeling he's only able to see me from the utside, like the prince looking at Sleeping eauty through the wall of glass or what-ver. When he's driven to the point of knock-ng down the wall, then that's it. Otherwise 's just a wayward interest, just a big rou-ine to pass the time away, something that appens any day."

Henry became aware of the man with the uitar, singing a song in his corner. The song as about a Signifying Woman.

"I know," Henry said. "Somebody's al-ays chasing somebody."

HENRY got home at two, studied for an our, got up at seven to make his eight-'clock class, came home at noon for a cup of offee and a doughnut, and found Alice re-ecorating his apartment in preparation for he party. She had pushed all the furniture nto one corner and hung a bedspread in ront of it. Illustrations of Maillol designs ut from an art magazine were thumbtacked round the walls, and a record player was in he middle of the floor. The toolmaker's vise as displayed in simple dignity on a stack f books.

"Dimmick is mad about bebop," Alice aid. "It's the Richardsons' record player, so had to ask them, and they'll get terribly anned up on the beer because they haven't ad anything to eat for a week except beans nd pancakes. I asked Amadeo, too, because ou should have the landlord if it's going to e noisy."

"What beer?" Henry asked.

"I'm going to buy it myself. And the most onderful news is that maybe Mr. Dodd will op in, because I showed him the poem Dimmick is submitting for the Fellowship and he's simply raving to meet him. I've made out your application and you'll have to go over with me when I go back to work, and sign it."

"I've got exactly forty minutes to eat lunch and study for my afternoon classes," Henry said.

"Then do it in thirty. It will only take ten minutes to go sign up, and it has to be done right away. You can carry the statue over there any time, but the application has to be in today. Dimmick came to the office this morning and signed his."

"It isn't a statue," Henry said. "It's a toolmaker's vise."

His voice echoed around the room and he realized he had been shouting. He charged calmly into the kitchenette and found it crowded with buckets and mops. He discovered one dried doughnut in the breadbox and crawled over the stacked furniture behind the bedspread to get the necessary books and papers from his desk and went into the bathroom to study.

THE party was very successful. The Richardsons, a miserable, starving, hollow-eyed young couple who wrote novels, sat on the floor and howled over the beer and pumpernickel. Amadeo, at Alice's adroit suggestion, mixed up some plaster and repaired the cracks in the kitchenette walls where the roaches came in the quickest, a job Henry had been wanting to do for weeks. Dimmick, after examining the toolmaker's vise and testifying that if it won a prize as a production of art he'd be bored for a ten-gauge occiput, settled himself equidistantly between Alice and the record player, which endlessly blared a composition entitled Somebody's Always Chasing Somebody. Henry was pleased to find out where Dimmick got at least some of his cant, but he had heard better music in a traffic jam. After a time he left the party to go to work, and when he came back at midnight Mr. Dodd had arrived.

To make one's self beautiful, to dress the hair, to excel in talk, to do anything and all things that puff out the character and attributes and make them imposing in the eyes of others, is not only to magnify one's self, but to offer the most delicate homage at the same time. And it is in this latter intention that they are done by lovers; for the essence of love is kindness.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Mr. Dodd was a tall, bony, ugly man who looked like a drawing by Toulouse-Lautrec for the bill at the Moulin Rouge. The magnificence of his evening clothes made Henry's apartment look like an ash can.

"And this is our sculptor," Mr. Dodd said, shaking Henry's hand. "That's a very interesting piece." He bowed courteously in the direction of the toolmaker's vise. "You have a grasp, my boy."

"Henry plays a fast stick," Dimmick said magnanimously. "He's a real gone guy, I clue you. . . . As I was saying about my poem, it represents a radical use of the *terza rima*, quite difficult."

"Oh, terribly," Alice said. "From the very first tercet."

"You will recall that the title is The Day I Die," Dimmick said. "It is considered as the introduction of each stanza. For example, the first:

"Will it be cold or hot rain or shine day or night
here or there
who cares but I."

"It's so stark," Alice said.

"Very interesting," Mr. Dodd murmured, leaning on his silver-mounted stick.

The Richardsons were sick in the bathroom and Amadeo was boiling out the drain in the kitchenette so Henry got his books and went behind the bedspread to sit on his bureau and study. Presently Mr. Dodd came and lifted the bedspread, looking for him. Mr. Dodd had the toolmaker's vise under his arm.

"I wanted a word with you, my boy," Mr. Dodd said, with a conspiratorial air. "Alice thinks she has been very subtle in influencing me in your favor for the Fellowship, and I may say that now that I have seen this work of yours I fully share her enthusiasm. If the other members of the board agree with me—and I feel rather confident they will—you may expect to learn this coming Tuesday



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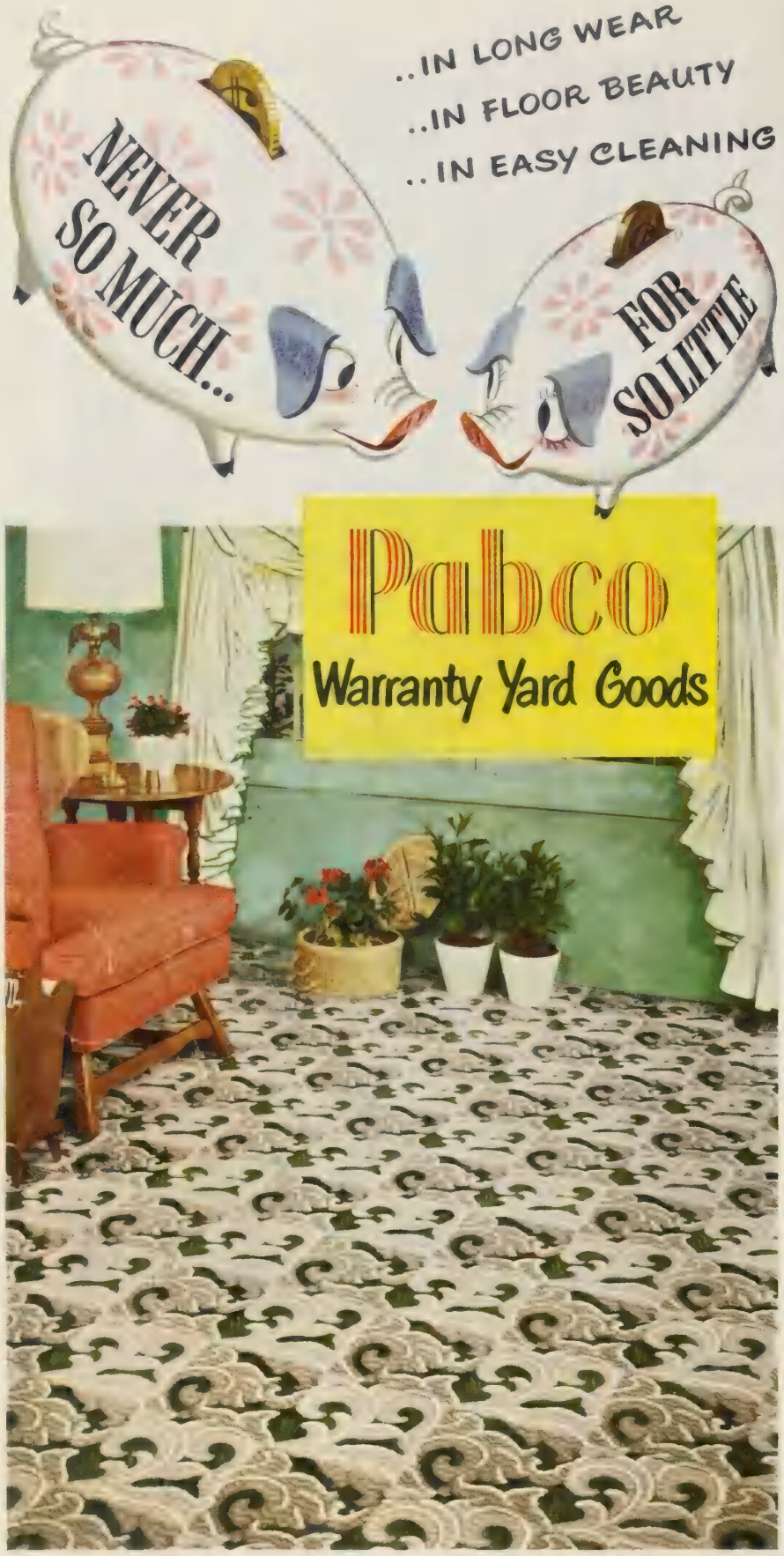
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that the Fellowship has been granted to you. You won't speak of this, of course, in the meantime. Understood?"

Henry looked at him foolishly.

"I should like to take this piece of yours with me, if I may," Mr. Dodd said. "I am quite anxious for the others to see it. Good luck, and my congratulations, a trifle premature though they may be."

He shook Henry's hand again and dropped the curtain and went away.

After a while Henry clambered out dazedly from behind the bedspread. The Richardsons had gone to sleep beside their record player. Amadeo and Mr. Dodd and Dimmick and Alice were gone.

He did not see Alice the next day, which was Saturday. In the afternoon he went down to her apartment and banged on the door until Amadeo came up and informed him she had gone someplace with her poet. Henry looked in at the Village Villa during the evening, but Alice and Dimmick were not there. After he came home from work he waited for some time, sitting disconsolately on the stairs, and when she did not come in he at last nailed a note to her door reading, "Got to see you."

The next morning he raced down to her apartment in his bare feet to find her already gone. A note on her door read, "Come up to my pink cloud."

He had the entire day free for study. Alice was not there to interrupt him. He gazed helplessly at his books throughout the morning, and in the afternoon went out and walked savagely up to Central Park and down to the Battery and back and forth across Brooklyn Bridge. Alice was still out when he came home. He slept all night on the stairs and awoke five minutes late for his early class.

He came home in the evening and surprised her leaving her apartment with a parcel in her arms.

He placed himself dramatically across her path and said, "Where do you think you're going?"

"Just to the garbage can under the stoop with this stuff," Alice said. "Why?"

"I thought maybe you were moving out," Henry said. "Where were you all day yesterday and the day before?"

"By myself, just thinking about things."

"I thought maybe you got married," Henry said desperately.

Alice said with an angelic innocence, "Why, no."

"What was that pink-cloud stuff?"

"Well, Dimmick did ask me."

"You double-crossed Dimmick," Henry said. "You tried to set me up for that Fellowship, not Dimmick. Your boss told me."

Alice bit her lip. She gave Henry the package of garbage and said, "Will you take this out, please? I don't want to stand here holding it."

Amadeo yelled up the stairs to tell Henry he was wanted on the telephone. Henry went downstairs with Alice's parcel under his arm and answered the telephone in the hall.

Mr. Dodd said, "My boy, I'm jumping the gun on the official announcement to tell you this, but I feel that I should."

Alice came downstairs and stood beside him, listening.

"The board has overruled me in your case," Mr. Dodd said. "The Fellowship is being granted to What's-his-name, the young poet. I argued for you, but Mr. Barnett was unimpressed with your work. He said the figure you submitted looked like a toolmaker's vise. I'm deeply sorry. I know what a disappointment this will be to you."

"Well, I wasn't counting very much on it," Henry said. He thanked Mr. Dodd and hung up.

Alice said in a small voice, "You lose?"

Henry nodded. They looked at each other earnestly for a time.

Henry said, "Do you remember when I made that pass at you?"

"The first time we met," Alice said. "When you came in while I was painting my toes. But you never made another."

"You slugged me. Remember?"

"I didn't hit you that hard."

"No, that wasn't it," Henry admitted. "I found out I was in love with you. I tried to lie to myself about it, but I knew better. It was a simple matter of wanting to spend the rest of my life with you. Nothing else was any good."

"I didn't get exactly that impression," Alice said wistfully.

"Because I haven't got any life to offer you. I've got years of this starvation diet ahead of me. I didn't think I could ask you to go through it with me. Then this possibility of getting five thousand bucks came along and changed everything."

"It was a low, underhanded bribe," Alice said. "I'd tried everything else."

"It was a very fine bribe," Henry said. "I wanted to ask you right away, but I couldn't catch you. Now the money is out and I still want to ask you. I'm selfish, I need you around. I learned that these last two days. It will be rough and it will keep on being rough for a long time and we'll have to work like dogs for all our young lives. All I've got to offer is that I love you."

"That's the magic word," Alice said unsteadily. "What do you think I've been trying to make you see all this time about that darned old glass wall?"

Amadeo, beaming behind them, said, "Hey, give me that stuff." He took Alice's package of garbage from Henry and went away with it.

TELL ME DOCTOR

(Continued from Page 31)

thence to the tubes and finally the lower part of the abdominal cavity itself.

"An infection results in inflammation, and every inflammation goes through the same course regardless of what part of the body it may involve. Consider the common head cold. It is an infection which results in inflammation of the inside of the nose. The first stage is that of congestion, when it is hard to breathe through the inflamed nostrils. 'My nose is stopped up,' the sufferer is likely to say.

"The stage of congestion is followed by one of watery exudation, and you have to blow your nose until you have a dozen handkerchiefs wet. Then Nature tries to kill off the invading infection by sending the white cells of the blood to fight it. In this process millions of these white cells are destroyed, and a great quantity of the casualties constitutes what you know as *pus*.

"Now, that is the process that has taken place in your internal organs. Your tubes became involved and inasmuch as the inflammation blocked off both ends, they became distended with this virulent pus, mixed up with the invading gonococcus microorganisms. The result was that they lost all semblance to the fragile, slender, tubular structures which they normally were, and became round, distended *pus bags*, as they are commonly known. When the walls of the tubes became distended to the point where they could stand stretching no more, they began to leak slowly, and it's mighty lucky for you that they did, for if they had ruptured, you could easily have lost your life.

"As a result of that leaking and the efforts of Nature to combat it and wall off the infected lower portion of the delicate peritoneal cavity, I find your lower abdomen in the horrible mess it is. It has become what we call a *frozen pelvis*, meaning that all normal outline of organs has been lost and there is to be felt only one solid mass, fixed and immovable from the countless adhesions which have formed between the various viscera. Have I made clear what has taken place?"

"I guess I'll have to believe what you tell me, Doctor. They said you knew your business."

"I know precisely how this kind of infection works, at least — just as well as I would

d it been one resulting from an
"
—is there a difference?"
itely. The coccus infections follow-
abortion seldom travel along
nembrane surfaces—they do even
d penetrate directly into the blood
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antly supplied. It is true that they
s invade the tubes, reaching them
the lymphatic vessels supplying
t usually they pass directly out into
e located at the sides of the uterus,
ey are likely to get into the big
that region and perhaps eventually
he entire circulatory system."
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ably fatal," the doctor told her,
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y you are likely to become per-
cured is by complete hysterectomy:
of all the internal generative or-
erus, ovaries and tubes."
ove all my organs!" the patient ex-
"Why?"
use they are gone, anyhow, as far as
ng is concerned. I'll bet you haven't
nstruated correctly for a year—or

is true. I haven't menstruated at all
ast three months, and before that it
much—much too much."
aren't menstruating because you
ny ovaries—they've been destroyed
gonococcus."
you say that definitely?"

TICALLY. I can say with a certainty
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at they have been largely destroyed
exist as collections of water enclosed
mbrane. Your tubes are closed, en-
the size and shape of a frankfurter
doubtless filled with pus, and so
dherent to what is left of the ovaries
impossible to distinguish where one
f and the other begins. Your uterus is
, for it is unlikely you could ever be-
egnant; and if you did, you could
rry the pregnancy."
oesn't seem possible that it can be as
hat."

"I assure you that it is. Tell me—what have you been doing with yourself for, say, the past six months?"

"Well—going from one hospital to another, for the most part."

"You haven't been able to work, or perform your usual duties?"

"I can scarcely walk," she told him. "How could I work?"

"PRECISELY. Every now and then you commence to have pain and run a little temperature—or maybe not so little. That's because you've been just a little too active, causing one of those organs to spring a leak, and some of that poisonous pus oozes out, starting inflammation anew. Then you lie in bed for ten days or two weeks, and the inflammation subsides, new adhesions spring up to reinforce the walling-in of the pus, and you feel better. Then you get up and try to become a little active again—and the process is repeated. Am I right?"

"I—I'm afraid you are."

"Tell me—haven't any of your other doctors suggested operation?" the doctor asked.

"Why, yes, but I didn't think they knew what they were talking about. Isn't it possible that this will get well if we leave it alone?"

"It could get some better, in time. In time it will probably get to the point where those millions of gonococci will die of old age. It is possible that they have done so already. *But* the damage to your organs has been so great that, in my opinion, they can never repair themselves. Those cystic remains of your ovaries will not absorb—on the contrary, they will tend to get larger. In my opinion—and God knows I don't want to operate upon you, for it will be a tough job under any circumstances—you will never get to the point where you will become a useful member of society again until you are rid of that mass of disease that fills your entire pelvis. I am sorry if I appear brutal, but I want to make you understand the true situation."

"What do you suggest, Doctor, for me to do?"

"I suggest bed rest in a hospital until any exacerbation of this infection, under which you may at the moment be suffering, has abated," the doctor said. "Certain blood tests will determine that time. Then—complete extirpation of your internal generative organs."

"And I can live in comfort after that?" she asked.

"I think I can promise that—as near as I can promise anything."

"I'll think it over, Doctor, seriously."

"I trust you will."

"And I could have escaped all this, had I kept on with treatment when I was first infected?"

"I wouldn't go so far as to say that you could have escaped *all* of this, but I am confident your troubles would have been materially lessened."

The woman tugged silently at the corner of her handkerchief as she weighed the doctor's words.

"Well," she finally said, "I guess I had to learn the hard way. And now that I've learned—it's too late."

(To be Continued)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Indian Summer

By William Stafford

In autumn-leaved, soft-moccasined
September
Dim Indians from the ground have
seized the corn,
Moved quietly at night,
Surrounded fields,
Crept through the town.
(Softly move your moccasin,
September!)

The ducks and geese, the swallows
and the cranes
Have cried and fled their lives
before a storm.
(The day is June; the night is cold
November.)
In thick sunlight the golden world
slows down;
The far hills fold their gestures
brown on brown.
And all who are most free most
feel their chains
In tawny-leaved, soft-moccasined
September.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

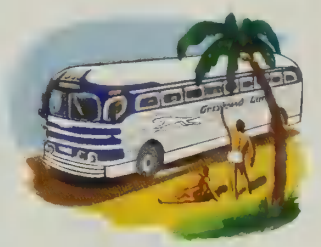


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Baby's 7th Month: ALL'S RIGHT WITH HIS WORLD



Jeanette briefs Dana on the latest hairdos. More fun than a doll, her versatile seven-month sister can sit up, roll over, pull off her bootees, make sounds like *ma* and *mu*. Though company-minded, she's happily able to cultivate solitude.

Photographed by Dana's father
WAYNE MILLER

EASY to live with, easy to love—that's a seven-month-old. He's reached a new high in his development, a plateau where all the skills he's mastered keep him busy and peaceful. Having discovered how to hold his head up and make his arms do his bidding, he uses hands and eyes endlessly to explore the world about him. With equal enjoyment, he can be alone or part of the family, content with a toy or without. For a while, your days with him will be bonus days. Here's an average one as charted by Yale's Dr. Arnold Gesell.

The seven-monther wakes at anywhere from 6 to 8 A.M., having slept (in most cases) for 11 to 13 hours. Indifferent to wet pants, he'll perk up his head to see if anything's going on. Rarely will he insist on immediate attention, since almost anything can be his private plaything: a ribbon on his nightgown or a corner of the blanket. His hands are a source of infinite pleasure as he makes them pass before his eyes, watching them go into and out of his field of vision. After about half an hour, he'll growl or squeal to tell you he's ready to hit the milk train.

If he's still being breast-fed, this early meal is the best time for it, since later in the day he prefers bottles and solid food. He's adroit at taking hold of the nipple and at sucking and, finished, will draw away and try to sit up. His reward for your attention: a big smile. This cheer is part of his pleasant morning wakefulness. He's fine if left in a room by himself, particularly if he has a toy like a soft rubber rabbit or a rattle. Toy play is serious business. He'll give his the once-over from every angle; feel it, bang it; change it from hand to



Family date with the doc—but Dana's not likely to make the visit too hectic. This is an age when babies like to be undressed, won't mind strange places if mother's near.



It's time for "shots." Diphtheria and tetanus toxoid are often given now if your baby hasn't had them. By seven months, he'll have lost his natural immunities.



Monthly checks on baby assure the doctor tha bones are straight, that he gets enough vitamin prevent rickets. Fontanel should soon begin to



Touch system: his hands are teaching a seven-monther the size, weight, shape and texture of things. His grasp is less pawlike now and his thumb much more useful.



Baby's Independence Day: he knows both what he wants—and how to get it. One toy may briefly content him; then he'll be on the lookout for something new.



Mere grabbing talents are no longer so importe baby. He can shift a toy from hand to hand, and pick it up, bat it out of reach, even try to f



Family get-together, early A.M. *style. A girl's best friend is still her mother—but Dana can respond to several people at a time now, likes a spot of roughhouse.*

hand; drop it, retrieve it, re-examine it. To him, this is vitally important, for the constant exploration builds a reservoir of knowledge without which he could not advance to new skills.

By 9 o'clock or a little later, he's ready to be propped in his high chair for some cereal. He sucks well from the spoon now, may occasionally take hold of it or of his mother's finger, and as the meal progresses seems to get more and more eager. But when he's full up, there's no more nonsense; he'll either bite the spoon or shut his mouth tightly. His daily bowel movement is likely to occur around this time; however, invariably, it's in his diapers. Most seven-month-olds are resistant to training, though some girls dislike being wet and show an earlier tendency toward bladder control.

Baby's morning nap usually starts somewhere around 10. He prefers it outside in his carriage and has no trouble going to sleep or waking. This nap may last until about 1 o'clock, when, cheerfully, he'll look around but make no great demands on you. If he fusses at all, a toy brings peace; in a little while he may enjoy being propped up. After his 2 P.M. vegetable-and-bottle meal, he's ready for a carriage ride. True, he's not keen about having his bonnet tied, but he does enjoy the sight-seeing. He'll probably wait for his afternoon snooze until he's home in the crib and can sleep from about 3:30 to 4:30.

From this, he wakes more slowly than he did in the morning and responds to a spot of orange juice. You'll find that he prefers a cup for water and juices, but at this age may refuse to take milk from it. He knows how to fasten his lips on the rim, though he probably has trouble keeping all the juice in his mouth once the cup is removed. Late in the afternoon he is less self-dependent. He likes to be with people who will pay attention to him. He recognizes certain facial expressions and gestures and, further, can interpret them. This marks his growing social perception—as important to him as the knowledge he gains from handling objects.

Partying with the family is a fine prelude to his bath. It's fun to get undressed, to be bounced on someone's lap, even more fun to splash wildly in the water. Scrubbed, rubbed and tubbed, he'll want an extra bit of loving from mother. Then the 6-o'clock supper goes down with dispatch, and so to the end of a wonderful day for the seven-monther.


I dreamed
I went to the theater
in my maidenform bra
Shown: Maidenform's Maidenette® in white satin and lace.
There is a Maiden Form for every type of figure!
©1950, MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO., INC. *REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

NOT A CARE IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 59)

He shook his head. Sam and Grace were is older brother and sister-in-law. "I just his minute drove in. Wait a minute." He eld up a finger. "Hold everything."

He went outside and returned in a minute ith a small package held in his palm. She new; she had guessed when he went outside. He never wrote while he was away, not even card. But he always brought her a little omething.

"Boyd, no!" she said, delighted. And when he opened the small box and lifted out a pair f tiny shell earrings, she said again, "Boyd, o! How lovely!"

He looked around the showroom. "Four ars on the floor. For Pete's sake, what's New ngland Motors doing with four brand-new ars on the floor?"

KATE was so thrilled she felt like putting he earrings on right then and there. "H'm?" he said. "Oh. Oh, well, business isn't what used to be, Boyd. People can get cars now, ll over. And they don't beg you, please, uick, to take thirty-four hundred for the ig de luxe jobs."

He deliberately made his voice sound off-and: "Boss around?"

"Hartford. He had a chance to get rid of a ancy suburban he's been stuck with all win-er. Buyer's market now. He won't be back ll late tonight. You thinking of coming ack with us?"

Boyd cleared his throat. "Well, I was onsidering it," he said. "How's Gus? Is he usy?"

Gus worked the year round in the New ngland Motors body-and-fender depart-ent and Boyd moved in and joined him uring the summer. There was more work hen, with the summer crowd in town. And esides, Boyd did the more exacting jobs. us was no good when it came to really fine ork. He was poor at middle-of-the-hood bs and poor at shrinking metal.

Kate put the earrings back into the box. Gus isn't here any more, Boyd."

"He isn't? Since when?"

"Oh, about January." She closed the box, itted it, the trace of a reflective smile on her s. She blinked. "Well, you know. You ow about Gus. He was never good at it. eople stopped coming if they were at all rticular about the work. Finally, that de-rtment was losing so much money that r. Gifford had to close it up."

Boyd began to feel hollow inside. "For od?"

"That's right. He's turning it into an-her car-wash stall."

Boyd looked around the showroom so that wouldn't have to look at Kate. In his mind, iving north, he'd been all set. Four or five months' work at New England Motors; room and board at his brother's for thirty a month; dates with Kate when he felt like it; fishing week ends. Everything under control. Everything nice and easy. Nothing to worry about.

Kate was saying, "I saw some ads for men in Hartford."

Hartford wasn't so far. It was far enough, though. Shame flared in her and she half turned away. What was she thinking of, at a time like this? But he was so sweet. In some ways he was blind, selfish, thinking only of himself, like a child; living for today only, with never a thought of tomorrow. But he was sweet. He was so sweet.

Boyd said, "Well, I was only considering coming back here, anyhow. It was just an idea. Remember me to Mr. Gifford and tell him I think he did right. No use running a shop if you can't keep an A-one man in it. See you, Katy. Give you a ring soon as I'm settled. Say hello to your pa."

When he had gone, she opened the box and gazed down wistfully at the earrings. Her head tilted from side to side and her smile came and went, fluctuant and uncertain. She felt like crying. They had known each other so long, since they were kids; and always, ever since she could remember, he had meant so much to her. He had never been unkind, she thought; just thoughtless. Going his own way when he felt like it, doing the things he wanted to do. Kissing her if he felt like it, and never as if he meant it. Never seeing, or never wanting to see.

She turned her left hand in the light, catching the sparkle of the ring on her finger. He hadn't noticed. He hadn't even noticed her engagement ring.

Time meant little to Boyd. Stopping here and there on Main Street to say hello, drinking a couple of beers with Harv Leverett, the plumber, in the Yankee Bar and Grill, he didn't reach his brother Sam's till after six. From half a block away, he could see Sam on a ladder painting the trim of the shingled house.

That was Sam, all right: always working, always doing something. There was nobody in the world that Boyd thought more of than Sam; and there wasn't, of course, a better carpenter anywhere. But all their good times together were in the past. No more fishing trips to the camp Sam had built years ago on Parker Pond. No more hunting in the winter woods, camping out for two or three days at a stretch. Nowadays Sam was busy all the time.

Boyd grinned in secret amusement. He rolled the car quietly up beneath the big maple out front and was tiptoeing across the lawn with elaborate care when the eight-year-old twins, Sammy and little Grace, came shouting around the corner of the house.

"Uncle Boyd! Uncle Boyd! Daddy, mommy!"

Boyd knelt and hugged them and Sam said from the top of the ladder, "Well, for Pete's sake—well, doggone it!" and carefully laid his paintbrush across the can. He faced forward and came down the ladder as easily as a man walking down a flight of stairs, no hands. He was slight, angular, with gentle eyes in a plain, bony face and a deep V-shaped smile under his long nose.

"Sam, pal," Boyd said, towering over his brother, shaking his hand, squeezing his shoulder. Boyd's face, his eyes, shone with pleasure. But then he turned grave and stepped back, holding Sam's shoulder at arm's length. "Hey, fella, you've lost weight. You've been working too hard." There was a ten-year span between them.

"Uncle Boyd," Sammy said, tugging at Boyd's arm, "what did you bring me, huh? Huh, Uncle Boyd?"

"Now that's certainly not a nice way to greet your uncle," Sam said mildly, but he laughed at the same time and gave Boyd a slap in the small of the back. "You look great. Brown as an old saddle. Never saw you come back so brown, kid."

"Uncle Boyd," little Grace said, "take us for a ride, will you, h'm? I haven't had a ride in a real nice car, only the old truck, since forever and ever. Please, Uncle Boyd. H'm?"

"Honey, you bet. Sunday. We'll take a long ride, all of us, the whole family. I'll have to give your daddy a talking to, not taking you for a ride in that new sedan he bought last year."

"We haven't got the nice new sedan any more," she said.

BOYD looked at Sam. Sam shrugged and said, without any grievance in his voice, "It was either the truck or the sedan, and I need the truck in the business."

Puzzled, Boyd looked around, up. He caught sight of Grace at an upstairs window, and even as he waved and called, "Grace! Hello, Grace!" he realized that she must have been standing there for minutes, watching.

"Hello, Boyd," she said and disappeared from the window.

And as Boyd glanced quickly at Sam, Sam glanced away and said, "Well, I'd like to finish painting that cornice before the light gets bad." He climbed the ladder, paused halfway up and started to turn, as if to say something, then went all the way up without saying anything.

Still caught in the web of his puzzlement, twitching his shoulders as if to break out of it, Boyd went back to the car with the children running ahead of him. He opened the trunk and hauled out his suitcase and Gladstone and the cardboard carton containing the small gifts he'd brought for the family. He peered curiously through the branches of the maple at the ladder. Sam was painting again, but between strokes he looked toward the car.

The screen door on the porch slapped and Grace came down the steps. Boyd was standing with the carton in his hands and the children were tense with happy anticipation.

"Grace," he said, "what's this about the new sedan?" He saw the mixture of anger and embarrassment in her round, ruddy face. It was usually such a jolly face and now it wasn't. And she wouldn't look straight at him. He saw Sam watching from the top of the ladder, rotating the brush in the paint bucket. "For goodness' sake, Grace," he said, "what's the matter?"

Her voice sounded clogged. "I didn't think Sam would tell you," she said. "Yes, we had to sell the sedan. Sam was in the hospital all of January and half of February. Appendicitis and then complications. Six weeks of hospital bills and doctor's ——"

Boyd's head jerked up; there was almost a ring of indignation in his voice: "Well, for



"It doesn't seem possible. My little baby—going out formal."

"Now I can dress as young as I feel!"



PEG Palmer
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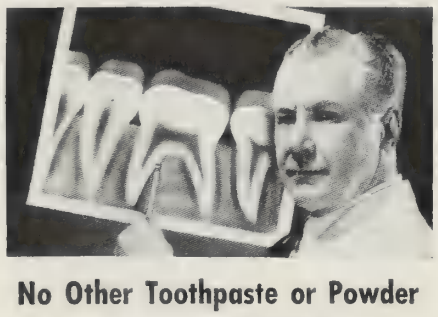
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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

July
READER'S DIGEST*
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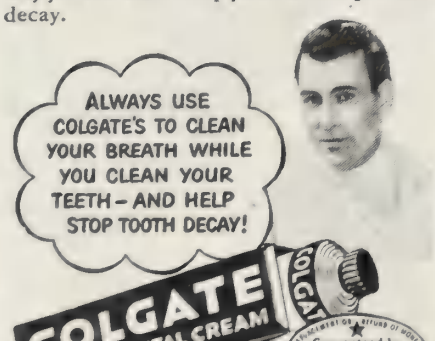
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Read July Reader's Digest's report on one of the most extensive experiments in dental history! And remember these additional facts: The toothpaste used *exclusively* in this research was Colgate Dental Cream. Two years' research showed brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stopped tooth decay *best!* Better than any other home method of oral hygiene! The Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever reported in all dentifrice history!



No Other Toothpaste or Powder Ammoniated or Not Offers Proof of Such Results!

Even more important, there were no new cavities whatever for more than 1 out of 3 who used Colgate Dental Cream correctly! Think of it! Not even *one* new cavity in two full years! No other dentifrice has proof of such results! No dentifrice can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But the Colgate way is the most effective way yet known to help your dentist prevent decay.



*YOU SHOULD KNOW! Colgate Dental Cream, while not mentioned by name, was used exclusively in the research reported in Reader's Digest.

crying out loud, why didn't you let me know? Why didn't someone write me?"

She grimaced and angry tears came to her eyes. "Tell you! Write you! Where? Whoever knows where to reach you? We thought he was going to die and I wanted to send a telegram, but whoever knows where to locate you?"

"Well, gee, Grace," Boyd said, his voice faltering, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, Grace. But gosh, you know me, I never write."

"Well, you might! You might once in a while. That hurricane they had down there, Sam was like a hen on a hot griddle, worried sick. But no, not a letter—not a card—not a word." Some strands of hair came loose at her temples and she tucked them back with quick, shaking hands. Her lower lip trembled and she didn't know where to look. She shook her head, tightened her lips. She choked, "You can't stay here, Boyd!"

Little Grace covered her face with her hands and ran off and Sammy said, "I like Uncle Boyd. I like him better than old Mrs. Fullerton. Uncle Boyd's more fun."

Boyd said in a hushed voice, "All right, Grace, if that's how you feel about it." He was hurt. "I don't have to stay here, you know." He couldn't have made his voice loud if he'd tried. He spoke very carefully for fear his voice might break. "I've always paid my way here. I've always paid for my room and board. Here, anywhere, ask anybody, I've always paid my way."

"Always," Grace said ironically. "Always. Just what was expected of you. And not one thing more. Not one. Did you ever help Sam put the screens up, or take them down? Or paint them? Did you ever help him with the hundred-and-one things he does around the house when he gets home from work or on week ends? Don't stand there and tell me you've paid for your room and board. You've paid very little and you've had a home where you came and went as you pleased. All the comforts of home and none of the responsibilities."

"Now, now, dear," Sam said, coming across from the foot of the ladder.

"You stay out of it, Sam!" Grace cried. "You wouldn't tell him about the room, would you? No, you leave the dirty work to me. Oh!" She burst into tears, turned and ran into the house.

"Gosh, Boyd," Sam said, tugging at his ear.

Boyd's lips were dry. He licked them and peered dazedly at Sam. He handed Sam the carton and Sam held it and looked down glumly at it. Boyd groped for his bags and bumped his head on the open trunk door as he swung them in.

Sam cleared his throat. "You don't want to think too much about what Grace said. She was just all worked up. She was embarrassed about the room and you know Grace, when she gets embarrassed she gets mad."

Boyd rubbed his head where he'd bumped it and little Grace came running from the back of the house. "Uncle Boyd," she yelled, "mommy says there's some warmed-over meat loaf and potatoes."

"Thanks, honey," Boyd said in his hushed voice. He smiled gently at her. "Tell mommy I'll eat downstreet."

"Boyd!" Sam laughed, chiding him affectionately with the sound of it. He put his arm around Boyd's waist. "Don't be a goof, Boyd. If Grace can take it after the way she blew up, you can."

Boyd set his jaw. His eyes glinted. He said through barely parted lips, "Okay, if Grace can take it, I can." He looked down at his brother, so small and thin and worn; and, he knew from away back, so full of quiet courage. Despite what Sam must have gone through, there was in his eyes a still, soft humor, a reflection of some deep, inner peace. "Sam, I'm sorry about this past winter!"

Coming out of nowhere, swiftly, suddenly, a feeling of intense loneliness swelled into an immense cold ache in Boyd's chest. It shocked him. He had never experienced it before.

Kate said, "Boyd's back, pa. He wanted to be remembered."

"Good," George Edson said, and hung up his coat on the back of the kitchen door. He rolled his sleeves up over thick forearms. His movements were quick, easy, for such a short, heavy man. He chuckled, his eyes twinkled. "Get my chessboard out again. Heck of a town. Nobody plays chess any more. Except Boyd. What's good to eat tonight?"

"Liver and onions. And I got a rolled shoulder for the week end. It was on special."

"M-m-m! Ah!" He dried his hands and forearms with zest. "Invite Boyd over tomorrow night."

"Len's coming."

"All right, so what? Len can dry dishes and Boyd and I can settle down to a good game of chess."

A Woman's Weapon

Murray Hill, New York City
September 15, 1776

By Eleanor Stanley Lockwood

The day was cool, the air was still.
The manor house on Murray's Hill
Pulsated with a sharp unease
Whilst Mary Murray strove to please,
Regale with luncheon and admire
The redcoats gathered round her fire.

Though wife to Robert, yet did she
Flirt with her guests outrageously.
Officers tarried, sated, lulled,
Their main intent and purpose dulled . . .
As Howe partook of viands sweet,
Americans in full retreat

Pushed firmly up to Harlem Heights,
Where Washington these many nights
Had been encamped—for Putnam's men
Were eager all to fight again.
Howe had planned to cut their flank
To halt them at the river bank;

But Mary Murray's eyes were bright
And Mary Murray's biscuits light.
And well the woman, Mary, knew
Good meals for warriors were few.
So, tempting, brought a needed pause
And cost Lord Howe *his* country's cause.

"Some other time, pa."

"Okay, okay, chicken." He sat down at the kitchen table, picked up the Bulletin, where he worked as a linotype operator, and said, "Let a pressman go today, and one of the girls out front."

Kate put on the pot of deep fat for French fries. "I wonder where Boyd will go."

"That's right." George Edson put down his paper. "I forgot about that. Tough. Boyd's a good man. Lot of people around here wouldn't let anybody but Boyd touch a fender job. Well, I guess I lose a chess partner after all. Why don't you talk Len into learning?"

"No, *thank* you."

George Edson hooted and slapped the table. It was an old joke. Even Kate smiled.

But it used to exasperate her, it used to bring her almost to the point of frustrate tears. Boyd would wander in for supper, never on time, and afterward they'd leave her with the dishes. They'd set up the card table, get out the chessboard and the chessmen, and sit down with all the restrained gravity of men facing a world-shaking crisis. From then on she simply did not exist, and if she made a noise, dropped a book or riffled a magazine, Boyd or her father would give her a blank look. Son of those nights she would have liked to dancing, or to the movies, or just riding the car somewhere. But they never went u less Boyd felt like it. And yet she used to watching him, the still look of concentrati on his face, the crisp dark cap of his hair, t angled sweep of his jaw, the full firm li that—when he felt like it—had smil against her own, with a little laugh behi them. Always a little laugh. Never seriou Just in fun.

"Well, anyhow," George Edson sai "nobody need worry about Boyd. Good m like Boyd can land a job anywhere."

Anywhere, yes. And Kate, slicing onio nodded to herself. Anywhere. Far awa probably. Bridgeport, or even New Yor And when autumn came round again, sou with the birds. Shame flared in her as it h done that afternoon. Why was she carin worrying, about where Boyd went, or h far away? She had Len.

"Len phone?" George Edson said.

Kate said, "Of course," with some i patience; and added, almost smugly, "Y know Len always phones Fridays."

Friday, always, at noon sharp; from Da bury, thirty miles away, where he was a ce tified public accountant. Sometimes, if couldn't get up for the week end, Kate wou take the bus down Saturday afternoon a spend the night with his folks. They'd go a movie Saturday night and visit arou among Len's relatives Sunday till it was ti for the evening bus back. It didn't matt that she disliked most of the relatives: s wouldn't have to live with them. It didn matter that Len was twelve years older; s was going on twenty-six herself. And didn't matter that he had two kids by former marriage who were rotten spoil after living three years with their gran parents. All right, Len was stiff and dig fied, always clearing his throat a little b fore speaking. But he was kind, considera And he couldn't help it if he was short than she was and had an ulcer and couldn eat things fried or rich gravies. One thing, always dried the dishes.

"Onion," Kate said.

"What?" her father said.

"Onion, onion!" Kate cried out, imp tient with herself. She dabbed at her eye But she wasn't sure whether it was the onio She wasn't sure about anything.

Boyd spent the week end in the fishi camp on Parker Pond. He didn't go near t village. For one thing, he was almost brok and for another, he didn't feel like hangi around the Yankee Bar and Grill or bowli at Riley's. He felt out of focus, off balanc He was more shaken than he realized. H had been so dead sure of the job at Ne England Motors; and as for his old room his brother Sam's, it was like home: it w home, full of all the odds and ends of his pe sonal things.

But no more. Those things were now in t attic, put there to make way for Mrs. Fulle ton. Mrs. Fullerton was a great help. S took care of her own room, pitched in wi work in the kitchen if Grace didn't feel we stayed with the kids when Sam and Gra went to the movies or to town meeting Boyd wondered why he had never thought stay with the kids instead of letting Grace g in a neighbor or a paid sitter.

The cold spasm of loneliness that ha gripped him as he stood under the big map with Sam had left its trail of bleak, persiste fear. Fear for Sam. For Sam could die: had almost died. Worry was a stranger Boyd, immense and fearsome. And all Satu day night he tossed in his bunk, hounded b a roving, shapeless sense of guilt.

Sunday morning he cleaned the tools of h trade—slappers, ding hammers, dollies, t milled-tooth file holder and the bodyman portable jack with its multiple fitments. H left early Monday morning and was in Har ford before eight. He felt better. Hartfor would be fine—a five-day week, two-fifty a hour, a cheap furnished room, and week en at the fishing camp. Maybe see Kate Satu

(Continued on Page 224)



Blemishes.* A Charm School Director has to have a beautiful complexion. And lovely Patricia Vance of Chicago, Illinois depends on Noxzema! She says, "I've used Noxzema for years for blemishes* and for cleansing. I've found it such an excellent and reliable all-purpose cream that I recommend it to students in my Charm School!"



Dry Skin. "The new Noxzema Home Facial is wonderful," says Colleen Nelson of Sacramento, Cal. "It helped make my skin look softer and smoother and was extremely helpful in relieving a very dry condition. Just using Noxzema is a pleasure! It leaves my skin feeling so cool and refreshed. I've just bought the *large* jar!"

NEW HOME FACIAL

Look lovelier in 10 days... or your money back! Read these 4 simple steps developed by a doctor

No need for a lot of elaborate preparations...no complicated rituals! With o cream, you can cleanse...help protect...and help heal! Yes, here's a wonderful new aid to a more beautiful-looking skin. Now, you can help your complexion look not only softer and smoother, but fresher, too...with just a dainty snow-white cream—famous *greaseless* Noxzema.

The way to use it is as quick and easy as washing your face. It's the new Noxzema Home Facial—and daily use can help bring you a lovelier-looking complexion, in as little as 10 days' time —or your money back!

Here's All You Do



Morning—Step 1.—Apply Noxzema over face and neck. With a damp cloth, "creamwash" just as you would with soap and water. Rinse well. "Creamwashing" with Noxzema cleanses so thoroughly. Why, Noxzema even smells clean!



Step 2.—After drying, smooth on a light film of Noxzema for your make-up foundation. This greaseless, invisible film of Noxzema not only holds make-up beautifully, but also helps to protect your skin—*all day!*



Evening—Step 3.—At bedtime, "creamwash" with Noxzema, just as you did in the morning. How clean your skin looks! How fresh it feels! See how you've washed away make-up, the day's accumulation of dirt and grime—without any harsh rubbing!



Step 4.—Now, lightly massage Noxzema into face and neck. Pat a little extra over any blemishes*. While you sleep, Noxzema helps heal them—helps your skin look softer and smoother, too. And it's greaseless! No "smeary" face or messy pillow!

Proved in Clinical Tests

A skin doctor developed the new Noxzema Home Facial! Then, under the supervision of three skin specialists, it was tested on dozens of women—women of all ages, with many different skin types. And 4 out of 5 showed marked skin improvement—in 2 weeks or less!

The new Noxzema Home Facial proved a wonderful aid in softening and smoothing rough, dry skin... helped heal blemished* skin...helped normalize both dry and oily skin. And you'll be thrilled to see how it can help your skin look lovelier, too!

An Exclusive Formula

You see, greaseless Noxzema is a unique *medicated* formula—a marvelous oil-and-moisture emulsion. This exclusive formula not only helps supply a light film of oil and moisture to the skin's outer surface... but it helps heal blemishes,* at the same time! That's why daily use of Noxzema, in this easy Home Facial, can do so much for your skin...why it can help bring you lovelier-looking skin in 10 days. Noxzema is so pleasant to use, too. It leaves your skin feeling cool, refreshed!

It Works—or Money Back

We're so sure you'll agree that Noxzema is wonderful—so positive that the new Noxzema Home Facial can help make your skin softer, smoother and lovelier-looking—that we make this sincere offer. Try the new Noxzema Home Facial for 10 days. Then, if you are not genuinely satisfied with the results, your money will be cheerfully refunded. All you do is send your jar of Noxzema, with the unused contents, to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md. But you will be delighted! Get your jar of Noxzema today. 40¢, 60¢ and $1.00, plus tax, at any drug or cosmetic counter.

*externally-caused



Skin problems aren't troubling pert Jacqueline Brabant of New York now! "A student nurse first introduced me to Noxzema," she says, "and I've used it ever since to cleanse, as a powder base and night cream."



Very dry, tender skin is Mrs. Christine London's beauty problem. "But Noxzema gives my complexion the needed protection," says this charming Miami housewife. "It's the ideal all-purpose cream for me!"



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It's today's greatest advance in home laundering. Dries a big wash in minutes, fresher than a breeze, wrinkle-free, fade-free. Exclusive features put it years ahead!

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save soap, fuel, hot water . . .
get clothes sparkling bright!





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Thorough top-to-bottom washing . . . your clothes get cleaner, faster!





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tells you when washing's done . . . saves you countless steps!

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- **TOP LOADING** — Full 9-pound capacity!
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- **LIFECOAT FINISH** — Modern Design!
- **SIMPLE INSTALLATION** — No bolting down!
- **5-YEAR WARRANTY** — On Transmission!

(Continued from Page 218)

day nights and take the kids for a ride Sundays. Easy. A hundred bucks a week. Save every penny he could and by the end of summer have enough to give Sam for the down payment on a car, so Grace wouldn't have to walk eight blocks to the village every time she shopped. Easy. Wonderful.

But there was nothing doing in Hartford. He'd missed one job by a couple of days and another by a week. He left at noon and drove down the Connecticut Valley to Middletown; found nothing there and took 6A to Meriden, where he turned down a job for one-sixty an hour. There was nothing in Waterbury, and by the time he reached Bridgeport it was growing dark. But he was so possessed by his plan to help out Sam that he felt no letdown.

He was out on the streets bright and early next morning. But the morning turned up nothing. However, in the afternoon he walked into a big shop downtown and the girl in the office told him there was an opening and asked him to wait for the boss. The boss came in at five and said, no, there wasn't, he'd already hired a man. Boyd, tired and a little bewildered, drove to New Haven and spent the night there.

He took a job for one-ninety an hour in a ragtag shop he didn't like the minute he walked into it. He lasted one day. He was finishing up the metalwork on a fender when the boss said, "You don't have to bust a gut on that bead, fella."

"This is the way I like to do a bead. Any bead I do, you don't see a ripple afterwards."

"Okay, smarty pants. You do your bead your way and we'll go on doing it our way. We undercut on prices here. We don't make 'em look factory-new. Finish, pick up your day's pay, and so long. Either that, or rough through the jobs like you're told."

Boyd said, "You don't want an A-one metal man here, chum," and turned to gather up his tools. He pointed a bumping file at the fender and said, "Finish it yourself. Never mind your day's pay. Any time I do lousy work deliberately, on purpose—nuts!"

That night he slept in his car on a beach road at Madison, because his money was running out. Next morning he crossed the Connecticut River on the new bridge near Old Lyme and followed Route 1 to New London. The convertible seemed to eat up gas worse than ever, but he knew that it didn't. Eight cylinders under the hood and a hundred and thirty horse took plenty of gas; always had. For the first time, he began to feel like an impostor. What right had he to be driving a car that had taken him almost three years to pay for on the installment plan? Oh, but he had wanted this car, this beauty! Like a child, he had wanted this toy! With the top down, and wearing big dark glasses and a fancy sports coat and hitting seventy or eighty on the big pikes!

He picked up two days' work in New London because a man was out sick. From there he went to Providence, and from Providence to Springfield, Massachusetts. He was so discouraged now that he felt sick at his stomach. He couldn't breeze into shops the way he used to. He even felt self-conscious about his fine clothes and changed to a pair of khaki pants, a work shirt and a leather jacket. There was nothing in Springfield, but he hadn't, somehow, the energy to move on. His stomach hurt him, and he thought of Sam's operation, but he was afraid to go to a doctor. And he was down to two dollars.

He knew what he'd have to do—to get by, to mark time. He'd done it in Florida the last three months of his stay there, when the shop he'd worked in folded. He'd hated doing it and he wasn't going to like it now. But he threw some tools into a bag and set out on foot in the bright, warm sunlight. The sun had been hotter in Florida. That was why he'd come back home so much browner than in other, easier years. Working at curbs in the blazing sun ——

He spotted the car as it pulled into the curb and stood beside it as the man got out.

"Fix up that dent in your fender, mister?"

The man was chunky, with big, hard hands. "Peddling curb service, eh?"

"Two bucks," Boyd said, keeping his gaze on the fender.

"A floater, eh? A floating body-and-fender man."

Boyd felt his stomach growl. He took his gaze from the fender and leveled it at the man's pale, chunky face. The man shook with silent laughter.

Boyd said, "You want to make something out of it, buster?"

The man laughed. "Look, Jack, don't get sore. I was just kidding. I've done it myself. Sure, a little masking tape on the head of a ding hammer, and curb service while you wait. But I'm through with that kind of rat race. Got my own one-man shop up in Hannah Falls now. Sorry I got you sore, pal."

Boyd stared at him, not moving, blocking his way.

"Now look, Jack, I was just kidding, I didn't mean anything ——"

"H'm?" Boyd said. He blinked, said, "Oh," as if in a daze, and stepped aside, off the curb, into the street.

He was still standing there a minute later when a horn blew and a woman shouted, "Will you please get off the street? I'd like to park."

"Oh," Boyd said.

The night George Edson went up to the firehouse to shoot pool Kate walked over to her sister Miriam's to sit with the baby while Bud and Miriam went to the movies. Miriam was four years younger than Kate. Her other sister, Polly, was even younger, just twenty, but she'd already been married a year, was living up in Great Barrington, and expected a baby in August. They'd kidded Kate a great deal about being an old maid and sometimes they'd made her downright angry.

But they didn't kid her any longer. They said how lucky she was. They were impressed by Len Wengrow. He drove a big car, he was a certified public accountant, and when he came to Governorstown he took Kate to the homes of people like J. G. Stover, the judge of probate, or Walter Burkhart, the cashier of the local bank. Kate thought they were silly, for she wasn't impressed by anybody, by how much they had or what they did.

Bud and Miriam got home at ten after nine. Bud offered to drive her home, but Kate said she'd rather walk. It was a beautiful night, mild, with no breeze, no movement of the leaves in the trees she walked under up Purdy Street. Sounds carried with a soft, languid clarity, and the traffic light at Main and Center was jewel-red, then jewel-green. She drew in her breath with a sweet pang of pleasure, a pleasure in the familiar—the smell of spring-damp earth and the pungent odor of bark still wet from the morning's rain.

"Katy! Hey, Katy!"

She saw him stop beneath the traffic light and retrace his steps, moving in his easy, loose-hipped way, his hands spaded casually in his back pockets. He wore work pants and his jacket was zippered.

"Boyd, for goodness' sake!" she exclaimed. "Where've you been? Pa's been all steamed up about some chess, and neither hair nor hide of you."

"Didn't your boss tell you? I phoned him at his house last night from Springfield, Mass."

"He wasn't in today. Springfield, Mass.? What were you doing up there?"

"Feel like a cola, Kate?"

"Sure. And I've got some home on ice. Why don't you get your car, so you won't have to walk back for it?"

"Okay, over here. I just got in from Springfield. You gotta step high to get in this one, Kate."

"You mean this is *yours?*"

"Upsydaisy," Boyd said, boosting her into the jeep. "Beat-up and no curtains, but once I do a valve job on her and build me a plywood top, she'll be okay. Haul anything. Hold on, Katy."

"Oh!" she said, holding on, as he booted the jeep down Center Street on the patched macadam. "Oh, Boyd! Ouch!"

"All the joys of horseback riding and no danger of falling off. Giddap, giddap!"

He turned on a dime and parked in front of the Edson cottage. Kate was still holding on. Boyd looked at her and laughed and slapped his knee. He leaned back and propped his foot against the instrument panel.

"Well," Kate said, feeling if her hair was still in place, "I can't say it compares with your snazzy convertible."

"Ah," Boyd said, sighing, "those oversize balloon tires, that quick getaway. Well, what the heck, it was nice while it lasted. And I got a fair price for it, just this morning, and picked this heap up cheap." He slapped the steering wheel. "Need it in my business."

"Boyd," Kate said with fond, half-laughing impatience, "what *are* you talking about?"

He was silent for a minute. "Katy, I ran into a guy on the street in Springfield ——" He rubbed his knee. "Kate, I always liked nice things—a fancy car, nice clothes, first-class food. And since the war, it all came easy. Anyhow, it seemed easy. But I was never ahead of the game, really—never more than fifty bucks ahead. Never a dime in the bank to fall back on if the going got rough. Always the sirloin steak when it should have been hamburgers or hot dogs. Come day, go day. Nothing to worry about." He struck his knee with his fist. "I wasn't even in any position to help my brother Sam, and him up against it like nobody's business! And I figured I could make it up to him the easy way: a fat job in Hartford, week ends here, fishing up at the camp—have my cake and eat it!"

"Boyd," Kate said, patting his arm. "Boyd, sh! You're shouting. The neighbors."

His voice dropped. "So now I've got to do it the hard way. Well, I phoned your boss last night and he'll sell me his body-shop equipment and I phoned Harv Leverett and he'll rent me the empty half of his plumbing shop." He stretched his arms above his head, drawing all his muscles together. "And I'll be near my brother Sam. I don't like the way he looks. I'm worried. Maybe I can help him do some chores." He relaxed all at once, letting his breath out. He chuckled, poked Kate with his elbow. "Be near you, too, Katy."

"Boyd ——"

He leaped out, walked around the front of the jeep and said, "Okay, come on, jump."

She jumped and he caught her in his arms. He laughed softly and held her in his arms, her feet clear of the ground.

"Half pint," he said, and kissed her.

She kissed him back the way she always had done—lightly, restrained. And then she let something go within her, something she had never let go before, and she pressed her lips against his with a wild, reckless yearning. And his lips against hers quickened and were sweet with a burning urgency. Maybe, she thought, this would have happened long ago if she hadn't held back. She should have known that Boyd, behind his casual, offhand way, was really shy.

But it wasn't too late. Her arms were around him, beneath his jacket, hard against his lean, strong back. She managed, even in her confusion, to remove her engagement ring. It was, she thought, right now, the decent thing to do.

THE END

JUST AVERAGE

The average person who lives to be 70 years old has slept 20 years of it away.

The average worker in the United States is idle 10 days each year because of illness.

The average person continually gives off as much heat as a 100-watt electric bulb.

Between 15,000 and 20,000 persons kill themselves in an average year in the United States.

The average man's heart beats 3,000,000,000 times in a lifetime.

—HAROLD HELFER.





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added protection for linens! Linens cost money. Clorox *saves* money because it *conserves* linens . . . it's free from caustic, therefore *extra gentle.* Give *your* white and color-fast cottons and linens a long, useful life by laundering them with Clorox! Besides conserving linens, Clorox makes them snowy-white, color-bright. It removes stains, deodorizes, makes linens sanitary, too!



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added protection for health! Because youngsters want to be near Mom as she works, the kitchen floor is a favorite playground. But floors can harbor harmful germs. That's why so many women use Clorox in routine household cleaning. They depend on its germ-killing power. For Clorox disinfects better, *kills germs quicker* than any other product of its kind! Directions on the label.

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CLOROX AMERICA'S FAVORITE BLEACH AND HOUSEHOLD DISINFECTANT



Pineapple Ice Cream Supreme

A PARTY FLAVOR THAT'S CREAMY-SMOOTH!

1 can Ten-B-Low
1 cup water
1½ teaspoons vanilla
½ cup pineapple juice
½ cup well-drained canned crushed pineapple

makes a quart

FOR REFRIGERATOR:

1. Set refrigerator control to coldest temperature.
2. Place Ten-B-Low in a mixing bowl and gradually add water, pineapple juice and vanilla. Mix thoroughly.
3. Pour into freezing tray and freeze until mixture is frozen. *You need only add water and flavoring to Ten-B-Low because each can contains all the sugar, heavier-than-whipping cream, milk and egg yolks necessary for extra-rich, real ice cream.*
4. Break up and spoon frozen Ten-B-Low into mixing bowl. Beat until slightly softer than creamy mashed potatoes. Do not overwhip. Stir in crushed pineapple.
5. Immediately return to freezing tray and freeze. *That's all there is to it. Nothing to add but flavoring and water. Because only water has been removed.* Ten-B-Low is not an imitation. Ten-B-Low is genuine ice cream in heavy concentrated form . . . containing heavier-than-whipping cream lacking in so-called "mixes." Make *real* ice cream . . . make *rich* ice cream with Ten-B-Low. Get several cans today!
6. Top with canned crushed pineapple when serving.



FOR HAND FREEZER:
Just add water, flavoring and freeze.

2 super desserts made with

Ten-B-Low

CONCENTRATED REAL ICE CREAM

and crushed canned pineapple



Pineapple Super-Chiffon Pie

CHIFFON LIGHT! ICE CREAM RICH!

made without cooking

1. Thoroughly combine 1 can Ten-B-Low, 4 teaspoons lemon juice, 2 teaspoons vanilla extract with 3 well-beaten egg yolks.
2. Sprinkle 1 envelope unflavored gelatin on ¼ cup cold water, soften 5 minutes. Combine ¾ cup water with 1 cup undrained, canned crushed pineapple; heat to boiling. Dissolve gelatin in hot liquid.
3. Gradually combine with Ten-B-Low mixture. Cool. When it begins to set, beat thoroughly.
4. Beat 3 egg whites until stiff, gradually add ⅓ cup sugar while continuing to beat. Fold into Ten-B-Low mixture.
5. Pour into baked 10" pie shell. Chill several hours until set. Top with whipped cream if desired.

FREE — 20 delicious recipes, including many unusual and easy-to-make desserts. Just write to Sally Ross, Ten-B-Low Co. Dept. B-59, Columbus 16, Ohio.



3 STEPS TO A PRETTIER SKIN

(Continued from Page 160)

fluid intake is an excellent intestinal cleanser and encourages regular elimination.

6. With the exception of young people and teen-agers, who require milk each day to build strong bones and good teeth, it is helpful to cut down on the amount of milk you drink. You may drink skim milk, or check with your doctor and dentist to see whether it is safe for you to cut milk out of your diet almost completely for a while.

7. You may find that because you are cutting out sweets entirely, you are hungry between meals. If so, eat figs or celery and carrot sticks.

KEEP IT CLEAN

Our doctor reports that overly ambitious patients who rub and scrub at their faces in an effort to "wash away" blackheads are only stirring up trouble by causing irritation! So keep in mind that a gentle hand and faithful daily care will bring you faster—and rosier—results! Follow these steps:

Wash your face with warm water and soap at least two or three times each day. Soap your hands thoroughly or use a soft, sudsy facecloth and go over your entire face and neck. Give special attention to the oily areas around your nose and chin and don't forget to wash right up to and around your hairline. When you have done a thorough job of cleansing, rinse your face with clear warm water. Follow with a splash of cold water or skin astringent to help close the newly opened pores. Then blot your skin dry with a soft towel.

Depend on a good, bland soap to keep your skin fresh and clean. Mildly perfumed soaps are said to have no deleterious effect on acne and may be used. Skin specialists warn against rubbing creams and greasy cleansing agents into infected skin areas, since this may spread the infection and clog the pores. Massage and facial packs have similar tendencies and should be avoided.

Try this treatment two or three times weekly before retiring: Add one level tablespoon of boric-acid crystals to a pint of boiling water, stirring until the crystals are completely dissolved. (You can buy the prepared solution in a drugstore.) Pour the preparation into a bowl, and while it is cooling make two compresses, using double thicknesses of flannel large enough to cover your entire face. Soak the compresses in the solution, wring out, and apply *while warm*, alternating compresses every minute for twenty minutes. (Be sure to keep this preparation out of the reach of youngsters.)

MAKE-UP HIGHLIGHTS

Overloading your face with make-up in an effort to hide skin blemishes will not only aggravate a poor skin condition, but fail miserably at its goal! On the other hand, there is no reason to believe you are destine to meet the world with an unadorned face The prettiest solution lies in moderation— and ingenuity!

Acne presupposes an oily skin and so it best to avoid oil and cream-base make-up Use, instead, one of the cake-type prepara tions. Choose a shade slightly darker tha your own skin tones and use immaculate co ton or sponges wrung out in clear water t apply it lightly over your face and neck. A low to dry, tissue off the excess, then dus lightly with powder. Draw attention to you eyes by brushing your lashes with a dar mascara. See that your eyebrows are shape into a pretty arc, and be sure to clean u those stray hairs beneath the natural eye brow line. Brighten your mouth with th clearest red lipstick you can find. Maintai powder-free hairlines and necklines, an bring as many fresh, immaculate touches t your general appearance as you possibly ca Cool-looking white or light collars—prett pastel scarves—a real or make-believe flowe in a becoming color adds femininity an imagination to any costume.

And how about your hair? Our doctor tel us oily scalp conditions and dandruff a found in a high percentage of acne patient Regular shampoos, special cleansing toni and clean hairbrushes and combs all work t ward clearing up the condition—and pr ducing a prettier head of hair than eve before.

AIDS AND MORE AIDS

Lotio alba (white lotion) is used to hel clear up mild cases of acne and can be applie at home. Physicians suggest that you gentl rub this lotion on your face at nighttim after you have cleansed your skin with soa and water.

Sunshine is as effective as it is inexpensive Five to ten minutes of sun-bathing the firs few days is usually enough. Gradually in crease your exposure periods, making an eve tan your goal—not a blistering red!

Daily exercise in the fresh air is an excelle means of stirring up a stubborn circulatio and encouraging regular elimination.

Plenty of sleep and an easy-does-it attitud toward life in general will relax your nerves- give your system a chance to prove it ca produce a prettier skin.

Ask your dermatologist about: (1) The lo tions and ointments which contain many ne effective remedies. (2) The dry-ice trea ments (performed only by skin specialist which are designed to diminish the amount o oil on the skin and cleanse the pores. The ic peels the skin and improves circulation. properly given, it reduces and does awa with ugly scarring. THE EN



"She doesn't like violets or roses or heliotrope and that stuff. She likes popcorn."

PHOTO BY GLADYS TABER



Autumn is a time for reminiscence, and a lingering, loving look around the world in case tomorrow brings the first frost.

Diary of Domesticity

By GLADYS TABER

DROVE to the village yesterday along the golden country road. At every farmhouse a group of children stood waiting for the school bus. Hair brushed, shoes lished, pencil cases in small scrubbed nds, they looked like storybook children. I passed, they all waved at me, and I ved back. Suddenly I felt proud of my untry all over again, for it came to me at there are places in the world where the ildren waiting along the road would fear stranger in a car, and places where the ldren do not stand on September morn- s clean and rosy waiting to ride to a free hool.

Farther on, I turned out for a load of hay, ast rich gift from the earth. The sweet sty smell of the grasses blew in to me.

"Nice day," called the farmer.

"Nice day," I said.

The whole countryside is bright with or now—not the tender color of spring, t the vital tones of early autumn. Goldenl follows the line of the fences with its thery spikes of minted gold, and the cory sets deep blue stars along every e. The gardens are like a Mexican *fiesta* h the countless shades of the zinnias. My favorite zinnia color is the soft, her pale salmon, and I love to mass the ssoms in an old dark blue sugar bowl. e side of the bowl is cracked, but that esn't matter when the flowers are in. For t sharper-colored oranges and yellow- s, I use a small old wooden bucket, and t tones of the wood make the zinnias a ely background.

When I was growing up, most people had atnots and they displayed family curios, rida grasses, a Rogers group, a souvenir e from the St. Louis exposition, and ious shells. When I went calling h mamma, I would sidle up and look a the treasures, and sometimes I might allowed to lift a shell and put it to ear and listen to the immortal echo of sea.

Now I have a large polished shell sent from Florida, a conch shell, and I use it on the table with creamy white roses in it. The color of the shell is just the color of the deepest petals of the roses. In mamma's day, people put flowers in flower vases, but nowadays we use everything from pie tins to old salt dishes.

Jill has been down in the lower meadow looking at the cranberries. Last year we forgot them until too late and they were all frosted. The wild cranberries are elegant, big waxy ovals, very sweet and paler in color than the commercial ones. We usually have enough for four or five pints of cranberry sauce, treasured for special occasions.

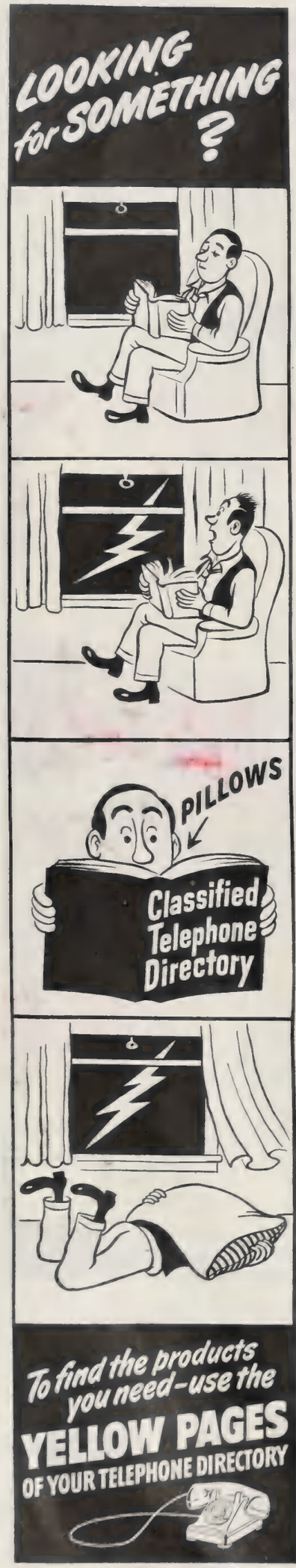
There are so many things to can or freeze now that the days need to be stretched out. We made pepper relish and corn relish and piccalilli this week. The whole house smells of spices and vinegar and sugar, and the shelves in the fruit cellar are filling up nicely.

Pepper relish is the quickest and is wonderful with cold meats or sliced turkey. To make it, I chop together 12 red peppers and 12 green peppers, seeded, 12 onions, peeled. Cover them with boiling water and let stand 5 minutes, then drain. Then I add 2 cups vinegar, 2 cups sugar, 3 tablespoons salt, and boil the mixture 5 minutes, pour into clean hot jars and seal at once.

The corn relish calls for 18 ears of corn, from which I cut the kernels with a sharp, long knife. I mix the corn with 4 large peeled onions, 2 green peppers and 1 red pepper which have been seeded and chopped, add 1 pound light brown sugar, ¼ cup salt, 3 tablespoons celery seed, 3½ tablespoons dry mustard and 2 quarts vinegar. I cook this slowly for 20 minutes, stirring to prevent sticking. This goes into sterilized hot jars and is sealed.

Making catchup is a little discouraging because you work so long for such a small result. But I always make a batch or two, for





it tastes so good in winter, and there are extra tomatoes to use up, even after we make gallons of tomato juice and fifty quarts of canned tomatoes!

After a day of canning, I like to pack supper in a basket and have a picnic. The air is dreamy and quiet, and at twilight a pure-blue haze drifts over the woods.

For me it is the time of nostalgia, much more than spring. The beauty has an ache in it. I know our destination is winter, and every perfect day is a station stop that I would like to get out at. The first golden leaf seems to sing in the air, the rosy windfall apple is sweeter than honey, the joe-pye weed paints the fields with exquisite blue-pink.

I remember how Honey used to race around the lawn. This was her favorite season; she always thought she was a puppy when she sniffed the September air.

Susie and young Flyer are going to school now, hoping to learn their Obedience lessons in time for the October show in Waterbury. Susie is not so distractable as her brother; like all little girls, she takes to her books neatly. Flyer would always be making spitballs if he were in a classroom. But in the end, he will probably do better than Susie; this is the way things work out usually.

Jonquil is a flyaway, but her mind works like chain lightning. Now at eight and a half months, she is the most beautiful color I ever saw. As her sturdy little body goes bucketing over the ground, I am always trying to describe that color to myself. She was the color of fresh country butter at first, but now she is more like pure maple sirup, or a freshly toasted English muffin. She is never afraid. When she pulled out the lamp cord and the wall lamp crashed down on her head, she gave a wild leap away from the debris and then poked her nose right back under the shade to see what in the world this was all about. When the big Irish bowls her over in a mad rush, she scrambles to her feet and takes off after the setter.

It can be very hot in September in New England, with a kind of concentrated heat, and I often give the oldest dogs a quick bath when it is the hottest. It cools them off marvelously, though it makes me boiling. Lugging a plump, elderly spaniel up into the tub and washing and drying are warming occupations. Jonquil gives herself a dip in the water bowls, flailing the water out and dunking her head, ears and all. This also is not cooling for the human who has to fill water bowls every half hour.

And then suddenly it turns cold, and around the twenty-sixth of September we almost always have the first killing frost. If only those fancy rainmakers would unmake that one frost, we would have flowers and vegetables way through October, for it always warms up and is wonderful afterward.

We never bother with the weather reports about the frost. We just go calmly along until the morning when George says, "Tonight it comes." Then we fill the house with flowers and cram the kitchen with vegetables and move in the best window boxes.

Maybe, I think, we ought to get at that fall house cleaning before it is too cold. And the fence needs painting and the kennels should be scrubbed. We build up the fire in the fireplace while the frost walks in the garden, and plan a great amount of new activity. So the next day, we go off on another picnic because it is such a lovely day it is too bad to waste a minute of it!

We got as far as buying an old-fashioned carpet beater this week. All the modern cleaning aids are so good, but I have a great respect for a carpet beater. If you put a small rug on the line and beat it smartly the dust flies out in clouds, and the rug seems to have air whipped into it. The colors look better. Dog hair winnows out. For the large rugs, I like ammonia and water and a piece of old Turkish towel. A thorough rubdown with this brightens and freshens any rug.

When we are housebreaking puppies, I keep a can of cleaning fluid and a soft cloth right in the cellarway, and when a puppy makes an error, I finish the cleanup job by applying cleaner and sopping it in and wiping it up with the cloth. This deodorizes and protects the rugs.

After the house has been full of guests and family all summer, it seems quiet. It is a good time to finish the books I began in July, or to spend the evening finding out how many dollars off I am in the checkbook. We miss the children, back at school and work, but I am a good deal like the Burnettes' little girl, Becky. The Burnette cook says, "That Becky sure is sometimey. Sometime she like to be with folks and sometime she like to be alone."

I think I am a sometimey person too. Sometime I like to be alone and listen with my heart to the sound of September, which is the stirring of leaves about to fall. Our whole countryside has been rich all summer, the earth has yielded the crops generously. Now the plump cattle come in from summer meadows and the kittens are half grown and the spring chickens look fat and matronly as they scratch in that silly important way hens do in the barnyard.

As I walk down the road at dusk with Sister and Jonquil trotting along hoping for rabbits, I think how peaceful the old house looks, under the arch of sugar maples. It looks happy, even though the paint is definitely peeling from the front clapboards.

I like to think that the men who shaped the beams and built the stone chimney and laid the wide hearth felt they were building for a long time. Now that another September moon is rising above it, I feel grateful that the little white house can dream through another golden season.

But Jonquil and Sister are not grateful at all. They have lost that rabbit again!

THE END

Portrait of Aunt Belle

By Harriet Gray Blackwell

Aunt Belle's back was never bent
Though she was eighty when she went,

And neither did her long brown hair
Reveal white ravelings of care.

Her crinkled skin was soft as silk,
Her blue eyes guileless as a milk-

Fed kitten's. Flowers of balsam were
Quite simply "tech-me-nots" to her,

And when we children looked askance
At her quaint speech, our mother's glance

Was sobering; later we heard
Why she was untaught as a bird.

War left her poor as a winter bough
And her slim strength was used to plow

The fields. She had no time for books,
Yet in her mind were little nooks

Of knowledge fresh as April rain,
And wholesome as bread from home-ground grain. . . .

Perhaps in that fair land she grows
Celestial ribbon grass and rose,

Then it would be just like Aunt Belle,
Noting the call of Gabriel,

To give new saints a bright bouquet
In keeping with home-coming day.



Beautiful to behold!

and so automatic

you can love it and leave it!

You'll fall in love with cooking all over again when you change to a *new* Gas range. It's so *beautiful* you can't stop looking at it . . . yet so *automatic* it cooks a complete meal without a glance from you. Cool, clean, *instantly fast* — it gives *more* than any other modern range—yet costs *less!* Less to buy, install, operate! Join the millions who are choosing new Gas ranges every year!

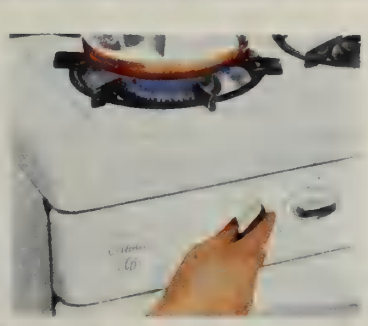
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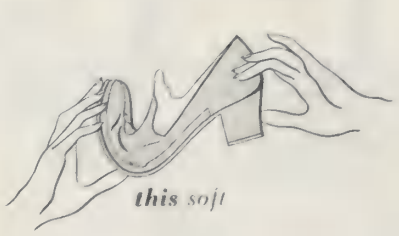
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By CARMEN STONE ALLEN

WE live with a cat, a squirrel, two lizards, one turtle, five tadpoles, and two frogs that escaped and are at large somewhere in the living room. The number and variety vary with the mortality rate, and the degree of firmness we can muster to keep any others away. Presented to us wistfully and hopefully before each birthday and each Christmas is a request list asking for: a horse, two boxer dogs, a talking crow and a small monkey.

No one ever warns young parents about pets. A sleeping baby makes a lovely picture to his adoring parents. Little do they dream that in a few years their son will come trailing through the front door followed by a dog with muddy feet. He will sidle furtively toward his room because he has a small snake in his pocket and a frog in his cap, both of which he will stash away in the chest drawer. The beautiful blond angel in the starched pinafore will have a cat and three nursing kittens on the pale yellow bedspread.

The only way to avoid having pets is to avoid having children. Fortunately, by the time pets come along parents have become quite attached to their children; otherwise infanticide would be rampant. Parents with young children ask, "When shall we let Billy have his first pet?" Give a child his first pet when his nagging for one becomes worse than the evils of having a pet around. Last week I overheard some sage advice from one ten-year-old to another: "Just keep on and beg, and beg, and beg. Pretty soon you can drive them nearly crazy. Then your daddy will say, 'Oh, let her have the dog.'"

The person who doesn't know what he is talking about says, "Let the child have pets when he is old enough to be responsible for their care." That time comes when he is an adult with children of his own. No matter how well organized a house is, the morning always comes when everyone oversleeps, and the children dash out, shoestrings flapping and shirttails flying, to catch the school bus. It is either have them underfoot all day, or feed Gertrude yourself. You could let her go hungry, but as she weaves figure eights around your ankles or puts her paws up on your skirt, it would be difficult to convince her she isn't your responsibility.

When pets are the children's obligation, what happens when they go away for the week end, or go to camp, or get the measles? Who is going to drive the car to the vet's to get the animals inoculated? When Gertrude gets killed by a speeding car, and leaves three five-day-old kittens, who is going to stay home days and get up nights to feed them? Poor old mamma is the answer to all such questions, and it is small wonder that poor old mamma has a wide white streak of hair running down the middle of her head.

All children are going to take their pets to bed with them. All parents are going to deliver a firm ultimatum, and haul them out. The day comes, however, when little Alice is in bed convalescing, and the discovery is made that having Trixie on her bed will keep her quiet for hours. That night she raises such a howl for the same setup that her cough gets worse. You weaken. "Just this one night," you warn in a feeble facsimile of a stern parent. Alice and Trixie give each other a knowing look, and from that time on the hump at the foot of Alice's bed will be Trixie.

I envy those people who have cats that are lazy and no-account. Ours are always prosaic, hard-working laborers whose sole aim is to rid this section of all rodents. That in itself would be admirable, but they bring all their catches home alive to prove their prowess. Just as I was getting out of the tub one day, I saw the bath mat give a big heave. I put my foot back in, shut my eyes for a second and looked again. Again it heaved. I held firmly to the towel rod and tried to think if there had been insanity anywhere in my family. Then I saw Claribel, and knew that I was still sane, and the heaving was real. I lifted the corner of the mat very gingerly, and underneath was a mole, trying rather frantically to burrow in the tile floor. I dragged Claribel over and showed the mole to her. "Oh, yes," she said, "I caught it, and brought it in to you." At least I got it outside before any child came along and made a pet of it.

Some parents clutch at the idea that some varieties of pets are no trouble, and they will limit their collection to those. It doesn't work. Goldfish should be simple. You just go in the dime store and pick up two in a glass bowl. All is serene for a few days, then they develop an asthmatic gulping and wheezing that can be heard all over the house. At this point your husband begins reading about balanced aquariums, and you end up with fourteen tanks of tropical fish. Each tank has lights to keep the water an even temperature, and each one has a gadget to supply oxygen to the water.

Every parent has at least one simple-minded friend who comes over Easter morning with two baby ducklings as Easter presents. They are golden balls of fluff, and even your hardened heart softens when you hold them. Six weeks later the golden balls of fluff are gone, and in their place are two monsters that wake you up at five every morning. They eat the lettuce as it comes up, nip the buds off your most expensive petunias, and get right under your feet every time you step outside. The rest of their time they sit on the front doorstep and leave evidence of their presence.

Crickets seem harmless enough. By diligent searching, and frequent references to the nature-study book, the children in our neighborhood found a male and some female crickets. They told me about it, but I was preoccupied and only made some sort of asinine remark about the cheerful sound of a cricket chirping. Some time later, I found we had seventeen lively crickets jumping around merrily in a closet.

Lizards are quiet and require little care, but they are Houdinis at getting out of cages, and at seven o'clock in the morning the sight of a miniature dinosaur flicking his tongue out from behind the cereal box has proved too much for many people. White mice get lost in beds, it is an unending struggle to keep the cats and the mice separate, and they multiply at alarming rates.

Babies come just babies. All too soon they are followed by a Pied Piper assortment of cats, dogs, rats, birds, calves, goats and ponies. You don't have a child, you have a menagerie. If you have three children, you can count on at least twelve pets simultaneously. You can't have children without pets, but it's a high price poor parents pay. THE END

HOMELESS CHILDREN IN BUTTE, MONTANA

(Continued from Page 23)

ve much time to waste. Secondly, it said ght in the charter that if the club didn't n some sort of service program for the com- unity, it would have to disband. Its name is the Soroptimist Club—"*soror*, for sister, *timo*, for the highest good"—and it had a tional reputation to uphold.

Mary proposed at the very first meeting at the Butte Soroptimists take on as their rvice the creating of a home for children. e club gave her its polite attention, as was e a fellow member, and then moved on to ner ideas. Some of the other ideas, most of ich weren't so ambitious, began to blossom d bloom. But not the idea of the home. It oked at first as if the Soroptimists were st as scared of a big job as anyone else.

One of the club's officers, however, wasn't ared of anything. Lois Jacobsen was just ling her time. Her husband believed that f you want to do something badly enough u can do it"—and so did she. One day she oked Mary in the eye and said, "Mary, u're going to have your home. I've rallied ough strength in the club now, and tomor- w it's coming to a vote. You watch—Butte about to get the finest children's home any ld would need."

The club argued over the idea all the next eting. Some said bluntly it was just too a job. Others said they thought it was a nderful idea, but that first there ought to a committee appointed of those who were husiastic to "make a study." The pessi- sts pointed out that a home would cost a of money and if they found they could lect only half enough, they'd have had all work of getting that in—and then they'd ve to work like dogs to take it all back. ere was no Butte Community Chest then all back on, no special funds for city proj- s—once started, they'd be on their own. The opposition, however, lost the day. e club agreed that: one, they'd look for a table house; and two, they'd campaign for money to buy it.

May, 1947, only three years after they'd anized, they found their house. A condi- n of the Child Welfare Department was t it must be near schools and churches. s was; in fact, it was in one of Butte's residential neighborhoods. A demand of club was that it should be big enough to d at least twenty children. This could: its -story brick walls held twelve rooms and baths. Moreover, it was in pretty good dition, needing only fresh paper and nt—and the cost was only $5500.

he club set its sights for $8000 to include niture, and began campaigning. First they w up a list of 10,000 names—the county's ulation is around 55,000—and two by sixteen women began ringing doorbells, gering receptionists, writing letters. They only evenings, lunch hours and Satur- days. But by the end of the first two weeks they'd put $500 down on their house, had $1500 in the bank and had gathered enough momentum to get radio spots, news space and a lot of word-of-mouth publicity.

Excited and enthusiastic, they then:

1—raffled off a car;
2—sponsored the dog races for one night;
3—held "white elephant" raffles at every meeting;
4—gave three rummage sales;
5—sponsored one concert, two book-reviews and a tea;
6—threw a large charity ball (the governor led the grand march);
7—continued canvassing all clubs, civic societies, unions and big businesses for contributions, work and donations.

By the spring of 1948, they had enough money and support to purchase the house outright, paying cash on the barrelhead, buy some Army bunks and other furniture, wangle some paint, and to start a work project.

ONE woman member was a plumbing executive—Faye Perry—and she checked all the plumbing. Another ran a cleaning firm and she cleaned all the donated curtains, bedspreads and clothing. Two hotel executives—Ruth Boulter and Ethel Dunstan—made two old feather mattresses into twenty pillows—and got so covered with feathers they looked like chickens. Husbands—the girls like to call them "Soroptimisters"—repaired toys, put together the Army surplus bunks, carted in donated crates of food. Work parties got together in the evening, cleaned, scrubbed and painted. The girls put on the first coat of paint; the Active Club, a men's service organization, put on the second.

To do the work, the Soroptimists not only had to recruit workers and find the time, but they also had to get union approval. Butte is practically a closed shop; even the hospitals are organized, and a merchant who puts up a shelf himself in his own store gets picketed—fast. The girls had to go to union meetings, explain the projects, plead their case and get approval before they could do their own work—and before anyone could donate any working time to them.

But they had little trouble: the city was almost as enthusiastic as they were. The big Anaconda Copper Company, whose black rails zigzag up the hill behind the city and whose mile-deep mines work down under the city itself, gave generously. So did the big power company. Food dealers donated vast amounts of soups, baby food, crates of popcorn, chicken, ice cream and lollipops.

Old clothes poured in in such abundance that one woman said she believed that there wasn't a person in town who hadn't sent something he'd grown out of. The doctors

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Pages 50 and 51.

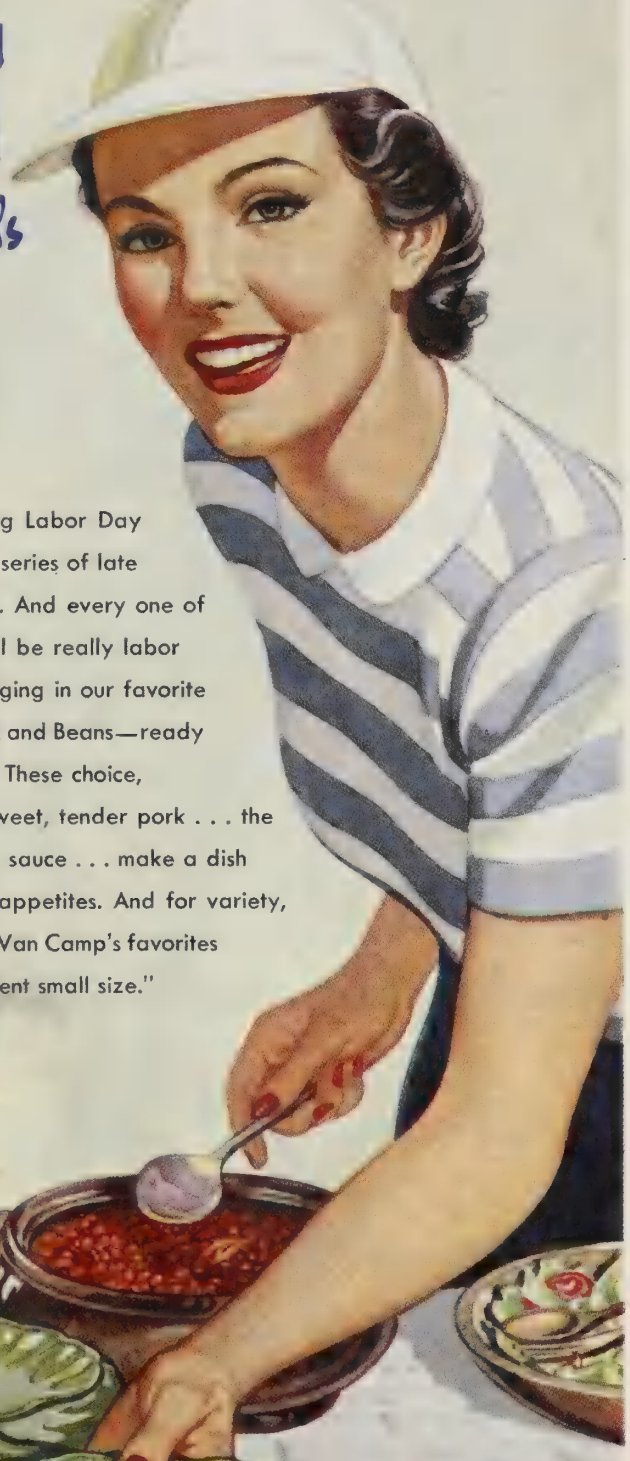
Vogue Design No. 7017. Blouse; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 50c.
Vogue Design No. 7018. "Easy-to-Make" skirt; 24 to 32 waist measure. 50c.
Vogue Design No. 7124. One-piece dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 75c.
Vogue Design No. 7122. One-piece dress; 12 to 18, 30 to 36. 75c.
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offered free medical examinations and treatment; the hospitals offered half rates for tonsillectomies and other ailments requiring hospitalization. The mental-health clinic promised free psychiatric care. Almost every Butte merchant offered a 10 per cent discount on any purchases they had to make, and practically every other club offered support or money.

"We got to be the best little beggars in town—we'd beg for anything," Mrs. Jacobsen says. "Only a few held out against us. One man—a big restaurant owner—said he believed that it was just encouraging parents to desert their children to provide a children's home. A big club took the same stand—but there the individual members passed a hat and made a voluntary contribution."

By November of 1948 the house was ready for occupancy. The Child Welfare Department had found a matron—an experienced child-care worker, with three children of her own. New furniture was bought for her large front room. The Army bunks—now white with childish decals on them—were in the children's sleeping rooms. The huge old wobbly dining table someone had donated was braced and surrounded by an odd assortment of chairs. There was linoleum on the floor of the playroom, and the big refrigerator and stove left behind as gifts by the outgoing tenants were in apple-pie order. Clothes were clean, pressed, mended and in closets—and in the basement there were piles more, unsorted.

Before the first children moved in, the Soroptimists held two open houses. One was held for their own organization—when they were host to the Soroptimist Northwest Conference. In came more gifts. The club from Great Falls festooned the rooms with clothes ropes, decorated them with dish towels, pinned on with clothespins. And the regional board presented them with 365 paper dollars—a vast feat in this silver-dollar area.

The second open house was for the people of Butte and Silver Bow County. They came—by the scores. And, although it was unplanned, they gave. The Soroptimists, feeling that, after all, there *was* a limit, had planned for nothing; an early guest, however, tossed a silver dollar into an ash tray. In no time all ash trays were full, and a salad bowl was called into action. That was the way people felt about the home—and still do.

The Soroptimist Receiving Home for children of Silver Bow County, Montana, opened for business November 1, 1948. Eight children were the charter residents—but by November 4 there were 15, and within two weeks there were 25. In the first year and a half, there were more than 175 small guests.

Complaints about the care of children come from anyone—neighbors, teachers, police, ministers, or even the children themselves. All, however, are referred to the Child Welfare office. For the children's upkeep, the county pays $1 per child per day. No children born out of wedlock are cared for: There is a good Florence Crittenden home nearby which takes care of these mothers and babies. A few of the parents pay the Welfare Department for the care of their children, but they are the rare ones; most of the children are from homes in such a sorry state that there is even less money than there is loving care.

The home is, of course, intended to be only a receiving home—a place where the youngsters can stay until foster homes are found for them, or their own parents can give them proper care. However, things don't always work that way; until two years ago there was almost no foster-home program in Silver Bow County, Butte's home county. Due to the efforts of the Welfare Department, there are now 17 foster homes—but even they are not enough to keep the turnover at the home as speedy as it should be. At one point this past winter there were 8 children under two at the home, and many of them stayed for months. It was grueling on the matron and her assistant; it was not good practice; but there was no alternative.

Most of the abandoned, deserted or neglected children come from homes where the problems are psychological, first, and financial, second. There is very little une
ment in Butte—it is a solidly pro
town of homeowners, and most of its
housing problems were cleaned up
years back with a good-sized housin
ect. There are, however, many illega
bling places, a red-light area, and mo
enough bars to go around. The popul
of mixed backgrounds—Finns, Indian
icans, Swedes, the English, the Germ
the Irish have all pushed their way
the continental divide to the "richest
earth" and its progressive mining ca
city of Butte. The home, of course, is
all children, regardless of race, color o
and every effort is made when placin
in foster or adoptive homes to find th
ground closest to their own biologi
religious inheritance—which sometim
be very mixed up indeed.

To get back to the home itself a
Soroptimists, however, the club's job
from done when the home was opene
ing their campaign Mary Phillips ha
ill and they had been without guidanc
no sooner had they opened for busine
they discovered that in order to s
state license, they would have to hav
firmary and a fire escape. To add
troubles, the matron complaine
rightly—that with so many infants
for, she needed downstairs bedro
fenced-in play yard, and a large ar
equipped laundry.

The next year was spent in gettin
Fortunately, although incredibly, th
enthusiasm was at as high a pitch as
and there was some $2000 in the ba

So they began again. They held m
fles, did more canvassing, wrote more
rang more doorbells. When the rode
to town and all the restaurants
strike, they offered to take over the
problem of the cowboys, the handle
the 10,000 visitors. "We were up to o
in hamburgers before we got throug
member says reminiscently, "but an
ance there was to us and our driv
away then and there. We worked hard
the horses." They also imported
Heidt's radio show, held more raffl
their second charity ball—and ther
they had collected and made about
the newly formed Community Ches
priated $8000 to the home and they

In February, 1950, they got the
license—and the warm blessing of th
tana state supervisor of child-care
tions, Miss Gertrude Davis. "We," s
referring to the whole State Welfare
ment, "are very much impressed."

The children were impressed to
youngster, sent back home when her
were reunited, ran away and came
the home. A child turned up ragged
sheveled at the police department a
he'd heard that they had all the ic
they could eat at a home in Butte,
wanted to live there. A baby who, its
ing mother said crossly, had never s
her life began to gurgle and crow wit
ness. The thin one grew fat. The star
began to creep. Five bright-eyed k
looked and acted like young tramp
they were first removed from their dis
ble home and drunken parents by th
became honor students—and were t
foster parents.

Part of the home's success was du
mere fact that it existed. But part
due to its basically sound organizati
Soroptimists' standards and goals we
of the professionally trained welfare
ments of the city, county and state
maintenance budget was based on a f
plan: part Community Chest, part cl
Welfare Department and part city
ity. Their day-to-day operation w
way—club work, plus child-care
guidance and assistance.

Typical of its well-rounded basis
citizen board of directors—elected
club. This board included one welfare
T. G. Sivalon, State Field Supervisor
fare; two doctors: Dr. D. L. Gilles
H. L. Casebeer; one lawyer: J. E.
and one housewife: Mrs. L. E. Sa

er of many ham and cooky clubs for ome. The club's board meanwhile in- d all its officers (current president is Shaw, a credit specialist; the treasurer ary Lamb) plus an advisory board.

d typical of its community contacts is st of clubs and businesses which work the Soroptimists. At Christmas the company sets up a tree and lights it in ont yard—while the Girl Scouts spear- a drive for toys, and the candy and clubs provide treats for the big Christ- party. ("All I want is something that s real good," one little girl wistfully told roptimister playing Santa Claus.) The r League provides all transportation d for medical treatment (as well as g for one of the mental-health workers Butte clinic). Protestant and Catholic hes alike send food and clothing, and women's clubs do the mending. Not a has withheld permission for special lone for free, or at reduced rates. The ber of Commerce gives office space g Soroptimist money drives. The y Club, the Kiwanis Club and the respond generously when called —and the Bucks Club contributes $25 r to the special hospitalization fund. onda Copper leased the land for a playground at $1 a year—and put up a around it "high enough to stop a base- as a gift. The Venture Girls—the jun- oup of the Soroptimists—entertain the sters on Saturdays, and the young service group, the Active Club, not ainted, but helped clear out, the base-

local movie house lets the children in n Saturdays. The neighborhood barber care of their haircuts on the house. The an at the hospital (a club member, Kelly) plans the meals. The police send squad car when needed to cart up a gift , or any other rush donation. The Gar- lub is planning to landscape the home's ard. And the pediatricians have formed e-man club, splitting the year between so that one of them is always on call at me.

that the home has no problems. The re still green about what really makes a child-care institution, as they are the o admit. Some of the club are more -minded than children-minded: one of- was so afraid that the children might break the toys that she put them all away. There were also staff problems: the first matron left because she had too much to do—as well as taking care of the children, she was expected to do all the housework and laundry. An assistant was hired along with the second matron, but even so the job was a backbreaking one—and now the home is on its third matron, who has one sleep-in assistant, and one day worker to help her. Even so, she works from dawn until considerably after dusk, and rarely has the time to read to the children, or give the individual attention that the children sorely need and that she wants to give.

THERE are also cost-of-maintenance problems. On top of the support given them through the Child Welfare Department, there is about another $3000 yearly needed to get, and hold, the staff they want, and to get, and keep, the home in good condition.

They can expect half of this to come from the Community Chest, which is solidly in back of them, and they count on two projects a year—the Charity Ball and the rodeo-feeding job—plus small extras, to raise the rest.

Weaknesses in the County Welfare Department have made other problems too: the lack of enough foster homes means that there are still too many babies and preschoolers staying too long; not enough records on the children who are cared for; a slip-up now and again on the department responsibility for medical and psychiatric examinations. But that these things will be ironed out, there is not the slightest doubt—for there is an aliveness to the problems plus an eagerness to lick them in both the Welfare Department and the Soroptimists. And the club's "home committee" is visiting other institutions, studying technical and professional books and listening long and hard to the welfare workers so as to become better informed.

"We know," said one member candidly, "that we've had too much emphasis on bricks and mortar and cooking and cleaning—we know that we have created only a haven as yet—but we had to get it running first, running smoothly, before we could start incorporating into it such things as play programs and group therapy and other psychological assets. We'll get those, though, never fear; it's our dream to make it a true children's home—and as close to perfect in all ways as possible."

THE END



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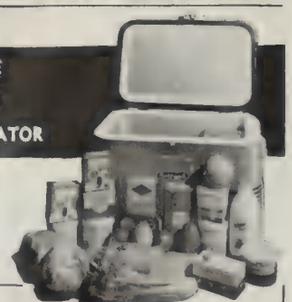
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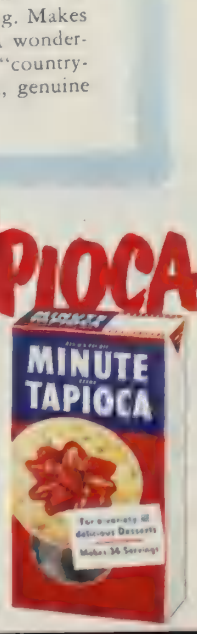
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Quick and Easys for Two

By LOUELLA G. SHOUER

JOHN and Mary Battles live in an ex-stable-garage in the cou with a Dickenslike address—Hardscrabble Road. Part of an e their cottage has been rebuilt with knotty-pine paneling complements their many family antiques.

Culinary snooping has come to be one of John and Mary's fa hobbies. They both like to cook and to talk about it.

"We call our cookery doings 'hardscrabbling,'" John exp "This consists of giving sustenance to our year-and-a-half-old dau Holly, a neurotic setter dog and a black cat of dubious ancest addition to our hungry selves—and, of course, the friends who p And it is fun! How does one hardscrabble? Some designers adv a basic dress. Some people advocate a basic recipe, but we like to a little zest and ingenuity in our family pot."

"This routine of dining at home is usually supplemented o week by a trip to New York," Mary adds. "However, after san *kofta*, *bhajai* and other exotic dishes, it is pleasant to retu Hardscrabble Road."

MONDAY
Sunday's Leftovers
Catchall Casserole
Garden Lettuce Salad
Raspberry Sherbet
Coffee

TUESDAY
"Take Your Plates and Wander"
Battleburgers
Potato Salad
Peach Compote
Coffee

Mary speaking: "Sunday we either dine out, or, if at home, kill the fatted calf and put a roast in the oven for dinner. This gives us a perfect excuse for building our Monday-night catchall casserole, which, of course, is made up of Sunday's leftovers. After I get the casserole in the oven and Holly is salted away for the night, we go down to the garden to pick our salad and a few fine tomatoes. Coffee rounds out the meal. We have the sherbet after dinner."

CATCHALL CASSEROLE

Cook ¼ cup rice in boiling salted water about 15 minutes. It shouldn't be quite done. Drain. Dice medium-fine enough leftover roast—chicken, veal, lamb or beef—to make 1 to 1¼ cups. Mix with the cooked rice. In a skillet, fry out gently 1 onion, chopped, ¼ cup minced celery, about ½ cup minced green pepper and ½ clove garlic, crushed, in 1½ tablespoons shortening or peanut oil. When onions and vegetables are softened a bit, add 1 cup stewed fresh tomatoes or canned tomatoes and mix together with meat and rice. Season well with salt and pepper. Add 2 dashes Tabasco sauce and ⅛ teaspoon mace. Mace (or nutmeg if you haven't any mace) gives this dish a special flavor. Pour into casserole and bake about 30 minutes in moderate oven, 350° F.

John speaking: "Tuesday after I have packed up my m show (I'm a pharmaceutical man), I may prepare supper Mary feeds our baby, dog a This will probably be a 'w meal—to the terrace, if weath mits; or anywhere in the livin where it's coziest. We have a call 'Battleburgers.' The sauc distinctive feature."

BATTLEBURGERS

Add 1 egg, 3 tablespoons cat tablespoon minced onion, 1 tabl milk, 1 tablespoon Worcest sauce to 1 pound ground round Shape into patties about the siz palm of your hand, ready to broil. Make this sauce before y the hamburgers: Melt 1 tabl butter or margarine and blend blespoon flour. Add ½ clove crushed, 1 small can sliced mus and juice, 2 tablespoons red wi gar—or, if you like, red wine—1 spoon Worcestershire sauce, spoon salt, dash of pepper and hot water in which 1 bouillo has been dissolved. Stir until ened. Turn heat low and sim minutes. Pour sauce over hot burgers.

This sauce does strange an derful things to those little tha wich steaks too.

PHOTO BY DONALD STUART



and John both like to dine casually—where it's most comfortable.

WEDNESDAY
ardscrabble Potluck"
Veal Pot
n Squash with Nutmeg
French Bread
Iced Coffee

speaking: "Wednesday we other pot meal. This is served om the range to kitchen table. I get home I feed the animals Holly bedded down, while ets the pot going and puts two of acorn squash, dotted with and sprinkled with salt and , into the oven to bake. This s time to take a walk while cooks."

VEAL POT

slice of veal cutlet cut ¾ inch nd weighing about 1½ pounds. with salt and pepper and dust our. Melt 1 tablespoon butter, ne or veal fat in Dutch oven y pot. Sear veal in the fat on des. Add 3 onions and 3 car- into pieces and brown a bit ith the veal. Add 1 cup stock ith 1 cup hot water, 1 table- lemon juice and 1 chicken- cube dissolved in it. Now put y leaf, a few whole black pep- or 2 pieces of celery cut small, 1 iced, if you have it, several f parsley and a pinch of thyme, in a square of cheesecloth. This got—the French method of g—and eliminates removing ter and straining gravy. Cover mer about 45 minutes or until tender. Remove fagot. Add peas and cook a few minutes til they are tender. This dish— rench bread to mop up the -is hearty. The Battles usually quantities, using a 3-pound veal, when someone shares.

THURSDAY
Ve Save Our Dessert"
Simmered Ham Butt
Corn on the Cob
Mary's Apricot Whip
Iced Coffee

John speaking: "Dinner on Thursday night consists of a small smoked ham butt simmered gently with bay-leaf and cloves in the stock, corn on the cob from our garden, and an apricot whip. When we make this, it's always an excuse to round up someone for canasta. Then we save the dessert for serving later with iced coffee. It's quick and easy and a delicious dessert for a warm September night."

MARY'S APRICOT WHIP

Drain 1 No. 2½ can whole or halved apricots. Reserve juice for sirup sauce. Press apricots through strainer to make 1½ cups purée. Whip ½ pint heavy cream and fold into apricot purée. Pour into refrigerator tray and freeze until firm—about 1½ hours. *For the sauce:* Make a sirup, adding ½ cup sugar to the apricot sirup. Boil until quite thick. Cool; when ready to serve, flavor with a little rum extract.

FRIDAY
"Pickup Supper"
Lobster Bisque
Mary's Salad Bowl
Garlic Bread
Coffee

"Friday and Saturday evenings we never know how many will share our board. There is a swimming pool on our landlord's property which usually draws a couple of genial souls who later share pickup suppers with us and they are always hungry! One of John's specialties is lobster bisque—a fine, speedy Friday-nighter so fast that the chef need not miss any of the party. I make the salad and we usually trap someone into helping with the garlic bread."

LOBSTER BISQUE

Empty 1 can condensed pea soup and 1 can condensed tomato soup into top of double boiler. Fill up 1 soup can with milk and stir it into soups. Add 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, a dash of Tabasco sauce, a pinch of cayenne pepper and salt to taste. When thoroughly heated, add 1 six-ounce can lobster. Remove any bones from lobster before adding to soup. Serves 4.

Tuna à la King

WITH TOAST TULIPS

2 tablesp. chopped green pepper
1 tablesp. butter or margarine
1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup
½ cup milk
1 7-ounce can tuna fish, drained
2 tablesp. chopped pimiento
3 hard-cooked eggs, quartered
12 slices thin-sliced bread

Cook green pepper in butter until soft; mix in Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup, stirring well; add milk. Heat in top of double boiler. Break tuna fish into chunks; add to soup, with pimiento and eggs, reserving one yolk for garnish; force this yolk through a fine sieve. Heat oven to 375° F (moderate). Trim crusts from bread; press a slice of bread into each section of muffin pans; toast bread for 12-15 minutes. Pour tuna-mushroom mixture over toast tulips. Garnish with pimiento and sieved egg yolk. Makes 5-6 servings.



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AMERICA'S EASIEST RANGES TO KEEP CLEAN

BARE ELEGANCE

(Continued from Page 198)

terra-cotta walls. They were given a high polish so that when the cherished, antique walnut pieces were placed upon them they truly created an air of elegance.

We left the mixing of the color to Todd Karns, the artist of the family. The ingredients are so unconventional we would not recommend them to anyone else, but Todd Karns's account of what went into the mixture is so amusing that we can't resist quoting him here:

"At the risk of sounding facetious, I will tell you how we mixed the paints which cost a total of about a dollar. One pint of pale pink water paint which was given to us; a handful of yellow plaster, much water to make the water paint and plaster go further and then as the color was approaching a glum nothingness into it went a bottle of Mercurochrome, my entire supply of brown water colors, a handful of dirt, one pint of beer for more brown, and then when the brown got out of hand, down to the drugstore I rushed with our last bit of change and came back with a bottle of red ink, most of which we still have."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Hope

By Jeanne-Alix Maisonville

Charity's cloak is for any in need.
Faith speaks in accents of strength and grace.
Hope's eyes are haunting, soft and clear gray, and
Ever so big in her wistful face.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

A variety of greens in upholstery mat for the old love seat and chairs impar Rousseau effect to the color scheme i Karns's living room. This was height by some rather lush green plants. C shantung hangings, two simple moder bles and a new chair completed the r

Todd Kar paintings, of co give the room individuality, bu other young co not this talented sonally, can ac the same effect the excellent prints that are available. From standpoint of ration, it is a idea to get a gro four prints relat theme and colo have them fra identically. Rou prints would charming agains terra-cotta walls which the Karns li much. This treatment is particularly tive over a sofa where there is a large ex of blank wall space.

A few good pieces of furniture, a s but unusual combination of colors, the ination of a variety of small items will in achieving distinction when mon scarce.

OUR OWN YOUNG MARRIEDS

(Continued from Page 55)

derful view of the Delaware River. John had ordered many daffodils (Our Flower, of course), but the management slipped up and had funereal bouquets of gladioli crowding the low ceiling. We took along slacks and warm jackets against the early spring chill, and spent a lovely, sunny Saturday in and out of bookshops and galleries—to the graveyard to communicate with dusty relatives—ate tremendous meals—got a new robe to match the daffodils that weren't there!"

Ellie and John like to keep their week ends free—have adopted the old Puritan idea of cooking for the Sabbath. "Early Saturday morning," says Ellie, "in the time it takes to get one meal, I cook up enough chile to fill two casseroles, mix a bottle of garlic salad dressing, and a double batch of brownies (my husband's only interest in dessert). Come Saturday and Sunday suppers, all we have to do is heat the casserole, break up lettuce and Roquefort (for the salad), set the table and pitch in."

Polly Toland (Cooke)—she read fiction and article manuscripts and is now a free lance—has found that she and her husband "and most people" would rather entertain themselves than be entertained. "A long evening at home with friends can be creative, fun and far less expensive than a night on the town," says Polly. "I think that about five friends (after the ice has been broken), with a good play and soft drinks or coffee, can spontaneously have as much fun as an audience at a New York opening. I loved reading plays at school, and I find I love them just as much now. We read them aloud, each person taking a part. It is a very good way of keeping up with plays we cannot see, with friends we like to see, and of having a good time."

Nora O'Leary (Smith) started early on her career of designing and making clothes, using her dolls as models. By the time she was in the eighth grade, she was making her own clothes and eventually those of her mother and sister. This led to New York, where she started working with a small manufacturer of skirts and blouses, then sold free-lance articles to the JOURNAL Fashion Department and joined its staff in 1942. When a separate Pattern Department was created, she came its editor. She spends much of her time sewing for her home, and her own wardrobe too.

A year and a half ago, before her Stephen was born, she worked out scheme for her maternity clothes: mad herself three short full jackets—one wool, one checked black-and-white wool a velvet collar, the third, red velvet wit front quilted to stand out concealingly lected a stock of ribbons, pearls, flowers, ruffled collars to vary each of the three, centrate interest at the neck of each cost

Nora and her husband live a suburba in Manhattan in their back-yard garde roomy two-floor apartment. They re furnished, are busy trying to adjust t velvety, chandelerious personality o owners. Summer evenings find John the yard, Nora weeding the garden, an eighteen-month-old son toddling a underfoot.

Helen O'Donnell (editorial assistant Beauty Department) and her husband more stamina at the end of the long week than the rest of our young ma They tackle household chores on Frida nings. This gives Joe, who works every Saturday, time to do more pleasant thi his Saturday off and keeps her from to do everything alone on his working day. "We take our laundry out and h done while we shop for food," Hel scribes their Friday-night schedule. husband pushes the little cart arou store sneaking extra treats when I' looking. Then we rush over to the la ette to find we are overdue. We can are late by the look on the manager's we approach, plus the ten cents ex charges. When we get home, we cle house. Joe does the heavy work s scrubbing or waxing floors while I du vacuum. This way the 'dirty work' about three and a half hours and lea Saturdays for baking and just enjoyi selves."

John and Mary Adele Morris live monk, New York, in a modern Y-

se set in the midst of four and a half acres abandoned apple orchard. The Morrises e one daughter and two sons, aged eight, and four, in turn. Mary Adele says, "As as I can see, all child problems are baffling. ave finally come to the realization that n people speak of 'growing pains' they n for the parents, not the child. The most cessful treatment seems to be the talk-it-one, even though this involves talking it on several different occasions with the e lengthy explanations. It's hard to re-nber that children get just as bored with sound of your voice as you do, and dur-the first two sessions are probably delib-ely thinking about something else (their comment after the lecture is usually a d giveaway). But eventually it does sink

ohn is the JOURNAL'S picture editor, e to the JOURNAL in 1946.

Miriam and Jim Skardon (Miriam writes densations of JOURNAL articles for radio newspaper use) live in a furnished apart-t in Brooklyn that has a mysteriously ed closet without a doorknob. On the sub-of who does what around the house, Mir-says:

We divide our weekly house cleaning n the middle—two rooms to each, king simultaneously. One cleans kitchen bath while the other shines up the living bed rooms. Then a couple of quick once-s during the week keep the place tidy. Sat-y is cleaning day, but when the Philadel-Athletics are playing baseball here, the e has to wait. I do the dishwashing most he time and Jim has been emancipated drying by a drain rack. During his elor housekeeping days, he cooked his meals, but cooking is definitely my ince now. He usually has some writing evenings, so I try not to let the house-interfere with that."

LVE of these editors in our young-ied group came to the JOURNAL fresh of school and were married on the job. of the girls wanted to write poetry, her to write short stories, still another journalism. One had ambitions as an . Three knew in high school that they ed further study in home economics and on. The JOURNAL provided the post-uate training to the five others who came as editorial apprentices.

Today, having made a good start toward achieving editorial goals, our young marrieds have a fine score on the domestic side. The record shows five brides, six mothers, and another expecting soon to produce a future President.

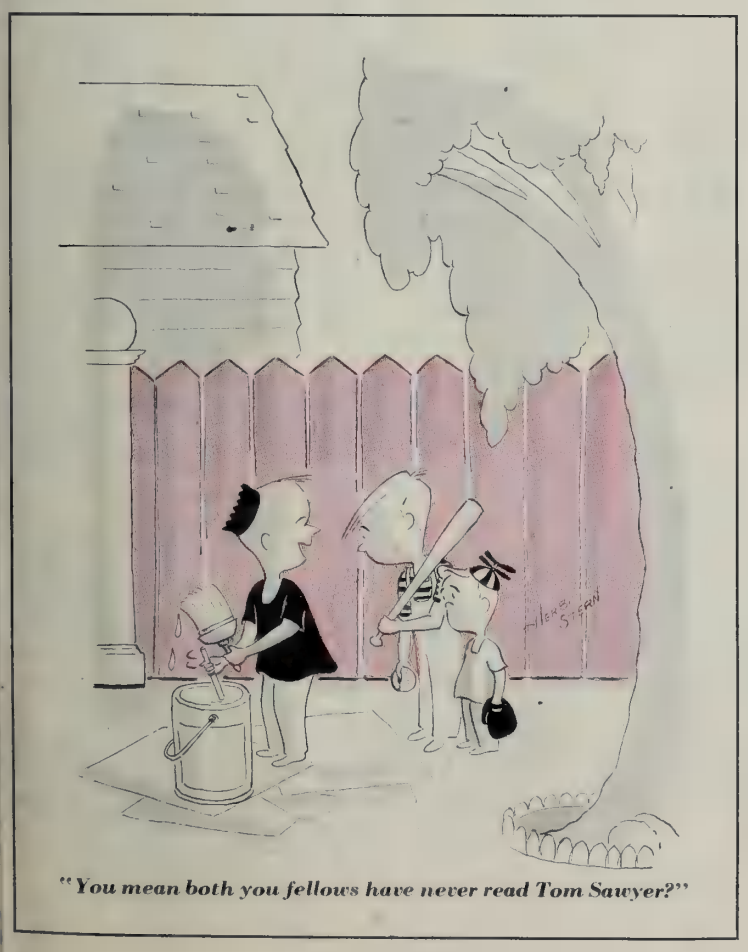
Doing double duty as homemakers on the JOURNAL as well as in private life, our young marrieds need and get considerable household help from their husbands—a team-play operation we find more often than not among new householders today. All these husbands believe that they have joint responsibilities in the business of making a home, bringing up children, in the children's schooling and in community life.

ALL fourteen wives will swear happily on a stack of JOURNALS that their husbands are smarter and more important than they are (nine of them use their married names on the magazine; the five of maiden-name variety had had signed articles in the JOURNAL and did not want to lose their identity with their readers).

Of the fourteen husbands in the group, eleven can cook. The six who are fathers pitch in whenever they can, be it baths or bottles. Each of the latter group has tried his hand at all the angles of baby care, and in an emergency could take over completely. And they are a red-blooded bunch of males who hold down he-man jobs in a variety of fields.

John Smith is a stockbroker; Jim Tracey and Bob Hoffman are lawyers; Joe O'Donnell is a television technician; John Gray is an actuarial insurance man; Fred Russe and Bob Norman are engineers; Todd Cooke is a city planner; Jim Skardon and John Simmons do newspaper work; Rod Wilson, whose first job was with the JOURNAL (where he met Marion), is now working for an engineering firm; Bob Lee is an automobile dealer; Dan Hoffman teaches English literature at Temple University, in Philadelphia, and John Morris is picture editor of the JOURNAL.

Some of our young marrieds live in tiny flats. Others have rented apartments in city brownstones. A couple of them have chosen the country where grass is always needing to be cut and the willow tree trimmed. Those with children have had to arrange careful schedules for their daily care. As Marjorie Lee puts it: "This angle calls for more clear thinking and solid conviction than any other; the



"You mean both you fellows have never read Tom Sawyer?"

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LIBBEY GLASS

ESTABLISHED 1818

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decision to leave your child for the day with somebody else is a hard one to make and stick by. You dress him in the morning, and you race home and play with him in the evening; your week ends are happily shared with him. But all the theories in the world can't keep you from wanting to be with him all the time. It's a problem we have, as all people have problems, and it's something we think and talk about a lot. But we doubt that perfect smoothness is ever possible in a truly human existence, or, for that matter, particularly rewarding. If you didn't have any questions, how on earth would you find new answers?"

Anyone who has ever been married knows how it feels to be beginning. As in all beginnings, a sense of discovery goes along, too, which can sting like a ruler on the knuckles, or be delightful as a sudden patch of bluebells hidden in the grass. There are a million angles to be considered, a million new problems to be coped with, and everything doubly important because there are two you. Your big booster is hope, and in t JOURNAL crowd the hope statistics run hig

In future articles, our fourteen coupl will share with JOURNAL readers their ide on specific subjects how-to-do problen like clothes on budget, entertaini on a budget, division labor in housekeepi decorating a hom For they know th solving each of the problems adds con dence and smoothne which are part of t real tissue of a ma riage—and that even greater part its reality comes fr the *act* of dealing wi problems together. t very doing of it. Ar cles in future issues the JOURNAL will d with topics that are part of the experien of all young couples taking their first ste in married life, all drawn from the acti ties, conditions and philosophies of our o young marrieds.

It happened in New England. A forceful and much-married lady was burying her third husband. On his tombstone she wished engraved the dates of his death and birth. The gravestone cutter, who had known the gentleman as one ripe in years, demurred when, according to the calculations she gave him, he saw that the deceased would have been all of twelve years old. "You got that wrong," he said, "Mr. Hartley lived a sight longer than that."

The bereaved froze him with a glance. "I consider, Mr. Adams, that Mr. Hartley started to live when he married me." —ILKA CHASE.

MODEL PLANS FOR A MATERNITY WARDROBE

(Continued from Page 60)

Also, the hemline never pulls up in the front. (See detailed drawing below.) Make them in flannel, velveteen, crepe, linen, shantung or almost any fabric, depending on the season you plan to wear them. Make sure your tops are adaptable to many changes. Our "Easy-to-Make" tunic has a detachable dickey . . . it has stiffening down the center-front so that it cannot cling to your body. You could even wear a blouse or a sweater under it. Later, you will like the way it looks belted. Make sure that the fabric you select for your jacket is firm and has body, but don't have it so heavy that you will be uncomfortably warm. A black bengaline or rep jacket is good for any season. We have dressed ours up with a fur neckpiece and a red velveteen hat. Cotton tunics are wonderful to wear at home and are very inexpensive to make. (Our gay red print fabric with a border cost $1.50.) A comfortable housecoat is a "must." Ours is a washable cotton damask, and the ballet length saves tripping over a long one. For dressier occasions we picked up an authentic Chinese jacket which Vogue is making available to you in a pattern. It would be equally pretty in velveteen, brocaded satin or even pla taffeta . . . with or without the braid. Be g in your choice of accessories . . . an asso ment of pretty, colored scarves, ribbons, c lars and artificial flowers to keep you fr becoming bored with your jackets. Go grooming and good posture make pret clothes look even prettier!

And here are a few ideas for you choose . . .

Any discarded slim skirt can be cut do in a U-shaped cutout, to wear under jacke

The front panel of a six-gore skirt can folded down 7 inches for a maternity sk and sewn back in place as good as new.

Quilt the jacket-front pieces before sewi up a jacket—gives the fabric more body a is a nice idea.

Wear a dark color slip under a dark co cutout skirt. White is conspicuous if t jacket shifts out of place.

If you make one-piece dresses, wear t belts high—empire style.

Other views and information for Maternity Patterns on Pages 60 and 61

Vogue Design No. 7128. "Easy-to-Make" maternity tunic and vestee; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 60c.

Vogue Design No. 7187. Maternity skirt; 35, 37, 39, 41, 43 normal hip measure. 50c.

Vogue Design No. 7063. Blouse or smock; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 50c.

Vogue Design No. 5597. "Easy-to-Make" maternity smock; Small (28–30), Medium (32–34) and Large (36–38). 40c.

Vogue Design No. 6851. "Easy-to-Make" robe; Small (28–30), Medium (32–34) and Large (36–38). 60c.

Vogue Design No. 7155. "Easy-to-Make" coolie coat; Small (30–32) and Medium (34–36). 50c.

Comfortable maternity smock—your husband's discarded shirts with a feminine look. Use rickrack or binding for trim. Shorten the sleeves for easier laundering.

Any six-gore skirt converts to a maternity skirt. Remove waistband, fold under center-front panel 7 inches, add a tape-tie at the waistline.





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OCTOBER 1936

Ladies' Home JOURNAL

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Undiscovered

AMERICAN BEAUTIES



VELMA LEE HALL

San Gabriel, California

"I'd rather be shopping."

Ethel Waters' astoundingly revealing autobiography — **"His Eye is on the**

"Sweat-Equity" house worth $18,000 cost $9,089.13 to bu

Latest Profile of Youth — **The Girl Who Has Everything** — *Ma*

What's it like in Russia? — I Went To Moscow — *Gisela K*

JOURNAL

CONTENTS

VOL. LXVII, No. 10

OCTOBER, 1950



Velma visits New York.

From time to time the JOURNAL *cover features an Undiscovered American Beauty—a girl who has never previously modeled for money. Nominations are submitted by photographers throughout the country.*

It's our painful duty to report to any males in the audience that *Velma Lee Hall*, this month's Undiscovered American Beauty, does *not* like boys. They are just *too* silly. "They bore me," she says. "I'd rather go shopping."

Velma is just sixteen this month, so perhaps she can be forgiven. Besides, there are many things which do *not* bore her—she loves to dance (alone), to sing funny songs, to ski, swim and fish. She began dancing at the age of fifteen months. Two months later she won a beauty contest as Tillie the Toiler *(below)*. At two, Velma got a pair of roller skates and led the grand march at the Hollywood roller rink. It wasn't long before she could hula and tap on skates.

Velma was born in Albuquerque, but came to California as an infant and now lives with her folks, big brother and kid sister in San Gabriel. Her mother admits to spoiling Velma, who is a reluctant cook and dishwasher. Her greatest home triumph is the humble peanut-butter cooky.

By an odd coincidence, Velma Lee Hall was discovered by the Hollywood husband-and-wife team, Theda and Emerson Hall—no relation. The first picture we saw showed Velma with a horse. Next one was of Velma with a kitten. We settled for that—the kitten was undiscovered too.

EASTERN STUDIO



Seventeen months: Tillie.

EASTERN HOLLYWOOD



Three years: Tap dancer.

Book Condensation Complete in This Issue

"His Eye is on the Sparrow" *Ethel Waters, as told to Charles Samuels* 44

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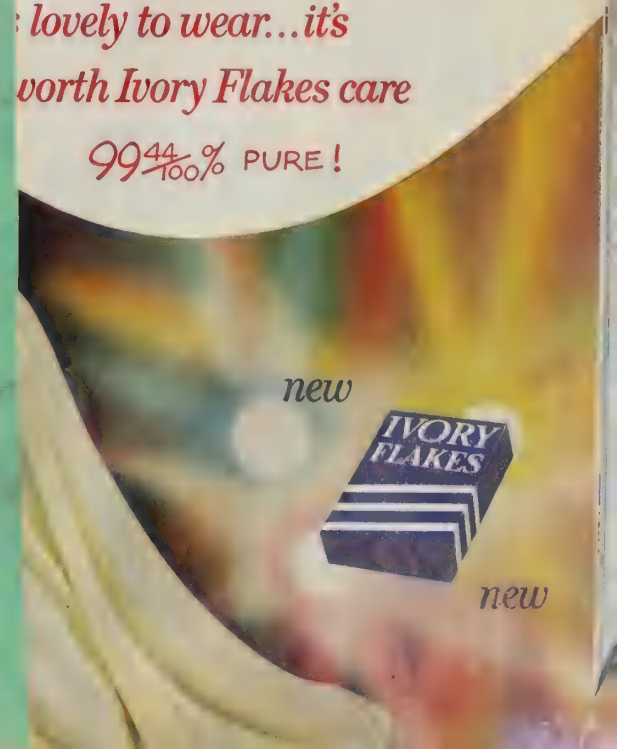
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Our Readers Write us

World Without Men

St. Paul, Minnesota

Dear Editors: Just as there is no gaiety for the "gay divorcee," so there is no merriment for the "merry widow." There is frustration, of course. When you are only thirty, you still want the attentions of a man! Sometimes the loneliness is almost unbearable. On the day when Junior spills ink all over the newly upholstered kitchen chair, the plumbing gets plugged, Suzy falls down and skins both knees, and the dinner burns—well, one needs someone to hand out a big hug, a kiss, and a pat on the back! I don't even see a man for weeks on end—except my kid brother and the plumber who came to fix the bathroom plumbing! Now don't get me wrong—I don't want any passes made at me, but after three years of living alone, I would like a chance to marry again. All society is made for couples.

Sincerely,
(Name withheld by request.)

Local Complaint

Philadelphia

Dear Editors: I always counted on the JOURNAL being strictly U. S. A. Seems I have the wrong opinion. June issue carried articles and stories almost 100 per cent overseas; even How America Lives depicted foreign characters. July comes out with almost as much out-of-the-country reading.

Your present standards have departed a long way from the original as set up by Mr. Cyrus Curtis.

Yours truly,
PEARL D. BRYAN

Mrs. Curtis, not Mr. Curtis, originally edited, 1883-1889, the JOURNAL, published by Mr. Curtis. It is doubtful that either would, today, be isolationist.—ED.

New Face Coming Up

Highland Falls, New York

Dear Editors: Your policy of selecting a new face for your cover each month made me want to send in this new face. Here's Anne, Jr.

Cordially,
ANNE FINNIGAN



Profile Faces Life

Dallas, Texas

Dear Maureen: You will never believe all the things that have happened to me since I became one of the JOURNAL youth profiles. Best of all are the letters I have received from six different countries—Germany, Denmark, England, South Africa, Saudi-Arabia and, of course, the United States. And the most thrilling thing—the girl who wrote to me from Denmark came to the U. S. this year and just last month she came all the way down here to Texas to see me. You know, I have learned more about these countries through the letters and books they have sent me than I ever learned in school.

Love and best wishes,
CYNTHIA BARNES

More Important Than Ever

St. Paul, Minnesota

Dear Editor: Wha' hoppen to the "Profile of Youth" articles? I have enjoyed reading them very much. It's been interesting to know what other teen-agers are doing.

Sincerely,
LENORE ROSENBLUM

The JOURNAL's very popular Profiles of Youth are resumed this month to appear occasionally during the year instead of every month.—ED.

Stumps the Experts

Seattle, Washington

Dear Editors: Here's *my* sequel to Cheaper by the Dozen. About a week after reading and enjoying that book I discovered I was going to have a baby. Since this was to be my first child, I had many apprehensions, but remembering the Gil-



Mitchell, Michele and Michael

breths' twelve, I felt confident of my ability to cope with one. Imagine my bewilderment, nine months later, when instead of one baby I had three! Quite a good start toward a dozen, don't you think? I feel sure the late Mr. Gilbreth, an efficiency expert, would envy my efficiency.

Sincerely,
MRS. R. W. WEIR

Men Don't Notice

Los Angeles, California

Dear Editors:
The better I do my work, the less
The man of the house is apt to guess
How much his wife must do.
If dust is never anywhere
How can he know it *might* be there?
If fragrant smells the stew
How can he know how long it took,
Or how ingenious was the cook
Who brewed the miracle?
Oh, what a pity that true success
Will scarcely cause blithe man to bless
His house that runs so sweetly!
The more the little woman does,
The less it seems to him there was
Some hand that smoothed things neatly.

Sincerely,
SYLVIA L. KINNEY

How You Can Help

Bridgeport, Connecticut

Dear Editors: Three years ago in the JOURNAL, Dorothy Thompson analyzed the weaknesses of the United Nations Charter, pointing out that an enforceable law against war could be established within the framework of the United Nations only when these weaknesses were removed. In response to that editorial, a movement of women all over the world began, called W.O.M.A.N. (World Organization of Mothers of All Nations), with the objective of strengthening the United Nations so





Irritated skin. "I have skin allergy problems," says Mrs. V. M. Bratthauer of Miami Shores. "Noxzema helps relieve the itching of the resultant skin irritation. It's my stand-by as an aid to softer, smoother looking skin."

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Look lovelier in 10 days with this Quick Beauty Routine —or your money back!

● No need for a lot of elaborate preparations . . . no complicated rituals! With *one* cream, you can cleanse . . . help protect . . . and help heal! The secret is a marvelous new Home Facial, using only greaseless Noxzema. And it can help bring you lovelier-looking skin in 10 days—or your money back!

Easy as washing your face



Morning—Step 1. Apply Noxzema over face and neck. With a damp cloth, "creamwash" just as you would with soap and water. Rinse well. "Creamwashing" cleanses so thoroughly. Why, Noxzema even smells clean!



Step 2. After drying, smooth on a light film of Noxzema for your powder base. This invisible film of Noxzema not only holds make-up beautifully—but also helps protect your skin *all day!*



Evening—Step 3. At bedtime, "creamwash" with Noxzema again. How clean your skin looks! How fresh it feels! See how you've washed away make-up, the day's accumulation of dirt and grime—without any harsh rubbing!



Step 4. Now, lightly massage Noxzema into face and neck. Pat a little extra over any blemishes. While you sleep, Noxzema helps heal them—helps your skin look softer, smoother, too. And it's greaseless! No "smeary" face or messy pillow with dainty Noxzema!

A skin doctor developed this new Noxzema Home Facial. In tests it helped 4 out of 5 women to lovelier-looking skin. And you'll be thrilled to see how it can help your skin look lovelier, too! Noxzema is a *medicated* formula—a unique oil-and-moisture emulsion.

It works—or your money back

Try the new Noxzema Home Facial for 10 days. If your skin doesn't show real improvement, return the jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—your money cheerfully refunded. But you will be delighted! Get Noxzema today—while you can get the 85¢ jar for only 59¢—*almost half again as much* for your money as in the Small size! Limited time only—at any drug or cosmetic counter.



No complexion troubles for lovely Betty Jane Hokenstrom of Minneapolis who says, "I use Noxzema every night and morning to help my skin look soft and smooth. I always keep a jar handy in my desk at work."

**externally-caused.*

MONEY SAVING OFFER

BIG 85¢ JAR

now only **59¢** plus tax

Limited offer—stock up now!

that an enforceable law against aggression can be established.

The plan supported by W.O.M.A.N. calls for three revisions: 1—Elimination of the veto in matters specifically concerning aggression and preparation for aggression; 2—Control of atomic energy and heavy armaments; and 3—Establishment of an international police force and a world court. Three thousand women's organizations throughout the United States have endorsed our program. Chapters have been established in twenty-one foreign countries. In the Philippines and in Chile, the entire federation of Woman's Clubs, representing a total of 425,000 women, has enthusiastically accepted W.O.M.A.N.'s plan. For those who want to know how to join and how to help in this movement, the headquarters address is: W.O.M.A.N., One Lee Place, Paterson, New Jersey.

Very truly yours,
DOROTHEA DE VAULT
Connecticut State Chairman of W.O.M.A.N.
DOROTHY L. RADDING
President, Bridgeport Chapter

That First Kiss

Springfield, Massachusetts

Dear Editors: Years and years ago, when I was a child, I read in your magazine one of the early stories of Grace Richmond. I do not remember the title exactly—it was something like The Flowing Shoestring. It told of a CARELESS girl (in school we always had to spell CARELESS, if there was a button off our shoes, so I am sure the word should be spelled in capitals!)—a CARELESS girl who dressed hastily to meet her escort, and as she descended the stairs (it would have been impossible simply to come down in those days) she saw her lover gasp with horror. He had observed the Flowing Shoestring she had neglected to tie! It was the beginning of the end. Soon he left her. She mourned, but realized she deserved this desertion, for she was a CARELESS girl, and could not hope to marry a really nice gentleman. Of course she reformed, they met again, were married and lived long and happily ever after.

Now that story influenced me—at least to be sure my shoes were tied (or buttoned). And I have wondered whether there were any similar moral lessons in your magazine today. I found something similar, but oh, how different! Here are some of the examples:

YOU CAN LOSE HIM IN A MINUTE! Never let halitosis nullify your other charms.

A SWEETHEART OF A FIGURE Be glamorous and glorious in ——

THE CLEARER YOUR COMPLEXION THE BRIGHTER YOUR CHANCE OF ROMANCE. Use ——

ARE YOU ALWAYS LOVELY TO LOVE? Suddenly breathtakingly, you'll be embraced, held, kissed! Use ——

The last ad sent me hunting for a certain paragraph in The Honorable Peter Stirling, a best seller of the same decade as The Flowing Shoestring. I found it. But what writer of the present day could produce the following sentences, or what teen-age girl could read them with starry-eyed rapture?

"No young girl, however much she loves a man, is quite ready for that first kiss. A man's lips upon her own are too contrary to her instinct and previous training to make them an unalloyed pleasure."

Sincerely yours,
HARRIET W. MARR

No Secret

Denver, Colorado

Dear Editor: We hear how mother did things, how grandma raised fourteen kids, kept a sixteen-room house, cooked meals for farm hands, and so on, until it gets a little bit old. I think our young female of today also deserves high praise.

I'm not thinking only of my wife, but of others I see every day at the university who are raising kids, keeping house, cooking for papa, carrying ten to fifteen hours of schoolwork, and working outside as well to bring in that extra dough so the kids can have a better home and better food. When a young wife and mother must be a glamour gal, a bookkeeper, a housemaid, slave driver, and still be attractive enough

(Continued on Page 8)

Springfoot Sox
FOR BOYS FROM SIX TO SIXTY

HEEL 'N TOE
SWING YOUR PARTNER
LET 'ER GO



Step out in fashion-right quality-right SPRINGFOOT SOX with Nylon-reinforced toes and heels—the sox known everywhere for their good looks and darnsaving wear. For smartness and economy—select SPRINGFOOT SOX.

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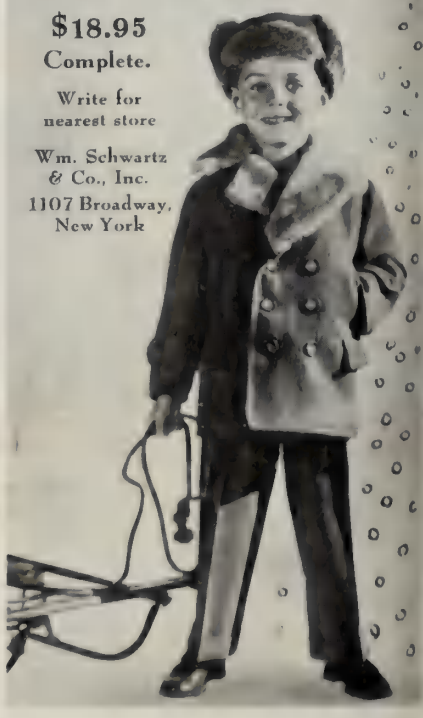
Mounty Jacket—a Twigs "Wonder" with rayon plaid quilted lining and real mouton collar and mounty hat.

Sizes 2 to 7.

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Complete.

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"Mommy always says you're safe when you use Johnson & Johnson"



ealed in individual envelopes, ed Cross* Sterile Gauze Pads are oft, absorbent, absolutely sterile. leal for First Aid and Baby Care.



New exclusive formula: Now Red Cross* Adhesive Tape gives better sticking qualities and greater freedom from skin irritations.



Red Cross* Cotton comes to you sterile. This long-fibered cotton is the whitest, softest, most absorbent surgical cotton available.



Individually wrapped and sterile, BAND-AID Adhesive Bandages are convenient protection for small cuts, blisters, and abrasions.



New Red Cross* Cotton Balls are sterile and convenient. Have 1000 and 1 uses, in the nursery, for first aid, for cosmetics.

No connection whatever with American National Red Cross.

The most trusted name in surgical dressings... Johnson & Johnson

WHO ME? pay high prices for nail polish and lipstick?

I SHOULD SAY NOT!





No longer need you look in vain for nail polish *at any price* that won't chip or flake. This tremendous polish discovery guarantees you incredible wear at an incredibly low price. Look into it now . . .

This is the true story of an amazing nail polish discovery...a new miracle-wear ingredient called Enamelon.

It's found *only* in new low-priced, luxury CUTEX—and it's guaranteed to give incredible wear ...to last longer, chip less than your high-priced polish.

CUTEX with Enamelon stays lovely, day after day after day as no polish ever did before. And, new, *miracle-wear* CUTEX is so pure...even women with skins so sensitive they cannot use other polishes state that they can safely use new CUTEX.

Thirteen luscious shades. New Cutex 10¢; de luxe Nail Brilliance size 25¢. *Prices plus tax.*

CUTEX



GUARANTEED*—new, low-price, color-fast lipstick

won't bleed, cake or wear off

like many high-priced lipsticks

It's the CUTEX *Colorgenic* Lipstick, the unbelievably new *color-fast* lipstick that is making cosmetic history.

Made by an exclusive CUTEX electronic process—you know it's a better lipstick *on sight*. But, wear this new CUTEX *Colorgenic* Lipstick just once and you'll see the amazing difference.

Yes, it's *color-fast* . . . with incredible lustre. Won't bleed, cake or wear off like many high-priced lipsticks. Only 49¢. New purse size 25¢.

*Money back if not completely satisfied. *Prices plus tax.*

(Continued from Page 6)

in a nightgown to keep the old man's eyes from wandering—she is quite a gal.

I'm not writing this to get on the good side of chicken. Though we fight like all get out sometimes, life in general is smooth and comfortable. As a matter of fact, I'm going to mail this in secret, although we have no secrets. Sincerely yours,

D. O'CONNELL

Another Think Coming

Iowa City, Iowa

Dear Bruce: I was both amused and amazed by the following sentences appearing in The Crisis in American Education, by Dorothy Thompson:

"The New York Times has been promoting the study of American history in our colleges and universities. In 1942 it found that only 18 per cent of American *colleges* required American history as an undergraduate course. Last April the Times, making another survey, rejoiced that now 34 per cent of institutions of higher learning require it. But that leaves 66 per cent of college students who never study one word about the ideas, men, events and developments that have made this nation."

That last sentence contains the most complete *non sequitur* I've seen in a long time. The assumption that *none* of the 66 per cent, not required to take American history, actually takes said subject is contrary to all the evidence that I have seen. Furthermore, it ignores the fact that American history can be taught to youngsters prior to their attendance at a college or university. Inasmuch as approximately 75 per cent of our high-school graduates never attend a college or university, it would seem highly important that the requirement be satisfied at the high-school level.

It is interesting that this example of inaccurate thought should occur in an article which is sharply critical of present-day educational procedures for their failure to develop the capacity of students to think correctly. The inference seems to be that what we should have today is education as good as we had in the days of Dorothy Thompson's collegiate experiences. The question I should like to put is this: If the educational process was so much superior in the days when people of our generation and older were being educated, how do we account for the fact that the world is in such terrible shape? Sincerely,

VIRGIL M. HANCHER
President, University of Iowa

Good Way to Spend $5

Elizabeth, New Jersey

Dear Mrs. Gould: Recently in the American Library Association Bulletin I read an article by Miss Margaret Scoggin on the "International Youth Library." It interested me so much that I sent her $5 and asked her to use it for anything she pleased to buy for it. Her letter to me was a real surprise, but a most pleasant one. I quote a paragraph: "Your gift to the International Youth Library means a great deal. I shall see that it is used to best advantage and I have written to ask what would be most useful at the moment. I suspect that a subscription to the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL can be of greatest value. How the girls of Germany do long to know more of women's life here! They are so held down, even yet, to the notion that a girl's mind is something less than a boy's and that girls should do little independent thinking."

I thought it was a very nice way to use my $5. I cannot imagine any magazine which would bring more understanding of the U. S. A. to all ages than the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

Very Sincerely,
REGINA J. WOODY

Jet-Propelled Journal?

Boise, Idaho

Dear Editors: The LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is a tradition in my family. It came to great-grandmother by mule train, to grandmother by stagecoach, to mother by motor bus, and I buy my copies at the newsstand. Who knows what rapid, modern method will bring it to my granddaughter? Very truly yours,

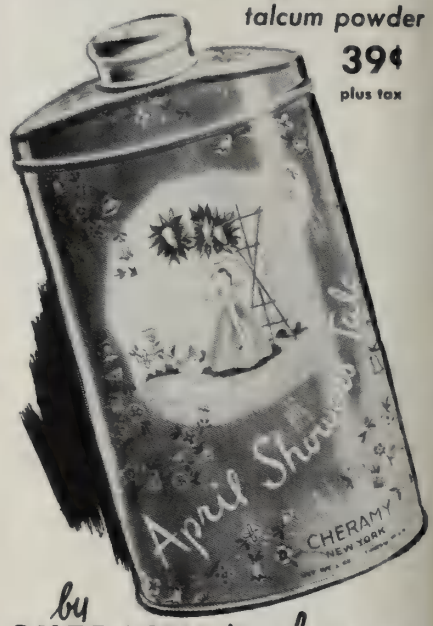
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Emery Industries, Inc., Cincinnati 2, Ohio



SO THAT WAS IT! Now she understood why people had been avoiding her of late . . . why Bob had become so indifferent. She appreciated over-hearing the truth, brutal as it was, because now she knew what to do . . . Why risk offending when Listerine Antiseptic is such a delightful, easy and *extra-careful* precaution against simple cases of halitosis (unpleasant breath)? It instantly freshens and sweetens the breath, and keeps it that way, too . . . not for minutes but for hours, usually. Never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic before any date when you want to be at your best. It's the *extra-careful* precaution against bad breath of non-systemic origin. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis. *Before any date*... **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**



Capture the look of New Loveliness

WITH YOUR

First Cake of Camay!



MRS. WILLIAM FIELD DE NEERGAARD
the former Cicely Davenport of Chevy Chase, D. C.
Bridal portrait by Maurice

Just when you least expect it, Someone New turns your heart upside down! Then how thankful you feel if your skin looks its glorious best! Remember, it will look softer, clearer, lovelier with your very *first cake* of Camay. Change to regular care, using Camay alone. You'll marvel at the difference your *first cake* of Camay makes!

Camay—All That A Beauty Soap Should Be!

Where in the world will you find a finer beauty soap than Camay? It's so mild and gentle—so quick with its rich, creamy lather. And no other soap has ever quite captured the flattering fragrance of Camay. Yes, when Camay's your complexion care, the very *first cake* can bring a lovelier skin!

THE ROAD TO A ROMANCE



It all began with a blind date at Cicely's Syracuse sorority. But how could Bill be blind to Cicely's complexion? It's wonderfully clear and fresh-looking—soft as a camellia petal. Cicely reports: "There's complexion magic in Camay's creamy lather!"



It led to a flying honeymoon! And Cicely brought home a British sixpence for a charm. But her *special* charm is her complexion. Cicely says: "Your *first cake* of Camay can bring a smoother, softer skin. See for yourself!"

TRY THE BIG, ECONOMICAL BATH-SIZE CAMAY



Camay The Soap of Beautiful Women

Ladies' Home JOURNAL

Bruce Gould and Beatrice Blackmar Gould
Editors



Staying Free

By RODERICK L. HAIG-BROWN

Twenty years ago the average English-speaking family had little reason to fear any gross interference with its freedom. There might be pressures of one kind or another, through jobs or blacklisting or discrimination; there might be political interferences or mild unfairness of many types. But all these things were slowly decreasing and the mass of law increasingly favored true personal liberty. One felt free and safe in freedom. It seemed that in the western democracies liberty was soundly based, the state powerless against it.

Since 1933 all that has changed. The Germans showed plainly that the twentieth century had the deadliest means in all history of destroying personal liberty. The clearer picture of Russia that has developed since World War II and Korea confirms the deadliness of everything that Hitler did. The world has seen a new series of persecutions, a new succession of martyrs in numbers never before dreamed of. The details of mass killing, mass deportations, mass compulsion of all kinds are given explicitly in the family newspaper and the family magazines.

A whole new morality, diametrically opposed to many of the major concepts of western civilization, is common intellectual currency, given serious consideration and the full weight of the harsh force that has established it. There is no need of a Huxley or an Orwell to diagram it all. And there is no way of disregarding it. If one wants to go on living in ordinary freedom and in the hope of an expanding freedom for one's children, one has to worry.

Down on a family and individual level it seems at first a pathetic effort, funny and hopeless. Surely here is an issue for leaders of men, for orators and great writers, for arms and armies and lawgivers, all the weight and ingenuity of man's organizing and administrative powers. Yet it is purely an issue for families and individuals. No army will ever again win greater freedom for the people that support it; lawgivers spend

(Continued on Page 220)

United Nations: Shadow and Substance

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

QUESTION: What lies behind the idea of a United Nations?

ANSWER: Although since the dawn of history war has been a recognized institution and custom, it has also become increasingly clear to civilized men that the use of armed violence to settle disputes within or between nations or states is an abnormal condition that ought to be entirely eliminated from human affairs, as a source of the greatest anguish and destructive not only of life, but of freedom, culture and material and spiritual progress as well, and a reversal of the processes of nature itself, in which sons normally bury their fathers and not fathers their sons.

It has been amply demonstrated that balance of power and military alliances have utterly failed to prevent war. In proportion as they guaranteed the alliances of a particular group against attack (because of calculations of risk), they tended to stimulate wars between these and unprotected states, and thus more often led to wars than prevented them.

Therefore, progressive minds have based their hope of peace either on some form of world federal union or on an enforceable code of law, binding upon states otherwise sovereign in their internal affairs.

Both the League of Nations and the United Nations were, or are, attempts to realize the idea of states restricted, in their relations with one another, to settling disputes without the use of armed violence.

Q.: Is this a new or strictly modern concept?

A.: No. Definite projects for Leagues of Nations to prevent war have existed for over 200 years, emanating from political philosophers of various schools. The most famous of these early plans are those of the Abbé de St.-Pierre, who advanced his plan in 1713, as a result of the difficulties attending the peace conference at Utrecht, following the War of the Spanish Succession, which engaged all the major countries of Europe. The next clearly outlined plan was advanced in 1789 by the famous British jurist, Jeremy Bentham. Then, in 1795, the German philosopher, Immanuel Kant, put forth the most ambitious plan of all.

Q.: Are there traces of any of these plans in the League of Nations established after World War I, and in the present United Nations?

(Continued on Page 12)

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Reduce flour in Toll House Cookie recipe to ¾ c. Add 1 c. rolled oats (uncooked) with the Nestle's Semi-Sweet Chocolate Morsels. Bake as Toll House Cookies.

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In place of water in the Toll House Cookie recipe, add 3 tbs. Maple Syrup. Bake as Toll House Cookies.

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A.: There are, indeed, and it is remarkable also to what extent St.-Pierre, Bentham and Kant reached similar conclusions starting from different philosophical viewpoints. St.-Pierre was a French Catholic believing in the basic unity of Christendom. Bentham, an English jurist, concerned with principles of legislation and juridical abuses, was, like most English and American philosophers, practical, common-sensical and utilitarian in thought. Kant, a German Protestant, was an idealistic philosopher.

Their various nationalities and schools of thought influenced their projects for a United Nations. In St.-Pierre's time the European nations alone counted, in the modern sense, as "powers," and world peace therefore depended on the amicable settlement of their own disputes. (America was to become a "United States" sixty-three years after he proposed a form of European United States.)

The European powers had been perpetually involved in hideous wars, the worst of which had been the religious wars of the previous century. St.-Pierre envisaged the creation of a league of the twenty-four European states based on the common acceptance by all of the Christian ethic. These were to unite in a common body for security against both foreign and civil war, and for the mutual guaranty of the treaties between them. He outlined a system of arbitration and reconciliation to be initiated by all members in case of a dispute between any, and advocated a Senate of Peace, in effect a permanent court, to which disagreements should be referred if such attempts failed. He also provided for enforcement. All members were to band together to suppress a rebellious state, and the aggressor was to be recognized as one that refused to arbitrate.

> **On the whole, the globe is anything but a model apartment house. Each family considers itself the only respectable one in the building and they are continually squabbling for the possession of the most desirable rooms.**
> —OLIVER HERFORD.

Bentham's plan had five main points: the reduction of armaments of all participating states to fixed quotas; the emancipation of all colonies, possession of which he held to be a prime cause of war; an international court for the settlement of disputes; a legislature of governments to record resolutions agreed to by the member states and to bring sanctions against the recalcitrant; and freedom of press and public opinion in all member states, with total suppression of secret diplomacy and secret agreements.

Kant advocated a general federation of all states, restricted, however, to constitutional orders in which the citizens participated through elected representatives in the exercise of legislative power and especially on decisions of peace or war. These free states should submit themselves to an international order of public law enforceable among themselves.

It is quite apparent that the two modern attempts to substitute the rule of law for the rule of violence have drawn heavily on their eighteenth-century predecessors. Both the League and U.N. incorporated some or all of the principles and procedures set forth by St.-Pierre, Bentham or Kant.

In the U.N., however, there is one glaring difference that must strike the reader of even this extremely summarized description of the U.N.'s spiritual ancestors.

St.-Pierre, Bentham and Kant all saw that order is possible only through law, and that true law must stand on an agreed basis of justice and freedom. They therefore assumed that nations joining in a league to outlaw war among themselves would start with some commonly cherished institutions, and principles of justice. St.-Pierre could not imagine the long maintenance of peace between Christian nations and nations actively hostile to Christianity. From a modern viewpoint he would be considered to have overrated the religious issue. But he recognized that participating members must hold *some* institutions in common, before they can widen into peaceful commonwealth.

Both Bentham (who spent a lifetime working for the reform of British domestic law) and Kant assumed that member states would have similar, though not necessarily identical, juridical and governmental structures.

They thought it possible, for instance, to form a league, or a limited form of federal union, between states whose legal structure was based on Roman law and states that had the common law of the Anglo-Saxon and North European countries. For in both legal systems the institution of the impartial judge and the supremacy of law over parties and even over kings obtained. A constitutional monarchy of more or less limited powers could thus associate itself with a republic, provided that both had representative legislatures.

But the programs of St.-Pierre, Bentham and Kant clearly assume that no successful League of States for outlawing war could function in an association between absolute despots and representative governments; or between states where law was based on public deliberation and consent, and those whose laws were mere executive edicts; or between states which could move armies at the dictate of an omnipotent ruler, and those which required public consent; or between states in which there was freedom of public discussion and others in which there was none of this freedom.

Since any League of Nations to abolish war must substitute the rule of law for decisions based on violence, it would seem implicit that the participating members agree, basically, on how law should be made and on basic principles of justice.

The troubles that led to the dissolution of the League of Nations and to the emergence of two blocs within the United Nations, which presently belie the very name of the association, both arose, in large part, from the lack of any common principles of justice held by all members. When Mussolini overthrew the constitutional order of Italy, the co-operation of Italy in the League would have become dubious, even if Mussolini had not embarked on an expansionist program. When Hitler substituted one-man rule for representative government in Germany, he quite logically took Germany out of the League. For Germany no longer shared any common juridical principles with the majority of members.

The presence of the Soviet Union in the original League of Nations assumed that postrevolutionary Russia was herself, and internally, moving toward an orderly system of law and away from the lynch court (called Peoples' Tribunals), government by assassination, and the police state (a state in which the police protect the rulers, not the people, and enforce their orders, without reference to law).

Actually, what the Russians call "Revolutionary Justice"—and is, in the view of all civilized peoples, antijustice—has not been mitigated but intensified in Russia since Stalin came to power. It is logically unthinkable that any state would yield to an international body any of the prerogatives it will not yield to its own people or that a lawless state will sincerely cooperate to establish universal principles of international law.

Q.: Did the projects which preceded the foundation of actual leagues provide for the veto?

A.: No. If an order is based on mutually agreed-on law, the idea of a veto is untenable. One cannot accept a law binding on all, and then veto its operation if invoked against oneself. That is a basic premise of law. To have an effective United Nations, governing the relations between

(Continued on Page 264)



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Under-Cover Stuff

By BERNARDINE KIELT

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"Zablotzkywisz, play left half; Karenoftzicki, right half; Polkintowitz, quarterback; and you, Smith, Smythe, Smitt, however you pronounce it, fullback."

THERE is a hilarious book about football: PROFESSOR FODORSKI, by *Robert Lewis Taylor* (of W. C. FIELDS and ADRIFT IN A BONEYARD fame). The girls who scream with delight at the movies over the football plays certainly will like it.

Professor Fodorski is a little refugee engineer with a big reputation for bridge building, who enters this country with $140 pinned to his shirt, and only a vague smattering of scientific English words. Somehow he lands in a Southern college town on the day of the first big football game of the season. He is taken to the game. He sees, he understands, he conquers.

With no knowledge of football, but with a head brimming full of mathematics and bridge formations, the professor gets a slant on the game that is unique. Before the season is over he has been made coach, he leads his team to undreamed-of victories, and his tactics make headline news.

For pigskin addicts who can take humor with their sport, this is a rare find.

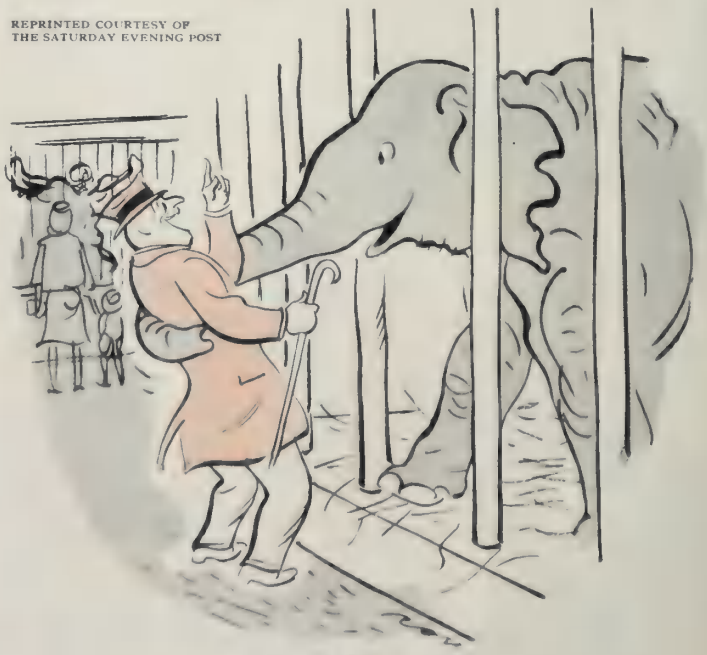
■

India may not be *Kipling*, and Malaya may not be all that *Conrad* made it, but if you've read Kipling and Conrad in your youth (and we're sorry for those who haven't), the jungle will always be romance. Which brings us to ——

ELEPHANT BILL—the final word on elephants—and such an affectionate,

(Continued on Page 16)

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Yield: About 13 cups

Use standard measuring cups and spoons.

- 2 cups Swift'ning
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- 1 tablespoon salt
- ¼ cup (4 tablespoons) double-acting baking powder (like Calumet, K-C, Clabber Girl and Rumford)

Combine sifted flour, salt and baking powder. Stir well. Sift into a large bowl (or large pan or onto heavy paper). Add Swift'ning. Use finger tips or pastry blender to distribute Swift'ning throughout dry ingredients until mixture resembles coarse cornmeal. The "*Make-Your-Own*" Mix is now ready to use, or store in closed canister in pantry.

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NUT BREAD

Yield: 9 x 5-inch loaf

- 3 cups Swift'ning "Make-Your-Own" Mix (do not pack)
- ½ cup sugar
- 1 cup chopped nuts
- ¾ cup milk
- 1 egg, beaten

Blend Mix, sugar, and nuts. Add combined milk and egg. Beat until well blended. Turn into loaf pan (9 x 5 x 2¾ inches) (bottom rubbed with Swift'ning). Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) one hour. (12 hours' storage improves flavor and texture.)

CHOCOLATE BROWNIES

Yield: 7 x 11-inch pan

- 1½ cups Swift'ning "Make-Your-Own" Mix (do not pack)
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup chopped pecans
- 2 eggs, well beaten
- ½ teaspoon vanilla
- 2 squares (2 oz.) unsweetened chocolate, melted and cooled

Blend Mix, sugar, and pecans. Add eggs, vanilla, and chocolate. Mix thoroughly. Turn into a shallow pan (7 x 11 inches) (rubbed with Swift'ning). Bake in a moderate (350°F.) oven about 22 min. Cut into squares before removing from pan.

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(Continued from Page 14)

heart-warming word! The author is ***Lt. Col. J. H. Williams,*** who spent twenty-five years with elephants, mostly in the Burma jungle. He trained them in time of peace and war, sometimes having as many as a thousand elephants busily at work under him, each elephant with his "oozie," the Burman who rode him and was directly responsible for him. The elephants were especially good at bridgebuilding, far cleverer than most humans. They were also an important factor in evacuating native villages when the Japs came into the country. The high point of the book is a trek of forty-five enormous elephants and a mass of refugees up over a 6000-foot trackless mountain into India and safety—as great a feat as Hannibal's.

FOLLOW THE SEVENTH MAN, by ***Robert Standish,*** is Malay—romantic adventure plus sex and crime, and certain of popular reading.

•

The Bronx Zoo in New York has incorporated a new service that other big zoos throughout the country may or may not have been giving. It's a birthday party—for children of members only, which is fair enough, and at a reasonable price. You just telephone the date of the birthday, say how many children (twelve years or younger) will be there, and the zoo provides two to two and a half hours' entertainment well supervised, including rides on animals, visits to the different zoo houses, and ice cream and cake under colored umbrellas opposite the elephant yard.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO



London zoo's penguins are pets.

And speaking of birthdays, Pete the Hippo has just passed forty-seven, making him the oldest hippo in captivity. Pete's life has been a quiet one, far removed from temptation. He was born in the Central Park Menagerie in 1903, and has never seen another hippo since he left his mother's cage in 1906.

•

An ideal life must be that of ***Jack Iams,*** mystery-story writer. After his latest opus, WHAT RHYMES WITH MURDER?, was published and selected by the Detective Book Club, he took off by freighter for Bagdad for a couple of months, to make a fourth at bridge at the U.S. embassy in that onetime fabulous city.

•

Besides a fiction refugee professor becoming football coach, we have a real priest writing novels and advising on problems of the theater. The priest is *Father Edward F. Murphy,* who lives down New Orleans way and who started writing novels at night be-

(Continued on Page 18)

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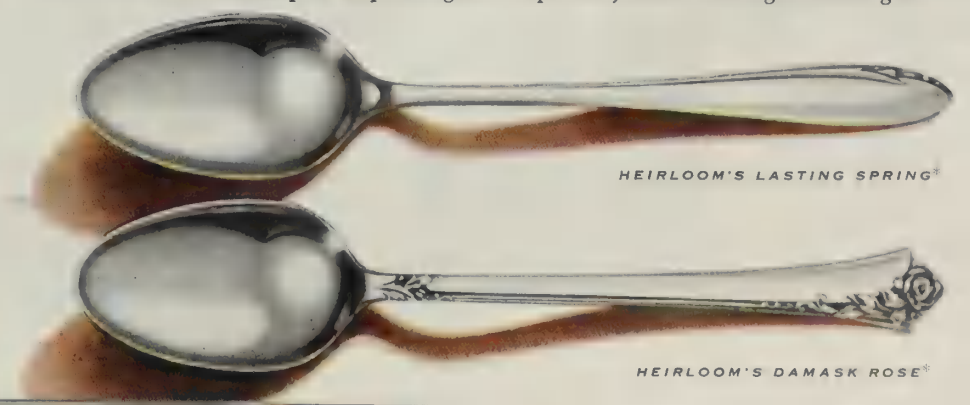
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(Continued from Page 16)

cause he couldn't sleep, what with the Delta mosquitoes zinging through his screenless windows.

In 1944 he wrote THE SCARLET LILY, about Mary Magdalene (now reissued), and this year he has done the story of Ruth, in SONG OF THE CAVE.

Theatrically he is ***Eddie Dowling's*** *counselor. Back in the '30's, Producer Dowling put a script in Father Murphy's hands and asked what he thought of it. The next morning the priest said, "Fresh, original, just the jolt a jaded Broadway needs." It was* THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE, *and it made* ***William Saroyan*** *as a playwright.*

Once the priest told Dowling about a girl he had heard sing at a Washington social. "There's a rare talent and personality, as refreshing as a whiff of meadowland breeze." Dowling took his word for it, and ***Kate Smith*** made her debut in his musical, *Honeymoon Lane.*

•

Can anyone learn to write fiction? Probably not. But after reading ***Elizabeth Bowen's*** *Notes on Writing a Novel*, you feel that you might sit down and try. This is one of many essays in COLLECTED IMPRESSIONS, her latest book, made up of prefaces, book reviews

COLLIER'S



"I think it's about time you stop practicing on your autograph and start writing your novel!"

and at-random articles. She speculates, and suggests, and draws unprecedented conclusions. A book for those who like to hear an original mind clicking.

Relevance—the absence of it—says Miss Bowen, is the headache of novel-writing, and the model for relevance is the well-constructed detective story: nothing is "in" that does not tell.

Which brings us to ***Raymond Chandler*** and THE SIMPLE ART OF MURDER, a dozen of Chandler's shorter detective novels that are long out of print, some few of them in the best tradition of THE BIG SLEEP, FAREWELL MY LOVELY and THE HIGH WINDOW. They are not all easy to take. You have to like Philip Marlowe, private detective, and to enjoy watching low-down characters engaged in blackmail and stickups in Los Angeles poolrooms, flophouses and night clubs.

"To read him is like cutting into an overripe melon and discovering that it has a rare astringent flavor," says J. B. Priestley. "He reduces the bright California scene to an empty despair, dead bottles and a heap of cigarette butts under the meaningless neon lights, much more than Aldous Huxley and the rest can do."

•

When you see the gorgeous color in the autumn woods, would it spoil things to know that actually the hills

(Continued on Page 21)

"ACHING FEET"

Can make them say:

"My, she's looking old!"



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Absorbine Jr





(Continued from Page 18)

are flaming—that you are looking at a panorama of frozen fire? That's what *John J. O'Neill*, alert science editor of the New York Herald Tribune, says it is: Nature bringing a cycle to its close, and burning, slowly and safely, in ■ vast conflagration, the materials left unused in her processes.

He suggests looking through a color filter to see the processing going on: where the leaf looks green, you can see the red creeping in, and when the trees seem to be their brightest the leaves will still show green. Finally all the green breaks down (chemically), after that the yellow, till all that is left is a lacy tracery

HERBERT LANKS FROM BLACK STAR



Autumn near Brattleboro, Vt.

of cellulose fibers. The leaves that fall return the mineral residue to the ground, which is used again by the tree in the spring, and the cycle is thus completed.

It's really more fun to read the scientific pages of the paper than the social news or politics, even if—like this department—you don't quite understand them.

■

The Good Old Days mean trouble to one reader and something pretty special to others, if we can judge from the letters which have come in about *Clyde Brion Davis'* **THE AGE OF INDISCRETION.**

"Nostalgia," says Davis, "is ■ habit-forming drug, a narcotic. It is ■ refuge of the aged, the rose-scented goose grease on the toboggan slide to senility." But, we add, it *is* fun.

Especially the nostalgia from old songs. Now that a possible new war lurks over the horizon, we feel a little homesick when we think about White Christmas, or Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition, Coming in on a Wing and a Prayer, The White Cliffs of Dover. After the Crimean War (which we do not quite remember) the British Tommies who had fought in it, and heard about a new war coming up, had a song which ran:

"If you'll excuse me,
We've 'ad some!"

●

Women can keep house and write novels, too, it seems.

"The beauty of housework," says ***Eleanor Cameron***, author of **THE UNHEARD MUSIC**, "is that she can do her dusting and dishwashing in a dream—the imagination weaves and builds, the dust mop can be tossed into a corner for fifteen minutes and the notebook taken up." It took Mrs. Cameron six years to write her first novel.





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COMMUNITIES FACE THEIR SLUMS...

Other Cities Attack the Problem

By MARGARET HICKEY

THE housing shortage has been acute for all low-income families since the growth of population outdistanced the rate of new building. But the worst-housed people in the United States are Negroes. A complicating factor is the discrimination in the housing market which often forces Negroes to pay far more for decent shelter than do others with the same income. It is not surprising that crowded living conditions and unhealthful, unsanitary dwellings in blighted areas give rise to racial tensions.

Public housing based on need, with no discrimination among races or creeds, is providing a partial answer. Individual groups and corporations also are recognizing that low-rental units yield a sound return and are doubly rewarding in improved civic harmony, health and morality.

New York City Attacks the Problem

The need for housing for minorities is most acute in New York City. At the same time, New York is the city in which most is being done to help remedy the situation. To insure a policy of nondiscrimination, applications for housing in public projects are given numbers. The rental agency is responsible for allotting apartments as the numbers come up. In the Brownsville, Johnson and Marcy Houses developments, white and Negro families are almost evenly divided.

Negro Housing in Other Cities

Many encouraging instances of better housing for Negroes are to be found in the South. In Knoxville, Tennessee, 320 attractive, modern apartment units have replaced shacks that stood before the war in a section near the campus of Knoxville College for Negroes. Austin Homes, with 200 units, is just across the street from the Austin high school for Negroes. When many Negro families faced eviction from Federally sponsored housing units in Tampa, Florida, because their incomes had risen above the permitted level, the local Urban League interested private investors in building fifty low-cost homes of four to six rooms each.

Rockefeller interests are planning the development of a multimillion-dollar housing project for Negroes in St. Louis, Missouri. Dilapidated houses in one of the city's worst slum areas will be torn down to make way for between 1000 and 2500 new low-cost (FHA financed) homes to rent for from $40 to $45 a month.

Baltimore's slum-clearance plan is believed to have put more poor people in better homes faster than any similar project in a large city. It is a realistic stopgap based upon the belief that until private or governmental agencies can build *enough* homes, the next best thing is to clean up, spruce up, weathertight existing homes. At an average cost to the owner of $500 per house, the city has completed improvements in 90 blocks and is working in 113 others. The real power behind the city's drive for decent housing is the Citizens' Planning and Housing Association, spearheaded by Miss Frances H. Morton, Johns Hopkins social-welfare worker.

In the next fifteen years the American people will need housing equal to one half the present supply. How can we plan for decent homes for everyone, of all races and creeds, in the blueprints for tomorrow? THE END

In Coconut Grove, Florida

THIS is the story of the aroused democratic action of a community of people, white and Negro, working together to make over a filthy, overcrowded, closed-in, neglected and apparently hopeless Negro slum. It is the story of the Coconut Grove Citizens Committee for Slum Clearance which succeeded in helping over 4000 Negro residents to realize that it is a proud and hopeful thing to be living in America.

The story is not finished. Perhaps it can never be finished while human problems lie at the mercy of human carelessness and human greed. But what the committee was able to do and is doing proves again that no private welfare agencies or superimposed plans, however good, can have the strength and the enduring purpose of a self-aroused, self-sustaining, tireless democratic force in a community.

It began to happen in 1948 at the south end of Florida, where the booming city of Miami nearly twenty-five years ago reached out and swallowed up the small, quiet, older town of Coconut Grove. For years the Coconut Grove Negro section had been like a country village of small frame houses and stores, and fences covered with blossoming vines, with gardens and narrow, quiet streets shaded with old trees. Each house had its own well, privy, yard and garden.

When the town acquired a water system, most white people installed septic tanks and running water and proper bathrooms. But Colored Town went on using the same wells, the water of which was now contaminated. With the great increase in population in the whole Miami area Coconut Grove, too, grew crowded. In Colored Town, the same little old frame houses stood as they always had. Other flimsy board houses or shacks were jammed in back yards, sometimes completely filling narrow twenty-five-foot lots. The Miami City Commission passed no ordinance requiring running water, septic tanks and adequate toilets.

At night the city sent out trucks to collect the contents of the can toilets, often dripping and stinking through the streets. *(Continued on Page 224)*

CARROLL SEGHERS II FROM BLACK STAR



Children in Coconut Grove Colored Town are growing up in cleaner, healthier surroundings. Together, white and Negro residents continue to work for improvements through their two-year-old Citizens Committee.

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This appealing original appears in the November issue of the "Model-of-the-Month."

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WITH CHRISTMAS IN MIND

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Making Marriage Work

Every bride has moments of uncertainty when she asks herself, "Do I love him? Does he love me? Will we be happy together? Did I really want to get married?"

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS
Ph.D., Pennsylvania State College, Department of Psychology

Bridal Jitters

EVERYBODY knows that girls are subject to jitters on the eve of marriage. Worn out by social activities, enmeshed in arrangements for the wedding, and keyed up with excitement, the bride has little chance to collect her thoughts and feelings. Small wonder if, as the day approaches, she is overwhelmed by apprehension. But in nine cases out of ten she manages to calm down at the last minute, and she goes to the altar serene and confident. Her doubts, once dispelled or forgotten, are not likely to torment her again so fiercely.

But some brides do not emerge from their panic so easily. Every marriage counselor has had the unhappy experience of being consulted by a newly married pair whose honeymoon has been shattered and whose future is threatened by the bride's pervading doubts and worries.

Sometimes the difficulty arises from inadequate preparation for marriage, especially when the engagement has been short. An engagement of less than three months hardly allows time to settle such practical matters as living arrangements and a tentative budget, let alone to begin the subtle psychological adjustment known as identification—the development of that "we" feeling so vital in marriage.

The bride who has not yet begun to identify with her husband feels that she has accompanied a stranger into a strange land. Over and over, she asks herself, "Do I love him? Does he love me? Will we be happy together? Did I really want to get married?" Consider these questions in reverse order:

- The fact is that you *are* married, that you agreed to the marriage of your own free will, and that you solemnly pledged yourself "for better, for worse." It's childish and self-indulgent *now* to dwell on the possibility that you made a mistake. Instead of wasting time in idle "might have been" thinking, concentrate on building your marriage "for better."

- You *can* be happy together, if both are determined to make the marriage succeed. But married happiness is not a blessing conferred by the ceremony: it is a goal toward which you both must work, now and throughout your life together. Your example will largely determine your husband's attitude. It will take time to explore your common interests, to develop a social life pleasing to both, to become accustomed to each other's personal habits and preferences. Ask yourself, not "Am I happy?" but "How can I make my husband happier?" The more you concentrate on the second question, the sooner you can answer "Yes" to the first.

- As for loving each other, evidently you both thought you did, or you would not have decided to marry. No doubt you found in him traits of character and personality which you liked; you discovered interests and tastes in common; you enjoyed his company. If these things were true a few months ago, they are true still, for marriage changes nobody. And such things are the basis of enduring love. Foster them with faith and affection, and it won't be long before you recognize the emotions of your courtship as merely the prelude to the real thing.

Every bride has moments of uncertainty and doubt and introspection. They are a natural reaction to the abrupt transformation in her way of life. But if she allows such moods to continue, it is a sign that the difficulty is largely within herself, and not due to the marriage. She alone can solve the problem. She cannot do it by brooding, or by confiding in her mother, or above all, by telling her husband she's not sure she loves him. But she *can* do it by getting busy to make her marriage work.

Winning His Praise

SOME husbands show little appreciation of the services their wives perform. These services include the routine household duties of cooking and cleaning, marketing and mending, as well as endless little chores for his pleasure and comfort—a suit picked up at the cleaner's, the newspaper waiting at his favorite chair, a bedtime snack ready in the kitchen. Efficiency in performing routine duties and thoughtfulness in offering extra attentions contribute much of the graciousness to family life, and most wives want to achieve this graciousness. But, too often, they are discouraged in their efforts because their husbands seem to take for granted whatever they do.

True, our research shows that unhappy individuals, married or single, rely far more on praise than do happy persons. But happiness in marriage does not depend on a husband's expressed praise. Nevertheless, women need praise and reminders of affection, for, far more than boys, they became accustomed to such treatment in childhood. Further, a wife's only gauge of her achievement is her husband's reaction. She has no salary raise, or promotion, or bonus, to assure her that her efficiency is increasing, or even that her services are satisfactory.

Some husbands, more perceptive than most, recognize this need and satisfy it—by commenting on a successful dessert, admiring a carefully arranged bowl of flowers, saying "Thank you" for an errand performed. But others, accustomed to the atmosphere of their own jobs, exhibit to their wives the same businesslike detachment they observe at work.

If your husband is like this, it is probably due to lack of understanding rather than to callousness. His early background and his present working environment have not accustomed him to receiving praise, or to giving it. But if you really feel starved for praise, perhaps you can help him acquire the habit of giving it.

- When you perform some little service for him, unasked, point it out to him, and ask his opinion. If you repeat this process often enough, it's likely he will soon comment without prompting.

- Be sure to thank him warmly each time he praises something you have done. He will soon sense how much his approval means to you, and be stimulated to continue.

- Make it a point to praise *him*. This kind of behavior is contagious; he may pick up the habit.

Though results may be slow in appearing, if you observe this little routine faithfully, he is almost sure to respond in time. But don't expect too much. Men are not accustomed to putting their feelings in words; his smile may express more genuine appreciation than a flowery speech. And don't lose sight of your basic purpose. After all, the main reason why you want to do things for him is not to win his praise but to make him happy.

Are You Impulsive?

Don't answer these questions impulsively! Read them carefully, then think back into the past three years, and answer them just as honestly as you can.

1. **Do your moods change very rapidly?**
2. **Are most of your friends of long standing?**
3. **Do you overbuy at sales or auctions?**
4. **Are you almost always punctual?**
5. **Do you make dates without thinking?**
6. **Are your purchases usually satisfying to you?**
7. **Do you often make snap decisions?**
8. **Is your work usually free from mistakes?**
9. **Do you now dislike several former friends?**
10. **Are your health habits uniform and sensible?**
11. **Can you size up a person at first meeting?**
12. **Are letters sometimes rewritten before mailing?**
13. **Do you often wonder what you saw in a person?**
14. **Do you carefully observe traffic rules?**

Since most actions need to be thought through in advance, overreliance on impulse is unwise. All odd-numbered questions should be answered "No," all even-numbered ones "Yes." With a score of 11 or more right, you probably think things through before taking action. If your score is 8 or less, you may be too impulsive—partly explaining any difficulty you experience in getting along with people (or with your spouse).

Do You Agree?

Under the influence of liquor, do people reveal their true selves?

No. Alcohol simply releases the brakes and controls that society has placed upon "jungle" ideas and impulses which are, unhappily, found in all of us.

I got all these pretty notions... ...and change from a $5 bill



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FORMULA FOR FUN

the Sub-Deb * Edited by Maureen Daly

Who Can be a Sub-Deb? Just everybody! And that's why Sub-Deb clubs are fun. You can start a club yourself with anywhere from four to forty members, any group of girls who want something extra-special to do with their time. Get a few gal pals together, discuss with them the good times you can have together as Sub-Debs, and the club is off to a flying start! New members can be added at any time—in fact, in some schools every girl in the class is a club member. There are Sub-Deb clubs, big and little, in every state in the country. There are Sub-Debs in cities the size of Chicago and clubs in small towns like Guntersville, Alabama, and Salem, Illinois. So it doesn't matter where you live. Just remember that "any number can play"—and *you* can be the one to start things rolling!

Why Have a Club? How would you like to have a square dance on the schedule for this Friday night? Or would you rather be on the guest list for a roller-skating party, with a moonlight wienie roast afterward? Or would a trip into the city for lunch and a show with the girls suit you better? Or a one-night "personality clinic" to analyze smarter clothes, smoother hairdos and all-over grooming ideas for yourself and your friends? Or just an evening of sitting around at a hen party with root beer, a bowl of popcorn and a pile of Frankie Laine recordings? Sounds dreamy, doesn't it? But those are the kind of diary-stuff evenings *you just can't have alone*. It takes two to make a couple, three to make a crowd and a whole Sub-Deb club to plan and make the kind of fun we're talking about. In high school, it's important to have friends, people you like to both work and play with. And that's why there are Sub-Deb clubs.

What Do Clubs Do? Some clubs are formed just for fun—but most Sub-Debs find they have *more fun* if they also have some service and community work on the club schedule. Let's pretend we're listening in on *your* club meeting, five or six months from now. First in the agenda might be a committee report on plans for a Home Team Victory Dance. Or the club might be spending the evening celebrating birthdays of all the members whose Lucky Day fell in the last couple of months. Or this might be a "make-it-yourself" meeting, with everyone working on a sweater, Argyle socks or some bedroom trimmings. Maybe your club will be making plans to do some of the things other clubs have already done. For instance, the Gamma Tau Sub-Deb Club, of Lemay, Missouri, not only cleared $150 at a club-sponsored dance recently, but donated $25 of the money to buy two rocking chairs for the local orphanage. In Salem, Illinois, the Sub-Debs hold an annual Basketball Dinner for the home team, as well as giving frequent Sock Hops at which dancers check their shoes at the door and are charged three cents per inch of foot as admission. The Clinton, Ohio, Sub-Debs hold fashion shows in the school auditorium, and the girls of the BB's Club, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, work part-time as teen-aged nurses' aides, besides sponsoring an open house for the entire junior and senior classes.

When Can We Start? Any time you can get together a group of girls who want to be club members, girls with a lot of enthusiasm and bright ideas. Then go into a huddle to talk over *why* you think a Sub-Deb club would be a good idea for you, what your general aims will be and whom you can get as a sponsor. (Most clubs have as sponsor either a parent, teacher or older friend who can give advice, act as chaperon for boy-girl affairs and just boost the club along.) At the first meeting, pick one girl to act as temporary president, another for treasurer to keep track of dues (anything from 10 cents to 50 cents a month) and a permanent correspondent who will be faithful in the paper-and-pen department. The club's name is up to you. Call it the Sub-Deb Club, if you like, or dub it something memorable like J.U.G.'s (Just Us Girls), the Debettes or Club Soda—anything that strikes your fancy and will stand for your club alone. In the beginning especially, the permanent correspondent's job is all-important. And that's where we come in!

How Do We Begin? Now that you've made the big decision to form a Sub-Deb club, drop a letter to us here at Sub-Deb Headquarters to have your club enrolled as an official member of the National Sub-Deb Federation. We'll send you a Sub-Deb Club Handbook, complete with a club constitution, plus a lot of fresh ideas to get your group started, and a registration blank. Fill out that blank with the names and addresses of all club members and return it to us. Then watch the mailman for your club's certificate of membership in the National Federation of Sub-Deb Clubs, and individual membership cards to be carried at all times by official members. (The identification cards are in blue and mulberry, and just wallet-sized—you'll love them.)

Your permanent correspondent will receive each month, for the club, a club letter and a copy of the newspaper, The Sub-Deb Scoop, free of charge. Both are full of news of other clubs and special ideas for fun for you. There is no charge for registration or the newspaper. Just drop a letter in the mail to me saying, "We'd like to start a Sub-Deb club ——" and I'll take it from there. The address is Maureen Daly, National Sub-Deb Federation, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Remember, there is fun to go around for everyone—so let's hear from you!

Don't depend on a crystal ball—decide *what you want for the future!* Modeling, teaching, journalism, nursing, some other career? Let us guide your choice. Send for our free HIGH SCHOOL CAREER series booklet list from the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Independence Square, Phila. 5, Pa. We'll tell you everything from how much you'll earn to how to earn it! The list is free!



PHOTO BY MUNKACSI



Tell me, Doctor —PART 9

"I am not sure I am pregnant, Doctor. This one hasn't been like either of my other pregnancies."

By HENRY B. SAFFORD, M.D.

THE doctor's impression of the patient who had just introduced herself as Mrs. Low might have been summed up in a single sentence: "An elderly woman who has had several children and is again about seven months pregnant—and I'll bet she's mad about it." His greeting, however, was in his usual courteous manner: "I am glad to see you, Mrs. Low. A friend of Mrs. Poe's, I believe."

"That's right, Doctor. I was beginning to get worried about myself, and she said you would know what to do."

"I hope I may be able to help you. What is the nature of your complaint?"

"Why, I should think you'd be able to see that. I've grown so large that I'm very self-conscious about it."

"I don't think the average woman worries much about that, these days," the doctor told her. "We've had so many new babies since the war that it's a common enough sight anywhere."

"But you're talking about young women, doctor, and I'm over forty. Why, I have a son in college—there'll be twenty years' difference between his age and . . . this one."

"That *is* quite a discrepancy, but I wouldn't worry about it. I am sure you will do very well. Just when did you have your last period, Mrs. Low?"

"It was January fifteenth."

"That should bring your date for confinement to about October twentieth. It seems to me that you are a little late in consulting a doctor—you know we consider prenatal care important nowadays."

"I realize that, but—well, I wasn't entirely sure I was pregnant. This one hasn't acted like either of my other pregnancies."

"In what way has it seemed different?"

"Well—it's a long time ago, but I remember that at seven months they were both very active. This one isn't at all like that."

"But you *do* feel it move, do you?"

"Oh, yes, I'm sure I do, but faintly."

"There may be some reason for that. Let's see what we can find upon examination."

The doctor appeared to be uncommonly painstaking about that examination, listening long over various areas of the extremely prominent abdomen, first with a stethoscope and then with his ear laid to a towel. There was no question about there being a palpable mass, which he proceeded to manipulate carefully with delicate fingers, concluding with a combined abdominal and vaginal examination.

When he was through, he turned his attention to the patient's breasts, from each of which he was able to express a tiny drop of colorless serum. When that had been accomplished he stood back and said, "H'm!" in a manner that was not so perplexed as his patient interpreted it.

"What is it, Doctor?"

"Are you positive, Mrs. Low, that you have felt life?"

"Why, yes, I think so."

"Recently?"

"Why, yes. Why do you ask?"

"Was it strong?"

"Why, I told you I didn't think it was as strong as with either of the others."

"That's so—you did. Well, I confess that I am unable to find any signs of life at all. I am extremely doubtful as to your being pregnant."

"But I'm positive I felt movements inside, and didn't you just find fluid in my breasts? I always understood that was a sign of pregnancy."

"It could be, but not necessarily in women who have had children."

"What else could cause it?"

"A large tumor of either the uterus or the ovaries."

"But I've told you several times that I have felt life."

"Could it be that you imagined it, Mrs. Low?"

"Indeed, no. I'm not an imaginative person."

"I don't think that you are ordinarily, but this is different."

"I don't understand what you mean, Doctor."

"Mrs. Low, I know this will sound fantastic to you, but I have known a woman to go through the greater part of the time ordinarily allotted to a pregnancy, believing she was pregnant and having all the symptoms which you have mentioned—and more, even including enlargement of the abdomen—when she was not pregnant at all."

"I never heard of anything like that."

"You will find the condition described in any obstetrical text under the title *pseudocyesis*, or *spurious pregnancy*."

"And what caused the symptoms?"

"Imagination, mostly—a kind of psychological imagination that in rare instances comes to a woman at a certain period in her life."

"And you think I'm imagining all this—all this big belly of mine?"

"No, I do not. There is no imagination connected with that—it's a reality."

"It's a tumor, then?"

"That's what I think it is—I'm going to find out definitely in a few minutes."

(Continued on Page 242)

Copyright, 1950, by Henry B. Safford, M.D. This is the ninth of a series of articles taken from the book to be published early in 1951 by Renbayle House, Publishers, Inc., New York, N. Y.

Ladies Please Understand

Across the land thousands of independent Stanley Dealers are being invited into 10,000 homes each day to conduct the famous Stanley Hostess Parties. Even so, please remember that more than 20,000,000 housewives are depending upon these parties this year to keep themselves supplied with STANLEY'S QUALITY PLUS Products.

WE ARE constantly receiving letters from women asking how they can be a hostess at a STANLEY Hostess Party, or how they can attend one of these Parties to shop in comfort for STANLEY'S QUALITY PLUS Personal and Household Products. To these and the 20,000,000 other women who depend upon these parties for STANLEY service, we are addressing this message.

The demand for STANLEY QUALITY PLUS Products through STANLEY Hostess Parties is growing so fast that there is real need for new independent STANLEY Dealers in many communities. But these new STANLEY Dealers must be chosen with great care. Each one must be a person of high character, a friendly, reliable, fair-dealing person of the type you are glad to invite into your home.

To such ambitious and hard-working men and women, STANLEY offers exceptional opportunity for an independent, permanent and highly profitable career as a respected merchant in his, or her community. A man or woman who can qualify may work full time, or adjust the work to time available—may work individually, or as husband-and-wife teams. No previous selling experience is necessary, no capital.

If you know of any such man or woman in a "dead end" job, or with time free to add materially to his or her income, you will be doing a service to yourself, to us and to the man or woman in question if you will write his or her name on the coupon below and mail it to us today. Your cooperation will be very deeply appreciated.

Originators of the Famous Stanley Hostess Party Plan

STANLEY HOME PRODUCTS, Inc.

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STANHOME — A STANLEY HOME PRODUCT

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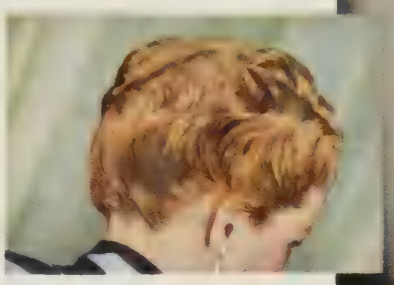
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If you will permit us to use your name in writing the above person, sign your own name here .....

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Now your hair can look "Vitally Alive"

PRELL leaves it so Radiant, Soft, Smooth—Younger-Looking!



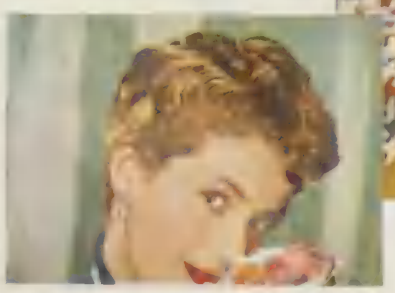
So radiant . . .
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Prell leaves hair more radiant than cream or soap shampoo, in *hardest* water! After Prell hair actually looks *younger* and more "*alive*," because Prell's patented cleansing ingredient gives free rinsing action — leaves no dulling film.



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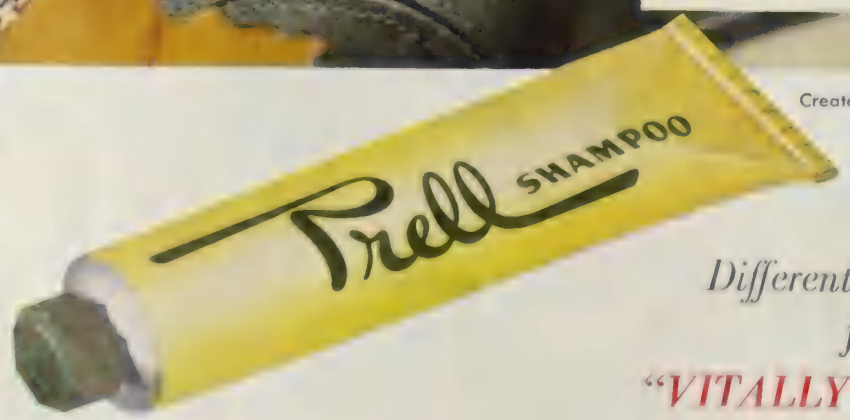


So youthful-looking . . .
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Hair that seems dull and lifeless perks up after a Prell Shampoo . . . it has that vibrant, vital sparkle that looks so much more "alive" and youthful. Try different, *wonderful* Prell *today*—you'll *love* it!



Life is more wonderful when you *look* wonderful! When everything about you expresses lovely, *radiant* vitality—there's happiness ahead!



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Different! Emerald-clear
for that
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Journal about Town

Gossip about people you know, editors you like, and what goes on in New York

Fifty Years Ago In The Journal



IN October, 1900, blind, deaf and mute Helen Keller entered Radcliffe College. The first telegram was sent between Alaska and Seattle, Washington; total time: seven hours. Gov. Teddy Roosevelt was bombarded with eggs by some "hoodlum Democrats" at Elmira, New York, and the Cornelius Vanderbilts rented a mansion in N.Y.C. for the winter season for $50,000.

On the editorial page of the October, 1900, JOURNAL, Editor Bok assails the "atrocious bad taste of Pullman cars," with their "yards of red plush, lambrequins, bronze mirrors and tasseled fringes."

JOURNAL blueprints for A Georgian House for $7000 include parlor, cypress-paneled dining room, a library, sewing room, six bedrooms and two baths.

Prevailing Etiquette for Young Men: "In summer suits of blue flannel or serge are worn, with russet shoes, straw hats and fancy linen waistcoats. For church the well-dressed young man wears a frock coat and high hat."

Menus for the Woman Who Lives Alone: "A sirloin steak will cost twenty-five cents and should make three meals."

"If a young man should meet a lady while he is smoking, he of course throws away his cigar or cigarette before addressing her."

"Simplicity of speech is the fashion. A gentleman speaks of his yacht as his 'boat,' and asks you to go 'sailing' with him, never 'yachting.'"

More Etiquette: "A man never shakes hands when presented to a woman. Naturally he never speaks of a married woman except as 'Mrs.'"



ERNEST LEFEVER



Biggest European attraction for most American visitors: people.

THE largest category of American travelers abroad this year has been housewives; the next largest, students. Our informant: A man we know in the Travel Development section of ECA in Paris, on a flying visit home, who stopped in to see us at the Workshop just as we were going to press. One of his projects, he said, as aide to *Col. Theodore J. Pozzy*, chief of the section, was to poll travelers on their fields of interest abroad; his list being scenery, architecture, museums, theaters, music and night life, whose popularity was polling in just about that order—until a high-school girl from Des Moines pointed out to him that his list failed to include what was for her and all her friends by far the most important field of interest in Europe. He asked her what that could be, and she said "People," so he put "people" on his list, went on polling, and sure enough, "people" at the finish came way out on top. Also told us American travel abroad is the single largest dollar-earner in Marshall Plan countries, which led us to ask him what most people bought to bring back home from abroad. "Wish I could surprise you," he said, "but it's French perfume."

*The **Goulds** were having dinner with **Lynn Fontanne** and **Alfred Lunt** at the two famous actors' little town house just after the house had been most handsomely finished from top to bottom (including the kitchen which you'll see on Pages 68 and 69 in this issue), when Mr. Lunt suddenly looked about him and sighed. "We no sooner get ourselves all wonderfully fixed up here than we have to leave it: all fall and winter on tour with I Know My Love; then to London with it in the spring; and out to our Wisconsin farm next summer to rest. Why, it will be more than a year before we'll be able to really start living here." Mrs. Gould asked why they didn't let one of their good friends have it for the year. "Well," said Miss Fontanne, "it would have to be someone house-proud, like us, and the only really house-proud person we know is **Edna Ferber**—and she already has a house."*

***Helen** and **George Papashvily**, whose enchanting and hilarious Anything Can Happen was a best seller a few years back, came in to lunch with **Laura Lou Brookman** the other day and talked over arrangements for publishing parts of their new book, Thanks to Noah, in the JOURNAL. A large woman herself, Helen was telling Laura Lou about meeting in Sarasota last winter the fat lady of the Ringling Brothers' Circus, with whom she discussed diets; then, moving along to clothes, Helen said she asked the fat lady what size dresses she wore. "Well," the fat lady said, "I generally wear a fifty-four—but in a *good* dress, a fifty-two."*

A recent survey showed that 82 per cent of the men questioned help with the dishes; 35 per cent demand hot water; 46 per cent prefer the dishcloth as the washing tool; 19 per cent feel they are smarter than their wives; 46 per cent had no suggestions for improving dish-washing techniques—and 3.3 per cent prescribed their wives as the best laborsavers.

If you liked The Search and The Men, two pictures more adult than many, we think you will like Teresa, too, when it comes out this fall—the same director, *Fred Zinnemann*, did them all. We know we very much liked the two young people who play the leads, the day they visited the Workshop: *Pier Angeli*, a pretty little Italian girl of eighteen, and *John Ericson*, who plays a returning GI in the movie, with Pier as his Italian bride. On their way through one of the kitchens here, they spied the very same kind of pressure cooker for which John, in the movie, had been a somewhat troubled salesman. "Just how *do* they work?" he asked *Margaret Davidson*. Margaret showed him; but Pier was so much more fascinated than he that when she left she had the cooker—packed up for Italy.

MORRIS ENGEL



Movie star Ericson finds out about pressure cookers.

Some time ago a friend of ours with a six-year-old at the Walt Whitman School, uptown, told us of a movie that was being made at the school in which her child was taking part. Had to do with the attitudes and emotions of youngsters at the advent of new babies in the family; and from what this particular parent was able to gather from her daughter's description of the discussions that took place during the filming, these attitudes and emotions were widely varied, as to both the process of birth and the feelings aroused by new arrivals. All of which was confirmed the other day when, through the kindness of *Eddie Albert*, the actor, who produced this educational color film that he calls Human Beginnings, we saw the picture—directed with real understanding, and done with great naturalness of dialogue and acting, in the schoolroom scene especially, where we were happy to see our friend's daughter put on a splendid performance.



"And an egg inside the mother——"

*In the June JOURNAL, **Lillian Gould** (no relation to the editors), a housewife and mother, wrote that the only women who can find happiness as housewives are "women with the I.Q. of a moron, the disposition of a cow, a vacuum where most people have a brain, and a vocabulary consisting of two words, 'Yes, darling!'" So far, 340 women have written in to say "Nuts to Lillian Gould"—and the letters are still coming in; not only from the U. S. but from Canada, Cuba, England and Germany as well. The editors don't agree with her either.*



. . . and he bent over me so that
I don't know or remember what or how . . .

Sometimes it's the sweet aching hurt of moonlight that turns a girl into a woman

The Journal Presents
POLLY TOLAND
FIRST APPEARANCE IN ANY MAGAZINE

ONCE UPO A BEGINNI

by Polly Toland

WHEN I came home from the movies, I went up to my room and locked the door. I got out my diary and wrote in it:

From now on I will not ask any more if I am grown up because I won't have to. Tonight I found out that other people can't tell me, that I have to know for myself. It was childish of me to have asked them and I KNOW I'm not a child any more. The Virginian *(and then I crossed that out because I didn't think that The Virginian was an adult example, and changed it to)* Elaine of Astolot died of love. I am beginning to understand how and why it could happen.

I put the diary back behind the books on the second shelf and hid the key. Patricia was typing away in the next room; the clatter was very unsympathetic. I wanted to let my hurt soul hurt. If mother had not been downstairs, I would have gone out to walk in the garden or sit on the Big Rock, but it would have been dreadful to run into her carrying bowls of high-grade horse meat to the dogs. She'd have asked me where I was going "at this time of night!" People don't like to talk about what is nearest to their hearts, not under that kind of circumstance.

I put on my best visiting nightgown, turned out the light, and went to sit on my window sill. Moonlight does hurt. Without wanting to or even thinking about it I began to cry, just tears at first and then those big, lifting-shaking sobs. It felt just right to be sitting above a moon-white garden, in one's very best nightgown, crying, on the night one knew one had grown up.

After a while Patty stopped typing and I could tell that she was listening. She started again, stopped, then a moment or two later knocked on my door and asked was I crying? I wanted to be left alone, so I didn't even bother to answer. She tried the door again, called "Sheila?" and then said loudly, "Well, *I* don't care, you can be certain of that. I was just trying to be nice. Go ahead and cry your eyes out if you want to!" And then she went back to her room and slammed the door. She was trying to be kind, and I knew it, so I started crying all over again, but this time not because of the moonlight and the garden but because people (like families) who love you in such

(Continued on Page 275)

summer night

By BROOKE HANLON

TIM and Myra Weston had been in the Shroon Hill house ten days, and contentment was something for Myra to touch now, moving to straighten a picture, kneeling to unpack the last of her record albums.

It was the American feel of this suburb of an Eastern city that had her biting back runaway smiles, of course. She and Tim had been abroad with their daughter Cathy ever since the end of the European war. Their three years on the Continent had been followed by nearly two years in London, and happiness had rather bowled them over when Tim's transfer back to the States had come through.

A lot of the happiness was centered about sixteen-year-old Cathy. She'd been out of the country from age eleven to going on seventeen. It was high time she learned how to be an American girl again, the Westons felt.

Myra didn't touch the stacks of records, after all, but merely knelt frowning in front of them. There was a shadow on her happiness, and the shadow was Cathy. It hadn't exactly been a home-coming for the Westons' daughter. "Here in America," the child was saying uncertainly. She was prowling about the house much the way she had prowled on the boat, trying to escape from something. Head too high and eyes too bright, she was trying to hide from her parents the extent of her homesickness for London.

Sixteen, and cut off from her friends. Myra revolved the thought helplessly. She went to a window to see whether her daughter might be coming back from one of her lonely walks. *If only Muriel Shannon's young Peggy were back from her visit.* Myra had one good friend and former schoolmate in Shroon Hill, but her daughter, just Cathy's age, had been out of town ever since the close of school.

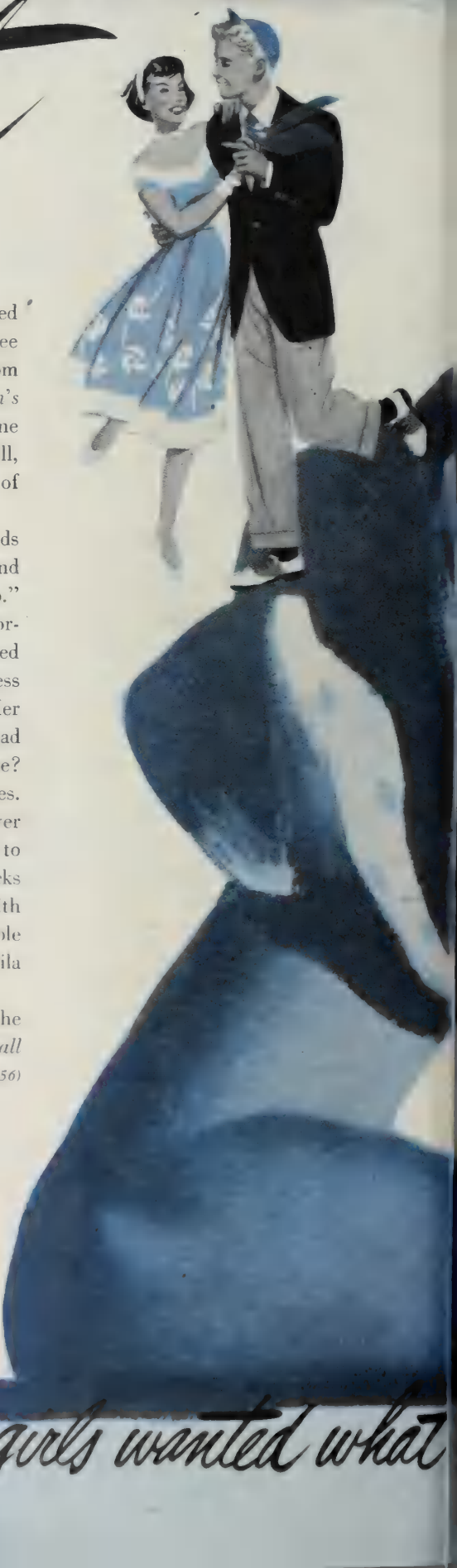
Cathy was back then. She was standing with hands thrust into the pockets of her new dungarees and practicing new American words. "Snazzy. Bang-up." In spite of all Cathy could do, the words had a forlorn sound. She sat down at the piano and touched a few chords and she looked thin and defenseless against the long windows. "Oh, mother ——" Her arms crashed to the keyboard suddenly and her head went down on them. "Will the mailman never come? Oh—sorry." She was up, dashing tears from her eyes.

"You've had letters from both Sheila and Oliver this week." Myra said it gently. It wasn't hard to guess that Cathy was missing the young Murdocks most of all. The Westons had shared a flat with widowed Helen Murdock and her two young people during their first year in London. Oliver and Sheila had become like brother and sister to Cathy.

Just wait, darling—Myra moved to answer the phone with her eyes shadowed—*there'll be football games and school dances.* *(Continued on Page 256)*



America was a lot of things, Cathy thought uncertainly. It was a girl marooned in a car with a boy who had passed out. it was moon-washed fields and her-self saying, "Link's the nicest boy in America."



Cathy thought all girls wanted what

ILLUSTRATED BY



she'd found—but she couldn't want it herself

"We and I are cleaning it
so our *mother* can live here,"
the twins explained.

The house was a dream—until you tried to live in it.

DESPERATE COUPLE



By DWIGHT HUTCHISON

"DONOGHUE," Trudy Page called. "Let me in. Anthony—Anthony Page, let me in."

Giggles. Identical giggles even.

"Anthony . . . Donoghue, open this door." She rattled the handle angrily and off it came in her hand—the third handle to break this spring!

The door slowly opened. "We and I were just playing lock the door." Then they saw the handle. "You shouldn't do that," they told her sternly, in absurd imitation. "Daddy said we were *not* to pull the handles off the doors."

Daddy and King What's-his-name, she thought angrily. *Telling the tide to stop rising*. This horrid little house was falling apart so fast nothing would stop it. Last Saturday they had the Dennison Scotts for dinner. Trudy had hated to have to invite them there for dinner anyway, the Scotts lived in such proud perfection. She planned a superlative meal with that shrimp dish she got in New Orleans and wild rice and lime soufflé with *six* eggs, and she splurged on flowers to hide the leaks on the west wall. Clean slip covers and a new lamp shade—all the things you kill yourself doing and men never notice. And then, five minutes after they arrived, Dennison went in to wash his hands and crash, bang, the washbasin fell out of the wall, the pipes twisting and water pouring onto the floor.

"How can I ever face the Scotts again!" she wailed to Bill after the guests had left. "I never was so embarrassed in all my life"—studying her soaked slippers.

"They were good sports," Bill protested. "It sort of . . . broke the ice. Dennison reciting, *Aprês moi le dêluge*. Lydia mopping it up." He imitated Lydia's two-fingered patting and laughed.

"With my best dark-blue guest towels. 'What dandy dinner parties the Pages have,'" she said with bitter sarcasm. "'Do come to dinner and see the plumbing drop out. Watch the ceiling fall in the soup. Never a dull moment at the Pages'.' I will never"—she shook her head with conviction—"I will *never* invite another person to dinner in this house."

"But, hon, what can we do?" Bill's eyebrows lifted and his forehead wrinkled exactly like the boys' when they were being scolded, but she wouldn't soften.

"We can find another house."

"We've tried."

"Not hard enough. This place is driving me nuts. Today the back door wouldn't close from the inside. I had to close it from the outside and go around the house and in the front door every time I went out. Every single thing in the kitchen is in the wrong place or opens the wrong way or doesn't work. You don't know how hard it is to do *anything at all*." Of course men don't appreciate how a kitchen like that can get you down. She was much too cross with the twins lately and snappy at Bill evenings. "Anyone—I mean any two—smart enough to produce two such boys ought to be smart enough to find a decent house to live in. 'Foxes have lairs,'" she recited dramatically, "'but the Sons of man hath ——'"

"Holes," he corrected. Bill's father was a minister. "Foxes have holes."

"No such holes as this is," she muttered bitterly. "No coat closet, no linen closet.

(Continued on Page 123)

HOW COULD I KNOW?

By ANNE HOMER WARNER

She didn't know the past haunted her until she looked it full in the face.

GENERALLY, as soon as Jim had left, Linda started in on the dishes and dusting. But today she went back to the dining alcove, poured a third cup of coffee, and tried to think out what had happened. The cream was in a round yellow jug that she'd picked up at an auction because she couldn't resist it; the coffee was in a big gleaming percolator that had been a wedding present two years ago. Both of these were familiar trappings, concrete and reassuring. But on the table, also, was the clipping which Jim had torn from the paper that morning: "Just in case you forget where they're staying."

Now she picked it up and glanced at it again. "Among recent arrivals at the Barberry House are Mr. and Mrs. Philip Garfield Ransom of New York." That was all it said. But somehow she had committed herself, and promised Jim she would ask them to dinner. Now she tried, in a confused, disjointed way, to recall that conversation. "Say, honey, this isn't the Ransom you used to know?" . . . "Yes—yes, it is." . . . "Do you suppose you could ask them over? If I could land a contract ——"

The new development Phil Ransom was promoting, Jim's electrical-contracting business, a nice family dinner—all of it fitted together so neatly!

The third cup of coffee was cool and stalish; and Linda saw that she had wadded the newspaper clipping into a tight little ball. Half mechanically she began clearing off the table, scraping dishes, rinsing them under the clear hot water. But all the time she was wondering how much Phil remembered, and how much it had meant to him. For during that summer on Cape Cod the little blue sailboat had been like a home to them, they'd loved it so. And at night the wind would blow across the sand dunes, and the moon would be half hidden by clouds. She could even recall the things he had said to her, over and over in a low, urgent voice:

"Linda, we belong together. We were made for each other. You know that, don't you?"

And always she would whisper, above the thudding of her heart, "Yes, darling. Yes, Phil."

Now she sighed, rested her forehead against a pane of glass, and watched the dry leaves swirling over the ground. All that had happened four years ago. Philip Ransom was sophisticated; he wouldn't think it at all strange if she phoned him. But of course she would have to see his wife, too, Lorraine Gray—the girl who, all this time, had been just a picture in a newspaper column, lovely, expressionless, daughter of Winthrop Gray, steel magnate, engaged to be married to Philip Garfield Ransom, also of New York.

The picture had seemed to leap out at her, but the names and details had been blurred by panicky tears. Because it just wasn't possible! He'd told her so many times that he loved her, that they belonged together, that *(Continued on Page 247)*

What was it Phil had said? "You're the loveliest thing that ever happened to me."



ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER M. BAUMHOFER



PHOTOS BY STUART

MENU

Shrimp Casserole
Lettuce-and-Cucumber Salad
Italian Bread
Greengage Plums
Crackers and Cheese

"My husband and I like this exotic-flavored shrimp dish and serve it often, because you just put the ingredients into a casserole, and forget it for about an hour and a half. On the other hand, if your guests are late, it can stay in the oven another hour with no harm done.

"This is a favorite party menu of ours, and I'm giving the recipe in party quantity—to serve six.

"First, shell and clean 2 pounds raw shrimp (or you can use frozen or canned shrimp, if you want it to be really easy). Brown ⅓ cup finely chopped onion in 2 tablespoons butter or margarine with 1 or 2 minced garlic cloves. Into a casserole put the onion and garlic, the shrimp, 1 cup raw rice, 1 large can tomatoes, and 2 cups chicken boullion or canned consommé. The seasonings are the trick here, and remove this dish completely from the realms of the mundane, we think. Add a small piece of bay leaf, 3 tablespoons chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon cloves, ½ teaspoon marjoram, 1 teaspoon chili powder, dash of cayenne, 1 tablespoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Cover tightly and bake 1½ hours in a moderate oven, 350° F.

"Serve with a tossed salad of lettuce and cucumber slices with the green rind left on, buttered chunks of Italian bread; coffee, greengage plums with cheese."

Betty Hoffman

our own young marrieds

In this series' second article, a plan for meals that are easy to prepare and, above all, good.

Betty and Bob Hoffman



ALAN BRADY

Dawn and Bob Norman



HERB KRATOVIL

Betty and John Gray



HERB KRATOVIL

Elizabeth and Dan Hoffman



HERB SHEPHERD

Polly and Todd Cooke



HERB SHEPHERD

NONE of us was ever as dazzled about the business of cooking as one bride who called her husband out to the kitchen—"Look, darling, our first ice cubes!" but we all were faced in the beginning with the same practical problem to solve: how could we schedule our limited time to produce quick, easy meals, with no sacrifice of our standards for good food, which are high? The answer for us all, it seems, is a rule of thumb for menus that goes like this: one hearty hot main dish, a big tossed green salad, a simple dessert of fruit—apples, grapes, pears, any kind—frequently with cheese.

As you can see from the menus above and on the opposite page, we have learned to rely on casserole dishes because they're an easy, inexpensive way to gourmet results, adapt best to an unexpected two or three to dinner, can survive beautifully that waiting period while a few guests linger in the living room.

We've learned that it's a good idea to have a repertoire of dishes based on foods like corned beef, tuna, cleaned and frozen shrimp, that are precooked, may be bought in small quantities, and lend themselves perfectly to casserole combinations (the shrimp recipe above and the corned-beef one across the way are teacher's pets). But we don't hesitate to experiment occasionally with larger items like a small loin of pork or a roasting chicken just because there are only two to feed, and welcome rather than despair over the leftovers; they can be transformed economically into dishes delicious enough to stand on their own (like Betty Gray's chicken-and-broccoli recipe on the opposite page, for instance) and lighten our dinner-cooking chores for at least a day or two after their original debut.

Canned cream soups and consommés make an easy, flavorful, short-cut base for many a good dish, and we substitute them whenever we can where a recipe calls for cream sauce or beef stock.

We've found that the know-how about herbs, once mastered, is invaluable—and that it either should be committed to memory, or pasted in a prominent place on the kitchen wall. Most of us keep on hand small tightly sealed jars of the four basics—basil, marjoram, *orégano* and thyme. As for garlic—we all consider it the easiest way to make a simple dish into something special; in fact, we appreciate its subtle flavoring properties so much that we're sorry for people who don't (or think they don't).

Most important thing of all, we've had to figure out short cuts in our cooking plans, such as making a recipe in double quantity, and freezing half. (We have found that a refrigerator's ice-tray compartments are fine for this if there is no special frozen-food unit.) Such as baking casseroles for two days at once, so that every other evening will be comparatively free. Such as cooking vegetables like string beans or asparagus in twice the quantity and marinating half in French dressing for the next day's salad. As, setting aside one week-end morning to do the heavy cooking for the week. As, making the weekly shopping list as long as the refrigerator will hold, so that fresh vegetables and salad greens are the only items to buy from the markets that stay open late, on the way home from the office. The yield from these short cuts is the time saved. But the main point here is that whatever the plan, each of us has found for herself a plan that works.

MENU

Veal Sauté
Stuffed Potatoes
Tomato Wedges
Water-Cress Salad
Cherries Jubilee

"Veal sauté in garlic and butter or margarine sauce is a delicious dish, and the cooking of it seems over almost before it has begun. If there is an Italian butcher in the neighborhood, it's a good idea to go to him for the veal. He'll understand perfectly what's wanted. Rub ¼ pound of thin slices of veal scallopini on both sides with a cut piece of garlic, sprinkle with 1 teaspoon salt and some pepper, dust with about 1 tablespoon flour. Sauté in ¼ cup butter or margarine in frying pan for 1½ minutes on one side, turn over and cook for approximately 2 minutes, gradually lowering heat. Add ½ cup hot water and loosen brown bits in the bottom of the pan. Simmer together a few minutes until sauce has thickened. That's all there is to it.

"As for the stuffed potatoes, they go into the oven as soon as we get home, bake for an hour. Then they are split in half, lengthwise, and the insides spooned out into a bowl. Mash with a lump of butter or margarine (we like lots!), 3 to 4 tablespoons cream, 1 tablespoon chopped chives, ½ teaspoon salt and a dash of red pepper. Whip until fluffy. Reseason to taste, return to shells, cover each half with 1 tablespoon grated sharp Cheddar cheese, and return to oven till cheese is melted. When time is especially limited, we serve plain baked potatoes instead, but the stuffed ones are so delicious they're worth the time they take, we think.

"To make the Cherries Jubilee, drain ¾ cup juice from ½ can pitted Bing cherries, and place in saucepan over low heat. When hot, add juice of ½ lemon (1½ tablespoons), and cherries. Stir for a moment and remove from heat. Pour hot over vanilla ice cream."

Dawn Norman



MENU

Chicken-and-Broccoli Casserole
Green Salad
Poppyseed Rolls
Baked Pears with Orange-Marmalade Sauce

"This chicken dish is the easiest thing in the world to make, and although it's an excellent way to transform leftover chicken, my husband and I like it just as much when it's made with canned cooked chicken. You start with a can of condensed cream-of-chicken soup, thin it with ½ cup light cream, add ¼ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon dry mustard and a dash of pepper. When this sauce is thoroughly heated, add about ¼ pound cooked chicken (sometimes we get it from the delicatessen) or a small can of boned chicken. Cook 1 package frozen or ½ bunch broccoli in salted water, drain. Arrange in two shallow casseroles, pour sauce over it, sprinkle the top with grated Parmesan cheese, put under broiler for 3–5 minutes, till it's bubbly and brown. (We like to serve the chicken and broccoli in individual casseroles like these copper ones because it looks prettiest, and cuts down on dishwashing afterward.)

"With this, a mixed green salad, poppyseed rolls, pears baked with orange marmalade for dessert. Here's the recipe for the baked pears: Drain 1 can pears and place pears in a shallow baking dish. Simmer the sirup from the pears with 4 cloves, 1″ stick cinnamon, 4 slices lemon, 2 tablespoons sugar and ⅓ cup orange marmalade for 10 minutes, pour over pears. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for 20 minutes. This dessert is really easy, and so good with the chicken and broccoli dish—it has a very piquant flavor.

"This menu is equally good for small parties or dinner for two at home. The chicken casseroles take me about 20 minutes from start to finish."

Betty Gray



MENU

Corned-Beef Casserole
Green Salad
Italian Bread
Fresh Apples—Cheese

"I rarely cook anything but casseroles—and, since many of them improve immeasurably with a day or two's stopover in the refrigerator, I like to do as many as two or three at once, early in the week, and have the remaining evenings fairly free. I freeze the extras if we plan to keep them for any length of time. It's nice to think that you have a bankful of dinners at your command. (I've found that it's a good trick, sometimes, when refrigerator space is crowded, to bake my casseroles in small shallow baking dishes that fit into the ice compartments in my refrigerator and can be heated up when we're ready to use them.

"A favorite casserole of ours involves a can of corned beef (pantry shelf), 4 or 5 potatoes (staples), and a package of frozen Brussels sprouts. Quarter the potatoes and boil until tender, then pile potatoes, thick slices corned beef cut in half, and thawed Brussels sprouts into a shallow casserole. Sprinkle with ½ teaspoon salt, a dash of pepper, a little marjoram, thyme, and 1 cup beef or chicken bouillon or consommé. Bake, covered, in a moderate oven, 350° F., for half an hour.

"This is a hearty dish, especially good the next day, and we always have its ingredients on hand in case we have an unexpected crowd for dinner. With it, we like garlic-buttered Italian bread, a salad of Boston lettuce, chicory and tomato quarters, and fresh apples with Gruyère or Camembert and crackers for dessert. I think the homespun, country types of table accessories look best for serving this meal. We usually use a heavy-woven linen tablecloth, pottery casserole like the blue one here, heavy pottery dinner plates."

Elizabeth McFarland Hoffman



MENU

Poached Finnan Haddie
French Bread with Chives
Asparagus Salad
Grapes and Orange Sections

"I do all my shopping Saturday morning, having made out the next week's menus the evening before. And if, for instance, I expect guests on Wednesday, I like to do the cooking on Saturday morning, after the groceries are put away, for the joy of cooking for me is the cooking itself, and I don't like to rush with works of art. (If a stew should take four hours, I give it four Saturday hours, and glad to.) The means to all this is my refrigerator freezer. The fruit of Saturday's labors is stowed away in the freezer and forgotten until the day it is needed, when I take it out in the morning to unthaw by the time I come home from work.

"This poached-finnan-haddie dish is a great favorite of ours, and we came upon it accidentally, as we were walking through Philadelphia's Reading Terminal Market. Remembering Dickens and his solid English breakfasts eaten to the tune of appetite and salt air, we bought ¾ pounds, and have loved it ever since. Here's how it's done: Soak the finnan haddie in warm water to cover for ½ hour, skin side down. Drain. Place the ¾ pound finnan haddie in a shallow greased casserole and cover with 1 cup hot milk. Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., for about 40 minutes. Baste the fish with milk occasionally. The liquid will whey, but don't become distressed. Extra milk may be added if milk cooks away. Serve the finnan haddie with a generous amount of melted butter or margarine and a little lemon juice, and lots of chopped parsley or water cress on top.

"We serve asparagus salad with this, with French dressing or vinaigrette sauce, bread spread with butter or margarine and salted chives, and a dessert of small seedless grapes mixed with cut sections of fresh oranges. N. B. We're very pleased, by the way, with our beautiful, soft blue dime-store dinner and salad plates shown in the picture; think them quite a find."

Polly Toland Cooke





MYRON EHRENBERG

"I decided to go back to Chester and look at the house where I was borned. In those alleys I was shaped with all my character, faults and good points."

"HIS EYE IS ON

"It's been such a hard, long road I traveled. I came up from so low down. Others who read what I've done may be encouraged. I want them to say 'If Ethel Waters, a colored woman, could do that, I can too.'"



Ethel Waters, "a thin-structured child with a pretty face," had been married, separated and was on her own at 13.

By ETHEL WATERS

as told to Charles Samuels

Editor's note: Ethel Waters is an artist, and her conquering of poverty, injustice and squalor is a great and heartening story. But so long as there are slums and injustice and squalor, there will be many who will not survive and triumph as Ethel Waters has done, but will go down into the mire of disease, delinquency and crime to become a heavy burden on our society. . . . In this issue (page 23) the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL *prints an article on slum homes in the Miami, Florida, area which describes conditions of filth and overcrowding equivalent to those in which Ethel Waters grew up a generation ago.*

I NEVER was a child. I never was coddled, or liked, or understood by my family, I never felt I belonged.

I was born out of wedlock, but that had nothing to do with all this. To people like mine, a thing like that just didn't mean much.

Nobody brought me up. I just ran wild as a little girl. I was bad, always a leader of the street gang in stealing and general hell-raising. By the time I was seven, I knew all that there was to know about sex and could outcurse any stevedore, and took a sadistic pleasure in shocking people.

Copyright 1950, by Charles Samuels and Ethel Waters. This is taken from the book soon to be published by Doubleday & Co.



MYRON EHRENBERG

"It's been an ache and a joy both to look over this big shoulder of mine at all my yesterdays. There are no regrets . . . only thanksgiving to the Lord."

THE SPARROW"

My mixed blood explains this partly, I think. My maternal great-grandfather was Albert Harris, a native of India. My great-grandmother was a slave, but very fair, and Albert Harris had to buy her from her owner before he could marry her. That made their five children freeborn, according to the law.

His daughter, Sarah Harris, was my grandmother. When she was eleven a white family that had taken a fancy to her wanted to bring her north, into Pennsylvania, and put her into service there. But the law then read that no person of Negro blood could be taken out of Maryland until he proved himself intelligent and competent. So these white people sent my grandmother to a school and for a whole year paid for her instruction. She passed all the tests, and was taken to Pennsylvania.

When she was only thirteen she married my grandfather, Louis Anderson, who was nicknamed Honey.

Three children were born of this marriage: Viola, Charlie and Louise, my mother. But Honey Anderson was a hard drinker, and he and my grandmother separated when the children were small. From that time on the entire burden of taking care of the three children fell on Sally Anderson. In the years that followed she had romances with various men, and had another child by one of them. This was Edith, nicknamed Ching.

My grandmother was anything but promiscuous. She was hard-working and honest, liked her little nip now and then, but hated drunkenness. She had a fiery temper and there was a terrible pride in her. She wouldn't ask or accept favors from anyone. I am proud of being her granddaughter.

All her life she was puzzled by the four children she had brought into the world. Sally was intelligent but, except for Ching, her children were of the slow-thinking, dumb-animal type. Ching was the brilliant one and had silky hair and copper-colored skin. She was about five feet tall, attractive, and had lots of life and laughter in her. All my life I've dreaded being around people who can't laugh. But I could laugh with Ching always, and have a good time with her.

Vi was agitative. She could sing beautifully, like all the women in my family. But she had an insane temper. All the women in my family had tempers too. *(Continued on Page 161)*



MITCHELL

"They called me Sweet Mama Stringbean because I was so scrawny and tall." In Africana (above) Miss Waters was star.

Barbara Bailey

is the first of our Undiscovered American Beauties to have appeared on a JOURNAL cover. Now, happily dividing her time between keeping house for her new husband and working in an office, Barbara prefers a hair-do which can be quickly, easily and consistently well groomed. Her college-length hair has been trimmed and shaped to this fall's halfway mark. A simple setting of curls rolled toward the face (crown smooth) can be brushed into this up-and-away-from-the-face arrangement.



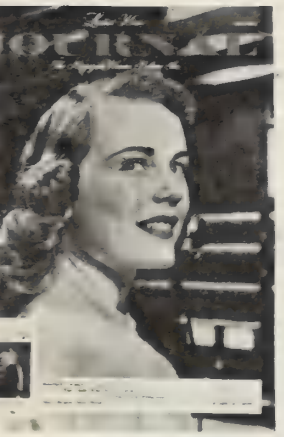


HAIR DESIGNS BY MICHEL

This fall, hair is longer than short — shorter than long. A halfway mark that enables you — like our JOURNAL cover girls — to combine simplicity with imagination. If you like to keep up with the news, brush the little wisps and half-bangs away from your face as a first step toward

Fall's new look for beauties

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN, *Beauty Editor of the Journal*





Nancy Davies

believes any girl fortunate enough to have been born with an exquisite shade of hair should underplay its arrangement. If it's the color of your hair that counts, don't overdo a good thing by allowing it to hang in a careless mane— or cheat your would-be admirers by cropping it all off! Nancy's large picture shows how a serene, middle-length arrangement is a perfect foil for bringing out the brilliant copper high lights of her hair. She has a center part, smooth crown and sides, simple curls in back. The dark velvet bows, graduated in size, are purposely planned to follow the line of this new fall hair-do – and to emphasize its lovely color.





Geraldine Dent

is the Undiscovered American Beauty who spilled a bag of groceries, made a JOURNAL cover and turned to modeling as a result. In one morning, as a fashion model, Geraldine may be photographed in anything from a ski suit to a *bouffant* gown. This means her hair must be basically simple, becoming, and adaptable to change on a moment's notice. Here she wears a short hair-do with a side part, smooth crown and barely upturned ends. For her afternoon suit she adds two tiny bows. For a tailored look her hair can be quickly turned under into a smooth page-boy, and (for any *bouffant* gown) veiling, flowers or jeweled pins can be prettily arranged for an evening of fun.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO





Sally Fraser

whose soprano voice is as pretty as she is, must keep her hair long for future concert and stage appearances. Her shoulder-length hair can be wound into braids, twisted into a chignon, brushed into an upsweep, depending upon the part she is to play. But Sally's personal preference is for a refreshing, natural look suitable to any teen-ager and liked by any teen-ager's beau. In the large picture her immaculate hair wings away from a center part and is caught just above and in back of her ears with bobby pins. The ends are set in large, loose pin curls so that they can be combed under into a soft page-boy. Three tiny rhinestone star-pins add evening high lights.

DRESS BY EMILY WILKENS

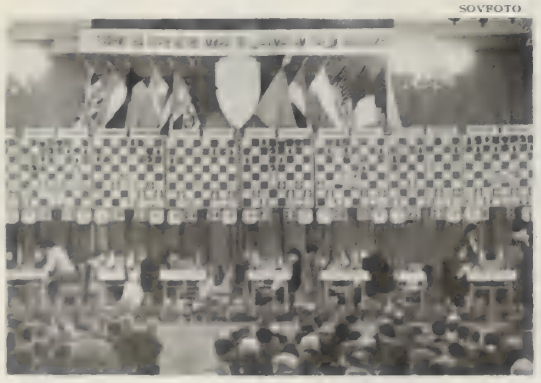
"I WENT TO MOS



Russians, with more coaches in tournament (Mrs. Gresser had none), seemed "simple and childlike despite their intricate chess," but took top honors.

Her husband disapproved. Her friends were horrified. And not even the Russians could predict the strange consequences of a trip to Russia.

By GISELA KAHN GRESSER



SOVFOTO

Tournament or clinic? "I could get warm only in bed."

LAST year the Soviet Chess Committee offered to hold an international women's tournament in Moscow in December, and the offer was accepted by FIDE (*Federation Internationale Des Echecs*). The winner of the tournament would become the new world's champion, succeeding Vera Menchik Stevenson, killed in an air raid.

In Russia, chess is more than a national sport: it is respected as an art, taught in the schools, and encouraged and subsidized by the government. Four Soviet women, two Americans and the champions of each of ten other countries were invited to compete. As co-champion of the U.S., I was one of two Americans invited to participate.

When my invitation arrived, I wrote to our State Department to inquire whether there was any objection to my going. I received the prompt reply that there was none. But the reactions of my husband and friends were different. They suggested so many possible pitfalls and perils on the way that I felt if I survived the expedition to Moscow, I should be as happy as Napoleon might have been had he won and not retreated.

Nevertheless, I decided to go. I had long been curious about that controversial country; and as I am a nervous and timid sort of person, I felt that this trip would be just the thing to counteract my timidity. A kind of exercise for character.



ROBERT CAPA

For breakfast, 35 servings of caviar and tea.

Somewhat hesitantly, however, I made preparations for my trip. I engaged a governess for my little boy, ordered a quantity of woolen underwear (returnable) and wrote to the Soviet ambassador at Washington, applying for a visa to enter the U.S.S.R., "hoping to have an early reply."

Several weeks passed and I heard nothing from the Soviet embassy. It was nearing the end of November; the tournament was scheduled to begin December fifteenth and the last boat that I could



SOVFOTO

Russian ticket agent to author (above): "With the energy that you will spend getting to Moscow, you could build up a business in your own country."

ROBERT CAPA

ou are a sincere, serious person," Russian women told her. "but of course you are very naïve. . . . In a few years we shall be free to do as we like."

possibly take would leave New York on December third. I was playing skittles in the Manhattan Chess Club when the telephone rang; it was the Soviet embassy calling me. An indistinct voice wanted to know my home address, telephone number, and the place of my birth.

"It is already very late," I began to say. "Am I going to receive my visa?"

"We know, we know," said the voice. "We will advise you just as soon as we have information."

Relations were "friendly but feline." Vodka helped.



ROBERT CAPA

As I heard nothing more by December third, I rewrapped my woolens and my new fleece-lined boots (also returnable) and, to the great delight of my family, I renounced the whole idea of going. My husband invited friends to dinner to celebrate.

The telephone rang. Would I come to Washington at once? My visa was ready.

In Washington the next morning, the embassy was quiet and tastefully furnished. I was shown into a pleasant room, very hot, and I began to look through various magazines which showed pictures of scientific workers in the Soviet Union, students attending school, children at play, vacationists in the Crimea. Everyone in the pictures looked well-fed, well-clothed, happy and very busy. I began to feel better in spirits.

The door opened and a tall and extremely good-looking Russian came in carrying a sheaf of papers which he handed to me.

"Good morning. Please to fill out these," he said. They were all written in Russian, and I said that I could not read them. "No?" he exclaimed. "Well, then I translate for you what it says and you write in yes and no. . . . Do you enter the Soviet Union by plane or train?" he asked finally. "And at what border?"

I explained it was now too late for me to take a boat or train and I should have to fly all the way.

"Then I will mark your visa 'Moscow Airdrome,'" he said, "and you must not change your mind. You cross the border at Lwów, because you fly from Prague. You will need a Czechoslovakian visa, but that will be very easy to get once you have ours."

In no time I held that *rara avis*, a Soviet visa, and we said good-by.

The Czech visa was more troublesome to obtain. When on the following morning I applied to the Czech consulate in New York, I was told that it would be almost impossible to get a visa in a week.

"But I am going to Moscow," I said, and it was my first experience with this open-sesame.

"Of course you will *get* your visa," the consul said soothingly. "It is only a question of when. [This 'when' I found was always the great question.] Perhaps we could telegraph to Prague."

"And when will you receive an answer?"

"Oh, that I can't tell you. If we do not hear by Saturday [I was to leave Sunday], we can telephone our ambassador in Washington."

"But why can't we do that now?"

"Oh, no! We can't bother him except in emergencies."

Early Saturday morning when I went back to the consulate, the

(Continued on Page 142)

THE TIMELESS SUIT

Now or next year—a suit
of flecked beige wool which adapts itself
easily and with great style to daily or seasonal
changes. Wear it with a rakish fedora or
a velours pillbox; with a cashmere sweater, a pale
pink jersey shirt, a brown satin or a beige
silk blouse. A suit that's every
inch a fashion, but not a shred extreme.
Sizes 10 to 18. By Alvin Handmacher, $55.00.

THE TIMELESS COAT

Present and future fashion. This fleecy
wool coat with its free, uncomplicated lines
is designed for suits or dresses, tweeds or silks.
Its constant wearability is not affected
by time or place or circumstance. It is for the slim
and the not-slim, for the young
and the not-so-young. Red, burgundy, gold,
russet, dark brown and navy blue.
Sizes 9 to 15, 8 to 18. By Alvin Handmacher, $55.00.

By WILHELLA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal



The timeless suit worn now with dark brown velours hat by Billy Russy, brown fox scarf by Aaron Reiss, pin-grain calfskin bag and chamois gloves.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEOMBRUNO · BODI

The timeless coat worn with the important new hat fashion—a soft-brimmed velours.

Calfskin bag with a bone handle by Roger Van S, and pigskin gloves.

Black velvet with a pleated gold silk jacket, twin glitter sweaters with rayon satin skirt by Tina Leser, and a two-piece rayon lamé brocade.

5 O'CLOCK

Or after five. . . . Glitter comes in—gold lamé skirts, gilt-threaded sweaters, rhinestone buttons and bracelets, crystal-beaded helmets. Separates take on sophistication in sapphire-blue jersey, black velvet, sweater-top and taffeta- or satin-skirt combinations. Most necklines are low, most skirts short. Look your most devastating . . . that's the fashion. ★ *By* WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal

BLACK VELVET DRESS, $39.95; JACKET, $15; GLITTER SWEATERS, $16.95 AND $22.95; SATIN SKIRT, $29.95; BROCADED TOP, $10.95; SKIRT, $14.95; TAFFETA DRESS, $39.95; TO $69.95

Silhouettes in taffeta. A changeable blue silk taffeta, a side-draped dress in black by Ceil Chapman.

Extreme right—black with pale blue satin collar by Ben Barrack.

PHOTOS BY EGNSSAGRIVES



THREE-PIECE
WARDROBE

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal



A suit is the best beginning for any wardrobe, especially a small one. In any season, the gray flannel is the most wearable fashion, with great latitude for accessories. In the fall, it takes to a velvet scarf or furs; in the spring, to piqué and fresh flowers. It goes with a brimmed sports hat, beret, feathered toque or velvet pillbox, with sweaters or silk shirts. It goes with all colors. Worn here with silk carnations, navy felt hat with feathers by Joe Cohn, $14.95; calfskin bag, $10.95. Suit by Alvin Handmacher, $60.00.

Suit, coat and dress total around $190.00. The lapin stole like moleskin, $49.50.



An idea-provoking dress. Navy-blue wool jersey, for afternoon with moleskin-like fur stole, feather helmet, satin gloves. By Ben Barrack, $39.95. Or, if you prefer, the dress in rayon, $35.00; in silk, $45.00. Hat by Mr. Alf.

Or—wear it with a Roman-striped ribbon scarf (right), or amber beads, or pearls. With a velvet rose or a real one. With all the bracelets you own, or none. Come spring, tuck in a white faille dickey.

YEAR-ROUND

Nothing is more practical than the coat that slips on easily over everything. This oxford-gray wool with its slightly slanted shoulders, ample but not bulky lines, is many coats in one. It is a suit-coat, a dress-coat, a travel, town and country coat. The red velvet under its collar is an inspired fashion touch. Hats—red velvet to gray wool. Bags—gray flannel alternating with the navy calfskin. Gloves—capeskin, doeskin, cotton. By Lo Balbo, around $89.00.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEOMBRUNO • BODI



The suit changes for the country or a shopping day with mustard leather bag, $12.95; cotton or string gloves, gray ribbed sweater and a knitted hat, $9.95. Or, with a jersey shirt, a red bag, a brimmed felt hat.







'Supposed to carry your bride over the doorstep," he said. "You won't be a bride for a long time, but here goes."

Someone to come home to—

BY NEWLIN B. WILDES



Life doesn't tie up in pink ribbon the things that you really want.

WHEN she awoke she realized, slowly and deliciously, that it was Sunday. Not just Sunday, but the every-other-Sunday. Of course she did not know what an important Sunday it was going to be, but she did know that it was April, and that the air was warm and soft through the open window, and that there was a pigeon cooing contentedly on the sill. It was only seven-thirty, and pretty early in the morning to wake her father, but there were so many special things for them to do that day and she could not wait any longer.

She got up very quietly and put on the felt slippers with the rabbits' heads on the toes, that he had given her last Christmas, and the red wrapper that was getting a little small now because she grew so fast. Her hair was very blond in its two tight little braids that made her neck seem like a slender reed supporting her head, and her brown eyes were very large with the promise of the day. She had waited thirteen days for this day, her father's day off, and she could not wait a second after seven-thirty.

She peered carefully into the combination living room-dining room where her father slept on the day bed. He was very large, stretched out there, and his feet came over the end of the mattress just a few inches, but he had told her that it was very comfortable and that a girl had to have a room of her own once she got as grown up as twelve. His shoulders were huge under the light blanket, and his face was very tanned and red from the outdoors. His jaw was solid, square and strong, and the hair of his brows and lashes was dark like hers, and his hands were great powerful things lying limp at his sides.

She tiptoed out into the kitchen and made the coffee and got the toast and eggs and bacon going on the stove. They made a delicious smell, and after a few minutes she could hear her father stirring lazily, and then there was a great creak and thud and he came on out into the kitchen.

He was even bigger once he was up, tall and very, very handsome, she thought, with blue eyes that looked at her sleepily from the doorway for a second, and then crinkled into that smile that made her smile with it and be all goose pimples because it was going to be a wonderful day.

"Hiya, Patrick," he said, stretching his arms as if they would burst through the building. "What day is it and what time is it?"

She looked at him, very happily reproving, holding the spatula in one hand. "It's Sunday," she said, not able to keep the two dimples from breaking out, "our Sunday. You know it is."

He looked at her as if he hadn't realized, and then his smile faded and he shook his head. "Gee," he said, "so it is—Sunday. But not"—and he shook his head again—"not our Sunday. I have to be on duty today."

She could feel her mouth go open a little from the disappointment, and there was a great limpness that let her arm down at her side, and there were almost the beginnings of tears smarting behind her eyes, tears that she mustn't let go. And then she saw the glint in his own eyes. Her head went up and she looked at him in great and disapproving disgust.

"Joe," she said—he wanted her to call him Joe—"Joe, you're fooling me." And his grin broke away from him and he gathered her in those great thick hands of his and held her way up high to the ceiling, right up where they hooked the flypaper, and she kicked and squealed joyously.

"Sure I'm fooling you, Pat," he said—his hair was dark brown with just enough curl in it to be tight to his head—"I'm fooling you and I shouldn't and it's our Sunday and what are we going to do about it and where are those eggs?"

She gave him his eggs and the toast and the steaming coffee in its thick white mug, and then she said, "We're going out to the country," as if he should have known that—they had talked about it enough—"we're going out into the country and not come back till dark and maybe, maybe, we'll find The Place."

She looked at him very hopefully when she said that, because they had been looking for The Place for a long time now, over a year, since he had been made a sergeant on the police force. Of course they had not found it yet, The Place, but there was no harm in thinking, and you never could tell.

Her father munched his toast and shook his head doubtfully. "I don't know," he said; "things are pretty high still," and she did not say anything to that. She knew that things were pretty high. She did all the shopping. After school.

At first, when her mother had died three years ago, there had been an aunt who came in and cleaned the rooms and bought the food. Then her aunt had moved away *(Continued on Page 230)*

ILLUSTRATED BY PERRY PETERSON



Window–doors for family use, enter parlor and family room from the arbored terrace; with kitchen, carport in the wing to the left.

Worth at least $18,000.

The parlor is a cozy quiet retreat, with two walls of plywood; one of windows; one of brick.



Since the JOURNAL'S owner-building series opened in April, the whole owner-building idea has been sweeping the country. . . . Here you will find still another astonishing proof that you can build it yourself for half the price—when properly planned and executed the JOURNAL way. . . . Here you will see that previous experience and special skill are unnecessary with the designs and methods the JOURNAL has developed. . . . Even actual building work by the owner is unnecessary: you can save up to one third by merely *managing* the job yourself; hiring the work done by experts, and shopping for your own materials and equipment—all made plain for people who want a bigger, better home than they can afford to buy.

ONCE again, from another JOURNAL design for owner-building, a young couple has cut housing prices in half. You'll find all the facts and figures when you turn to the next pages, but first let's look at this JOURNAL home that Jack and Virginia made for themselves.

Three bedrooms and bath; parlor, kitchen, laundry, carport, with work space and storage, and a large, long, sunlit family room for dining, parties and play. A big-scale double brick chimney, with a fireplace in the parlor



ath leads along enclosed lawn to entrance door.

STANLEY C. REESE, Architect
PHOTOGRAPHS ON THESE TWO PAGES BY EZRA STOLLER



The casual end of family room, with windows from entrance door to bedroom wall.

out cost only $9,089.13

By RICHARD PRATT
Architectural Editor of the Journal

nd a built-in barbecue grill on the dining side. A ull-length storage wall, with sliding doors and commodi- us closets below and above. The whole house high- eilinged and airy; cool in summer, warm in winter; au- omatically heated, and built throughout of materials as ne as money can buy. The lowest bid we've been able to et on this house from any local general contractor is 17,569, *without* extras.

No wonder that a local architect, when making a pro- essional appraisal, and with an expert's knowledge of eighborhood values, told Jack and Virginia, "Your ouse is worth at least $18,000." No wonder the leading onstruction engineer of the community told them, "I've ever seen anything as nice and smart as this in a small ouse"; or that a real-estate specialist remarked, "If ney're getting $12,000 for those ranch houses over n ——, then this house must have cost you $20,000. Vhy, it's twenty years ahead of any house in town!"

Jack and Virginia have a right to listen with pride. For n the five and a half months it took the former Army flier nd his wife to get the house up, by the middle of May his year, Jack gave it 550 hours of hard work himself, nd Virginia spent 150 hours shopping for materials and quipment, running errands and keeping accounts. That ay sound like a lot of time, but for Jack it averages to

The dining part of family room, with built-in barbecue, separates parlor and kitchen.





Getting the house under cover quick is a first objective, and in three weeks Jack was helping to lay roof planking. Then come insulation panels, then the weathertight coating with its white gravel surface to reflect the heat. A few days' work, lasts a lifetime.



Putting on the sheathing, or inner skin, may look difficult; but after a few pointers from his carpenter, it began to be easy for Jack—partly because of the structural simplicity of the JOURNAL design, with all outmoded construction complications removed.

little more than three hours a day, and for Virginia to less than a daily hour.

It was time well spent, for it did a lot to help them save at least half what a similar house would have cost them to buy. But what helped them even more to get a house twice as good as any they could have bought on their building budget of $10,000 was following the JOURNAL's simplified method of construction and plan procedure.

Here is a breakdown of the actual costs, as carefully kept by Virginia:

Grading (labor)	$ 121.00
Masonry (labor and materials)	913.52
Carpentry (materials)	3278.79
Carpentry (labor)	1434.00
Electrical (labor and materials)	175.00
Electrical fixtures	62.00
Plumbing (labor and materials)	940.00
Heating (labor and materials)	1335.00
Asphalt tile	115.00
Painting (materials)	213.00
Roofing (labor and materials)	185.00
Linoleum (laid)	92.00
Hardware	118.92
Miscellaneous	105.90
Total	$9089.13

As those figures indicate, Jack didn't attempt to do all the work himself, by any means. He worked hard, and often long. But he hired the right kind of men: men who really knew their trades; men who would let him work along with them as helper whenever he had the time; men who would lay out work for him to do week ends and evenings. He figures he has average ability with his hands, and believes the average owner-builder works at about 30 per cent of the efficiency of experienced workmen. Jack is convinced—and after watching many owner-building operations over many years, I am inclined to agree with his conviction—that owners can save more time and money by acting as their own general contractor than by trying to tackle types of work to which they've never been trained. Both Jack and Virginia feel that their remarkable achievement of building an $18,000 house for a little more than $9000 was due first to the house design itself, so simple and clear, and so economical of labor and

Some Notes on This House and the Journal Owner-Building Program

This is a house from the second JOURNAL *design of the series. One or more houses from the third design will appear early next year.*

This house as it stands contains 1400 square feet of space, including carport. Average houses for sale at $10,000 contain less than 900.

Designed for an eventual family of four or five, the size of this house conforms exactly to that recommended by the Committee on the Hygiene of Housing of the American Public Health Association for this family size—about double the space indicated in certain "Economy Houses" publicized by Federal housing agencies.

This house can be built with or without a cellar. The pattern indicates the least expensive satisfactory construction, which is slab on grade, hot-water radiant-heated, but any system the owner prefers can be used.

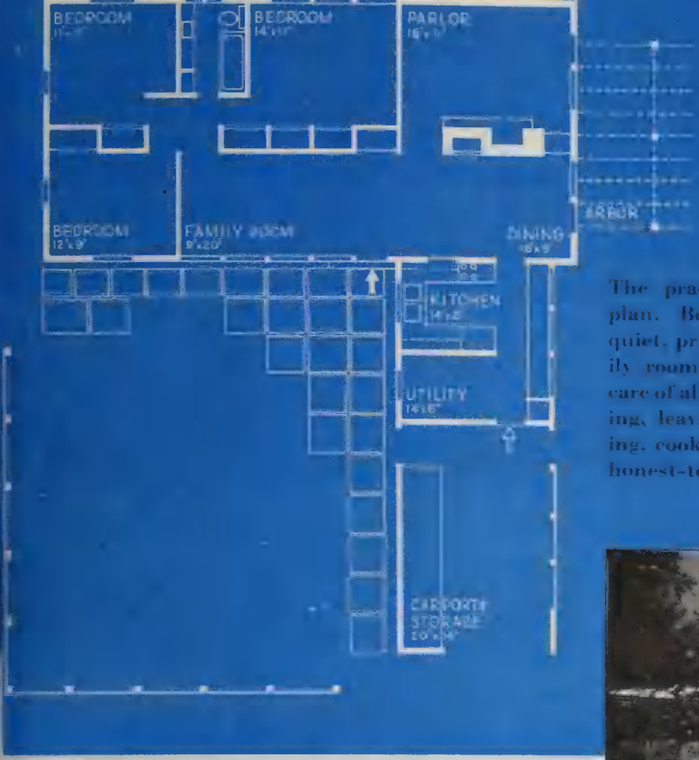
This particular house happens to be painted, except for its figured plywood interior walls, with a silvery gray stain inside and out, but any color can be used—white, yellow, green, red, brown, gray.

A booklet on the JOURNAL HOUSEBUILDING PROGRAM, *No. 2639, containing inserts of plan variations for both this and the first design, covers explicitly in detail everything you need to know about building your own house and being your own contractor: how to finance it; how to select the site; how to analyze your own abilities; how to purchase the tools, materials, equipment; and how to figure your costs. It can be secured from the Reference Library,* LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, *Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania, for $1.00. Use coupon on Page 24.*

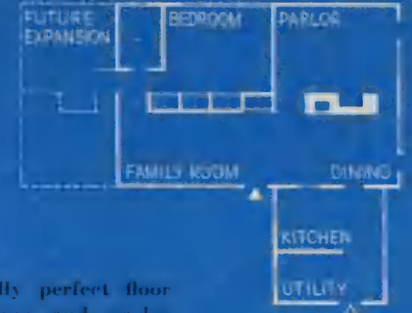
To build this second JOURNAL *house, a separate* BUILD IT YOURSELF HOUSE PATTERN, *No. 502, contains a complete purchase list of materials, specifying what to buy and where to use each piece; step-by-step directions, written in nontechnical language everyone can understand; assembly illustrations picturing every important step of construction, and full-size templates from which to mark out all angle cuts on rafters, and so on. It can be secured for $5 from the Easi-Bild Pattern Company, 462 Bedford Road, Pleasantville, New York, to whom all correspondence concerning the patterns should be directed.*



The family room began living up to its name th minute the house was roughly closed in, whe Jack and Virginia found it to be a large light spac in which to complete their work on the interio



The practically perfect floor plan. Bedrooms and parlor quiet, private and apart: family room and kitchen taking care of all activities, like entering, leaving, work, play, dining, cooking, laundry. Result: honest-to-goodness livability.



The house can be started minus two bedrooms and the carport, easily added whenever possible later.



The economy version reduces bedroom sizes deletes carport, but retains the featured livability.



A handsome fence of Journal design completes the privacy of the outdoor-living-room lawn enlarging the livable space in pleasant weather by one third.

materials. Second, to the carefully planned method of procedure, with its complete list of materials and equipment, all accurately described as to size, quality and kind, which made it possible for them to buy at the best possible prices. Third, to the fact that they were on the job every day, checking the progress of the work with an easy-to-understand housebuilding pattern that described each step of the operation. And fourth, to the work which they actually did themselves, each hour of which played an important part in reducing the final cost of the house.

Here is how the sliding-door storage wall works in Jack and Virginia's bedroom. Wearing apparel in the closets below; seldom-used belongings above.





w when Virginia's at work in her kitchen she n appreciate its many perfections all the ore because she can so vividly remember all e hours of sanding and painting she put in.



One of the jobs Jack's proudest of was the erecting of his house's capacious storage wall closets. He delights in demonstrating the smooth sliding doors which he himself installed.

PHOTOGRAPHS ON THESE TWO PAGES BY TOWNE STUDIOS



Lovely Fabrics

MAKE BEAUTIFUL DRESSES

Rich velvets, beautiful laces, silk slipper satin and lovely lamés... the new luxurious fabrics available to women who make their clothes. A simple design in an elegant fabric is a good investment. It takes to a jewel, a touch of fur... and goes on looking lovely for years. ▪ *By Nora O'Leary*

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont.
(*Connecticut residents please add sales tax.)



Rich in color, rich in quality . . . green silk velvet in a six-gore skirt. Vogue Design No. 7172. 24 to 34. Worn with a white rayon blouse shot with gold, Design No. 7186. 12 to 20. Skirt lends itself to more formal white lace bodice.



Brown lace over champagne taffeta is never conspicuous, always beautiful. The neckline dips low in the back, the sleeves push up. Vogue Design No. S-4119. 12 to 20. Wear large velvet rose of the same shade at the waistline.







Blue wool jersey of classic design dressed up with a touch of coarse black lace . . . braid buttons. Vogue Design No. 7194. 12 to 20. Also effective with checked velveteen weskit, No. 7168, 12 to 20.





Slim black velvet jumper with jeweled buttons, convertible neckline. Vogue Design No. 7193, 12 to 20. Can be worn without blouse, or as we have shown it, with full organdy sleeves.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LILLIAN BASSMAN





DRAWINGS BY MARGARET SOMMERFIELD

Lovely afternoon-dinner dress in a heavenly shade of silk satin. A circular skirt with unpressed pleats. Vogue Design No. 7207, 12 to 20. Think of it with bands of mink for cuffs.

Back and other views are on Page 260

Belles on Their Toes

Mother Gilbreth had the Cheaper-by-the-Dozen children to raise after Dad's death, his motion-study business to run, all the problems every mother faces—multiplied by eleven. Anne was in college; the baby was still in rompers. And then there was Tom—cook, part-time governess and cross-grained philosopher.

Conclusion

ANNE fell in love with a doctor at the University of Michigan, and this time it was the real thing. She wrote Mother that she had an engagement ring, and that her fiancé expected to go into practice soon. He was a few years older than she. He had to work pretty hard, and she didn't have a chance to see as much of him as either of them would like.

Anne didn't say so, but she wasn't interested in college any more. She was interested only in getting married. But she felt she had obligations to the family, and she didn't want to do anything that would upset Mother.

She was moody and nervous when she returned home for spring vacation. She spent a good deal of time in her room, writing special-delivery letters. And she didn't look up any of her friends in Montclair.

Mother's nose had turned out as handsome as she had predicted, and was back, full-time, on the grindstone again. But now she was concerned about Anne, who didn't seem to want to confide in anyone.

"I know what it's like," Mother said one night, dropping down beside Anne on her bed. "Goodness knows I went through the same thing when I was engaged to your father. I was in California and he was three thousand miles away in Boston."

"No one knows what it's like," Anne said hopelessly. "Nothing was keeping you from getting married."

"Well, I was some older than you," Mother admitted. "I had already graduated from college. But you've only a little more than a year to go."

"We'd like to get married right away," Anne whispered. She threw her arms around Mother. "Oh, Mother, what am I going to do?"

"It'll work out all right," Mother promised.

"It sounds selfish, I know that," Anne said. "But that's what we'd like—to get married right away."

"It doesn't sound selfish at all," Mother told her. "It sounds like the most natural thing in the world. If you didn't feel that way I'd know you'd picked the wrong man. But I think it would be better for you to wait awhile, dear."

"I know it." Anne burst into tears. "I know you'll need me here until the younger children are grown." *(Continued on Page 80)*

Copyright, 1950, by Frank B. Gilbreth, Jr., and Ernestine Gilbreth Carey. The complete book is soon to be published by Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

By Frank B. Gilbreth, Jr., and Ernestine Gilbreth Carey



It was a happy wedding,
but we felt sorry for Mother.
How would she get along
with only eight children?

there's a man in the house

By HARLAN MILLER

Since my latest glimpse of California's vivacious architecture, I'm determined to pep up our old homestead. Maybe turquoise for the garage doors, chartreuse for the kitchen exit and magenta for the front portal? And yellow awnings?

My wife usually pretends alarm when I put on a bow tie. She suspects a bow tie on a mature man is a sort of wolf call and that when I wear one I'm scheming a frisky evening. (Confidentially, I'm merely trying to stay young.)

"Maybe it'd be easier for my son and me to be pals," muses Peter Comfort, removing five bicycles from his driveway before backing out of his garage, "if we weren't always trying to impress each other. But maybe fathers and sons aren't intended to be chums?"

Our town's smart set is getting so sophisticated they now think it corny to tell sex stories. "It's for the Elks," they say. Anyhow, they don't know any new ones.

Just when I became positive I could recognize a begonia anywhere at twenty paces, I discover there are hundreds of different shapes and colors. They run the gamut from a type faintly resembling a peony to one not too unlike Dutchman's-breeches. (This'll wow my wife, who thinks I don't know from petunias.)

This summer I finally took our two boys on our dream tour to the West Coast. (My consort doesn't like to motor, and remained home with her garden.) By the end of the 6000 miles I was acting their age and they were acting mine. I hope the trip was an antidote for the teen-age "shopping center" viewpoint.

Our youngest has added a winsome new trick to his repertoire when the whole family goes out to dinner: he counts out eeny, meeny, miney, mo to help him decide which delicacy to order. So far no waitress has assaulted him; a few have looked daggers.

"Any male or female," expounds Betty Comfort, wiping marmalade off the doorknob, "who pretends he enjoys a picnic with other people's children for more than two hours is just a sweet phony. Or that others dote on his even that long!"

Our neighborhood's fiercest practitioner of frankness has a cute embroidered motto in his guest room: "On the third day both fish and guests begin to smell." He always makes a big point of taking it down when he ushers a guest to the room, for fear he won't see it.

My consort has kept track of everybody who's entertained us at dinner since we were married, and claims we owe 738 dinners to 415 people. She wants to hire a hall and do the right thing in one vast, terrific blowout. But I'm holding out for 40 or 50 small dinners over a period of years.

Our little group's most cynical matron tells me she always watches what her husband packs when he's going off on a trip. If he packs too many clean shirts and all his most expensive garments, she knows his thoughts are wandering.

Significant example of feminine logic: Even when we have Sunday breakfast at ten-fifteen my wife can't understand why I'm not ready to eat Sunday dinner at one o'clock. (Even if it means hurrying straight home from church or cutting off a golf match at the seventh hole.)



Each year we try to placate the terrifying hordes of Halloween's disguised cherubs with a more tempting tray of cookies and candy. (One of our more solvent neighbors offers 'em sandwiches and home-freezer ice cream!) What puzzles me is that the little darlings never seem to get a tummy-ache.

As I've explained several times to our young, I prefer to lose my temper quickly, like a blast of Jovian lightning, before the scamps have had too much chance to get away with murder. In the long run that's better for 'em than if I come to a slow boil.

We noticed that out west the mirrors in bathrooms hang much higher up on the walls than they do east of the Rockies. I gathered the men are taller but just as vain.

When the boys and I left on our Western trip my consort told me I needn't bring her any souvenirs or presents, if I'd only telephone her every few days. . . . We saved quite a lot of money that way, even though she can't recognize that the three-minute mark is the logical end for any l.-d. conversation.

If I were a great big fat multimillionaire I'd offer a lavish reward to scientists who invented non-fattening bacon and pie à la mode. So far the only sweepingly effective rule of diet is, "If it tastes good, don't eat it."

I'm coaxing my chief dietitian to adopt *pizza* as one of our household dishes. Around Carmel and Monterey *pizza* and salad add up to a fashionable dinner; no muttered complaints from guests.

Usually it takes four phone calls apiece each morning for the girls of our town's "coconut wireless" to exchange titbits—whose car was parked in front of whose house, last night's parties to which they weren't invited, such savory items. Now they've discovered they can schedule a "conference" hookup for only $1 and all talk at once.

Our neighbors around the corner, the ones with the uninflated "white-collar" income and the inflated "white-collar" expenses, tell me there's one thing they can economize on: food. "We simply must keep our home attractive, our kids' morale up, and our clothes not too shabby," he explains, "but nobody cares how thin we get!"

When you overhear Junior defending you against mutterings by another offspring . . . and your daughter resembles the woman of your choice more daily, but with subtle overtones of you, too . . . and your ten-year-old treats you as a complete equal, as if you were ten or he were a hundred . . . and your face lights up when you see your wife at a party after a separation of seventeen minutes . . . and she indicates in subtle, feminine ways that you're more distinguished-looking than men beside whom you actually look like a peasant . . . when all these blessings combine to overwhelm you, better phone the partner of your joys and sorrows in mid-afternoon and invite her downtown for dinner.



If Women were in Control

By JUDITH CHASE CHURCHILL

EVERYBODY knows women control a lot of things. They hold three fourths of the country's money and do most of the buying. Usually they run things at home. And sometimes their men too. But we've been getting more and more curious as to what would happen if women were in undisputed control of the country at large—if men had no vote at all and women ran everything finally, completely and without male interference.

What, we wondered, in this radical though far from impossible event, would be the most revolutionary changes—for better or worse?

To get a good cross section of speculation, we posed the point to these 30 well-known men. Here's what they answered. Some foresaw decided improvements. Others were just as convinced of chaos and calamity. A good many more have come up with some amazing ideas you'd never have dreamed of. Maybe you'll agree with them and maybe not. But at least one thing's certain. Their speculations will intrigue you as much as they did us!

We want to make it clear we don't think this is likely to happen. We just thought it would be fun to see how men would feel about the whole thing.—The Editors.

● "Actually I am not at all perturbed about such a state of affairs. I have supreme confidence in the ability of the women to straighten out everything in this troubled world, once they are in full, instead of nine-tenths, control. I have been married for sixteen years and my wife hasn't once been wrong in that time. With such an example, how could I believe anything else?" ***—Frank G. Slaughter.***

● "I am not one of those men who would fear for the future if the women were in complete control. I suspect my optimism is motivated by my certainty there's no danger of such an event's ever occurring.

"There are some trends in American politics, which I think the men of the country should recognize. Voting statistics in many states seem to show more women than men in recent years have actually gone to the polls and voted—evidence women are taking a much more active interest in the affairs of government than are men.

"I have also noticed that questions asked by women at open-forum meetings reflect a wide reading knowledge on the part of the women, in contrast with some of the 'shoot-from-the-hip' prejudiced type of questions frequently asked by men. I think democratic procedures are being greatly strengthened by the growing interest of women in American politics. And I am glad to see more and more of them taking an active interest in political affairs, including running for office." ***—Wayne Morse.***

(Continued on Page 243)

DRAWING BY MARGARET SOMMERFELD

STAR PERFORMANCE

BY GLADYS TABER

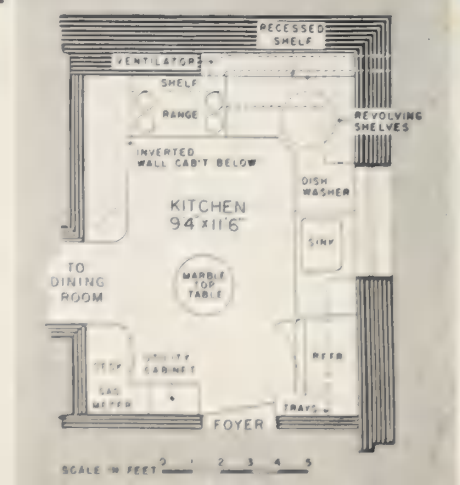
PHOTOS BY STUART-STEPHENSON



Alfred Lunt discussed recipes with us as he kneaded and shaped his Swedish bread. The loaves were baked in the new range, and steaming hot coffee came from the new coffee maker. As the curtain fell on the last act, Mr. Lunt's last line was, "The kitchen is practical, it is beautiful, it is cozy; it is, in fact, a perfect gem."



Designed for cooking, this corner of the kitchen has utensils within reach and the range flanked by counters for food preparation. An inverted wall cabinet fits under narrow counter on the left. Through the grill over the range cooking odors are drawn outside.



"THERE are only two important rooms in the house," said Alfred Lunt, rolling up his sleeves: "the kitchen and the bedroom—well, really only one, the kitchen. In Finland we used to sleep in the kitchen—it was warm there too." He tucked a towel in his apron. "I learned this from a chef," he said; "keeps your apron clean, and your trousers. Wipe your hands any time." He knotted a red handkerchief around his neck and reached for his butter brush. "I've used this for years," he explained. "Best butter brush I ever had. Couldn't bake without it."

So there we were, with one of the greatest actors of all time kneading away at his Swedish bread in the new kitchen while we discussed recipes. "Mrs. Lunt is very fond of a coffeecake I make—it isn't too sweet. I'll give you the recipe. And have you ever eaten Swedish Rotgrot? Delicious! And Tarragon Chicken?"

Alfred Lunt has a way of stopping every few minutes in the midst of his conversation and flashing a dazzling smile and giving an eloquent shrug and saying, "Do I bore you? Perhaps I bore you. Just say so!"

When Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne bought the old red brick house in the Gracie Square section of New York, they bought a lot of apparently insurmountable problems with it. It overlooks a park and the East River, it is a four-story house on a lot 17½ feet wide. It had a small square at the rear where Miss Fontanne plans a garden, beautiful old fireplaces in every room, but a ground floor crawling with old pipes and wires like spider webs running in every direction.

"You have never seen such a horrible kitchen in your whole life—it *(Continued on Page 204)*

Planned arrangement with equipment measured and fitted in converted a former basement-laundry into a comfortable kitchen. The automatic dishwasher has pull-out racks for easy loading and in the corner cabinet beside it there are revolving shelves of lazy-Susan type.

That extra corner becomes a utility center with desk, shelf, telephone, radio, books. Mr. Lunt named the panel with colored magnets to hold notes the "call board." In cabinet at left, cleaning aids are housed.

Profile of Youth



Parties at Lake Michigan summer home are favorite date fun. Mother surprised Ann and sister with checked swim suits, matching shortie beach coats.

Ann Harrington — the girl who has everything

It takes a good manager to fit family life to schedule of industrial executive and two pretty teen-aged daughters—but Mrs. Harrington once worked on Wall Street.

By MAUREEN DALY

MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN, is a bustling industrial center, set in the wooded lake country like a pint-sized Pittsburgh. It is a prosperous-looking town, with factory smokestacks and coal piles silhouetted on the lake front, a busy downtown section, and many new homes—the sandy soil still broken around them—showing through the trees on private roads. It has been said about Muskegon that "there is no middle class here—just the people who run the factories and the people who work for them." And the Guy M. Harringtons are part of that industrial aristocracy.

Ann Harrington is the older of the two Harrington girls. Dark-haired, pretty and just 16, she was born in the hospital right next to Muskegon High School, where she is now a senior. All Ann's life the family has lived on Webster Avenue, the best "old" street in town, in a rambling white house edged with bridal-wreath bushes. Across the street is the old Hume house and the Hackley mansion, turreted wooden castles built by lumber barons in the late 1800's. At the farthest end of Webster, for a block or so, the neighborhood has been moved into by Negro families, sometimes two to a house, who joined the labor migration north during the Second World War and have stayed on to make their homes in Muskegon.

In a town like this, "where everybody knows everybody," it isn't always easy for "one of the good kids" to become popular, but Ann Harrington is one of the best-liked girls in her school. "When I was in ninth grade I was rather quiet," she explains, "and I thought I'd never go out. But all of a sudden I started to be popular." But to most teen-aged

(Continued on Page 220)

"I've just begun to come out to the country club alone since I learned to play golf—it's fun for dates. Once in a while one of the girls gives a private dance here."



"It was the first time I got something I never even hoped I'd get." Third chair in second violins with school orchestra gave Ann "biggest thrill in my life."



Pale yellow chiffon with appliquéd petals at neckline and hem makes dreamy dance dress. Ann goes to 8 formals a year, learned to Charleston last summer.



Unlike many teen-agers, Ann likes hats, owns 7, with black velvet helmet for dates. Wardrobe of 22 dresses and other items was bought over three-year period.

PHOTOS BY JOSEPH DI PIETRO

Profile of Youth

What is the difference between a "wheel" and a "schmoe"? What *really* counts in high school? Here teen-agers themselves give the answer.

What is Popularity?

In a Boy



"First off, he has to rate as a good Joe with the other boys." Sense of humor, loyalty to friends rank high among fellows. Independence at home, the right to "go out with the boys," gains respect. "Wolfing" is considered matter of taste, but "Romeos" get the cold shoulder.



"It doesn't matter *who* you are or *what* you look like—as long as you have *personality*." And to all teens, the golden label "good personality" means four things: friendliness, poise, ability to make conversation, and the quality of being "fun to be with." Grooming, physical beauty are extra assets. As one boy said, "It starts when you're a kid; if you've got it then, you've always got it."

■ Photos by Joseph Di Pietro

In a Girl

"You can always rate a girl by the activities she belongs to." Paper and yearbook staffs, dramatic and glee clubs, all service groups rank high. "Big wheel" girl usually belongs to sorority, clubs or Y-teen group—whichever guides social life at her school.



"Good grades are important—but the girl better have a good personality to go with it." Few popular girls get below B average; most cram study into school hours, at-home session, are courteous in class, attentive to teachers. Cribbing or carrying "cheat notes" for exams is considered worse offense for girls than for boys.



"It doesn't have to be a big house, but the kids have to fee welcome." Younger teens like planned at-home parties, olde groups prefer more casual visits and elaborate postpron get-togethers. Soft drinks and music are always essential Greatest social handicap: "cold attitude from parents."



"Fellows admire them, girls love them." Letter-sweater athletes, the "musclemen" of the campus, get hero treatment in school and local press. Football honors rate top popularity with one condition: star athlete must always stay modest, avoid snob label "The Head."

"Doesn't have to be new—just four wheels and a driver's license." Family car for dates, or car of his own, is prime social asset for high-school boy. Car may be jalopy or decade-old sedan; "hot rods" rate only with "fast crowd." Car owners must be generous, let others "grab a hop."

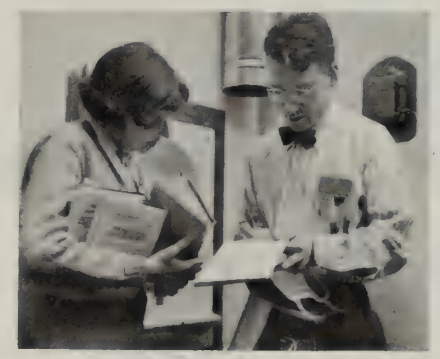
"No matter how much allowance, it's never enough." Any part-time job, from clerking to trucking, is suitable for male student "as long as it's not his life's work." Given choice of $10-week "white-collar job" and $15 week for "muscle work," most teen-agers will choose latter.

the Signs of a Schmoe

THE high-school definition of the word "popularity" isn't in the dictionary. For it isn't just a word, it's a way of life. It means a bid to double-date for the prom, a football banner to hang in a bedroom, a chance to make posters for the class play, a half hour's gossip on the phone, a collection of "I'll remember you" messages in the school yearbook. It means the elusive, important but undefinable quality of "belonging."

Teen-imposed standards for popularity are high. Friendliness with everyone and the ability to be nonchalant about popularity *after* it happens ("Too much popularity kills popularity") are first requisites. Studying too hard, aloofness and snobbishness are cardinal sins.

To be popular, a teen-ager must perform the delicate feat of treating other people as he would like to be treated, gain for himself a friendly response—and still not be dubbed a "social climber." Above all, the *need* for popularity must not become too evident. For the way to be marked a "freak" or a "floater" is to become an eager beaver about popularity—"And that's for sure. That's for *dang* sure!"



"Only a deadhead would wear them." Rimless glasses, pencils clipped to pocket, briefcase for books mark the male schmoe.



"Making like a movie star" with pompadour hairdo, fancy clothes and heavy make-up gains girl "hot stuff" label.



For school, high heels, strap shoes are taboo; high tennis shoes "pruney" for gym. Flats and white socks rate as favorites.



Overdressing in drape suit, loud painted tie and colored shirt marks teen as "dude," "cowboy," "cool" or "drugstore gangster."

"One sure way to get left out is to go right home after school." Girls need session at drugstore or soda shop to gossip, make plans, sip anything from soft drinks to "mountain cream" (¾ milk, ¼ cherry extract). Some spots impose 15c spending minimum on teen customers.





Dark broadcloth shirts, cardigans (except letter sweaters) and standard hats find no place in "smooth joe's" school wardrobe.



"Book-crazy" or "cram-happy" students usually rank low with classmates, are often called "brains," "tools" or "I.Q. ickies."

Wedding Special

By ANN BATCHELDER

IT seems to me that next to June—a decent, well-mannered June, I mean—the top-flight month for weddings is October. That, at least, is almost bound to be good, and, if you can count on anything in this unpredictable world, it might well be the cool, crisp, sunny days when autumn is beginning and for a little while the world seems to stand still and wait, unable to turn back, afraid to go forward. And that stillness and beauty is ours to hold to our hearts for only a little while. And so it is a perfect bridal month.

Members of the wedding. Whenever there is a wedding, somebody has the responsibility of providing those special things that every bride deserves at her wedding and every guest expects. So we have joined the party, in a way, and have given you some

(Continued on Page 158)



PHOTO BY STUART-POWLER



LINE A DAY

By ANN BATCHELDER

1 The incredible Rinehart—Mary Roberts—the one and only, must deal on the most intimate terms with the subconscious. Here she is with a book called THE CASE OF THE WANDERING KNIFE, guaranteed not to make you sleep well. This book contains two other hair-raisers too.

2 For the hour when you don't want much but do want something, try this. Grill some sardines, big ones. Put them on toast fingers. Over all turn a good testy rarebit. I *said* testy. I *meant* testy.

3 Folks eat apple griddlecakes with soft maple sugar and butter as if they hadn't had anything to eat since they were weaned. Make a good usual griddlecake batter and at last mix in a cup of tart apples chopped very fine. Bake on the griddle and serve hot, one by one as they come.

4 The ideal way to serve and eat griddlecakes is to lure the cook to the stove, arm her with a bowl or pitcher of batter, facing a hot griddle, and start talking. This means eating in the kitchen. As she flips from griddle to plate, help yourself to bacon or sausage and coffee. But let the cook be.

5 A suggestion of ground ginger added to hard sauce adds a nice, unusual touch.

6 For an appetizer, mix equal amounts of cooked, cooled, flaked fish and chopped mustard pickle. Serve on crackers.

7 Don't fool yourself that "white sauce" is anything more than a poor relation to "cream sauce." Their only remote relationship is that the main ingredient of both came from the cow.

8 *From an old cookbook:* "The young bride in choosing her china should keep in mind that flowers are not in good taste as decoration. Let her keep to plain white with a narrow gold band. As her mother did." Most of those brides listened to grandma!

9 Ever hear of onion soup getting chummy with a clam? Heat a can of onion soup. Thicken slightly. It's a soup you want, not a paste. Now add a can of minced clams, with all the liquor, and then ¼ cup of cream. Heat in the double boiler and serve very hot. With a salad and rolls and dessert, it's a meal. Luncheon or supper.

10 Mix 1½ cups finely chopped celery with 1 cup pecan meats broken up, not chopped. Mix with 1 cup shredded cabbage. A boiled salad dressing is good with this. Serve in a "bowl" of cabbage leaves.

11 Get yourselves a sizzling platter. They're fun and they're handy. Broil fine fresh mackerel and serve sizzling on the platter with Lima beans, stuffed tomatoes and potato croquettes. Don't forget the lemon.

12 Cook 1 tablespoon each of grated orange rind, orange juice, butter, and 2 tablespoons sugar to a light sirup. Put those new partially baked rolls in muffin pans, cover with the sirup and bake.

13 If you like noodles, you'll like this specialty of my house. All you do is boil ½ package medium broad noodles for 9 minutes. Drain them. Then ——

14 Prepare about 6 cups real cream sauce, and in it have quite a lot of Parmesan cheese. Put the noodles in a deep glass casserole, add layers of thin slices of cooked ham and chicken. Add a chopped parboiled green pepper and fill the casserole with the sauce.

15 Lastly, cover with fine cracker crumbs and cheese, butter or margarine on top. Bake until the sauce bubbles and the whole dish is brown.

16 How about puff-paste shells, about the size of an old silver dollar, filled with deviled crab meat for the bite-size tray?

17 Baked apples are good but like a hood on an old-fashioned mackintosh, not very intriguing. But core, fill the centers with cooked cranberries and cranberry juice, and bake. You'll be surprised. I was.

18 A very delicious omelet is made as usual, *only*—creamed crab meat or oysters, pretty well seasoned, is folded in when the omelet is almost done. Potato puffs, hot rolls, a salad and a frozen-strawberry shortcake—and what more do you want? The moon with Venus to boot?

19 Here's a salad straight from a famous chef in the heart of France. Take crisp white endive, wash, dry and chill. Add a little celery seed, a teaspoon of anchovy paste to French dressing. Put a crust of bread rubbed with garlic in the bowl. Toss salad and dressing together well. Remove crust, and serve. Cheeses go with this, and bread sticks (hot).

20 Old-fashioned apple turnovers are worth a thought or two. Make green-apple sauce with sugar, cinnamon and nutmeg to taste. Cook until thick.

OCTOBER REVERIE

Now is the fall of the year,
Though the sun is as bright,
And the moon as seductive and clear,
As on an August night.

The wind in the sycamore trees
Is all the music we hear:
Gone are the birds like a breeze,
Gone in the fall of the year.

21 Roll out and cut out large squares of chilled rich flaky pastry. On one side put a large spoon of the sauce, fold the pastry to make a triangle, wet the edges, press down firmly with a fork, prick the top and bake in a 450° F. oven until brown and flaky. Serve with plain cream.

22 Try a toasted doughnut. Split the doughnut, toast and butter it. Eat along with good coffee.

23 Make up a packaged butterscotch pudding, cool slightly, and fold in ½ cup cold cooked rice. Chill. Serve topped with brown sugar and chopped nuts. Easy—and good.

24 Once in a while some small town does something in the way of a wonderful dish which gets to be known by the name of the place where it originated. Of such is a dessert called "Colebrook Cake," from Colebrook, New Hampshire. And so it has been known for a great many generations of good cooks.

25 Colebrook Cake isn't a cake, isn't a pie, isn't a shortcake. Any sliced or cut-up fruit, berries or jam may be used. Sugar the fruit well, and put in a deep pie plate. Cover with a rich biscuit dough; bake until the crust is brown and the fruit cooked.

26 Now loosen the crust around the edge and turn the plate over quickly on the serving plate, like an upside-down cake, you know. It's cut like a pie and served with plain or whipped cream sweetened and flavored with nutmeg. I've eaten it there and eaten it here and shall again. It's Colebrook's bid to fame.

27 Pears, cut in two, hollowed out, filled with cream cheese and mint jelly, are quite a snappy garnish for a roast of lamb or lamb chops.

28 For stuffed mushrooms, use deviled ham, chopped chicken or chicken livers. Whatever you use, no matter how fine it may be cut, give it another chop. You can't get mushroom stuffings too fine.

29 Spread slices of bread, buttered of course, with chutney. Cover some with slices of ham, very thin, and some with chicken, white meat. For the top another slice of brown bread spread with cream cheese. Cut out in sandwich shapes to suit yourself.

30 Frozen tomato-juice concentrate is news—good news. And you'll find dozens of uses for it aside from serving it as a beverage.

31 It seems to me the leaves are more reluctant than usual to leave the trees this year. As if they knew their little day was done, never to return. As we all must know it one day, believing that the empty places will all be filled—better, maybe. But anyway, filled.

HOW *to get the* most *out of a can of* tomato soup

BY Anne Marshall



ANNE MARSHALL
Director Home Economics
Campbell Soup Company

OF course you serve tomato soup—once or twice a week probably—for it's "the soup most folks like best." But are you, I wonder, really getting the most out of those familiar cans of tomato soup that you, like most American homemakers, have on your kitchen shelf? May I respectfully say you're not—*unless* you're using it also in your cooking and as a pour-on sauce.

New life for "Old Reliables"

For instance, in addition to the tomato-glorified beef stew—which we show below—by cooking with tomato soup you'll marvelously *improve* such homey dishes as meat loaf, pot roast, meat pie, stuffed peppers, meat balls and other favorite dishes. Delicious, too, as a base for spaghetti sauce. Dishes take on "new meaning" . . . your leftovers will be enlivened . . . your family recipes will have a finer-than-ever flavor when you add the richness of condensed tomato soup.

Adding Character, Color and Zest

And then, of course, you'll not overlook the added temptation, the enticement you lend to meat patties, frankfurters, fish cakes, omelet, boiled halibut, grilled cheese sandwiches—to name but a few—with tomato soup used as pour-on sauce. Just everything you pour it over becomes smoother, livelier, brightly attractive . . . in short, has more "character".



So you see, tomato soup in your meal-planning life can well be a *multiple* thing . . . something to keep on the shelf in good supply.



1 A Dish for All Occasions

Naturally, you think of tomato soup as the most versatile of all soups. You build family lunches and suppers around it, for instance; you serve it when company comes; you let the children have it often—for school-day lunches and early-to-bed suppers, preparing it with milk; you serve it to perk up convalescent appetites; you "lunch alone" with it; you combine it with other soups. No wonder women say of tomato soup: "It's the handiest thing on my kitchen shelf!"

2 *Tomato-glorified* BEEF STEW

Do try this: To your favorite beef stew recipe, add 1 can of condensed tomato soup. That's all! But my, what it does to that stew. If you've had compliments for your stew before, you'll have cheers for it now!



3 *Tomato-enlivened* HAMBURGERS

Broiled hamburgers take on new interest when you do this: As you lift them brown and sizzling from the pan, pour over them a can of tomato soup (heated just *as is*). Rich, red, velvety-smooth—what a tomato sauce it makes!





Belvoir Castle—founded by a standard bearer of William the Conqueror—now the home of this lovely modern Duchess.

The Duchess of Rutland

The captivating charm of this slim, young Duchess glows out from her exquisite face—a face of enchanting individuality, and bright with promises of the gay, delightful woman that is her Inner Self.

Hidden within you is an enchanting other self

WAITING TO UNFOLD A NEW YOU

MANY, MANY WOMEN are enveloped in unhappy self-consciousness...*needlessly* hampered by imagined shortcomings.

Actually—*no woman* has any right to keep on feeling insecure about herself. You can win a new possession over yourself and your life. *You can unfold a new and lovelier you.*

A wonderful power, deep-felt within you, can help you. This power grows out of the fascinating inter-play between your outer self and your inner self—the way you *look* and the way you *feel*.

Surely you have noticed the exciting difference it makes *to know* you are looking charming, "just right." It electrifies you with happy confidence that glows out from you to others. But, when you are not on good terms with your looks, a shadow of self-doubt eclipses you. And there you are—standing right in your own way!

Start now to like yourself better!

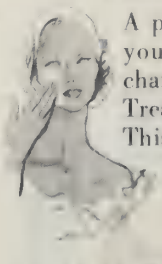
Perhaps what you need most is a new liking for yourself. So, why not start this very day to cultivate a new belief in *YOU!*

Set yourself an over-all goal of that charming person you want to be—and plan how to make her come true. Use the well-tried laws of health and beauty. Stretch, limber, rouse your body to bring circulation up, to firm your muscles, ease your nerves. Breathe deeply in fresh air. Eat wisely. Drink plenty of water. Get relaxing sleep. And of course—be absolutely *meticulous* about *cleanliness*.

How well is your face expressing *you?*

Don't ever forget that the You that other people *see first* is *your face*. Does your face show the very nicest you there is? It can. It *will*—if you give it a little loving attention each day. Your skin, especially, really hates to be forgotten—and tells you so by taking on an uninviting, dull look. So make your first beauty essential *clean, clean* skin. And, make it a forever habit *always* to cleanse your face *with cream!*

"Outside-Inside" Face Treatment



A particularly rewarding way to give your skin fresh-out-of-the-bandbox charm is the "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. This treatment acts on both sides of your skin. *From the Outside*—soft fluffy Pond's Cold Cream cleanses and softens your skin as you massage. *From the Inside*—every step of this delightful treatment stirs up beauty-giving circulation in your face.

Always at bedtime—for day face-cleansings too, be sure to give your face this beauty-wise Pond's care. *This is the way:*

Hot Stimulation—a quick splash of hot water.

Cream Cleanse—swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream



The Duchess of Rutland **says: "I am just devoted to Pond's Cold Cream. It is *perfection* for cleansing." Her complexion has the fresh, sweet look of a damask rose.**

all over your face to soften dirt and make-up—sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—do another Pond's creaming to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin *immaculate*. Tissue *lightly*.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

It's quick, it's easy—and how pleased you'll be by *the difference in You!* Your skin feels so soft—looks so glowing, so *very* clean!

The Duchess of Rutland says: "My face looks ever so much fresher after this treatment with Pond's."

If your skin is dry

After 25 many women notice their skin is beginning to have a dry look. The reason is that from 25 on, the *natural* oil that keeps skin soft starts decreasing. Before 40 skin may lose as much as 20% of its own softening oil. And skin without enough oil will seem to shrivel, begin to look dry—begin to look older.

A truly remarkable job of helping to *re-oil* drying skin is done by Pond's *rich* Dry Skin Cream. This special cream is very rich in lanolin—most like the oil of the skin itself. It is *homogenized* to soak in better. And, it contains a special softening *emulsifier*. Work this rich cream in *thoroughly* for *extra* night softening after your regular cleansing. You'll find your dry skin seems to "drink it up"—feels softer, *immediately*.

If heavy make-up doesn't suit you

Choose a powder base that is *greaseless*, colorless, sheer. Pond's Vanishing Cream is *perfect*. Misty white in the jar, completely greaseless, it suits all skin tones. Smooth on a thin film before powder. The cream *disappears*—leaves skin with a velvety quality that *keeps* make-up exquisite.

And, when you want to "pretty-up" fast, treat your face to a 1-Minute Mask with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Cover face (except eyes) with the cream. *After only 1 minute*, tissue off *clean*. See the fresh, new brightness of your skin!

Be an "Angel Face" always!



Foundation and powder all-in-one, Pond's wonderful Angel Face smooths on with its own puff and *stays*. No water, no greasy fingertips, no spilly powder. Angel Face brings you *heavenly* flattery in six angelic shades.

And—BIG NEWS! Pond's Angel Face make-up now comes in a charming *new mirror case* (as well as the sweet blue and gold boxes)! This new mirror case is sleek as polished ivory, etched with golden tracery, smoothly clasped and hinged. It's *very slim* for your handbag—and *very* handsome. Flip it open, you find a full-view mirror, a satin-back velour puff . . . and marvelous Pond's Angel Face! It's quite the sweetest, most convenient make-up a girl can find anywhere!

• • • • •

Lips *bright*, lips a little *daring*—fashion says. Perfect on both counts is Pond's "Lips" *Rascal Red*—vivid as a cardinal's wing . . . or Pond's "Lips" *Heart Throb*, stunning garnet blue-red! You'll find eight Pond's "Lips" shades—in the new, improved formula that *stays on even longer!*

It's such a wonderfully lifting, happy thing to unfold a charming NEW YOU. So never, never neglect the big, little details that can do so much to make you look lovelier!



To help you become your loveliest self—these world-beloved Pond's aids to beauty.

Remember—it's not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. Beauty and happiness go hand in hand. When you look lovely you come a-light with a most charming, happy confidence—and other people are drawn to the *real* Inner You.



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BELLES ON THEIR TOES

(Continued from Page 64)

"Lie down, dear, and let me rub your back."

"I know it, and he knows it," Anne sobbed. "We know it's out of the question."

"Why, the children won't be grown for fifteen years," Mother said. "You don't think I mean for you to wait that long! I don't need you to help run the house. I just want you to wait until you finish college."

"But it wouldn't be right. It wouldn't be."

"Of course it would be right. Ernestine helps run the house now, just as well as you used to. And Martha will do just as well as either of you—even better, I suspect—when Ernestine goes off to Smith this autumn."

"Go ahead and rub," said Anne, lying on her stomach and drying her eyes on the pillowcase.

"You don't think I want a bunch of spinsters around the house, scolding me because the dusting isn't done properly, do you?" Mother asked, rubbing.

"You really don't?"

"And you don't think I want to support you forever, do you?" Mother teased.

"Well, naturally, I thought you'd want me to get a job."

"If you had a job, you wouldn't be any help running the house," said Mother, emphasizing her logic by slapping her where she sat down. "Why, I'll be tickled to death to get rid of you."

"I wouldn't blame you if you were," Anne sighed. "I honestly wouldn't."

"But I do think it would be best to wait until you graduate. Just to set an example to the other children, for one thing."

Anne said that waiting a year wouldn't be anything. It was waiting fifteen that had her worried.

"I wouldn't even ask you to wait that long, but you know how much your father wanted all of you to finish college," Mother explained. "I guess it's something I promised myself I'd do for him."

"And you're sure you're not going to need me at home?"

"It's a mistake ever to think of yourself as indispensable," said Mother, rubbing, and slapping her in the same place again. "Why don't you telephone him and ask him if he can't spend the rest of the holidays with us? We'd all like to meet him."

ANNE leaped from the bed. "I sure will," she shouted. "Why, he'll pack up in a minute and —— Wait a minute. You're not trying to give him the Al Lynch treatment, are you?" she asked suspiciously.

"Not unless he brings a ukulele."

"He's not like that. You'll see."

We called him Doctor Bob, to distinguish him from our own Bob. We couldn't decide whether we liked him or not, at first, because he was quiet until you got to know him. He had a conservative black Ford coupé, with Michigan license plates, and he dressed like a businessman rather than a college boy.

Frank and Bill had moved out of their room again, and doubled up with Fred and Dan. When Doctor Bob found out about that, he made Frank move back with him.

"For the last ten years I've been living in fraternity houses and hospitals," he said. "I wouldn't feel at home in a room all by myself. And there's no need for you four to be crowded up like that."

The bathtub maneuver, with Frank masquerading as a girl, had worked so well on Al that the boys had considered trying it on Doctor Bob. But after he relieved the congestion in Fred and Dan's room, they decided to drop the whole idea.

"It wouldn't work on him anyway," Bill explained. "If anyone walked in on him, he wouldn't mind. He'd probably say, 'Hi, sis,' and go right on washing."

Tom stood in some awe of Anne's fiancé, since he was a doctor, although a young one. But the awe was not sufficient to prevent Tom from giving him a piece of his mind one night, when he found Doctor Bob sitting on his kitchen table.



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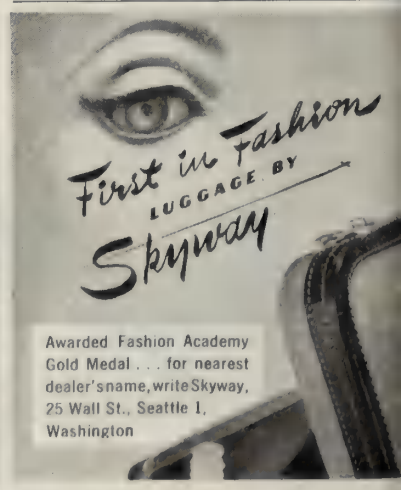
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Tom was particular about the table. It as his office, and it symbolized something iat was exclusively his. He ate off it, kept s tools on it, and maintained a bed for ourteen under it. Although Tom often eaned chickens and skinned squirrels on s table, none of us was allowed to place ıything unsanitary upon it, particularly ırselves.

Anne was preparing a midnight meal after ıe movies, and Doctor Bob was watching om the table, when Tom came down from s room to get a pitcher of ice water.

"My table," Tom gasped. "Get your ıey offen there."

"Don't pay any attention to him, Bob," nne blushed. "He does that to everybody."

"I have to eat my food offen there, you ıow," Tom screamed.

"You're not dealing with children any ıore," Anne told him furiously. "You go ack to your room and be quiet."

"I quit," Tom shouted, reaching behind im in a familiar gesture to untie his apron, ut finding only the rear of his bathrobe. Let your mother find someone else to do all ıe dirty work around here."

"Wait a minute," said Doctor Bob, sliding ff the table, "I'll sit in a chair. There's othing to get excited about."

Tom seized a dishrag and a bar of soap, nd scrubbed the table officiously. "I wouldn't ıind if I didn't eat offen here," he kept mumling. "It's bad enough having members of ıe immedjate family sitting on it."

"I don't blame you," sympathized Doctor ob, who had heard from Anne about Tom's leas concerning his own illnesses. "A man ho's been through what you've been through ın't be too careful about erms."

"That's right," Tom greed, somewhat mollied. "But nobody around ere don't consider that. ow did you know?"

"Come over here in the ght." Doctor Bob spread pen one of Tom's eyes and peered into . "Now open your mouth and say 'ah.'"

Tom opened his mouth and said it.

"Clear history of pleurisy. You're in good ape now, but watch the germs. If you ever el an attack coming on, there's an old edicine on the market that's better than ıy of the new things. It's called ——"

"Quinine Remedy," Tom beamed.

Doctor Bob nodded sagely.

"Yes, *sir*," said Tom, sucking in his omach, and spreading newspapers over his ble. "You can sit up here now, doctor, if s more comfortable."

"I'm all right here in the chair."

"Come on, sir," Tom begged. "Make urself comfortable."

Doctor Bob climbed back on the table.

"For Pete's sake," Anne said incredously. "You're the first one he's let do at since Dad died."

"I don't mind when there's papers on the ble," Tom explained patiently. "I used to read out papers for your father too. I got eat offen there, you know."

"You can't be too careful," Doctor Bob reed.

Y the second day of Doctor Bob's visit, l of us had decided we wanted him as a ember of the family. So much so that we gan to take precautions to make certain nne wouldn't lose him.

Frank, Bill and Fred drew up a schedule d stood watch in the mornings, so that no e would make any noise and awaken octor Bob. Frank had the duty on the cond floor, Bill on the first, and Fred outde his window. Tom fixed special desserts r him, and was always sending milk and ndwiches up to his room.

Some mornings, when he was up before nne, he'd play baseball with the boys or ke the girls riding in his car.

"Are you sure you're having a good time?" e'd ask him. "Would you like us to call nne now? She's slept long enough. Ordirily, she's up with the birds, doing all the ousework."

"No, that's all right. Let her sleep."

"And, boy, is she a good cook!"

"I'll bet," he'd grin.

"Is there anything we can get you? How about another cup of coffee?"

"No, thanks. I'm doing fine."

Anne finally complained about it to Mother. "He's going to think they're all dying to get rid of me," she moaned.

"He's got more sense than that," Mother said.

"It used to be, when I had a fellow over, that I couldn't get rid of the kids. They'd be all over me, or hiding under the sofa, or peeking through the keyhole, or making loud sounds of kisses every time anyone tried to hold my hand."

"I know it," Mother sympathized. "And your father used to egg them on. I used to speak to him about it."

"I KNOW you did. I'm not blaming you. But I'll swear all that was better than what they do now. When we walk into a room now, they all nudge each other, when they think we're not looking, and then get up and leave. It's almost indecent."

Mother shook her head and tried not to smile. "They're the limit," she agreed.

"They invent all kinds of excuses about why they have to leave. The lamest you ever heard—and they expect him to swallow them. Like it's high time they taped the handle of their baseball bat. Or they'd better go check and see whether Fourteen has had kittens. Or they promised Tom they'd help him sift the ashes."

"It's hard to be the oldest," Mother agreed.

"If Bob and Jane don't get the hint, the others pick them up bodily and carry them out. And then Frank and Bill mumble something about saving electricity, and go around switching out the lights. My shins are all barked up from bumping into things in the dark."

"It just means the children like Doctor Bob," Mother said. "It's a compliment to him, really, dear."

"But suppose," Anne groaned, "he gets the idea that all that business of turning off the lights has been going on with every boy I've ever had over here before?"

Doctor Bob liked children and knew how to talk with them. Bob and Jane started following him around the house, and wouldn't go to bed at night unless he'd come up and tuck them in. Although we tried to keep them out of the way, they started begging to be taken along when he and Anne went out in his car in the afternoons. Bob would sit between Doctor Bob and Anne in the front seat of the coupé, and Jane would sit on Anne's lap. We were horrified, but the two youngest wouldn't listen to reason.

"I give up," Anne told her fiancé on one such afternoon excursion. She adjusted Jane on her lap. "Either they're in our hair, like right now, or they're tiptoeing around turning out lights."

"I don't mind it either way," her Bob chuckled. "Except I never saw a house where they had more baseball bats to tape or more ashes —— Look, Bobby," he said, pointing out his window. "See the choo-choo train?"

"Where?" said Bob, leaning across him. "Where, Doctor Bob?"

"We just passed it. Look out the back window, and you'll see it."

Bob stood up on the seat and then, so he could get a better view, stood on Doctor Bob's thigh. "Choo, choo, choo," he said. "Big son of a gun, isn't it, Doctor Bob?"

"It sure is. One of the biggest."

"At one time," said Anne, "I was silly enough to think that by the time I was engaged I might occasionally ride in an automobile without holding children in my lap. I used to have dreams, when I was a little girl, of sitting up front and having a whole half seat all to myself. I used to dream —— Look, Janey, see the horsy?"

"Where, Anne? I don't see the horsy."

"We just passed it," said Anne, holding her up so she could look out the back window.

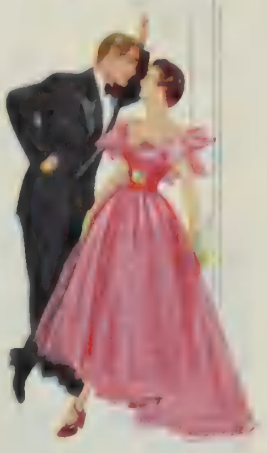
Socialism will be possible only when we are all perfect; and then it will not be necessary. —BISHOP CREIGHTON.



And—

New tests by leading skin specialists PROVE the amazing mildness of Cashmere Bouquet on all types of skin!

Yes, in laboratory tests conducted under severest conditions on normal, dry and oily skin types . . . Cashmere Bouquet Soap was *proved* amazingly mild! So use Cashmere Bouquet regularly in your daily bath and for your complexion, too. It will leave your skin softer, smoother . . . flower-fresh and younger looking! The lingering, romantic *fragrance* of Cashmere Bouquet comes only from a secret wedding of rare perfumes, far costlier than you would expect to find in any soap. Fastidious women cherish Cashmere Bouquet for this "fragrance men love".



Cashmere Bouquet

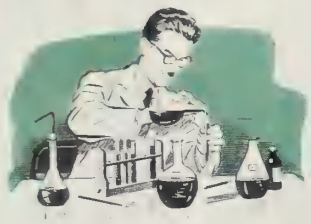
—In a New Bath Size Cake, Too!

New weapons help fight

ARTHRITIS

RECENT MEDICAL discoveries have brought new hope to the seven million people in our country who have arthritis and other rheumatic diseases.

Medical science is definitely on the march against these afflictions. For example, experiments with many new



substances have shown great promise in test cases, even though they have not as yet been completely verified on a broad scale. These substances, however, are very scarce and at present are available only for research purposes and for limited use in treatment in certain hospitals.

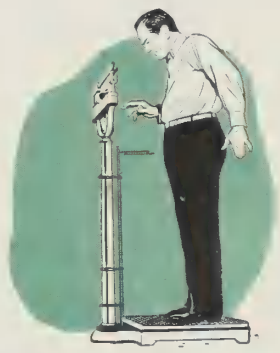
Even without such substances, doctors today know more than ever before about arthritis and how to treat it. They also know that one of the big problems is to get people to have prompt medical attention in the early stages of the disease.



Too often those with arthritis rely on so-called "sure cures" which may temporarily relieve pain but generally do little or nothing to correct the fundamental situation. According to the Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation, *if proper treatment is started early*, about 60 percent of the arthritis patients can be greatly helped and in some cases completely relieved.

There are many different forms of arthritis. The two most common are rheumatoid arthritis which usually begins before age 40, and osteoarthritis which is found most often in people past middle age. Using approved diagnostic methods, including a complete physical examination, the doctor can usually determine what type of arthritis is present and prescribe the treatment best suited to the patient's *individual* needs.

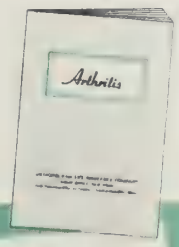
Among other things, the doctor may recommend bringing the weight down to normal. Even as little as 10



or 15 pounds of extra weight may appreciably increase the pain of arthritis, especially in the weight-bearing joints. He may also suggest following a nutritious but moderate daily diet, maintaining proper posture, and paying careful attention to daily hygiene.

While great strides have been made in treating the disease, medical research is continuing its efforts to develop more effective weapons against the many forms of arthritis. Today, doctors believe that the future holds real hope for the millions of people with this condition.

For other helpful information about the disease, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, entitled "Arthritis."



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1 Madison Avenue,
New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of the free booklet, 100J, "Arthritis."

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Doctor Bob reached over and squeezed Anne's hand. Her diamond solitaire picked up a piece of the sun and sparkled.

They were married in September of the following year, after Anne had received her diploma. The wedding was at our house. At Anne's insistence, Mother herself gave the bride away. The minister of our church in Montclair, who was to officiate at most of our weddings and a dozen or so christenings of Mother's grandchildren, performed the ceremony.

The minister had children of his own, and a good deal of poise. He wasn't upset when Lillian and Fred blundered into the room that had been assigned to him, while he was slipping into his vestments. And he chuckled, along with everyone else, when young Bob jumped onto Anne's train and brought the wedding procession to a faltering halt.

It was a happy wedding, but we felt sorry for Mother. We thought we knew what was running through her mind. Anne was the first to leave the fold. Ernestine and Martha would probably be next. How would Mother get along with a family of only eight children? How would she feel when all of the children, even Jane, had married and left home?

Poor Mother, we thought. *Poor, poor Mother.*

Tom watched the ceremony from the back of the crowd, occasionally producing a none-too-clean handkerchief to dab at his eyes. When it was over, he pushed his way up to Anne, fished in his pocket, and handed her twenty crumpled one-dollar bills.

"If he ain't good to you," he said, "I want you to buy a ticket and come home."

Anne looked for a minute as if she might lean over and kiss him, but Tom went into his fighter's crouch, weaving and making fierce faces.

"If he don't behave hisself," said Tom, "let him have the left like I learned you, and follow it with the right, like this."

He feinted twice at Doctor Bob, who made believe he was baffled and completely helpless under the onslaught.

"If I find him with so much as an elbow on my kitchen table," Anne promised, "I'm sending for you."

IT wasn't until Anne and Doctor Bob got their suitcases and started for their coupé that Jane and Bob realized the newlyweds were going away on a trip.

"Take us with you, Doctor Bob," they begged, lunging for his legs. "You haven't taken us for a ride all day."

He lifted up Jane and kissed her, and looked helplessly at Anne.

"No, sir," said Anne, trying to disentangle them. "Not on our honeymoon. On that I positively draw the line."

Martha had contacts, although she never went out of her way to develop them. She knew the mayor, the mayor's secretary, librarians, store managers, motormen, policemen, delivery boys and firemen.

With Anne married and Ernestine at Smith, Martha took charge of the household when Mother was away on business, and stretched the budget farther than it ever had gone before. Without spending any more money, she saw to it that each of us got a few more of the things he wanted.

MARTHA ran the house in the same manner that she performed her schoolwork—effortlessly and efficiently, but without pretense of perfection. She saw to it that the necessary and important things got done. And she refused to allow the unnecessary or unimportant ones to cause her any concern.

If she could settle for a B or a C in a school subject, she saw no point in slaving for an A. Of course, if an A came naturally—and occasionally one did—so much the better.

Likewise, if we swept and dusted the house in the mornings, she saw no reason to nag if we sometimes forgot to wipe our feet or hang up our overcoats when we got home from school in the afternoons. Besides, sometimes she wasn't too careful about wiping her own feet, or hanging up her own overcoat.

Martha's contacts in Montclair made things easier for all of us. She'd get the grocer's delivery boy to stop by the hardware store to pick up something we had bought. She'd ask the men who drove the city's snowplows if they'd mind taking a few minutes to clear our driveway. If Tom were sick, she'd get the milkman to help Frank and Bill carry the furnace ashes from the basement to the yard.

People seemed to like doing things for her, and Martha didn't mind helping them. She knew whom to call if a streetlight were broken, or if the garbage man had forgotten to come by our block, or if a rabid dog were reported in the neighborhood. Mother, and even the neighbors, began to depend on her when they wanted something done in the city.

Once when Mother was out of town, a sleet storm broke the power lines and the utility company said service couldn't be restored for twenty-four hours. Martha called the fire chief and asked him what to do.

"With all the children we have in the house," she told him, "I thought it might be

(Continued on Page 84)





you can SEE the difference

The fog lifts . . . the strain vanishes . . . you *see* a different world! One simple stroke sweeps away the frowns, wrinkles, headaches . . . the fumbling and fretting . . . the snubbing of friends you just couldn't *see.*

How many of us stumble through life taking our seeing for granted! We simply do not *know the difference* between the way we see *now,* and the way we *could* see, if we gave our eyes a chance to see with all the sharpness and brilliance of which they are capable.

That is why an eyesight examination is of such *immense* value.

It is a golden key to a new world of vibrant beauty, health and achievement . . . a shining pathway to the knowledge, culture and enjoyment in books, movies, television.

All eyes change with age . . . weaken with time. Keep an eye on *your* eyes. See your ophthalmologist, optometrist, ophthalmic dispenser (optician) regularly. It pays.

The effort is small, the reward immeasurable... *Better Living through Better Vision.*

BETTER VISION INSTITUTE, INC., 630 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 20, NEW YORK

MOTION PICTURE . . . the Institute's new 16mm, two-reel, educational, color-sound film: WONDERLAND OF VISION . . . available for bookings without charge to educational, civic, business, industrial, fraternal and social groups. Write for particulars.

EYE CARE

Nothing you buy gives you so much, yet costs you so little

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hing is too good for the only eyes you will ever have... From 2000 lbs. of "glass ck," emerge only 45 lbs. of finished first quality lenses... Employing 363 technical and professional skills plus over 200 painstaking operations to make a flawless mounting... rigid quality control that means... insurance for your precious vision!



Eaton's famous Highland Linen in 5 fashionable tints—all in one limited edition box

Highland Linen has always been Eaton's most famous paper. Your grandmother probably used it in Always-Correct-White. Now YOU, who love personality and color in your letter paper can have it in fashion's dress . . . delectable tints . . . all five of them in this one special, beautiful box. Imagine! *Five* tints of this altogether perfect *writing* paper, fabricked as to surface, perfect as to size, and in the most luscious tints: *Dawn Pink, Mist Blue, Tender Green, Kitten Grey, Pure White.*

Mix or match, pick your favorite . . . you'll always be able to get more of Eaton's Highland Linen in the color you love best.

NOW in Stationery Departments everywhere . . . this *special* box. But *hurry!* . . . at $1 this limited edition won't last long!

Eaton's fine Letter Papers

PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

A good gift for Anyone at Anytime

(Continued from Page 82)

a fire hazard to have them stumbling around in the dark striking matches."

A fire truck pulled into the driveway a few minutes later with six electric lanterns, on loan to Martha. She had a vacuum bottle of coffee ready to send back to the station to the chief.

Martha studied the budget periodically to see just where the money went, and to see if she could fix it so that less of it went there. If she couldn't figure out a way herself, she'd call the person who was getting the money, and ask him.

For instance, there was the matter of haircuts. As Martha pointed out, it was a relatively small item, but one that recurred. She telephoned the owner of the barbershop frequented by the boys, and explained her problem. She pointed out that, since we had six boys, we had to spend more money on haircuts than most families—that it usually came to at least three dollars a month. She wondered whether there was any way he could give us a special rate. And if it wouldn't pay him to make us a rate, did he know anybody who was just opening a shop, and needed the business, who might be willing to do so?

The barber said he never had given special rates before, but that he wouldn't mind doing it provided the boys didn't come on week ends or after five o'clock in the afternoons, when business was heaviest.

Money saved on transactions such as that was available for luxuries. If any of us wanted anything badly enough, and it didn't cost too much, Martha would try to get it, and still keep within the budget. If she turned us down, we could always go to Mother, who usually would see that we got what we wanted whether the budget could afford it or not. But Martha, ordinarily easygoing, became furious when any of us worried Mother about money matters. And we found it was advisable, if we were going to expect favors from Martha in the future, not to go over her head.

Whenever possible, and if the price were right, we did business with the United Cigar Store, which gave out coupons and certificates with each sale. The cigar store had a catalogue of premiums that included almost everything any of us wanted.

There were such items as a Genuine Cowhide, Jet Black, Positively Guaranteed, Big League Catcher's Mitt, for 415 certificates. And the catalogue said that in addition to the mitt, a regulation baseball would be given away absolutely free, for a limited time only, to boys taking advantage of this amazing offer.

FIVE yellow coupons equaled one green certificate, and we kept them in separate cigar boxes on Martha's dresser. Every couple of weeks, she'd call us into her room and we'd count what we had, putting rubber bands around each hundred coupons and each twenty certificates, and then figuring how long we'd have to wait until we had enough of them to redeem.

Tom was a chain smoker, and usually bought his cigarettes by the pack, at whatever store happened to be handy. He was continually running out of them, and borrowing from the men who were taking Mother's course, or smoking butts he found in the ash trays.

Martha started buying cartons of his brand, at the United Cigar Store, and leaving them in the pantry. Whenever Tom took a pack, he'd put an I O U in the carton, and settle up with Martha on payday.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Country Cemetery

By Eleanor Alletta Chaffee

Quiet lies the town
Where all men go to rest;
The blue sky clear above them,
Good earth about them pressed.

The old, the child, the lover
Have all found peace at last.
Against the heat of living
The gates of time are fast.

This is the place where pathways
Are printless night and day,
And all the silent footsteps
Go gently, all one way.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"I never thought you'd try to make mo off of me, like in a company store," grumble as he paid his bills.

But Martha pointed out that she was ing him the cigarettes at cost—and tha was saving money by getting the carton r All she wanted was the certificates.

Tom really was pleased by the convenie of Martha's "canteen," but he went ou his way to check and recheck her addit and to question the authenticity of I O U's.

"That don't look like my writing," say. "Where's that magnifying glass a Then, after he had paid with seeming luctance and twice counted his change, add, "Give me them I O U's so I can them up. I think some of these were the s ones you charged me for last week."

MOTHER'S students found out about supply of smokes, and began patronizing pantry. Later, Martha started stock razor blades, another item Tom usually got to buy.

The first premium we obtained with certificates was a Mother's Day present ornate bedside lamp with a bright-and- switch. Mother used to say that Moth Day was a ridiculous occasion, and that a one who felt he had to give his female pa a special present, day a year, must trying to atone for days of previous lect. We thoug though, she was tel us that so we woul feel bad because couldn't afford p ents.

It took 650 cer cates for the la Mother was star when we presente to her. But when found that we ha spent our allowa for it, or dip into the budget, was as pleased a she had inver Mother's Day her

"When I think you children sa those certificates months, just so y have something give me ——"

"You don't believe we're atoning for o days of neglect, do you, Mother?" Lil asked her anxiously.

"No, I don't think that, dear," Mother, and her voice broke. "I know long you've been saving those certifica and counting them at night, and . . . we don't think there was anything to atone f

After that we got the catcher's mitt electric toaster, ice skates and skis, a c rette lighter for Tom, and a bottle cap

Martha decided on the bottle cappe that the younger children could make t own soft drinks. The budget, in the p hadn't been able to include root beer or ger ale. But Martha knew the children w fond of soda pop, and would like to have the icebox to serve their friends. It still out of the question for us to buy soft dr at a store, because a case would have dis peared in a single afternoon. But if the c dren could make the drinks at home, the would be negligible.

Old gin, rye, White Rock, sirup and blu bottles were rounded up from the neighb basements, washed thoroughly, and t boiled in a tub on the kitchen stove. Som the labels wouldn't come off, but we figu the bottles were clean on the insides.

Sugar was added to root-beer extr which in turn was poured into a vat of s mering water. Then a little yeast was add and the mixture poured into the bott After the caps were applied, the bottles w stored in the basement for a week, and t were ready to drink.

The children thought, and so did t friends, that the root beer was the pee

(Continued on Page 87)

Be Happy Go Lucky!

I like to throw a tricky curve,
But this I'll tell you straight –
The strike that I like best of all
Is Lucky Strike – it's great!

Enjoy your cigarette! Enjoy truly fine tobacco that combines both perfect mildness and rich taste in one great cigarette – Lucky Strike!

Perfect mildness? You bet. Scientific tests, confirmed by three independent consulting laboratories, prove that Lucky Strike is milder than any other principal brand. *Rich taste?* Yes, the full, rich taste of truly fine tobacco.

Only fine tobacco gives you both real mildness and rich taste. And Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So enjoy the happy blending that combines perfect mildness with a rich, true tobacco taste. Be Happy—Go Lucky!

L.S./M.F.T.–Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco

COPR., THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

Luckies are my favorite brand
At home or on the range.
When she finds a smoke like this
A gal's a fool to change!

I carry letters all day long
As happy as can be.
But the letters that I really love
Are L.S./M.F.T.!



Here's the girl who has tried almost every home permanent that ever was. "And the others are good, too!" says Mary Martin. "Only I found that a Rayve wave really does leave my hair softer . . . shinier . . . more naturally curly looking. My hair couldn't be healthier, either. Rayve is really very, very easy on your hair."



This is Mary Martin (privately, Mrs. Richard Halliday) and her 8-year-old daughter, Heller Halliday. Heller wears pigtails—sometimes up, sometimes down. But on top, there's always a fluffy bang of Rayve curls.

MARY MARTIN
of the all-time hit **"South Pacific"**
says:



I've found me a wonderful wave

"Have you seen 'South Pacific'? Then you've seen for yourself how *naturally curly* my Rayve wave acts!" says Mary Martin. "Remember my shampoo on stage? Yet ten minutes later, my hair and I are both dressed for the party scene! There are only *seconds* for a brushing!"

You'll find that a Rayve Home Permanent leaves *your* hair soft, too—"naturally" curly. And as shiny and healthy-looking as if you'd been using a hair-conditioner!

Do her 8 on-stage shampoos every week take out Mary Martin's wave? "Heavens no!" she exclaims. "You can't wash Rayve curls out! Mine last—just like new—until I cut them off!"



"I have to cut off practically a half inch a week, my hair grows so fast. So every 3 weeks we start work with a Rayve Refill," says Mary Martin cheerfully. "Yet with all these permanents, my hair seems to have every bit as much natural oil as ever." Once you see Mary Martin's pretty hair close up, you see it's *true*.



Mary Martin says, "Heller's hair is *very* fine. As every mother knows, it's hard for any little girl to be kept looking neat with straight, fine hair. Without Rayve curls, loose ends *would* appear! But, *Rayved*, Heller goes to school and comes home hours later, almost as neat as when she left!"



Rayve Refill, $1 (use any plastic curlers)

Complete Rayve wave kit, $2 (with 60 plastic curlers)

Money-Back Guarantee! Yes, your money back if you don't agree with Mary Martin that a Rayve Home Permanent gives the softest, most natural wave you've ever had at any price.

(Continued from Page 84)

y that came from the store. A new batch as made every couple of weeks, and finally sort of assembly-line technique was deloped, with two children washing bottles the basement, two boiling bottles on the ove, and two mixing the brew. The empty ottles then were lined up around the stove, nd the mixture siphoned into them through rubber tube. We could make a couple hundred bottles of root beer in less than rty minutes, and from that time on the asement always contained a batch that as ready to drink, and another batch that as aging.

Fortunately, Tom liked root beer, so there as no objection from him about dirtying up s kitchen. But as the weeks passed he said was getting mighty tired of the same old avor.

The next time we made root beer, he sugested that we leave about a gallon of the ixture on the stove, so that he could change e flavor to suit his taste. Tom added a ackage of prunes, a cup of sugar and a whole east cake to the brew. Then he boiled it for alf an hour, before siphoning it into the reaining bottles.

"I'm putting my name in chalk on these re bottles," he told us. "Don't nobody uch them, because don't know how 's going to turn it. I'm going to ave them stand x months, and see ow the flavor is."

"You're sure ou're not trying make yourself me kind of homerew?" Frank anted to know.

"Who, *me?*" om asked piously. There's a law ainst that."

There was a law ainst it, all right. it after a day off West Orange, om in the past had metimes returned the house smellg strongly of someing that wasn't ot beer.

Cousin Leora wasn't really a cousin, which as something to be thankful for. Her family d Mother's had been close friends and ighbors in Oakland, and she had married d moved east about the same time that other had.

She was plump, soft, bejeweled and insitive. None of us liked her, and Dad had spised her. He said she was a bloated one, and that if the Bolsheviks ever took er—which wouldn't surprise him—she'd be the top of their purge list.

Cousin Leora's husband wisely had given the ghost within a year of their wedding y. It was an action we felt sure he never gretted, although his worldly goods had en considerable. Left a widow with a able fortune, which flowed through her gers like flypaper, she lived by herself an apartment in New York.

ER visits to our house had become fairly quent since Dad's death. Since she liked quiz us about family affairs, she usually me when Mother was out of town. Invarily she arrived while we were eating supper. d, almost invariably, it would happen to the one night of the week when we were ying on leftovers.

Once she had written Grosie, Mother's other in Oakland, that she doubted if we re getting enough to eat. As a result, other had had a series of anxious telephone lls from Grosie asking if everything was right, and if we needed money. The calls d upset Mother so much that all of us ed to act particularly well disciplined and ll fed when Cousin Leora came to call.

A few months after we started to make our n root beer, Cousin Leora dropped in one night just as we had sat down to the table. Tom saw her chauffeur wheel the limousine into our driveway, and rushed into the dining room to spread the alarm.

"Everybody quiet down and behave hisself," Tom shouted. "It's the fat old snoop from New York."

"Not," gasped Martha, clutching her head, "Cousin Leora! How could she know this is hash night?"

"I think she likes my secret receipt," Tom said proudly. "I believe Old Snoop can smell my hash all the way acrost the Hudson."

"OPEN some cans of vegetables," Martha hollered as she dashed into the front hall to hang up overcoats and to kick arctics and ice skates into a closet. "And everybody pick up his dishes and put on a Sunday tablecloth."

Cousin Leora entered the hall without ringing the bell.

"Why, look who's here," Martha cooed. "Cousin Leora! What a lovely surprise. I do hope you'll stay for supper."

Cousin Leora would stay, provided she wouldn't be depriving the dear children of their food. Martha took her things, and by the time they entered the dining room the table was reset on a linen cloth.

Mother had spoken that afternoon in Philadelphia, and still hadn't got home. But we were expecting her shortly, and Tom was keeping her dinner warm. Cousin Leora didn't seem displeased by Mother's absence. In fact, we thought we detected a gleam of satisfaction in her eyes.

"Your dear mother's hardly ever home anymore, is she?" Cousin Leora began as Frank helped her into her chair.

"She's here almost every day," Martha said. "She has her motion-study course right here in the house, you know. I think this is the first time she's been away in a month or more."

"I see," our guest nodded, setting in motion a series of chins which broke like waves on the expansive beachhead of her bosom. But she pursed her lips and made it plain she didn't believe a word of it.

"I'm afraid," Martha stumbled, "we're having hash again tonight. You always seem to have the bad luck of picking a hash night."

"Hash seems good to me, after all that rich food we've been having," said Frank, trying to help out.

"There, there, dears," Cousin Leora comforted us. "You don't have to make excuses to me. I'm practically one of the family. I know things have been difficult since your father passed away."

"Not that difficult," Martha smiled weakly, trying to remember that she mustn't act undisciplined. "We had roast pork last night, and meat loaf the night before that."

"I'm sure you did, dear." Cousin Leora pursed her lips again.

"If she's sure we did," Fred whispered to Dan, "why does she make an ugly face like that?"

Cousin Leora had good ears, and she didn't miss much. "Gentlemen don't whisper at the table," she reproved Fred. "I said I was sure you did, and I was not aware that I made an ugly face."

"I'm sorry," Fred apologized. "But we did. Ask anybody."

Martha wanted to side with Fred, but even more she wanted to prevent Mother's being upset by any new telephone calls from California.

(Continued on Page 90)

NEXT MONTH

IT wasn't that Charis was lonely, exactly—she had grown up on the island and she loved the lush scented acres that went down to the sea. But now, at twenty-one, her father was the only white man she had ever seen, and a restless, insistent ache inside of her would not let her be. That was before the plane bearing the two strangers came down in the bay . . . the plane that changed everything—even her father. Read

A BREATH OF AIR

By Rumer Godden

first of three parts, beginning in the November JOURNAL

Small wonder more women use Dorothy Gray creams than any other salon creams in America! For at Dorothy Gray, not the whim of a single cosmetician, but the combined know-how of many beauty scientists creates cosmetics you can trust.

Trust Dorothy Gray

For skin as lovely as yours can be... follow this famous "Rule of Three"



1. Cleanse. Dry skin? For you, wonderfully effective *Dry-Skin Cleanser*. For normal skin there's luxurious *Salon Cold Cream*. If your skin is oily, it needs the beauty-cleansing ritual of *Cleansing Cream* (Liquefying). Priced from $1 to $4.

2. Stimulate. Both dry and normal skins take on a glowing, younger appearance from patting with *Orange Flower Skin Lotion*. Oily skin gets the same stimulating "lift" from *Texture Lotion*. Priced from $1 to $3.75.

3. Lubricate. If skin is either dry or normal, coax it to a more perfect softness and smoothness with *Special Dry-Skin Mixture*. $2.25 to $8. If oily—yes, oily skins do need lubrication—smooth in that *very special Suppling Cream*. $1 to $2.75.

All prices plus tax

If you are over thirty . . .

Madame, are *your* birthdays showing? Then it's time for you to discover Dorothy Gray *Cellogen Cream* . . . with its natural hormone content of 10,000 international units per ounce . . . with the *quicker results* that make it an every day "must" for so many women! It's revelation-ary! Try it.

CELLOGEN CREAM. Thirty-day supply, $3.50. Large, 4-oz. economy size, $5. CELLOGEN LOTION, 4-oz. (for neck, arms, elbows) $5. HORMONE HAND CREAM, 4-oz. $2. *All prices plus tax.*

Theatre Suit by Pauline Trigere

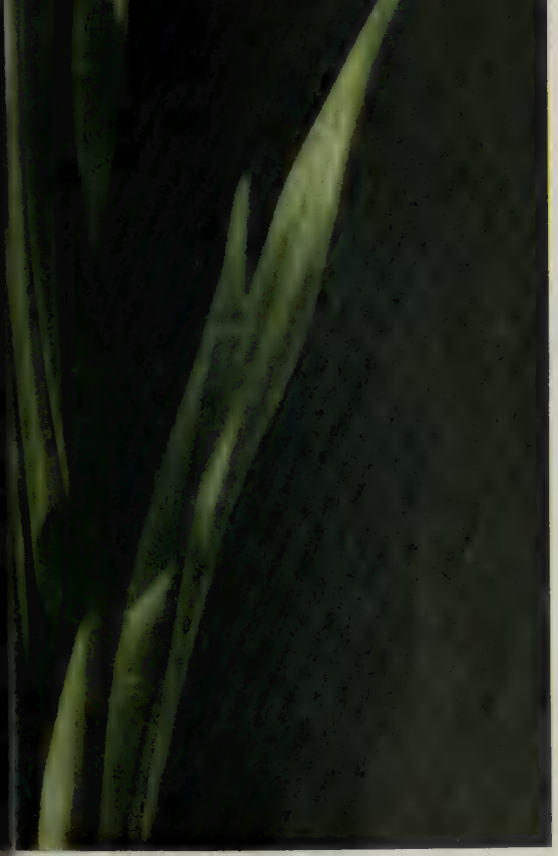
1847 Rogers Bros. brings you a joyous new pattern—

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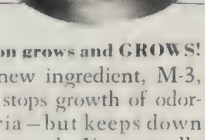
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Now at your cosmetic counter!

New **MUM** *cream deodorant*

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

(Continued from Page 87)

"Whispering isn't polite, and Cousin Leora certainly wasn't making faces," she told Fred. "If you can't behave yourself, you'll have to leave the table and go without your supper."

"Goodness, don't take the food away from the poor child," Cousin Leora protested, in a tone indicating our rations were so scanty that missing a meal might bring on pellagra. "Perhaps it would be better if we change the subject. What do you hear from your grandmother, dear?"

"She's just fine," said Martha, welcoming the change and clinging to it tenaciously. "Yes, sir, just fine. Grosie is fit as a fiddle. She sure is."

"I've known your grandmother ever since I was a little girl. She's a lovely person, isn't she?"

"We certainly think so," Martha agreed. "We certainly do. They don't make them any sweeter than Grosie."

"And quite well off financially, isn't she? I suppose she's very generous."

"She sends us lovely presents," Martha nodded.

"But I know she must be generous in other ways too. Generous in making things easier for your Mother."

"She's certainly offered to make things easier," Martha nodded again.

"I thought she must have," Cousin Leora smirked. "With two girls in college and this big household to run . . . I suppose your Mother has had to rely on her rather heavily, hasn't she?"

"I guess you mean," Martha said as civilly as she could, "does Mother rely on her for money?"

"Of course, it's none of my business," Cousin Leora tittered nervously, "but your mother is such a dear friend of mine."

Fred leaned over when he thought no one was looking, and whispered something else to Dan, this time so quietly that no one at table heard.

"I saw that," Cousin Leora snapped. "What was that you said, young man?"

"Nothing, I guess," Fred mumbled.

"I want to know what you said. Speak up!"

"Do I have to tell her?" Fred asked Mart. "It's going to make her mad."

"I guess you'd better tell her." Martha nodded sympathetically.

"I said," Fred stuttered, looking at his plate, "if you're such a good friend of Mother's, why don't you ask her?"

Dan decided to give Fred what moral support he could. He made up his mind that since Cousin Leora was already convinced we didn't get enough to eat, he might as well give her something interesting to put in her letters to California.

"If Fred has to leave the table for whispering," Dan asked, "can I have his hash? I've lost more weight than anyone else this year."

Fred bared his teeth and growled in mock ferocity. "If you touch it, I'll bite you," he snarled.

"Goodness," said Cousin Leora.

"That's enough, boys," Martha warned sternly. "And if anybody gets the hash, I'm going to be the one. I'm the oldest, so I need the nourishment more than anyone else."

We heard Mother coming up the front steps then, and ran out to meet her. Bill took her coat and hat, and Tom brought in her plate from the kitchen. Mother said the speech in Philadelphia had gone fine, and that she was so glad, this time, not to miss Leora.

"I love hash," Mother announced enthusiastically, and partly for Tom's benefit, as she sat down at the table. "And I love to get home after a train ride. Well, what were you talking about when I came in?"

"Nothing much," Martha put in hastily. "Just chatter."

"As a matter of fact, Lillie," Cousin Leora told Mother darkly, "we were discussing whether this one"—she pointed a diamond studded finger at Fred—"should leave the table."

"Why, Freddy!" Mother said softly. "What did you do, dear?"

"I whispered," Fred admitted. "I didn't think anybody was looking."

"It's not polite to whisper," Mother announced, relieved that the offense hadn't been something more serious. "You know when I was a girl, and we whispered at the table, my father used to make us say it out loud. Sometimes," she laughed, "it was mighty embarrassing too."

"That's what Cousin Leora made me do," said Fred.

It all sounded rather gay to Mother—not serious at all. "And what were you whispering about?" she asked, laughing again.

"Harumph," Cousin Leora cleared her throat noisily.

"Well," said Fred, "she wanted to know if you got money ——"

"What group were you speaking to in Philadelphia, Lillie, dear?" Cousin Leora interrupted.

But Mother was listening to Fred. "Who wanted to know if I got money, Freddy?"

"Harumph, harumph," said Cousin Leora.

"Cousin Leora wanted to know if Grosie sent you any money, and I whispered that if she wanted to know that, she ought to ask you."

Nobody said anything for a minute. Our guest looked as if she had swallowed some of her hash the wrong way, and Mother stared at her with something that was part wonder and part contempt.

Mankind are very odd creatures: One half censure what they practice, the other half practice what they censure; the rest always say and do as they ought.

—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

"I'm going to answer your question, Leora," Mother said finally. "I haven't been getting money from California. They've offered, of course. But so far I've been able to handle things by myself. And I think the worst of it is over."

Cousin Leora glared defiantly. We knew she never had liked us, and now we knew she didn't like Mother either. "You haven't been able to handle it," she spat out spitefully, "when your children don't even get enough to eat."

If she had sat down and rehearsed that speech from the day she had learned to talk she couldn't have come up with anything that would have made Mother any angrier. But Mother decided she wasn't going to lose her temper in front of her children. She felt around with her foot for the bell under the carpet, pressed it, and asked Tom to bring in the dessert. The left side of her mouth was twitching, or trembling—we couldn't be sure which. It was the first time we had ever seen it act that way.

Tom came in, heavy laden with a tray of chocolate blancmange. Perhaps it was the vibration of his footsteps; perhaps it was chance. At any rate, there was a booming house-shaking roar in the basement, followed by a metallic ping as something hit the basement ceiling directly below us.

Cousin Leora jumped out of her chair in terror, and even Mother dropped her fork.

"Earthquake," croaked Leora, who had been through the San Francisco one. And then much louder, "Earthquake!"

There were four more window-rattling roars, each followed by a ping, and then we heard something flowing and dripping, down below us.

"Listen at that," said Tom. "It ain't no earthquake. It ain't nothing to get excited about."

"What in the world is it then?" Mother demanded sharply.

"It ain't nothing but the children's beer."

"Mercy Maude," sighed Mother. "It gave me a start."

"The children's what?" shrieked Cousin Leora. "Did he say the children's beer?"

"Root beer," Mother explained, and the left side of her mouth was vibrating again. "They make it themselves."

(Continued on Page 92)

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½ cup crushed peppermint candy
Chocolate sauce or syrup

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(Continued from Page 90)

"Root beer," said the visitor, edging toward the hall, "doesn't explode. Only something with alcohol in it explodes. I don't think it's safe in here."

She opened the door to the hall, and an unmistakable aroma of alcohol permeated the dining room.

"So you've even let your children do that, have you?" she called over her shoulder as she went to get her wraps. She grabbed them and started for the front door. "I'm going to write your mother about you, Lillie Gilbreth."

The door slammed and two more bottles exploded. We heard gravel spatter as the limousine rolled out of the driveway.

Mother was simply furious. Psychologist and doctor of philosophy she might be. But now, just for once, both her psychology and her philosophy deserted her.

"Let her go ahead and write her, then," Mother mumbled. "See if I care. My folks have more sense than to believe anything like that. Let her go ahead and write a whole book. See if I care."

"Don't let her upset you, ma'am," said Tom. "She ain't nothing but a fat old snoop."

"Fat old snoop," Mother repeated, as if that was what she had been looking for. "Fat old ——" She glared at Tom, who started nervously dealing out the blancmange. "Let's hear from you," she said, and we had never heard her talk like that before. "Where did that alcohol smell come from?"

"All right, ma'am," Tom conceded, and he was gaping like the rest of us. "It must have been one of them bottles I put prunes in. Just to change the flavor, of course."

She asked Tom to step into the kitchen with her. She closed the door behind her, but we could hear the rise and fall of her voice. And then we heard Tom gasp and sob, and go up the back steps toward the attic, where his room was.

When Mother returned, she was pale and shaking. She wasn't furious any more. "I had to do it," she told us. "I had to let him go. I know how you feel about him, but that's simply the last straw. I have enough on my mind, when I leave you children alone, without worrying about something like that."

No one felt much like eating dessert, or talking. We knew it was Mother's decision to make, and we didn't blame her. But we thought there'd be an empty place in the house without Tom.

He didn't have many things to pack, and pretty soon we heard him come downstairs again, and then descend into the basement.

MOTHER looked around the table miserably, but we avoided her glance. "I told him to get rid of the bottles with the prunes in them, before he left," she explained.

We still didn't say anything.

"After he gets rid of the bottles," Mother sighed, "you go down there, Frank, and ask him if he wants his job back. Tell him that, just this once, I changed my mind."

Within the next few years, Mother became accepted as an industrial engineer, and motion study began to play an increasingly important part in the mass production of the 'twenties.

The fight had been uphill, but many of Dad's former clients—and a good many new clients—finally had conceded that Mother knew her business, and had hired her firm as a consultant. The family finances, while not in a state of great prosperity, were immeasurably improved. Mother still rode in busses and upper berths. But she was able to start paying off her debts and to make a dent in the mortgage on the house.

Mother's goal of sending all of us through college now seemed more than just a possibility. Martha was enrolled at New Jersey State College for Women, and Frank at the University of Michigan. That meant there were only Bill, Lillian, Fred, Dan, Jack, Bob and Jane to usher into the halls of higher learning. Mother was sure it was goin a breeze.

While Mother's nose was healing, s started writing The Home Maker a Job, published in 1927. Living Wit Children was published the followin She continued to teach her motion course, served on the New Jersey Board of Regents, and was a delegate World Power Congress in Tokyo.

She also became a Girl Scout.

Mrs. Herbert Hoover was responsi Mother's original interest in sc Mother had known the Hoovers for many years; socially, since they were Californians, and professionally, sin Hoover was an engineer.

AFTER Mr. Hoover was inaugurated dent, Mother sometimes visited th Washington and at their fishing camp Rapidan River. Mr. Hoover appoint to his national advisory committee ployment. And Mrs. Hoover, who w tional president of the Girl Scouts, her to head up the personnel division organization.

Mother wasn't sure she could spa time. But Mrs. Hoover invited her to which a delegation of ladies in unifo present. In a surprise ceremony, Hoover announced she wanted t Mother into the Girl Scouts right th there. With the other ladies smili couragement, Mother arose to rec oath.

None of our girls had been scout Frank and Bill both had joined th Scouts some years before. Mother had them memorize the and pass their ten tests.

> **We live in the present, we dream of the future, but we learn eternal truths from the past.**
>
> —MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK.

Standing in the House, she raised fingers of her right Mrs. Hoover nod assuringly. It was emn moment. started to recite:

"On my honor, I will do my best to duty to God and my country, to ——

The ladies snickered.

"That's fine," Mrs. Hoover smile Mother finished. "That means you're fledged Boy Scout. Now would you join the Girl Scouts?"

Mother said she would.

"Girl Scouts *try*," said Mrs. H "Their oath starts like this. 'On my h will *try* to do my duty.'"

Mother raised three fingers again an to try. Later on, she even got a u When our older girls teased her about kept asking her to give her scout's every time she made a flat statement she'd threaten to buy khaki shirt an sers and a campaign hat.

"I can always switch to the other if you don't like this uniform," she'd took both oaths, you know."

On one of Mother's visits with th vers, the President urged her to bring to a formal afternoon reception at the House. The affair was to be held w few days, and was for the Cabinet, Su Court and the Diplomatic Corps.

"I'd like to meet all the Gilbret dren," the President said cordially.

Mother was grateful for the invi But she knew we didn't like appear masse at anything. Besides, she had of railroad tickets and new outfits for body.

"They'd all love to come," she said I'm afraid they'd strain the seams the White House."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Hoover. love to have them."

"Suppose," said Mother, who tho compromise was in order, "I just bri six boys."

"The boys will be fine," Mr. agreed hospitably. "Why don't yo phone them right now? Come on. take no for an answer."

A phone was thrust into Mother's and she put in a call for Montclair.

(Continued on Page 94)

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Barbecued Treet with Onion Rings!

Eat Treet tonight—served a new way! Cut the meat—Armour's delicious blending of tender pork and sugar-cured ham—into 10 slices. Cover with MARIE GIFFORD's barbecue sauce—4 tsps. sugar, 1 tsp. dry mustard, ⅛ tsp. pepper, ¼ cup catsup, 3 tbsps. vinegar, 1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce, heated to boiling. Then bake the Treet at 350° F. for 15 minutes—garnish with parsley and onion rings!





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Make a good, easy dinner doubly good—serve Armour Star Tamales topped with Armour Star Chili! MARIE GIFFORD says the success-secret is to serve them together *but heat them separately!* Keep wrappers on the delicately spiced Tamales—chock full of chopped beef and pork—while heating them in their sauce in double broiler. Remove wrappers before you pour on plenty of the rich, meaty Chili—piping hot in temperature and flavor, too! Wonderful with green salad and French bread.

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Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

(Continued from Page 92)

who was home from the University of Michigan on a holiday, answered the ring.

"I have great news," Mother said, while the Hoovers beamed. "The President has been kind enough to invite all of you boys to a reception at the White House." She put her hand over the mouthpiece and turned to the Hoovers. "I can just see their faces, can't you?"

"For crying out loud," Frank groaned. "See if you can't get us out of it, Mother."

"I can't," said Mother. "I tried, but I can't. I can't believe it's true, either."

"I don't want to bring all those kids down there," Frank complained. "Besides, I've got a date for almost every night of my vacation."

"You'll have to break it, dear. You'll have to break the news gently so the other boys won't take the roof off the house when they hear the glad tidings. The Hoovers are right here, just think of that."

"Good night," said Frank, only much quieter. "I'm sorry. We're trapped then, eh?"

"You certainly are," said Mother. "We all are. It's not something that happens every day."

Mother told Frank she had business in Washington and wouldn't be able to return to Montclair to supervise the boys' preparations. They were to wear their best suits and of course white shirts and black shoes. If they took an early-morning train from Newark, they'd get to Washington about lunchtime. Mother would be waiting for them at her hotel, and they could come to her room and wash up, before the reception at the White House.

Bill, who was now a senior in high school and currently in charge of the checking account, withdrew enough cash from the bank to cover the cost of three full and three half tickets to Washington and return.

It seemed like a lot of money, and both Bill and Frank thought it would be cheaper to make the trip by car. They felt sure that, once they had arrived in Washington and had explained to Mother about the saving, she would approve too.

The two oldest boys and Martha were the possessors of a Model T touring car. The vehicle was an antique when they had acquired it the year before for twenty dollars, and it had aged perceptibly under its new ownership.

The car had neither top nor fenders. The body was painted airplane silver. A six-inch red stripe, none too expertly applied, ran waterline fashion around the hull at a point equidistant from the running boards and the top of the doors.

STARTING the motor was a two-man proposition, with one person turning the crank and jiggling a wire-loop choke which protruded from the front of the radiator, and the other sitting in the driver's seat to retard the spark as soon as the engine coughed. But the three owners had done a good deal of work on the motor; it was reliable and purred like a kitten, only louder.

There was no doubt in anyone's mind that the car could make the trip to the Capital. As a matter of insurance, though, a pump, tire patches, spare spark coils and miscellaneous tools were stowed under the seats. And the boys decided to start the journey before dawn.

The day before departure, Frank held a dress rehearsal to make sure that the delegation had the proper clothes. All of the boys, with the exception of Frank, owned blue serge suits. Frank had handed down his blue serge to Bill that autumn, and had replaced it with a collegiate number purchased at the Campus Toggery Shop, in Ann Arbor. The suit had padded shoulders, wasp waist, twenty-three-inch cuffs on the trousers, and a double-breasted vest with lapels. The color was something between tan and yellow, without many of the best features of either. The material was as heavy and hairy as an Army blanket. It had cost twenty-eight dollars, and Frank was immensely pleased with it.

From the consistency of the cloth, it was apparent that the suit would wear forever. It was this aspect that appealed least to the other boys, when Frank appeared at dress rehearsal.

"GOOD grief, what's *that?*" Bill whinnied when Frank walked into the parlor. "I hope you didn't throw away the sales slip. Take it off quick, before you muss it up."

"What's the matter with it?" Frank asked with hurt feelings.

"If it's going to be a party like Halloween," said Bob, who was nine, "can I wear my cowboy suit?"

Bill felt the material. "It's your own business what you buy when you get something thin that you can wear out yourself," he complained. "But when you pick out a heavy suit like that, you're supposed to have me with you."

"For something as heavy as that, he's supposed to take all of us with him," Fred added. "That one will go all the way down the line to Bob."

"What's the matter with you kids' taste?" Frank marveled. "How far behind the times is this town, anyway? This color is the latest thing at Michigan."

"It looks," said Bob, "like what happens to the mustard jar when you forget to screw the top back on."

"It does not," Frank told him, "and you keep out of this. It just happens I've had a lot of compliments on it at Michigan."

"You mean you've worn it before?" asked Bill, deflated. "Then you can't take it back?"

"I wore it all last autumn."

"How come I didn't see it in your closet after you unpacked?"

"Because I know you," Frank said, "That's why. Every time I get a new suit, the first thing I know you're borrowing it and spilling things on it."

"If he spilled mustard," Bob insisted, "you wouldn't have to worry, once it dried."

"It sheds, too," Bill said accusingly, picking nap off the sleeve of his blue serge, where it had brushed against Frank. "You're going to leave yellow hairs all over Mr. Hoover."

"I don't intend to be brushing up against anybody," Frank replied. "It sheds a little, I'll admit. That's because it's still comparatively new."

"Don't think I'm going to walk through the reception line with you," Bill warned. "I'm not going to watch Cabinet officers and the Diplomatic Corps tiptoeing through great piles of nap that you've deposited all the way from the South Portico to the Blue Room."

"Do you think all the nap will be gone by the time it's handed down to me?" Bob asked.

"I doubt it," Bill replied. "I promise you one thing. I'll never help get rid of any of it."

There were two flat tires between Montclair and Philadelphia, but the boys patched them and the car ran well. Frank tried to make up some of the time they had lost in fixing the tires. Shortly before they reached Baltimore, a motorcycle patrolman came up behind them and waved them down for speeding.

"I congratulate you for bringing that heap all the way from New Jersey," he said, copy-

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Compass

By Archibald Rutledge

Regard this compass:
How veeringly the needle turns,
Yet ever northward yearns,
And at the last will come
Fatefully home.
Even so my love
Resembles
The needle; for it turns to you
And trembles.

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ing the license number into his ticket book. "If I didn't see it with my own eyes, I'd never believe you could get sixty miles an hour out of it."

"We can do seventy on the hills," Bob volunteered proudly. "Frank and Bill did something to make the engine run faster."

"Shut up," Bill whispered, leaning forward and beaning Bob with his knuckles. "Do you want to get us all sent up the river?"

"Sent up the river?" Jack sneered. "They can't do that to us. We don't take nothing from nobody, understand? Nothing from nobody!"

Bill beaned him too.

"Seventy, eh?" said the policeman, making a note of it. He looked at the patched, treadless tires and shook his head. "What are you trying to do, kill all those kids?"

At that point, Frank thought killing them was a pretty sensible suggestion. But he shook his head, gulped, and wondered how Mother would explain to the Hoovers that her sons couldn't attend the reception, on account of being sent up the river.

"Where do you think you're going, anyway?" the policeman asked, thrusting his face up near Frank's.

"We're going to Washington, officer."

"And what are you going to Washington for?"

FRANK thought that one over, and concluded that if he knew what was good for him he'd better come up with a more convincing explanation than the truth.

"Why, nothing in particular," he said. "Just to sight-see, I guess."

"Go ahead and tell him," Jack said contemptuously. "Don't let him buffalo you like that."

Bill beaned him again.

"Yeah, tell me," the policeman ordered.

"All right," said Frank. "We're going to see President Hoover."

"I love wise guys, particularly in suits like that one," the patrolman leered. "I suppose the President invited you, personal, to drop in and have tea with him at the White House? Sure he did."

Frank nodded sheepishly.

"Nothing from nobody," Jack repeated from the back seat, putting his hands over his head to try to stave off Bill's knuckles.

"That's right, honest," Frank said desperately. "We've had some flat tires, and we're late."

"You," said the policeman, pointing to Jack. "Is that right? Are you going to see the President?"

"Not just the President," Jack told him. "Mrs. Hoover and some judges from the Supreme Court too. Why don't you shove off, buddy?"

The patrolman surveyed the car, the airplane-paint job, the red waterline. He looked at us individually. Frank, Bill and Fred, greasy from changing tires; Dan, pale and about to be carsick; Jack and Bob, wrinkled and dirty.

"I guess you're telling the truth," he said. "The President doesn't get many laughs, and I ain't going to be responsible for his missing this one. Go ahead. But not more than forty-five miles an hour."

The weather had been fair when the boys left Montclair, but it was cloudy in Baltimore, and between Baltimore and Washington it started to rain. The boys were wet through by the time Frank pulled up in front of Mother's hotel.

Even the Joad family never received a more wrathful reception from a doorman. He wouldn't let the boys alight until Frank promised to park the car down the street, a block away from the hotel.

Mother was sitting in an armchair, reading and knitting, when the boys entered her room. She had already changed clothes, and was ready for the reception.

"Oh, my," she said.

"It's my fault, Mother." Frank told her. "I thought it would be cheaper and easier to drive."

"I don't mean that," Mother said. "Come here, Dan. You're pale as a sheet. You don't feel at all well, do you, dear?"

(Continued on Page 99)

Are you in the know?



If your beau brings his Mom and Dad to the game, should you—

☐ *Consider him a "Mama's boy"* ☐ *Make with the green eyes* ☐ *Hang onto him*

Begrudge having your football date turned into a family foursome? Not you! You *appreciate* a steady Freddy who's considerate of his parents. The way he treats *them* is the way he'll be treating you, someday. And a good man is worth hanging on to. Wherever you go—on "difficult" days—you can defeat discomfort with Kotex. Made to stay soft while you wear it. Kotex gives softness that *holds its shape*. You spare yourself embarrassment, too, for this napkin has a special, exclusive *safety center*. It's an extra safeguard that wards off worry; gives you Grade A confidence!



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☐ *Keep it under your hat*
☐ *Try catnip tea*
☐ *Take a capsule*

A Jeanie with dull, drab hair can "sparkle" tired tresses with a color rinse (not a dye) that comes in capsules—washes out with the next shampoo. Harmless! Dreamy shades! Choose the one best for you—slightly lighter than your natural locks. To give you the *protection* best for you at "problem" time—Kotex comes in *3 absorbencies* (different sizes, for different days). Choose Regular, Junior or Super. Whichever suits your particular needs.



When asked where you'd like to go—

☐ *Have a plan or two*
☐ *Pick the town's top nitery*
☐ *Shrug your shoulders*

If that New Man leaves the doings up to you—the "I don't care" routine's no help. Have a plan or two. But don't insist on dinner at the Plush Room. Make several suggestions and let him choose whatever's in line with his financial bracket. You can gallivant *confidently* even on "certain" occasions . . . with Kotex. There's no sign of a telltale line, because those *flat pressed ends prevent* revealing outlines. Won't betray your secret.



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Even Chocolate Angel Food is easy this New Betty Crocker way!





Betty Crocker of General Mills

Betty Crocker Chocolate Angel Food Cake

THIS RECIPE DEVELOPED FOR USE WITH SOFTASILK ONLY

Preheat oven to 350° (moderate). Have egg whites at room temperature. Sift an ample amount of SOFTASILK CAKE FLOUR onto a square of paper.

STEP 1

Measure and sift together 3 times . . . . . { **¾ cup *sifted* SOFTASILK Cake Flour**; **⅞ cup (¾ cup plus 2 tbsp.) sugar**; **¼ cup cocoa**

STEP 2

Measure into *large* mixing bowl . . { **1½ cups egg whites (about 12 whites)**; **1½ tsp. [illegible] of tartar**; **¼ tsp. salt**; **1½ tsp. vanilla**

Beat with wire whip until foamy throughout.

Gradually add, 2 tbsp. at a time . . .
¾ cup sugar

Beat about 10 seconds after each addition. Continue beating after the last addition until meringue is *firm* and holds *stiff straight* peaks when wire whip is gently lifted out of meringue. (This requires considerable beating.)

STEP 3

Place flour-sugar-cocoa mixture in sifter and sift about 3 tbsp. over the entire surface of meringue. Fold *gently* with wire whip or rubber scraper until flour-sugar-cocoa mixture disappears using about 8 to 10 complete folding strokes and turning the bowl a quarter of a turn with each stroke.

Repeat this folding process until all of the flour and sugar and cocoa is folded in. Then scrape down the sides of the bowl with rubber scraper and fold 8 to 10 more strokes or until mixture is completely blended. This mixture will be very thick.

Carefully, with a rubber scraper, push the batter into ungreased tube pan, 10 x 4-in. Lift the last portion lightly from the bowl into the pan, being careful not to stir it.

Carefully cut through the batter going around the tube 5 or 6 times with a knife or steel spatula to break large air bubbles. *Be sure* to even up batter so it is level and touches the sides of the pan. Bake *35 to 45 minutes* in *moderate oven* (350°) or until top springs back when *lightly* touched. Deep cracks in the top are typical of this cake.

Immediately turn pan upside down, placing tube part over neck of funnel or bottle. Let cake hang in pan until cold.

To remove cake, loosen from sides and tube with spatula close against pan. Turn pan over and hit edge sharply on table to loosen. Split cake crosswise in 3 even layers with a saw-toothed knife. Spread Chocolate Fluff (*recipe below*) between the layers and then over top and sides. Keep in refrigerator until serving time.

TO USE ELECTRIC MIXER

STEP 1 and 2 . . . Follow the above directions. Use medium speed (middle of the dial). After last addition of sugar, turn to highest speed. Continue beating until meringue is *firm* and holds *stiff straight* peaks. Scrape sides of bowl constantly with rubber scraper.

STEP 3 . . . Fold by hand as in STEP 3 above. BUT make sure to bring rubber scraper or wire whip down through center of batter and up at the side, turning the bowl a quarter of a turn with each stroke. This will insure thorough blending.

When mixer is used, the volume will be slightly less and the texture will be finer.

CHOCOLATE FLUFF

Mix together in chilled bowl: 3 cups heavy cream, 1½ cups *sifted* confectioners' sugar, ¾ cup cocoa, dash of salt. Beat mixture until stiff enough to hold a point.

If you live at an altitude over 3,500 feet, write Betty Crocker, General Mills, Minneapolis 1, Minnesota, for recipe adjustments. Specify recipe wanted.

Guarantee

FULL COST OF INGREDIENTS USED REFUNDED

If any cake made with a Betty Crocker recipe and Softasilk Cake Flour is not superior to any similar cake made with any other recipe, simply itemize cost of ingredients used and explain how results failed to better similar type cake. Send your letter to General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis 1, Minn.

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Above, New Zenith "Tudor" Console Radio-Phonograph. "Cobra-Matic" record changer. Super-Sensitive FM, Long-Distance AM, Radiorgan® Tone Control. Period cabinet in rich Mahogany veneers.





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(Continued from Page 95)

Dan explained that he had been carsick, that he felt all right now that he was on land again.

"You had me worried for a while," she iled, kissing the boys. "You mean you ve all the way from Montclair in that y thing? Won't Mr. Lindbergh be jeal-!" Frank said he was sorry that, because y were wet, they wouldn't be able to go the reception. But Mother said they had go, and that she thought she could dry m out on time.

"Everyone will look fine once they're ," she added, "except —— What's the tter with your suit, Frank? Did the rain e it?"

"That's the way it looks all the time," l said resentfully.

"There's nothing the matter with it," nk pouted. "It's the latest thing."

Mother said she was sure it was. She pped her bed and gave each of the boys a et or blanket. They went into the bath-m, took off their clothes, and then sat und in bedwear while they waited their ns to get baths.

Mother called the desk and made arrange-nts for an iron and ironing board to be t up to her room, and for the boys' shoes e taken down to the boiler room to dry.

"Oh, yes," she added as an apparent rthought, "and send up a newspaper, if you will."

After the board had been set up, Mother rted pressing the boys' underwear, socks, ts and suits until they were dry. She ed Frank's suit until the last. When she l finished with his coat and vest, and was he middle of his pants,

stopped long enough phone the desk again l ask that the shoes be rned.

A musty odor of burned and scorched wool meated the room.

"Hey," shouted Frank. ly pants!"

Mother put down the phone quickly and to the board. "Now look what I've done," reproached herself. "I've burned a hole nt through your beautiful trousers."

"Hot dog," Fred gloated.

"Ruined," Frank choked. "I'll never be e to match them."

"There's no argument there," Bill said.

"I don't know how I could be so stupid," ther complained, looking at her watch. 've still have fifteen minutes, though. We'll k up a new suit for you. I'll take along a dle and thread, and hem the cuffs so y'll do for the time being."

"Do you think we can find one with that vy kind of material?" Frank asked.

"I hope we can. Say, it's lucky I had them d up a newspaper! Look through it and if anyone's having a sale."

"Wait a minute," Frank said accusingly. hat business of ordering a newspaper. Are sure that was just luck? You didn't burn se pants on purpose, did you?"

"For goodness' sakes," Mother laughed. o you think I like to buy you boys new hes? Do you think I'm naturally de-ictive?"

E shoes arrived from the boiler room. ch Frank self-consciously holding down coat, to hide a wedge-shaped hole in his sers, Mother and the boys walked to a partment store that had advertised a hing sale. Frank found a suit of heavy terial, not unlike his old one, except that vas conservatively cut and dark blue in-ad of yellow-tan. Even Bill admitted it s handsome. The coat and vest fitted well ugh, and Mother basted in the cuffs. They stopped in a barbershop for shoe-nes, and then hailed a cab.

"To the White House, please," Mother d. She looked as cool and unruffled as she ll when the boys first arrived at her hotel. The boys were on their especial good be-vior as they waited to go through the eiving line. But when Bill saw an im-nsely dignified, bearded figure, he stage-ispered excitedly to Mother:

"Say, isn't that Charles Evans Hughes?"

The Chief Justice, who had heard his name, turned toward Bill and bowed formally from the waist. "Good afternoon, sir," he said, "and madam."

If that was the way you behaved at the White House, the boys weren't going to be outdone. All six of them bowed from the waist, and said, "Good afternoon, sir."

The President and Mrs. Hoover were cordial and hospitable.

"They look just as if they'd stepped out of a bandbox," said Mrs. Hoover. "I never thought young boys could look that pressed." She turned to Frank. "You're the oldest, aren't you?"

Frank said he was, madam.

"Then I guess you were the one who looked after everybody on the trip down. I guess you're the one I really ought to compliment about stepping out of a bandbox."

Frank said thank you, madam. The boys bowed from the waist, and moved along the receiving line.

MOTHER had planned to return home by train that afternoon. Although she had always before avoided the Model T, she allowed herself to be talked into making the return trip in the car.

The skies had cleared and the weather was mild. Frank held the Ford at a dignified forty-five, and there was no tire trouble. They stopped at Baltimore for supper, and when they emerged from the restaurant the stars were out and it was still and peaceful.

"Why, this isn't bad at all," Mother sighed contentedly. "I ought to let you boys drive me on all my trips after this."

They started to sing some of the songs Mother had taught them when they were younger: Old Black Joe; Clementine; Backward, Turn Backward, O Time in Thy Flight.

Half an hour out of Baltimore, a siren sounded and a motorcycle policeman pulled up alongside. "How was tea at the White House?" the officer hollered over the roar of two exhausts.

"Fine," Frank shouted back.

"How's the kid who was sick?"

"I'm fine," Dan assured him.

"And the one who don't take nothing from nobody?"

"Okay," Jack grinned.

The policeman gunned his motorcycle up the highway.

"Good gracious," Mother marveled. "I don't know how you boys do it."

They asked her what she meant.

"The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court bows to you, the President and his wife hold up a receiving line to chat with you, and you make friends with policemen all the way from Montclair to Washington. I'm certainly lucky to have such fine sons."

The boys had the grace to think there was a slight possibility Mother might be prejudiced.

Those of us who were away at college usually saw Mother three or four times a semester, as her lectures and business engagements took her across the country.

Sometimes she'd be delivering a speech at the college itself, and would arrange her schedule so she'd have a free day to visit. Sometimes her speech would be at a city near one of the colleges, and it was possible to cut classes, hear her lecture and then visit with her at her hotel.

Mother knew most of the presidents and many of the professors at the various colleges we attended. Usually, too, she knew the location of all the campus buildings, their nicknames, and the geography of the town.

It was somewhat disillusioning for a wide-eyed freshman, importantly taking his female parent on a sight-seeing tour of an institution which he was sure would overwhelm her with its unique traditions and maze of modern complexities, to discover that she knew more about his university than he did.

(Continued on Page 101)

Recipe for having food taste like that which mother used to make: Walk five miles before dinner.
—ELBERT HUBBARD.

AMAZING INVENTION MAKES THE LEWYT VACUUM CLEANER A CARPET SWEEPER TOO!



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BUY A CASE TODAY!

(Continued from Page 99)

he home-economics building? The "Home " building certainly was one of the most dern in the country, Mother would agree. d it would develop that she had made a ech in the building last year, and had n on the program the year before when y dedicated it.

he stadium? "Old Horseshoe" was ghty impressive, she would nod. Under ss-questioning, she might point out that had received an honorary degree in cere- nies in the stadium a few years before. Ve chose our own colleges, but in most es Mother had preceded us in the com- ncement parade.

She had degrees from a dozen or more in- utions, including Michigan, where Anne, nk and Jane were graduated; Smith, nestine and Lillian; Rutgers, the male half Martha's college, New Jersey State Col- e for Women; Purdue, Bill; and Brown, d.

o finish calling the roll, Dan received his loma from the University of Pennsyl- ia, Jack from Princeton, and Bob from University of North Carolina.

Mother never sent tuition checks directly ur colleges. At the start of each year she'd over to us, in one lump sum, enough ey for our tuition and all other expenses. en you took out your own checkbook and the registrar your tuition, you realized were supposed to get something for your ey. All of us did all right in college.

THER spoke most often at Purdue, in ayette, Indiana, where Bill was en- d. Purdue was opening a motion-study ratory, and Mother was going to become ofessor of management there. She in- ed to take the new job in addition to all ld ones, and to commute from Montclair e campus once a month, for a week or so aching.

n one occasion when Mother was at lue, she was asked unexpectedly to k before a large lecture class in which was enrolled. Bill didn't know about the ation. It was an eight-o'clock class, and icked that particular morning to over- .

ll's professor told the students they were nate in having a distinguished engineer eir midst. She was Dr. Lillian Gilbreth, it was gratifying to him that one of or Gilbreth's sons was a member of that class, and doubtless intended some- to follow in his mother's footsteps. He ed his throat and started to call the roll. he way from the A's down to the G's, her's eyes roved the auditorium, search- or Bill. She was sitting on a platform, in air next to the professor's table.

Gibbes," said the professor.

"Here."

"Gilbert."

"Here."

"Gilbreth."

There was an awkward pause, while Mother blushed and stopped searching. The professor looked up, cleared his throat again, this time with disapproval, and repeated loudly:

"Gilbreth?"

A number of Bill's friends sensed the situation simultaneously, and thought they had better come to the rescue. "Here," a dozen voices answered from all corners of the room.

The professor put down his roll book and looked bleakly at Mother. He didn't say so, but she gathered the look was intended to convey that he had to put up with a great deal, not the least of which was having Bill as a student. He glared at his audience, seeking to find the offenders who had answered to Bill's name.

"There seem to be," he said sarcastically, "a good many Gilbreths here today."

"The whole family," Mother announced brightly, regaining her poise and favoring him with her warmest smile. "That's nice."

The professor, who hadn't seen as much of Bill that semester as he thought he should have, didn't think it was nice at all. He licked his pencil and made a show of marking a zero in his grade book, opposite Bill's name.

"Goldsmith," he said precisely, continuing the roll.

Bill spent the afternoon and night with Mother, so didn't see any members of the class during the remainder of the day. Mother didn't mention to him that she had spoken to his group, or that she knew he had cut the class. She thought he was old enough to make his own decisions, and that it wouldn't give him a sense of responsibility if she seemed to be checking up on him.

She did spend a good deal of time, though, telling him how she was studying the motions of physically disabled persons, so as to help them find jobs in industry. Bill was interested, and he and Mother looked over her notes and her photographs and diagrams of the project.

Bill was a little late, but present, for the lecture class the next morning. He slid into his seat just as the professor finished calling the C's in the roll book, and he was well settled by the time the professor reached the G's and finally Bill's name.

When the professor had run through the list, he told the class he was going to give a written quiz. "I'm sure all of you must have learned a great deal from our visitor of yesterday," he said. "So today I'm going to ask you to write a little summary giving the high points of the talk."

Bill squirmed uncomfortably, and wished he had cut class again. He nudged the boy sitting next to him. "Who," Bill asked out of the corner of his mouth, "did the old fool drag over here yesterday?"

"Are you kidding?"

"No, I wasn't here yesterday. I overslept."

"You overslept," the boy mimicked. "It was your own mother, you stupid jackass."

"Awk," Bill grunted, sinking down in his chair and wishing he could continue through the floor.

Everyone else in the room was writing. You could hear the pens scratching and papers rustling as pages were turned. Bill hoped no one would notice that he alone was sitting there doing nothing.

He nudged his neighbor again. "Would you mind telling this stupid jackass," Bill apologized, "what my mother talked about?"

"Motion study of the disabled."

"Thanks," Bill grinned. He started writing too.

ALMOST every year there was a graduation from high school, a graduation from college, and a wedding. By the middle 1930's, all of us through Lillian were married and had homes of our own. Most of the married ones had children.

Fred and Dan were in college, Jack and Bob were in high school, and Jane was about to enter the ninth grade—the first year of high school under the system then standard in Montclair.

There was a New Deal in the country, and a New Deal at our house, where Jack was in charge when Mother was away.

The New Deal at home was brought about principally by Tom's absence. He was in a hospital, suffering from a heart ailment, and the warmth and excitement had evaporated from the kitchen. All rules about feeding and playing with Sixteen, his current cat, and about keeping out of the kitchen, except on Tom's special invitation, had been suspended.

An energetic colored woman now did the cooking, and as much of the housework and dishes as Mother would allow.

Mother always has been convinced that anyone who works for her is terribly imposed upon. So much so that sometimes it is difficult to tell who is working for whom.

As a result, it was a race between Mother and the energetic maid to see who could make the beds first and sweep the upstairs in the mornings. Since both were early risers, the race often ended in a dead heat, with Mother handling one side, and the maid the other, of a bed that was still warm.

"You have enough to do without making the beds," Mother would say when the maid urged her to sit down and relax for a few minutes. "This leaning over is just what I need. I like to get a little exercise before I leave for the city."

At suppertime, Mother would whisk away a dish as soon as one of the children had taken his last mouthful, and take it out to the butler's pantry to wash and dry it, while the maid was finishing her meal in the kitchen. When the child would go to put his fork down, there wouldn't be any place to put it except the tablecloth, so he'd have to hold it in his hand until Mother came back.

"The maid may want to go to a movie or something," Mother would explain, while she collected the silverware.

Between the colored woman and Mother, the children were relieved of all the chores that the rest of us had had to do in the past.

Now that there were no young children in the house, there was no need for the system under which each child was responsible for a younger one, or for the process charts in the bathrooms. The German and French language records had worn out or been broken, and Mother never replaced them.

When the married members of the family dropped in to visit, they didn't hesitate to tell Mother that they never had had things that easy when they were growing up, and that the three youngest ones were being spoiled.

But Mother, bouncing a grandchild on her knee and playing peekaboo, would reply that she wasn't sure this little fellow was being

(Continued on Page 103)



"Get a load of the nurse holding Bixby's new kid."

Savory Supper



SURPRISE CASSEROLE

1 cup cooked ham	2 teaspoons salt
2 cups canned tomatoes (solid)	⅛ teaspoon French's Pepper
1 egg, beaten	⅛ teaspoon French's Onion Seasoning
1 cup cracker crumbs	½ cup grated cheese
2 tablespoons French's Mustard	2 tablespoons butter

Dice ham, mix with tomatoes. Beat egg, blend with ½ cup cracker crumbs, mustard and seasonings. Add to ham and tomatoes. Mix cheese, butter and remaining cracker crumbs. Sprinkle over top of mixture. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 minutes or until browned. 6 servings.

with that special

French's flavor!



GREEN SALAD with Hot Dan's dressing

4 tablespoons French's Mustard	2 tablespoons sugar
3 tablespoons light cream or evaporated milk	3 tablespoons vinegar
	¼ teaspoon salt

Beat with rotary beater until light and fluffy. Makes ½ cup. Pour over salad of crisp lettuce and tomato wedges—or your favorite mixture of salad greens.

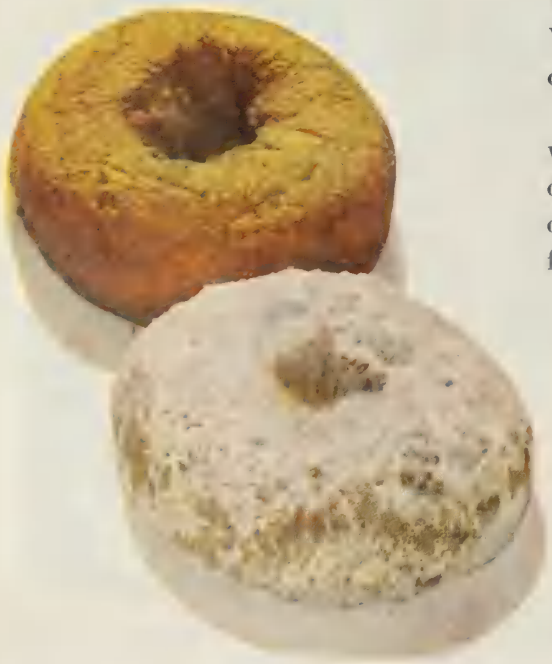
FREE! New recipe book—"Dining Delights" Send name, address to The R. T. French Company, 1628 Mustard St., Rochester 9, N. Y.



Largest selling prepared mustard in U. S. A.
(Also made in Canada)



Pass the DONUTS - and your party's a success!



Yes, pass the donuts . . . everybody loves 'em! Young or old, teen or tot—when they see a tray of donuts your party's a success.

And it's all so easy! Your baker does the work, while you concentrate on fun. Get some donuts now—several different kinds, all of them delicious—at your bake shop, your grocer's or from the baker who calls at your door.

They're good, wholesome food—donuts ar And they *taste* so good, so many different way With coffee, milk or soft drinks; at breakfas for snacks, for dessert.

Remember, your baker uses the same hig quality ingredients in baking donuts *for* you th you would use yourself; bakes them fresh—ever day—with the same care you would take.

Party time or any time . . . enjoy yourself with DONUTS!

© 1950, American Bakers Association, Chicago

HIGHEST NUTRITION FOR AMERICA
Bakers of America
SEAL OF ASSURANCE
PUBLIC SERVICE COUNCIL
MOST DELICIOUS ECONOMICAL FOODS

(Continued from Page 101)

d just right, either. He had on too many
es, for one thing, and she didn't think
iked his color. Those new formulas
t be all right, but ——

e knew it was an act, because Mother
lf always laughed at meddling grand-
ers, and she really believed that the new
ulas were resulting in bigger, stronger
s. But she managed to get her point
s.

e began to suspect, while watching how
ier was raising her three youngest, that
ever had entirely approved of many of
s systems of regimentation. Some of
had been necessary because the family
so large. Perhaps she had allowed the
s to remain in effect until they stopped
ir own accord, because she didn't want
errule Dad.

other seemed, if possible, to grow closer
ever to her three youngest children. But
ought the house must seem empty of
ren to her. She was bound to realize
Jane would be away at college in a little
than three years, and that after that
would be no one left at home.

wondered what she'd do in the big,
y house that held so many memories.
ouldn't stay there by herself, of course.
ve felt sure she'd never be willing to sell
nd she had said repeatedly that she
dn't live in anyone else's home—even
ome of one of her children.

ankly, we were worried about Mother.

e four youngest boys wanted to be sure
would be a social success when she en-
high school. The last of the Gilbreths,
thought, should set a record for popu-
that would stand at
until the grandchil-
came along.

e bobby-sox era was
ng its debut, after a
e of formal afternoon
es, spike heels and
permanent waves.
epcat and the square
about to take their places at opposite
of the terpsichorean scale, and it was
ble to cut a rug without having either
t or scissors.

e boys wanted to be sure that Jane was
g the first on the bandwagon.

many respects, Jane was Martha all
again. She was tall for her age, didn't
e she had developed a figure, and was
nt to wear Lillian's hand-down dresses
hoes. Also, she had a habit of flopping
ly into chairs and spreading her knees
le as a chestnut tree.

she was beginning to be interested in
and she listened willingly to the sug-
ns of Fred, Dan, Jack and Bob.

d and Dan, who as college men spoke
some authority, were the first to start
ning Jane for high school. During the
er, they began telling her what sort of
s she should buy for her fall school
obe.

"hose things you wear are all out of
" Fred said. "Only sad apples wear
any more. You want to get saddle
sweaters and skirts, and those socks
ust come to your ankles."

"m not going to dress like a little girl,"
complained. "I can dress up more than
when I go to high school, can't I,
er?"

"he boys usually know what they're
g about," Mother said doubtfully.

LILIAN has a silk dress she said I can
and I thought I'd get some others like
," Jane pouted.

"ou listen to what we're telling you,"
ordered. "Those silk dresses are out.
ollege girls are wearing what Fred says,
ou want to be one of the first in high
to dress that way."

"he first impression you make in high
decides whether you're popular,"
agreed. "The boys from the upper
s come down by the front door and give
w girls the once-over."

Je also was to let her blond hair grow
x it page-boy. She was to stop that
business of flopping into chairs as if she were playing a game of statues, and she wasn't to use any make-up except lipstick.

Fred studied her face critically. "Dark red lipstick," he said. "That's the color for you. Right, Dan?"

"Dark red," Dan agreed. "Not too much of it."

"But Mother said I could wear all the make-up I wanted to when I got to high school," said Jane. "I don't know about all this little-girl stuff. Did Mother put you boys up to this?"

"I didn't have a thing to do with it," Mother protested. "I don't approve of make-up, but everyone I've seen in high school paints like an Indian. If that's the way you want to look, it's your face. See if I care!"

"What everyone else does in high school is old stuff," Fred explained. "That's what we're trying to tell you. Do you want to be a sad apple?"

Jane said she guessed that if she had to be any sort of an apple, she'd rather not be a sad one.

DAN then showed her how she should sit down. He walked mincingly but with assumed nonchalance to a chair, turned around with a swing of his hips, rose on his tiptoes, sat down daintily with his knees together, and flounced as he adjusted an imaginary skirt.

"It's that kind of jump you give at the end that gets them," he explained. "You see, you act and dress casually, as if you didn't know men existed. But really you're on the ball all the time. And little things like that jump at the end emphasize all a girl's best assets."

Jane tried it, but the boys were far from satisfied. She tried it again, with no more success.

"Don't jump like someone left a hatpin in the chair," Dan winced. "I'll swear, I believe you're hopeless. Don't you know how to do a simple feminine flounce?"

"I did just like you did," said Jane, beginning to lose patience. "You jumped like something was in the chair, too, didn't he, Mother?"

Mother, sitting in a corner, pretended she was absorbed in a book, and didn't answer.

"I'm not supposed to know exactly how to do it," Dan shouted. "All I can do is give you the general idea. For goodness' sakes, don't girls have any natural instinct about how to do things like that?"

"If they do," Jane said hotly, "it's the first time I ever heard about it. And I'm not going to listen if you holler at me. And I'm not going to dress that way, either."

She stalked across the room, picked up a magazine, sat down by Mother, and—there was no doubt about it—flounced as she angrily adjusted her skirts.

"That's it, Jane," Fred shouted. "Just like that."

"Just like what?" Jane sulked. "You give me a pain in the neck, all of you."

"What you did just then," said Fred, "when you fixed your skirts."

"I didn't do anything," said Jane, "except this." She flounced again.

"Solid," Dan agreed.

"Well, why didn't you say so? Anybody knows how to do that." She flounced a third time. "The way Dan showed me, you'd need a built-in pogo stick. I thought you were supposed to see light between me and the chair."

Somewhat pleased with herself, she rejoined the boys for further instruction.

Jane already knew most of the new dance steps, so the boys weren't worried about that. But they spent a good deal of time teaching her dance-floor behavior.

The boys thought that the most important formula for popularity at a dance was knowing how to act when someone cut in. They said they had seen many a girl who was good-looking and a beautiful dancer, but who was stuck most of the night because she had given the impression she didn't like to be broken.

(Continued on Page 106)

My mother—when my patience was at an end, hers had just begun.

—DAVID WESLEY SOPER.




Cheese Festival
RITZ
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KRAFT
KRAFT

Have a Good Time Eating!



CHEESE SOUFFLE'

Gorgeous main dish . . . fairly bursting with tempting goodness! Every forkful a tantalizing, zesty CHEESE morsel. Made with sharp Cheddar.

CHEESEBURGER

A smacking good quick snack! Made with aged, sliced, wedged or loaf Cheddar and hamburger patty. Can include sliced onion or tomato for all-out taste appeal.

MACARONI and CHEESE

Main dish stand-by that never grows old. Taste-tempting, made with grated Parmesan, Cheddar or Provolone CHEESE and sliced, stuffed olives, parsley, pimiento.

CHEESE and CRACKERS

Always a feast! Choice of CHEESE provides big variety of enticing tastes. Prime favorites for cracker and CHEESE tray—Bleu, Cheddar, Swiss, Gouda.

It's FLAKY because it's FLAKO®

No other pie crust mix, however fine, combines quite the same qualities of flakiness and flavor that have won so many friends for Flako. This is simply because Flako is a *special* combination and blending of ingredients that no other pie crust mix has been able to match. Precision-mixed for sure results every time. You just add water. Insist upon Flako.



A FULL 9 OUNCES *and* A FULL PACKAGE. Makes a big, 2-crust 9 inch pie.

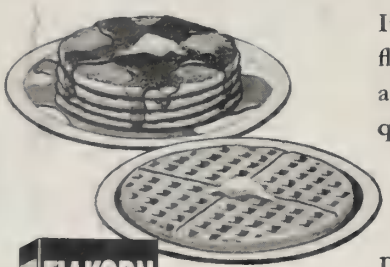


FLAKO APPLE PIE

HOW TO DO IT

Prepare crust as directed on Flako package. Fill pie shell with 6 cups of canned or fresh sliced apples. Mix ⅔ cup sugar, ¼ tsp. nutmeg, ⅛ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. cinnamon, 1 tsp. lemon juice—sprinkle over apples, dot with 1 tbsp. butter. Cover with top crust. Cut slits to let steam escape. Pinch edges. Bake at 425° F. for 40 min.

Good Morning!



It's always a *good* morning when waffles or pancakes made with Flakorn appear on the breakfast table. Easy, quick and perfect every time. Superior quality ingredients, precision-mixed, make Flakorn waffles and pancakes extra light and flavorous. Don't settle for less. Get Flakorn.



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FLAKORN® also makes 12 to 18 CORN MUFFINS

Upside-Down Cake— in a hurry



Just mix an egg and milk with Cuplets and pour over your fruit. It's as easy as that. Also makes delicious single 9 inch layer cake or 12 to 18 cup cakes—just as easily. Buy Cuplets now.

CUPLETS®
CUP CAKE MIX

FLAKO PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

(Continued from Page 103)

"It boils down to this, and I'll admit it's an art," said Dan. "You've got to make the boy you're dancing with think you're sorry that someone is cutting in; and you've got to make the boy who's cutting in think you're glad."

Jane said that sounded insincere to her, and she believed a girl always should be sincere, didn't Mother?

Mother thought that one was safe enough. "Yes indeed, dear," she said, coming out from behind her book. "It's a mistake to be hypocritical."

"Of course you should be sincere," Fred agreed. "But you can be glad and sorry at the same time, can't you? Like when you graduated from junior high?"

"Sorry to leave those infants?" Jane laughed condescendingly. "I was only glad then. But I guess I see what you mean."

"Sure you do," Fred soothed her. "You're a smart chick."

"Okay. How do you do it, then?"

Fred and Dan, both six feet and none too graceful, started to dance, and Jack and Bob, not far from six feet and even less graceful, prepared to take turns cutting in.

Mother now gave up all pretense of reading. Her book lay face down on her lap. She had that what's-this-generation-coming-to look on her face, and she seemed tensed, as if ready to make a game try at catching the vases and lamps, in case the boys should bump into them.

"Now I'm leading," Fred told Jane, "and it's up to the girl to make small talk—about anything at all."

"The only small talk I'd make if you were my partner," said Dan, "is to warn you that if you didn't put your right hand up higher, I'd leave you in the middle of the dance floor. You wolf, you!"

Jack stepped up, tapped Fred's shoulder.

"Remember, Jane, I'm playing your part," Dan explained. "Up to now, you've been following your partner. Now you lead just enough so you swing him around, and your back's to the boy who cut in." Dan swung Fred around.

"Only it's not absolutely necessary to kick him like that when you swing him," said Fred, rubbing his shins.

"Now," Dan continued. "See, my back's toward Jack. He can't see what I'm doing. So I look at Fred and I frown a little; I'm disappointed our dance had to end."

He wrinkled his forehead and nose, and made a hideous *moue* at Fred.

"See?" Dan asked Jane. "Now he thinks I hate to see him go. And he'll be pretty sure to come back and dance with me again."

"Like fun I would," said Fred. "After that last look, I believe I'd run to the locker room and see if anyone had a drink."

"Then"—Dan ignored him—"you separate from your partner. But notice you still hold his hand. Just before you let it go, you give it an intimate little squeeze, like this."

Dan and Fred both squeezed, with all their might. They were always testing their grips, Indian wrestling, and putting their elbows side by side on a table to see which one could make the other bend his arm. The handshake ended in a tie, and they let go.

"Now you turn around," said Dan, somewhat red of face but still intent on his instruction. "Your back's toward your old partner. Now you face your new partner, and your eyes light up. You've been rescued. You've been looking forward all night to this particular dance. You glide into your new partner's arms"—he stumbled into Jack's—"and you say ——"

"Not yet you don't," Mother interrupted, and she was so intent her book toppled to the floor. "You've got to be careful to dance away a few steps from your old partner, first. You don't want him to hear what you say, do you?"

Dan let go of Jack, and all of them turned with new interest to Mother.

"How did you know that?" Fred asked. "You're completely right, but—why, they didn't cut in at dances when you were a girl."

"They didn't cut in," said Mother, "but they came up to your chair where you were sitting with your old partner. I always danced away a few steps from the chairs, and then I said ——"

"Who's being hypocritical now?" Fred hooted.

"What was it you said, Mother?" Jane giggled.

"Nothing, I guess," Mother said primly, leaning over to retrieve her book. "Nothing that would interest this generation."

"Aw, come on, tell us," Jane insisted.

"Well"—Mother blushed—"when it was your father, I guess I said something like; 'Why, Mr. Gilbreth, imagine finding you here. Where have you been keeping yourself all evening?'"

"Was that before or after you were married?" Jane asked.

"Oh, both," said Mother, now apparently intent on her reading.

"And where had he been keeping himself?" said Jane, refusing to let the subject drop.

"What's that, dear?" Mother asked, as if she hadn't been paying attention.

"Where had he been?"

"Your father? Never very far away, dear," Mother smiled. "Not down in the locker room."

Jane's debut at high school was a success, and Jack and Bob informed her she had passed the opening-day scrutiny. Besides Jane, only a handful of seniors had worn bobby-sox clothes. But the handful was composed of girls who admittedly set the fashions, and there was no doubt that the new style would take hold.

Fred and Dan returned to Brown and Pennsylvania, respectively, and Jack and Bob continued the grooming of their sister.

She was to be friendly with everybody, including sad apples and teachers. She was to learn the names of everyone in her classes, and to speak to them by name when she passed them in the halls. She was to be a good student, without giving the impression of studying too much. And she was to keep her face, hands and nails clean, even if it meant going to the girls' room after every class.

"There's nothing worse than a dingy-looking girl," Jack told her. "So don't think

(Continued on Page 110)

You Might Put in Some Candy Too

By Louise Owen

My children, like so many others
Who write but seldom to their mothers,
Have satisfying explanations
For their unkind procrastinations.
Still, twice or thrice a year, or better,
I'm sure that I'll receive a letter
From each of them, when they've been home
And gone again.

e.g.

"Dear Mom:
Vacation was just wonderful.
School seems a little slow and dull.
The weather's fine, I'm glad to say.
I'm working hard. Oh, by the way,
Soon as you can, will you please find
Two or three things I left behind—
My camera . . . brush and comb . . . a pair
Of old brown shoes . . . some underwear . . .
My French book, and my Physics too . . .
And Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue.
Much love. I think that's all today.
P.S. Please send them right away."

Let's have something extra-nice for dinner!

Let's have sweet, spring peas, for one thing—so tender they all but melt in your mouth. DEL MONTE *Early Garden* Peas—something *quite* special—

No immature peas here, too young for flavor. No oversize, starchy ones, either. But the best of all the rest—

—all the flavor-filled "middle sizes" in between—the tenderest, tastiest peas of each size selected and packed together, the sweeter blending with the richer-tasting, for full, natural flavor.

One taste tells why it pays to insist on DEL MONTE Brand *Early Garden* Peas. Why not try them yourself?



Quality-selected from all the **FLAVOR-FILLED** *"middle" sizes*



Leftovers go fancy in these pretty pasties!

PEA-PATCH POCKETBOOKS

- 1¾ cups diced leftover roast meat
- ⅔ cup leftover gravy (or white sauce)
- 3 tbsps. sliced green onions
- 2 tbsps. minced parsley
- ½ tsp. celery salt
- ½ tsp. Worcestershire sauce
- 1½ cups pastry mix
- 1 #303 can DEL MONTE *Early Garden* Peas
- Additional gravy

Simmer meat in the ⅔ cup gravy 10 min. Stir in onions, parsley and seasonings; cool. Make pastry as directed on package; roll out into 10″x16″ rectangle. Cut into four 5″x8″ strips. Place ¼ meat mixture on one half of each strip. Fold pastry over filling; moisten edges with water; lap under edge over top edge and crimp to seal. Prick tops; brush with milk. Bake on cooky sheet in hot oven (450° F.) 15 to 20 min. or till golden brown. Garnish with pimiento, if desired; serve with hot, seasoned DEL MONTE Peas, and pass additional gravy.

Del Monte BRAND **Early Garden** TRADE MARK **Peas**

—the brand that puts flavor first





FISHING AROUND for economical protein main dishes . . . but insist on taste and quality, too? Then the best "catch" you can make is DEMING'S Salmon . . . for it's not only salmon at its tempting best, but DEMING'S has stood for "Quality Always" for many, many years. The plump, firm salmon they take from Alaska's icy waters are famous for flavor, texture and color . . . and DEMING'S advanced packing methods bring them to your table at peak o' goodness. Still it's amazingly budget-wise . . . ready to serve in so many ways in your favorite recipes. So don't just ask for "salmon" when you shop . . . treat yourself to the *best* by specifying DEMING'S. In addition to DEMING'S *Red* and DEMING'S *Recipe Pink*, packed in the conventional way, DEMING'S have developed the amazing new salmon with skin and backbone removed, under two labels: DEMING'S *Sirloin Salmon* (that old favorite Alaska Red Sockeye) and DEMING'S *Sam-o-lets*, a different kind of delicately flavored light meat salmon you'll love. Serve DEMING'S tonight!

TAKE A TIP from Mr. Squirrel . . . fill your storeroom with delicacies to "tide" you over the winter. How? By putting up homemade jams 'n' jellies . . . for there's nothing more *delicious* or *easier* when made with CERTO, America's favorite liquid pectin product. Requires just a *one-minute boil* . . . which saves precious juices *and* gives you about 50% more glasses with more fresh fruit color, flavor and fragrance. Try this **Grape Jelly** and see:



Stem about 3 lbs. fully ripe Concord grapes; crush thoroughly. Add ½ cup water; bring to boil and simmer, covered, 10 mins. Place in jelly bag and squeeze out juice. Measure 4 cups juice into very large saucepan. Add 7 cups sugar; mix well. Place over high heat and bring to boil, stirring constantly. At once stir in ½ bottle CERTO. Bring to *full rolling boil, boil hard 1 min.*, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, skim, pour quickly into glasses. Paraffin at once. Makes about ten 6-oz. glasses.

One taste and you'll agree . . . there's *magic* in the word "homemade".

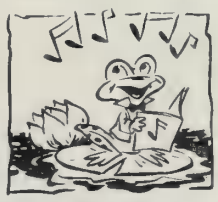
WAKE UP to a breakfast treat that's delicious, nutritious and wonderfully healthful, too . . . a dish of prunes for every member of the family *every morning*. If you do, you'll find you go to sleep at night feeling better . . . because



Six or seven prunes a day
Are good for you in every way.

But besides being "gems" of health, prunes are taste-enticing, too . . . *especially* SUNSWEET "*Tenderized*" Prunes. I think you'll agree they're better than any other kind . . . for they're fully tree-ripened. The extra days of ripening insure extra sweetness, extra flavor . . . as well as the extra "plus" that makes the pulp-bulk extra effective. In addition, they're "Tenderized" (so tender and sweet, they're as good raw as they are cooked!), sealed in *foil* . . . then packed by the growers themselves. It's good to feel good . . . so serve SUNSWEET "*Tenderized*" Prunes regularly.

YOU'LL HEAR A CHORUS of praise when you serve this **Pineapple Super Chiffon Pie . . .** but to "guarantee" a true chiffon texture *and* the rich, natural flavor of all the ingredients, be sure to make it with KNOX, the *real* unflavored Gelatine. Here's how:



Soften 1 envelope KNOX Unflavored Gelatine in ½ cup cold water. Stir into 1 cup (9-oz. can) very hot undrained crushed pineapple until thoroughly dissolved. Blend thoroughly 1 can Ten-B-Low, 4 teaspoons lemon juice, 2 teaspoons vanilla, 3 egg yolks, slightly beaten. Combine with gelatine mixture; cool. Beat 3 egg whites until stiff, gradually adding ⅓ cup sugar while continuing to beat. Gently fold into gelatine-Ten-B-Low mixture. Turn into 9-inch baked pastry shell (or pie plate with bottom and sides lined with small chocolate cookies). Chill until firm.

For a prize package of other luscious recipes send for this new booklet . . . *"The KNOX Illustrated Guide to Modern Gel-Cookery"* (J4)! It's FREE . . . see OFFER #2 in box, top of next page.

QUEEN IT AT YOUR OWN PARTIES . . . by having as much fun and as little worry about refreshments as your guests. How? Why "page" WALTER BAKER, of course . . . for the maker of Premium No. 1, America's *favorite* cooking chocolate, brings you new 4 in 1 Instant Sweet Cocoa Mix. This means you get 4 luscious treats all out of 1 package . . . and all with that world-famous WALTER BAKER flavor you've known and loved for years.



1. Better Instant Cocoa than any sweet milk cocoa mixes I've ever used . . . delicious steaming hot or in cold milk. 2. The smoothest, creamiest Frosting ever . . . made jiffy-quick. 3. Gorgeous Chocolate Sauce . . . a rich, glistening "crown" for ice cream, cake and puddings. 4. Heavenly Fudge that requires no boiling or testing . . . yet is better flavored than chocolate fudge mixes I've tried.

Easy directions for all 4 on the package, and I can assure you they're fit for a Queen . . . because everything chocolate tastes *best* when it's BAKER'S! Want to know more? Then see page 2.

BUY-LINES



SEEMS impossible to believe that I've been grinning at you from these pages for one whole year . . . yet today BUY-LINES celebrates its first birthday in Ladies' Home Journal! So let me thank you for

WANTED FOR ROBBERY . . . that "villain" who makes his rounds at night, stealing sleep and making many of us feel miserable! His name is "Mr. Coffee Nerves" . . . and he may be robbing you of sleep without your even knowing why. So let me urge you to find out by switching to INSTANT POSTUM . . . then see if you don't *sleep* better, *feel* better and *look* better! I'm sure you will . . . for both coffee and tea contain caffein, a drug and nerve stimulant. And while many people can drink these beverages without ill-effect, others, who are *caffein-susceptibles*, suffer jangled nerves, indigestion and sleepless nights. So protect yourself from "Mr. Coffee Nerves" by switching to POSTUM . . . *100% caffein-free!* You'll feel so much better . . . as well as enjoy the hearty, grain-rich flavor of this drink that's made from healthful wheat-bran. And it fixes "instantly" right in the cup.



WHEN IT'S "TRICK OR TREAT" on Halloween night, give the little ghosts, witches, pirates and other masqueraders who ring your bell a treat like this . . . big bowls full of hot, buttered pop corn. How can you be sure it will be so good your "visitors" won't resort to tricks? Pop JOLLY TIME Pop Corn, of course . . . for unlike most pop corn for home use, it *always* pops tender and crisp, light and luscious . . . with *no* hulls or hard centers. But that's only natural . . . because JOLLY TIME is grown from special seed and sealed air-tite in metal tins to keep it fresh, flavorful and perfect for popping *anytime*. I think everyone loves to pop this best-for-popping corn . . so why not let the "small-fry" fix their own? Takes only a few minutes . . . and you can use any kind of popper or pan. P.S. Since the grown-ups will want to join in on the fun, I'd get from your grocer several cans of both kinds . . . JOLLY TIME White *and* Giant Yellow.



THE WISE OLD OWL notes that October is National Cheese Month . . . and suggests you celebrate in style. How? By keeping lots of cheese around for snacks and parties . . . by serving it for meals and using it in cooking. And I second the motion . . . for few other foods give so much zest to eating or are so high in healthful nourishment. But one reminder . . . when you shop for your favorite processed and natural cheeses, buy them in CELLOPHANE. Then you can easily spot the kind you want . . . see the color and texture right through the transparent wrapper. And, if you're as finicky about flavor as I am, you'll find cheese protected by CELLOPHANE tastes better. It seals in moisture to preserve the flavor at its tangy, delicious best . . . right down to the last nibble and crumb. And last, but not least, you can be sure it's clean . . . because DU PONT CELLOPHANE protects it from dirt, dust and handling. So when you buy cheese, buy it in CELLOPHANE.



EVERYBODY WILL JUMP at the chance to attend your parties . . . once they know TRISCUIT Wafers are "invited", too. That's no exaggeration . . . for even the nicest parties become nicer when TRISCUIT Wafers "make an entrance". Why? Because they're made purely for your pleasure by National Biscuit Company . . . with a just-right-for-crunching texture and hearty, tangy whole-wheat taste . . . then salted to a "T" and crisped to a golden brown. Whether your party is for a couple or a crowd, TRISCUIT Wafers will keep all your guests "tray-bound" . . . so serve 'em always and all ways:



Canapes Sliced Meats Spreads Cheese
Drinks Soups Salads Appetizers

You'll find that these tangy, tasty TRISCUIT Wafers are such good "mixers", your family will want their "company" at meals and snacks, too . . . but be sure you get the one and only TRISCUIT Wafers . . . made *only* by NABISCO.

DON'T HURRY . . . the toast will "keep"! That's just one of the many blessings you'll enjoy with a new, streamlined GENERAL ELECTRIC Automatic Toaster . . . for it promises you piping hot toast *when* and *how* you want it. Let's talk about "when" first and let me tell you about its remarkable timing control . . . you just set it to keep your toast down until you, Friend Husband, and the eggs are ready . . . or you can set it to pop up your toast if you wish. And now for "how" you want it . . . light, medium or dark. Again you set the control . . . it won't matter if you're toasting one slice or twenty, you'll still have toast to your taste every time. The Snap-in Crumb Tray is another blessing of the GENERAL ELECTRIC Automatic Toaster . . . simply snap it out, brush it off and snap it in again. It's as quick and easy as that! So don't hurry for the toast anymore . . . but do hurry to your G-E Dealer's and see this wonderful Toaster. The cost? Only $21.50!



by Nancy Sasser

AN ADVERTISING PAGE

our interest in the products e've featured in the past 12 onths . . . for without your ooperation we coul ' t't be elebrating so happily today.

Write Nancy Sasser, 271 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y. for:
#1 ☐ Cavalier Pin, Dept. L, 25¢ plus 2 CAVALIER Cigarette package fronts.
#2 ☐ KNOX Modern Gel-Cookery Recipes (J4).
#3 ☐ VINYLITE Brand Plastics Make-It-Yourself Booklet.

NCE I ENVIED AN OSTRICH . . . because y hair was so dry, brittle and unruly om using drying shampoos that I wanted bury my head in the sand. But I'm lding my head high now . . . for I've itched to new KREML Shampoo with natural oil base. And I urge you to do e same . . . particularly if you have a new ort hair-do which requires more fre- ient shampoos . . . and use it as often you like. Wait 'til u see the beauti- l difference . . . ny it not only aves your hair glo- ously soft and an gel to manage, but tually encourages e natural curl that drying shampoos de- oy so quickly. And as if that weren't ough to be thankful for, there's still mething else . . . KREML Shampoo's agic new ingredient, "Folisan"! It has ecial cleansing qualities that bring out ur hair's natural highlights . . . giving it lovely gloss and silky, sparkling sheen. t words just don't do it justice . . . so try REML Shampoo yourself.



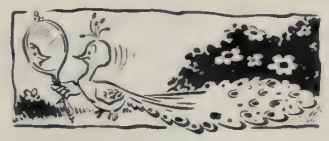
OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS . . . offering *you* a FREE booklet chock-full of time, work 'n' money-saving ideas to make your home more beautiful! Called ***"It's Easy to Make-It-Yourself of VINYLITE Brand Plastics"***, it's a GIFT from Bakelite Division, Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation . . . and contains suggestions "galore" for useful things you can make of beautiful, wear-defying VINYLITE Brand Plastics. I tried it and found sewing these "miracle" materials as ABC-easy as stitching any good fabric . . . so in hardly any time at all I was making: *Slip Covers . . . Shower Curtains . . . Table Cloths . . . Draperies . . . Aprons . . . Chair Cushions . . . Bedspreads . . . Bibs . . . Garment Bags . . . Dust Ruffles*. And don't forget . . . things made of VINYLITE Brand Plastics need no washing or ironing! Just a swish of a damp cloth keeps these smooth, non-porous materials spotless . . . and they stay new and fresh for "ages"! See OFFER #3 in box above!



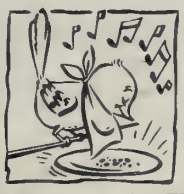
DON'T MISS THIS OFFER . . . FOR I DOUBT IF YOU'LL FIND SUCH A BIG BARGAIN AGAIN! It's an exquisite Cavalier Pin, one of the loveliest pieces of costume jewelry I've ever seen . . . and it's *yours* almost as a GIFT from CAVALIER, the distinctive new, king-size cigarette. Let me see if I can describe the pin for you . . . the Cavalier figure is beautifully designed and richly colored in deep red, black and gold. It's Hamilton gold finished, too . . . then high y polished and lacquered to prevent tarnishing. You won't lose it easily, either . . . "thanks" to a full safety catch that's ever dependable. Want one? Of course you do . . . but you won't be able to buy one anywhere else for any price. So: **ACT NOW! Send two CAVALIER Cigarette package fronts, with 25¢ for each pin. See offer #1 in box.** And if I were you, I'd get several . . . they make wonderful gifts. Stock up on CAVALIER Cigarettes and send for your Cavalier Pin today.



YOU SHOULD BE PRETTY AS A PEACOCK when you go out . . . but if you're careless about your beauty "treatments", you'll look plain as a pigeon. So let me recommend my favorite "aid" to perfect grooming . . . CO-ETS, little fluted cotton squares that are wonderfully soft, smooth and absorbent. That's why a CO-ET is your best bet for top-to-toe loveliness . . . for everything from applying powder, rouge, astringents, foundations and the like to removing nail polish, creams and excess make-up. But right now, with so much emphasis on sheer nylon hose, let me remind you that ankles, heels and insteps must be kept smooth and soft . . . and they will be if you do this: Saturate a CO-ET with your favorite creamy lotion and rub over entire ankle area. Remove excess with a clean CO-ET and lo! . . . flaky, coarse patches are smoothed away in "no" time. Do it regularly. CO-ETS cost only 29¢ for the large economy package with 80 fluted cotton squares . . . at all Drug and Cosmetic Counters.



GOLDEN-THROATED CANARY with ong in his heart . . . what a joy at can be! But remember . . . alth and happiness are the first o essentials of beautiful singing. don't trust an ordinary mix- e of a few common seeds . . . ur canary needs a *complete* diet. And the st answer to that is the 12 tested ingre- nts in FRENCH'S Bird Seed and Bis- it . . . for this appetizing combination d merry variety provides the perfectly lanced nourishment his system "de- mands" for glorious singing. Actually, the *sweetest* notes are in the Biscuit which contains the elements he would seek in nature . . . and there's a Biscuit in every package of FRENCH'S. With all these advantages, it's easy to see why FRENCH'S Bird Seed and Biscuit has been favored for generations. Let me urge you to try it for just 10 days. I think you'll be rewarded . . . with a happier, healthier canary and, very likely, the loveliest songs he's ever given you.



YOU'LL PURR LIKE A KITTEN the moment you slip a pair of DR. SCHOLL'S AIR-PILLO INSOLES into your shoes and feel their heavenly pillowing ease. You see, they're made of Latex Foam (actually 90% air!) . . . they're air-ventilating air-cushions that pillow your feet from toe to heel in airy softness you'll never forget. That's why DR. SCHOLL'S AIR-PILLO INSOLES perform all kinds of foot-comforting "miracles" . . . like relieving pain, callouses, burning, tenderness and sore heels . . . as well as give arches a soft "bed" to rest on as they ease pressure on nerves in the feet and make walking a real joy. The amazing thing is this . . . DR. SCHOLL'S AIR-PILLO INSOLES cost only 60¢ a pair . . . at your Drug, Shoe, Dept. and 5—10¢ Store. Come in practically all sizes and colors, too . . . white for men, and in white, red, black, brown, gray and green to harmonize with women's open-toe and open-heel dress, sport and casual shoes.

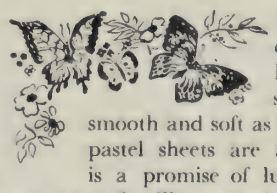


E NEW FALL STYLES are lovely . . . but n't forget that ir whole appear- e can be spoiled dirty grease ots on your thes. That's why reminding you ain to keep 'em an with ENERGINE CLEANING UID . . . for it makes the stubbornest ase spots *go* wink-quick right before ir eyes. And, as I've told you before, it ntains neither acids nor caustics . . . you use it on even such delicate fabrics as s, laces and velvets. And I don't need remind you that when you keep things an they stay new-looking longer . . . so ENERGINE at your Drug, Grocery 5 and 10¢ Store today and give your ire wardrobe a thorough going-over. I an everything, too . . . your dresses, ts, blouses, skirts, sweaters, hats and all er wearing apparel. Once you try it sure you'll agree . . . ENERGINE EANING FLUID is the *best* "insur- e" you can buy for your clothes *and* ir appearance.



MAYBE IT TAKES A MAGICIAN to pull a rabbit out of a hat . . . but a TONI Home Permanent performs an even greater "miracle". For example, I find that my TONI feels as *soft* as naturally curly hair, looks as *lovely* and *lasts* as long as a $20 permanent . . . but my TONI costs only $1. What's the secret? TONI'S exclusive gentle-action formula . . . for it was especially created to give you feather-soft, frizz-free curls the very first day! And don't think I'm prejudiced . . . TONI is the *only* permanent that has given over 93 million lovely, long-lasting waves. And it's even more popular these days when short hair-dos are the fashion . . . because TONI Midget SPIN Curlers give you neckline curls that are as darling and "durable" as the rest of your TONI Curls. They make it twice as easy, twice as fast, too, and you get 6 of them in the new Combination TONI Refill Kit . . . a $1.50 value for only $1.33. So don't be a "put-er-offer" . . . try TONI today.





PRETTY SOFT . . . sleeping on butterfly wings. And that's exactly what it's like when you drift off to dreamland on Lady PEPPERELL Superfine Muslin Sheets in "personality" colors. They're exquisitely textured . . . as smooth and soft as butterfly "down" and just as bright and lovely. Think pastel sheets are a luxury beyond your budget? Well PEPPERELL is a promise of luxury colored sheets at moderate prices, and I can assure you they'll wear and wear and wear. In fact, recent tests prove that Lady PEPPERELL Superfine Muslin Sheets are 33% *stronger* crosswise than regular muslins . . . and, of course, it's always the crosswise threads that are first to "go". Come in Aqua, Pink, Misty Yellow, Hyacinth Blue, Ashes of Roses, Spring Green and Peach Bloom . . . the subtlest of compliments for both your family and guests. And treat yourself to some Lady PEPPERELL Fine Combed Percales in exquisite pastel colors, too!

THERE'S NO SUBSTITUTE for personal daintiness . . . so let me remind you again to use LYKETTE Liquid Cream Deodorant and be liked. It's the most effective way to check unpleasant perspiration I've ever used . . . yet is much *safer* for clothing. But the most wonderful feature of all is its applicator . . . truly the handiest, gentlest self-applicator ever invented. In fact, LYKETTE outmodes all other methods of application—and gives you the nicety of a cream with the effectiveness of a liquid. Yes, just a simple "tip and touch" of the golden sponge-top bottle keeps you fresh and sweet all day. Your hands never touch the liquid . . . and there's *no* mess, *no* waste and NO dribble. The surprising thing is this . . . it not only assures your daintiness and is quick, easy and neat, but wonderfully thrifty, too. Costs just 69¢ . . . at all Drug and Toiletry Counters. I know you'll like it . . . so get LYKETTE today and be liked.





The dream chicken that came true!

It's tender-grown Swift's Premium

HERE is chicken at its finest—specially fed for quality meat, specially raised to give springtime flavor every month of the year.

Planned just for *eating*, this chicken is a sensational example of the research and development going on in the poultry industry today.

Look for fresh *tender-grown* Swift's Premium Chicken with the tag on the wing or Quick-Frozen in the blue and white picture package.



"A Tisket, A Tasket," serve

CHICKEN-IN-A-BASKET

- 1 *tender-grown* Swift's Premium Chicken, cut for frying
- 1 cup flour
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- ½ cup Swift's Brookfield Butter
- Shortening
- 2 teaspoons salt

Put flour and seasonings in paper sack. *Shake* 3 or 4 pieces of chicken at a time in sack to coat. *Heat* butter and enough shortening in a heavy skillet to make ½ inch layer. *Brown* chicken on both sides in hot fat. Cover tightly. *Reduce* heat and cook 30 to 40 minutes. Serve hot or cold in napkin-lined dinner basket.

(Continued from Page 106)

I'm minding your business if I see you in school and tell you to go wash yourself. I'll just whisper it."

"How about dingy boys?" Jane protested.

"Why, Bob and I always look just like we stepped out of a bandbox," Jack smirked.

"I don't know about that," said Jane. "But if you did, you must have been playing the drums."

"Nobody notices how boys look," said Jack, cuffing her fondly. "And nobody cares whether boys are popular in school."

Sometimes Jane thought it was more trouble than it was worth, especially when the two boys said she might begin to put on weight, and so started taking her desserts away from her. But she had to admit they had been right about the clothes, and she suspected they knew what they were talking about on other things too.

She started having movie dates at night, on week ends. Mother didn't disapprove, and Jack and Bob were elated. The boys wanted to make sure, though, that no one got the wrong idea about what sort of girl she was, so they always told her just what time she was to be home. Usually, to make sure there was no misunderstanding, they told her date too. When the date saw the size of her older brothers, and was informed that they'd be waiting up for Jane, there was little or no argument.

"Even Cinderella could stay out till midnight," Jane would complain to Mother. "Jack and Bob make my dates bring me home by ten-thirty."

"Your father wouldn't let Anne go out at all at night, unless he went along as a chaperon," Mother comforted her. "You don't know how lucky you are to have such liberal-minded men in the family."

"Good night, that was a generation ago. Times have changed!"

The first dance of the school year was a junior-senior-alumni affair, held during the Thanksgiving holidays. It was unusual for girls in the ninth grade to be invited—in fact, none of our girls ever had been asked until they had become juniors.

A man ought to be thankful for little children if for no other reason than that it is so easy to make them happy.
—DOUGLAS MALLOCH.

But Jane's special popularity course had brought results. She had invitations from a junior and two seniors. The boys told her to accept the junior, since he had asked her first. The word always got around, they said, if you turned down an early invitation to accept a later one.

Fred and Dan were home for the holidays, and they and the younger boys agreed to go stag to the dance, to make sure Jane wasn't stuck on the dance floor. Each of the boys also enlisted the aid of four or five friends, all of whom seemed willing, even eager, to cooperate.

RIGHT from the start, Jane was cut in on more than any other girl. Her hand squeezes as she left one partner, and her pleased smiles as she started off with another, apparently became important factors as the night wore on. Because even without her claque, she was undeniably getting a rush. Then Dan cut in, and found Jane near tears.

"He kissed me," she whispered indignantly. "I slapped him as hard as I could, and he just laughed and kissed me again."

Dan roughly shoved away two boys who were trying to cut in.

"Beat it," he growled. "She doesn't want to dance with you."

"Those weren't the ones," Jane whispered as the boys retreated.

"I don't care," said Dan. "You're not going to dance with anybody until we teach you some more."

He signaled Fred, Jack and Bob, and then guided Jane out onto a porch.

"Who did it?" Dan asked. "I'm going to show him whose sister to make passes at."

"A boy named Ned Morris," Jane told him. "He's a senior. I hope you fix him good."

Fred, Jack and Bob joined them on the porch, and Dan explained the situation.

"He's in my class," said Jack, "so I ge whip him. Right?"

Dan and Bob said that was right, but F disagreed.

"We spent a whole summer teaching to be popular," he warned, "and now y want to undo it all. Nobody'll take her ou he thinks he'll have to end up by fighting in case he gets romantic."

"It's really our fault," Bob conced "We taught her how to be attractive, we didn't teach her how to turn it off."

"I slapped him good," Jane said. thought that would turn it off."

"Worst thing you could do," said Fr shaking his head. "It's our fault, all rig We'll keep a close eye on things for the rest the night, and don't you let anybody e take you off the dance floor."

MOTHER was asleep when Jane and t boys returned home from the dance, but s heard them and came down in her bathro to help them raid the icebox. Jane wasn't u set any more, and she told Mother with co siderable detail about the rush she had ha

"You're lucky to have so many brothe to help you get started," Mother said, loo ing proudly at the boys. "You boys ha been mighty sweet to her."

"I'll say," Jane agreed excitedly. "A what do you think, Mother, tonight they' going to teach me about kissing."

"I think that's fine," said Mother, "a it's not every girl —— They're going to tea you about what?" she shouted.

"About kissing," said Jane.

"I won't have it," Mother announc flatly. "I try to be modern. I didn't say word when you were sho ing her about har squeezes and things lik that — things most gir don't know until they' in their twenties." S raised her voice agai "But I won't have an lessons in that. Th very idea!"

It took a little explaining to get across th notion that the boys were planning to teac Jane how not to be kissed. And after Moth had heard what had happened at the danc she agreed that the instruction wasn't takin place a minute too soon.

She poured herself a glass of milk whi Fred fixed her a peanut-butter sandwich, an she got plates and cut apple cake for every one. Then, after looking around self-co sciously as if she wasn't sure but what To would return unexpectedly from the ho pital, she perched on his table.

"School's in session," she declared.

The boys asked Jane how and where happened.

"We were dancing, and he asked me ho I'd like to go out on the porch and look at th moon," she said. "I squeezed his hand, ju the way you showed me, and said I wouldn mind."

"No wonder you got kissed, you sap you, Dan moaned. "What did you do that for?

"You told me to," Jane replied angril "Don't try to put the blame on me. You sai I should try to make all of them like me. Ho was I supposed to know he didn't want t look at the moon?"

"Jane's right," Mother agreed. "It's n her fault."

The boys said that from now on Jane wa supposed to shun parked cars and porche and was to view with suspicion any conversa tion about planets, satellites, constellatio or the need for a breath of fresh air. The showed her, too, how to sit far over on h own side of the car, coming home from date, and how to lean forward, or twis around so her back was to the door, if an one tried to put his arm around her shoulde

"Now if a boy kisses you anyway," sai Jack, "the best squelch you can give him to act like a dummy. The kiss doesn't affe you one way or the other. You're bored wit the whole business."

"That usually gives them the idea," Bo agreed. "If it doesn't, you can wipe your lip with the back of your hand, and look as

(Continued on Page 112)



Cowboy Jim isn't riding today!

IF YOUR "COWBOY" IS TOO FRAIL TO KEEP UP WITH THE OTHERS
PERHAPS HE NEEDS THIS SIMPLE HELP

your young "buckaroo" is too frail to "keep o," it may well be due to faulty nutrition.

Often, thin, nervous children are "well-fed," ut ill-nourished. They may get lots of food, ut not always enough of the *right kind*. Such ildren obviously need special care in the lection of the foods they eat.

A mother should always remember that every ild needs, proportionately, 2 to 3 times as uch of certain food elements as an adult. hese food elements include protein, calcium, on, vitamins C, B_1, niacin and riboflavin. hese may be called the "spark plugs" of ro- ist health and vitality and a child needs plenty them. A lack of one or more *can* cause a mp. And—please note this—they are the very es most apt to be deficient in average meals.

In *theory*—an adequate family diet can be ovided by serving a wide variety of carefully lected foods, thereby obtaining all the essen- al elements. And this every mother should rive to do.

In *practice*, however—this is hard to do, be- use of the many problems of food buying, asonal shortages, storing and cooking, and e wide differences in individual tastes and utritional requirements within the family.

And so, today—busy, intelligent mothers employ a sound and simple method in approaching this problem. They use a *supplementary food* like Ovaltine.

Ovaltine is a rich supplementary food that fills in the gaps, the chinks, and the loopholes that may occur even in "good" meals. Ovaltine, mixed with milk, contains practically all the vitamins, minerals, and high quality protein necessary to bring ordinary meals up to the full requirements of a growing child.

So why don't you join the host of other mothers in this program for better health through better nutrition. Give 2 to 3 glasses of Ovaltine daily in addition to regular meals. Then you can be sure *you* have done just about everything you can do to insure proper nutrition for your child.

NOTE: *Ovaltine has a remarkable appeal for children who refuse to drink plain milk, and it is especially processed for easy digestion.*

OVALTINE

THE PROTECTING SUPPLEMENTARY FOOD-DRINK

READ WHAT FOOD-VALUES

YOU GET IN OVALTINE

MIXED WITH MILK

HIGH-QUALITY PROTEIN—essential in building body and nerve cells.

HIGH-ENERGY FOOD—needed for keen vitality.

IRON—necessary to maintain good red blood.

VITAMIN B_1—required for good appetite, digestion and healthy nerves.

VITAMIN C—necessary for healthy gums and all connective tissue throughout the body.

VITAMIN D, CALCIUM & PHOSPHORUS—all needed for straight, strong bones, good teeth.

VITAMIN A—a deficiency prevents normal growth—affects vision—may cause night blindness.

NIACIN—for normal functioning of nervous system and digestive tract.

VITAMIN G (Riboflavin)—essential to normal growth—and health of eyes and skin.



Truly, drool-y delicious
...if you use SIOUX BEE honey!

● Now *you* try Sue's Honey Butter! It's a happy blending—irresistible on piping-hot pancakes, waffles, biscuits, or French toast—or in sandwiches. And so *easy* to make—and to keep awhile, if there's *any* left over!

For a delectable treat *always*, choose Sioux Bee Honey. Use it in cakes and cookies, to keep them tender-fresh longer. Sweeten grapefruit with it. Serve it on cereals at breakfast. And remember—this *sweetest* of sweets is a *calorie miser!*

Ask for Sioux Bee Honey because you want the *best*—the quality-controlled product of the *world's* largest honey packers. Ask, too, for Sioux Bee *Honey Spread*—crystallized, to spoon, not pour. In *every* way, if it's Sioux Bee—it's truly, *drool-y* delicious!



NEW FREE BOOKLET contains a treasure of unusual honey recipes. Write for it, to Sioux Honey Association, Dept. L-1050, Sioux City, Iowa.

For finest honey, say
"Sue Bee"



(Continued from Page 110)

there's something there that their best friend ought to tell them."

"Never slap them," said Fred. "A slap just makes them mad. And they still don't know whether you really object to being kissed, or whether you're playing hard to get."

"You boys," said Mother disapprovingly, "seem to know a great deal about it. Where'd you find out about things like that?"

"It's information," Fred grinned, "that's handed down from father to son."

Tom died a few months later, convinced that pleurisy was the old enemy that finally had laid him low. While he was at the hospital, some of us went to see him almost every day. Sometimes he'd beg to be taken home, where he felt sure he could cure himself in a few days with his Quinine Remedy. But the doctors wouldn't allow him to be moved.

On several occasions we smuggled bottles of the remedy into the hospital, hoping that his faith in its curative powers might make him well again. It didn't seem to affect him, one way or the other.

Tom always had been suspicious of hospitals. He had often told us his belief that doctors sometimes gave the "black bottle"—poison—to patients who didn't have plenty of money.

Toward the end, when he recognized us less frequently, he refused to take any medicines, even the remedy.

It could be said that Tom was a man who never amounted to much. By some standards, perhaps he wasn't even a very good man. He swore a good deal, and in later years he drank more than he should have. But the day he died, twelve people wept for him. That number may be more than par for the course.

PARENTS

It probably takes more endurance, more patience, more intelligence, more healthy emotion, to raise a decent, happy human being than to be an atomic physicist, a politician or a psychiatrist.

—M. R. SAPIRSTEIN.

The raising of eleven children had taken a far heavier toll on our house than it had on Mother. Mother still was slim, quick and erect, but the house was tired and sagging.

The stairs were grooved, and spokes were missing from the banisters. The furnace, never too efficient, now could be coaxed to breathe heat into only the central rooms. The floors had been scuffed beyond repair, and initials had been carved in some of the woodwork. One of the columns of the porte-cochere had begun to rot, causing the roof to angle downward like the tilt of an old rake's hat.

The year Jane was to go to college, Mother agreed with us that it was time for her to move out of the house. We thought she'd try to sell it, but she didn't like the idea of other people living in it, and she knew it wouldn't bring much money. Besides needing repairs, it was built primarily for a family with ten or twelve children. People who could afford to run such a large house didn't have families that size any more.

Mother called for bids and had the house torn down. She supervised the demolition herself. If she felt any pangs as the workmen stripped off the walls and laid open the interior, she kept them to herself.

The motion-study equipment, the files, the double desk she and Dad had used to perfect their original timesaving experiments, went to the laboratory at Purdue. The mahogany furniture she had had since her wedding was sent to a cabinetmaker to remove the scars and stains of a generation of children and several generations of dogs and miscellaneous livestock.

Mother's finances had improved immeasurably as more consulting jobs were offered her. And now she also came into an inheritance from her family's estate. With Bob partly through college and only Jane to go, Mother could retire, if she wanted to, and relax for the rest of her life. After years of working and scrimping, she could have fur coats, a maid to bring her breakfast in bed, even a limousine and a chauffeur, if she wanted them.

Mother didn't want them, and she had no idea of stopping work. She and Jane moved into a middle-priced apartment in Montclair. The old furniture gave a familiar appearance to Mother's new living and dining room except that everything was tidy, polished and reupholstered. She started using the best silver and china, that she had packed away years before, when Anne was starting to walk and pulling things off tables.

A cleaning woman came twice a week, but Mother and Jane did their own cooking. With unrestricted use of her own kitchen, Mother soon became a good cook. If Jane had let Mother have her way, Jane would have been the one who had breakfast in bed. As it was, no matter how early Jane got up, her eggs and toast appeared on the tray about the time she walked into the dining room.

When Jane left for college, and Mother was alone. None of us liked the idea of that. We thought that anyone who had raised eleven youngsters always needed children in the house. Besides, it seemed only right that, after all the years she had looked out for us, we should start looking out for her.

We hadn't had a meeting of our Family Council for years, but when Anne next came to Montclair from Cleveland for a visit, she called a meeting of the Council to discuss Mother.

The Council had been one of Dad's ideas, and he had patterned it after employee boards in industry. The Council had decided matters of policy, such as the use of the children's allowances and the apportionment of household and yard work.

Dad, as self-appointed chairman, had his own set of parliamentary rules, and he wasn't above launching a one-man filibuster when bottling up appropriations bills in committees. But for the most part, the majority ruled.

We didn't want Mother to know about the meeting to discuss her, so we held it at Ernestine's house. It wasn't a formal session—no one presided with gavel in hand and a pitcher of ice water at his elbow, as Dad used to. But we did sit in our old positions around Ern's dining-room table. We studied Anne, now a matron in her late thirties, as automatically in charge when she was home. She sat at the head of the table.

We agreed, first of all, that either Mother would move in with one of our families, or one of our families would move in with her. We felt that what had kept Mother going through the years was the goal of sending each of us through college. When that goal was achieved, there might not be any incentive to keep going, and that would mean Mother would have to make an adjustment.

We thought we'd better start preparing her, in advance, for the adjustment. We knew that many women in their sixties have had years of experience in taking things easy. They played bridge, they talked about movies and their friends, or they sat on rocking chairs with cats on their laps. Mother didn't know how to do any of those things, but we thought that perhaps we could help her learn.

There was something else that all of us took into consideration, but hesitated to put into words. Suppose Mother should want to keep working, but as she got older the invitations and lecture offers should become less and less frequent. There was a rule at Purdue that faculty members had to retire when they reached seventy. That wasn't too many years in the future.

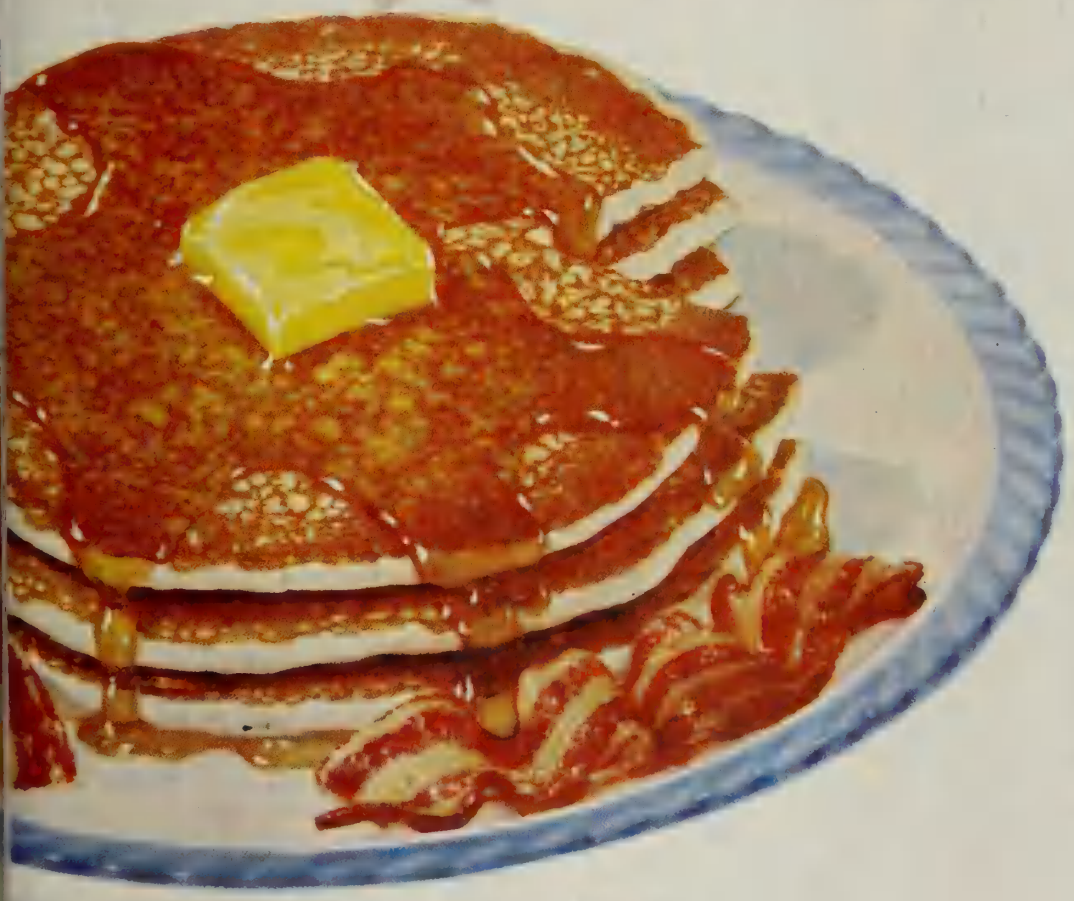
The Council appointed Ernestine to talk with Mother about moving in with one of us. If we could get Mother to do that—to forget about the idea that she might be imposing on someone—she would become interested in helping to raise another generation. The

(Continued on Page 114)



Wake Up to — Aunt Jemima Pancakes







So light-So tender they melt in your mouth!

You can shout "wake up!" or merely whisper it. But nothing brings 'em running like the tantalizing aroma of golden Aunt Jemimas . . . rising to fluffy goodness on your griddle.

You'll have *your* eyes opened, too. By the magic ease and sureness of Aunt Jemima Pancake Mix. By the lightness . . . the tender *flavory* lightness no others give you.

And—your first fork-full will tell you too . . . why more homemakers prefer Aunt Jemimas than all other brands put together!

How about pampering *your* folks with America's favorite pancakes tomorrow?

Get Both Kinds!

The red box for fluffy Pancakes—the yellow box for taste-tinglin' Buckwheats. Remember, both kinds make extra light, crisp Waffles, too!



See for yourself why...

More Women Prefer

AUNT JEMIMAS

than all other brands combined!

So fresh...
so lovely...
so sparkling clear...



the face that's cared for with
TUSSY CLEANSING CREAMS

More than a perfect cleanser, your Tussy Cleansing Cream is a beauty prescription, developed for your own kind of skin, by skin care experts. There's a special cream just for you.
Exclusive Tussy purifiers reach into your pores, searching out impurities, leaving your skin radiant, sparkling clear.

FOR OILY OR NORMAL SKINS: Tussy Pink Cleansing Cream. A light, thorough refreshing cream that whisks away every trace of pore-clogging grime, leaves your skin sparkling clean.
$1, $1.75 and $3, plus tax.

FOR DRY SKIN: Tussy Emulsified Cleansing Cream. Rich in emollient oils...the kind your dry skin is hungry for! Helps smooth away flakiness and dry skin lines, as it does its sparkle-cleansing job. Leaves your skin soft...dewy...fresh. $1, $1.75 and $3, plus tax.

See your complexion improve...with daily Tussy Cleansing Cream care. Start today. At better cosmetic counters.



TUSSY *cleansing creams*

(Continued from Page 112)

Jane's graduation would be just another incident.

But when Ernestine put the proposition up to Mother the next day, she might as well have saved her breath.

"I can't tell you how much I appreciate it, dear," said Mother. "But I couldn't do that."

"Of course you can do it," Ernestine told her. "There's no use being stubborn."

Mother may have thought that was the pot calling the kettle black, but she realized the intentions were good, anyway.

"As long as Bob and Jane are in college," she said, "I want them to know that we—just they and I—have our own home. That's something that all of you other children had, and I think it's important for them. For me too."

"How about when they're out of college and married?" Ernestine asked.

"I've been thinking about that. And I don't know. Your father's mother lived with us for quite a few years after we were married. I was fond of her, and I think she was of me. But I don't think either of us really liked the situation. I don't know."

So Mother continued to live alone, except when Bob and Jane were home on vacation. And we were still worried about her.

World War II came, then. Five of the boys were in it, and overseas. Mother was older, suddenly, and sometimes she was tired.

She wrote each of the boys every day, and waited mornings for the mailman before she went into New York. She never talked about the war or how battles were going. Telegrams made her nervous; she held them up to the light before she opened them.

There were new demands on her time. We could see there wouldn't be any question about her not being busy as long as the war lasted. She was working with the War Manpower Commission. The Government was using her studies on motions of the disabled to help rehabilitate amputees. War industries wanted the latest timesaving techniques. Many of the graduates of her motion-study courses, which she had discontinued some years before when the engineering jobs started to come in, had important production jobs, and sought her out for consultation. Walt Disney made a training film, in Technicolor, of the process chart.

She journeyed to Providence to help christen a Liberty ship named for Dad. She went to Chapel Hill for Bob's graduation. Finally the day arrived when she boarded a train to Ann Arbor, for Jane's.

That was a special occasion for Mother. She rode in a lower berth. From that time on, when the space was available, she rode in lowers.

SHE and Anne sat together with the spectators when Jane received her diploma. It should have been a happy occasion, because it symbolized the fulfillment of something Mother had promised herself. But when Anne thought about the sacrifices Mother had made to keep that promise, a lump settled in her throat.

Mother's youngest, handsome with her mortarboard cocked debonairly over an ear, bounded nonchalantly across the stage. She took the hand of the man who presented it—possibly giving the hand a parting squeeze—and rejoined her class.

Anne dabbed at her eyes with a handkerchief. *Jane doesn't appreciate what Mother's done for her*, she thought. *None of us appreciate it. I didn't appreciate it at the time either. I thought I did, but I didn't, really.*

Jane turned around in her seat, spotted them, and waved the diploma triumphantly aloft.

"I guess Dad would be proud," Anne said, turning to Mother.

Mother didn't answer. Her eyes were closed. Her face, in repose, hadn't changed much through the years. There was the new nose, of course. Anne waited a moment, a nudged her slightly.

"I declare, you're a great one," An teased. "Work a whole lifetime to send yo children through college, and then go sleep when the final great moment arrive

Mother opened her eyes. "I wasn't aslee she said softly. "I was saying thank yo

Jane and Bob were married in a year so—all of us married young and soon h children of our own. And then the war v over and the boys began to come hor Mother seemed to shed some of the ye that had piled suddenly upon her.

She thought it would be a good idea hold a family reunion, so that all of us co see the boys and so that the three new grandchildren could be christened toget in our church in Montclair.

We converged from various parts of country. Some of us from out of town a our families stayed at Mother's apartme and others moved in with those who lived or near Montclair.

EXTRA leaves were put back into the dini room table, and Mother's icebox was full baby bottles again. The good china v taken out of circulation and put on h shelves.

As Mother bathed and powdered our c dren, and gave them their bottles, seemed gayer and happier than we reme bered seeing her since Dad's death. Whe came time to do the dishes at night, sh take three or four of the older grandchild back into the kitchen and they'd dry wh she washed. We'd hear a lot of giggling, a know Mother was telling them stories ab when we were you Sometimes they'd sing old songs that Mother h taught us and we h taught them.

Justice is what we get when the decision is in our favor.

—JOHN W. RAPER: What This World Needs (World Publishing Company).

We whispered to another that we could understand why, sin Mother seemed to en our visit so much, wouldn't move in with one of us.

On the day of the grandchildren's chr tening, we assembled at the apartment walked the two blocks to the church. Besi Mother and the eleven of us, there were husbands and wives and fifteen of children, including the three babies w were to be baptized.

Two pews had been reserved for us at front of the large, Gothic church. We walk down the center aisle as quietly as we cou But there were so many of us, and Moth knew so many people, that our entra created a good deal of attention. Moth ramrod straight and immensely dignified, the delegation. We thought she looked a she were proud of us and proud of her gra children. We hoped she was.

The service started. The organ mu rolled out loudly, and then there was a hu and the opening prayer. Three of our bo and their wives stepped forward with th babies.

The clock turned backward for some of

When we were young, there was a christ ing in the family almost every year. And though Dad had much more experience w baptisms than the average man, they ways made him nervous and irritable.

It wasn't just the christenings that objected to—he objected to going to chur for any reason. He kept saying that he wa religious man, and had nothing agai churches; that he thought it was fine Moth and all of us went regularly. But he ne went himself unless there was a reason, su as a christening. And even then Mother h to prod him all the way.

Few martyrs ever looked more persecut as they approached the stake than did D when, with a baby under his arm, he left t house for a christening.

"This piecemeal business of christeni them one at a time is the height of ine ciency," he'd storm to Mother. "It's a h jingoed indignation, by jingo."

(Continued on Page 116)

Romance of the Sea



THE NEW WALLACE "THIRD DIMENSION BEAUTY" PATTERN IN STERLING SILVER

Dynamic and thrilling as it unfolds the true beauties of the mood of adventure found in Nature's fascinating symbols of the sea.

Fully sculptured in "Third Dimension Beauty," the mermaid silhouette is the exact body outline for this enchanting pattern.

And deeply down the silver stem
The motif is the ocean's gem
Gay flora flows in rhythmic swirl
Rich setting for the lovely pearl.

The majestic shell, the scrolling wave, the delicate spray and the sparkling bubbles complete the imaginative accomplishment.

"Romance of the Sea" is shown wherever fine sterling silver is sold. Also Mr. Warren's Grande Baroque, Sir Christopher, Grand Colonial, Stradivari and Rose Point. Prices for Six-piece place settings: $27.40 to $37.50.



WILLIAM S. WARREN
Creator of "Romance of the Sea" and other Wallace designs sculptured in full-formed "Third Dimension Beauty"... beauty in front, beauty in profile, beauty in back.

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All over the country quality-minded women are asking for ENNA JETTICKS, "*America's Smartest Walking Shoes.*" With their famous invisible "it" factor —fit! With their clearly visible good looks! See your local dealer this week for these nation-winning, nation-walking shoes!

Some ENNA JETTICK Styles are made in sizes 1 to 12 widths AAAAA to EEE

$7.95 to $9.95

A few at $10.95

ENNA JETTICK SHOES, INC.
AUBURN, N. Y.

THOSE COMFORTABLE

Enna Jettick

America's Smartest Walking Shoes

"Maybe so, dear," Mother soothed him, "but I don't want to raise a houseful of heathens. One in the family is enough."

"Me a heathen?" Dad yelped. "You know I'm a religious man. But this is my final piecemeal christening. After this one, we're going to wait until the last of them is born, and then get it all over with, in one efficient ceremony."

"We can talk about that when the next one arrives," Mother smiled.

"That's what you always say. And I wind up in church with a new baby on my hands!"

Dad never had much confidence about holding babies when they were small. He was afraid he might hurt them, so he didn't grasp them firmly, and they'd wiggle until their dresses were up around their heads. When this happened, Dad would try to straighten out their clothes and get things so twisted around that Mother would have to come to the rescue.

When he stood with Mother at the front of the church, he always looked as if he wasn't quite sure whether he was holding the baby right side up. And he seemed worried that he might cause the minister to make an embarrassing blunder.

We older children would be sitting with our various Sunday-school classes, in the galleries on each side of the altar, dreading what we knew we were going to do, and yet knowing that we couldn't help doing it.

We always disgraced ourselves at the christenings of our younger brothers and sisters. As the baby squirmed in Dad's arms, while he kept peering down into the dress to make sure the head was still on top, the situation would seem more and more ludicrous to us. We'd think about how Dad had stormed beforehand, and how he was going to storm afterward at Sunday dinner.

THEN it would happen, and we would disgrace ourselves again. Suddenly, one of us would explode in a snorting giggle. You couldn't hold it back—it was embarrassing, but it was just too funny, and there wasn't anything you could do about it.

Another one of us, sitting with another class and vowing that this time he could control himself, would hear the snort, and he would explode too. Finally, all of us would be giggling, and people down in the congregation would crane their necks to see what was causing the disturbance.

Since Dad went to church only for the christening of his own children, he comforted himself with the thought that a few jackasses in the balcony always giggled whenever a child was baptized. Although this belief was completely erroneous, we did our best not to dispel it.

"Worst-mannered congregation I ever saw," he'd complain afterward. "They seem to think a christening is like a vaudeville show."

Bob's baby was a wiggler. As Bob and his wife and the two other couples stood in front of the minister, the dress of Bob's daughter started to slide over her head. With considerable concern, Bob looked down. Just for a minute, it was Dad all over again. Just for a minute, the older ones who were sitting with Mother were little children again, up in the galleries with their Sunday-school classes.

Ernestine had a horrible thought. Suppose she should suddenly start to giggle? It was

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Lost Return

By Maribel Coleman Haskin

The snowball bush is rough and gaunt
With years of random growing;
The house has peeled to a silver gloss
And the fields have forgotten sowing.

The woven chair in the window bay
Begins an aimless rocking,
And I hear the echo of dusty words
In the dim, old corners . . . mocking.

The sun is bright on tangled space
With a warmth I can't be doubting,
But the wind in the willow tree is loud
With lost young voices . . . shouting.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

pose an adult, herself the mother of t children, should do it? It was out of t question, of course. Adults could cont themselves. They simply didn't make scen like that.

Bob's daughter wiggled some more, a Bob looked down again to find her head.

Ernestine snorted. She put her hand ov her mouth, but the giggle came out throu her nose. You could hear it all over t church.

ERNESTINE'S husband and children look at her with amazement. Mother hunched h shoulders instinctively, and kept her ey straight ahead, as if Ernestine were somec else's daughter who had got into our gro by mistake.

Ernestine tried biting her lips, but it w no use. She sat there and giggled. So did t rest of us, in a series of moist explosions. S although she s denies it, did Moth There are witnes to prove it.

So did the cong gation and so did t minister — he h been at the chur for years, and recal the old days. For nately the christeni service hadn't qu started; he stopp everything a laughed until he h to dig under his ve ments to get a han kerchief.

Finally there w quiet again, and t three babies were ba tized. The minis climbed back into t pulpit, and look down at us. V weren't too hap about the way we h behaved.

"I don't know I'd want to go throu it all over again a have the eleven you up in the b cony every Sunday he began. "I'm not as young as I used be. But it's good to have you here or visit. It's good to see you together aga Mighty good!"

We glanced at Mother to see how she w taking it, and for the first time we knew certain why she lived alone. We knew th glad as she was to have us home, she liv alone because she liked it.

For Mother was nodding agreement. S didn't want to go through with it all ov again either. One generation was enou Mother looked as if the minister had tak the words right out of her mouth.

Mother still lives in the same apartme She retired from her teaching at Purd when she reached seventy, but she is bus than ever today.

Not long ago, the American Society Mechanical Engineers and the Americ Management Association awarded to her, a to Dad posthumously, the Gantt medal "pioneer work in management and the d velopment of the principles and techniqu of motion study." And the Americ Women's Association named her Woman the Year.

Even those of us on the West Coast see h four or five times a year, because she has good many lectures there. Those who live or near Montclair drop by the apartme fairly often after dinner when she's hon and to sort and forward her mail when sh away.

Before she leaves town on business tri Mother makes out an itinerary listing t hotels and the persons' houses where she w be stopping. At the bottom of the itinerar it says:

"I know you'll call me, if you need me



Stockings so good
they're signed
with the label
that won't wash off

Berkshire's Nylace 15s the lovelier 15 denier, 51 gauge Kantrun Nylons with the dainty new lingerie top...now so sheer you can hardly see them. Full-fashioned, dull textured...in Berkshire's Beautiful Blends, the season's newest colors in stockings. And like all Berkshires, Nylace 15s are permanently identified with size, length, and sheerness information to make your additional purchases easier. Stocking color—Tawny Blend.

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Sweet-Sixteen Wardrobe — $103.70

VELMA LEE HALL, sixteen this month, lives in San Gabriel, California, where her days are taken up mostly with school, week-end movie or dancing dates, and parties. Perfect for school days or football games is her plaid wool dress: her beloved velveteen skirt with varied tops takes her to the most casual get-together, or to a very dressed-up party: over everything goes the fitted tweed coat, informal for its rough fabric, yet dressy in its silhouette and velvet accents. • By CYNTHIA MCADOO



Braid-trimmed plaid wool, pleated skirt, $17.95; side-brimmed felt cloche, $6.95.



Bare-necked top in velveteen to match her skirt for week-end parties. Top, $6.95.

Velveteen skirt, $14.95; crisp velvet-trimmed jacquarded cotton shirt, $5.95.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEOMBRUNO · BODI



Grège mixed-tweed fitted coat with velvet collar, $45.00. Worn with head-hugging helmet of gray velveteen, $5.95.





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That divine foundation and powder—all-in-one... now in a slim, lovely case for your handbag!

Now—your beloved Angel Face comes in a beautiful *new* case! Sleek as polished ivory . . . with golden tracery. Smoothly clasped and hinged—it's slim, enduring, *very* handsome. Inside—a full-view mirror, a dainty puff . . . and *heavenly* Angel Face! Sweet-tinted glamour that smooths on with a puff . . . but stays on *much* longer than any powder, and *can't spill*. Because Pond's Angel Face is *foundation and powder in one!* Angel Face "Mirror Case" with choice of 6 heavenly skin tones, only $1 PLUS TAX



In the much-loved blue-and-gold box, too!—89¢, plus tax.

"Do NYLON pleats stay in?"

THIS IS ONLY ONE OF THE QUESTIONS
ANSWERED IN THIS ISSUE OF THE

DU PONT NYLON INFORMATION SERVICE





"Is nylon warm or cool?"

Surprisingly enough, it's both! In summer you can ask for nothing cooler than sheer, lovely, porous nylon lingerie, airy nylon tulle evening gowns! Come colder weather and you'll appreciate the comforting warmth of spun nylon sweaters and socks! Nylon fabrics can be warm. Nylon fabrics can be cool. What makes a fabric cool? Thinness and the ease with which air passes through it. What makes a fabric warm? Thickness, yarn construction, thousands of tiny insulating air pockets.



"Why do some nylon blouses cost more than others?"

There is as much variation in products made of nylon as there is in products made of other fibers. Du Pont makes the nylon fiber. Your satisfaction with a finished garment depends not alone on the fiber, its strength, its long wearing, its abrasion-resistance, but on how well that fiber is woven or knitted into a fabric. Your satisfaction also depends on the skill with which the fabric is cut and fitted . . . on honest workmanship, good construction. One product made of nylon may cost a lot more than another—and be worth every penny. Worth it—because you are paying for better design, better styling, better detail of tailoring and construction.



"Do nylon pleats stay in?"

Pleats to marvel at, pleats that fall knife-sharp after washing, are yours when the pleats in your nylon gown have been properly heat-set by the manufacturer. When nylon pleats go through the right heat-setting process, you can wash them again and again without a single worry about the pleats coming out.





"Will nylon sweaters stretch or shrink?"

Here's one more way easy-living nylon saves you time and expense. When spun nylon has been properly heat-set, your sweaters and socks won't stretch, sag or shrink out of size or shape. No more blocking sweaters—forget about sock stretchers!

"What affects the wear of nylon stockings?"

The life of your nylon stockings depends on many things—construction, proper fit and length, care in handling, care in fastening garters in the heavier welt part of the stocking . . . and denier.



"What is denier?"

Denier is the weight and thickness of each thread in nylon stockings. You can buy stockings in 15, 20, 30, 40, 50, and 70 denier. The higher the denier number, the stronger the thread. A 15 denier thread is only half as heavy as a 30 denier thread. Before 1948 most stockings were of the heavier 30 or 40 denier. Today, however, because of their sheer, leg-flattering beauty, many women prefer the filmier 15 denier stockings.



"Does Du Pont make nylon stockings?"

No! Nylon stockings are made by hundreds of manufacturers. Some of them may mark their stockings "Made of Du Pont Nylon" to inform you that they have used the raw material, nylon, made by Du Pont, but Du Pont does not make the stockings.



"How can I avoid runs and snags?"

Gentle care means longer wear. Keep hands and nails smooth. Remove rings when handling stockings. Dry stockings over a smooth rod. Keep them in hosiery cases or wrapped in facial tissue. Remember, too, the right size for your foot and right length for your leg is important for long wear. If stockings fit too tightly, the fabric is strained. If they fit too loosely, they snag more easily.



"What is spun nylon?"

Popular spun nylon products, such as sweaters, socks, mittens and inner linings, are made from "spun" nylon yarns. Like other spun yarns, spun nylon is made by twisting together nylon fibers that have been cut in short lengths. Some of the short fibers project from the yarn, making it soft, fuzzy—but above all, it's wonderfully warm.



"What is the best way to iron nylon?"

Lady, you're lucky! Many easy-living nylon fabrics don't need to be ironed at all! Others look a little trimmer for a light pressing with a cool iron—275°—or set at the "rayon" or "nylon" control. Nylon's easier to iron if you hang each garment while wet, and smooth wrinkles out with your hands.

"WHY DO YOU HAVE A NYLON INFORMATION SERVICE?"



As a service to you who buy and use nylon, we are running this series of advertisements aimed at answering some of the eager questions you've been asking about nylon.

Du Pont does not make nylon sweaters, socks, curtains, stockings, dresses—or any finished nylon product. Du Pont does, however, make the basic nylon fiber, from which all these things—and many more—are made.



FREE! *Learn more about nylon! Send for new leaflet, "Care of Nylon." Write to Dept. J., E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Nylon Division, Wilmington 98, Delaware.*

DU PONT

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...*THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

For nylon . . . for rayon . . . for fibers to come . . . look to Du Pont



Delicate flower clocks on June's sheer nylons flatter her slim ankles . . . make a wonderful conversation piece.

"My nylons always get gentle LUX care!"

SAYS

JUNE ALLYSON

Nylons last longer, colors stay lovelier

Diminutive June Allyson started her career as a dancer on Broadway . . . collects classical records . . . gets record wear from her dancing stockings.

"I wouldn't trust my nylons to anything but Lux," says June. "I always insist on it. Even my sheer nylons last unbelievably long. I hardly ever get runs!"

Scientific strain tests prove Lux Flakes really do wonders for wear. Stockings rubbed with cake soap or washed with a strong soap go into runs much sooner. Luxed stockings last twice as long!

No other soap, no other washing product known can make stockings last longer. These extra-gentle suds make nylons fit better, too. Colors stay truer!

No wonder Hollywood's loveliest legs wear nylons washed with Lux Flakes! Try this washbowl magic to make *your* nylons last longer . . . give *all* your nice washables gentle Lux Flakes care for that lovely Lux look.

LUX Flakes for that lovely LUX look



JUNE ALLYSON
Co-Star of
"RIGHT CROSS"
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Production



DESPERATE COUPLE

(Continued from Page 39)

room upstairs, bathroom downstairs. Hot ummer, cold in winter. Roof leaks, cellar s."

You thought it was wonderful when we nd it," he reminded her.

he did, she had thought it heaven. A e white house with lilacs, a darling little se all their own after two years of living n Bill's sister. But they had outgrown it, of course they hadn't realized how badly as built. They had saved some toward ing a place, but there wasn't a house in n under twenty-five thousand. And no als. Every so often Olga Reade, their -estate friend, phoned with something, it was always on the main street next garage, or twelve miles out.

Bill wanted to move as badly as she he would find something, she thought. *e had to move we'd find a place. He loves the lace and he gets sentimental because it was first home, and moving is a bother.*

ne stopped her mental grousing, the knob still in her hand, to realize there curious hilarity from the boys' room. hat's happening in there, men?"

Nothing." That always had to be the answer.

What's happening?"

The window fell out the window."

Not all of it. Only one."

ne went in. A pane had let go and slid n into the grass. All the panes were put ith what seemed like brown-sugar frost- The three of them went outside and she naged to hold the pane in place with a few s, but made the mistake of putting the mer down. Anthony gave the tacks an a whack and the pane was no more.

s usual, worse than the crime was the blem of punishment. "Hold out your ds, Anthony. You *know* that was naughty."

n but not angry.

It's *my* turn to be punished," Donoghue ed. "He was punished the last time." Both hold out your hands then." Four ds got slapped.

Now *I* can break a window." Donoghue med and picked up the hammer and e she was trapped. He had a right to e crime for his punishment. She fastened a piece of glass up and let him whack at it, but there was something synthetic about it. "Am I as naughty as Anthony was?" he asked, suspicious.

"Yes, you're *very* naughty."

"But you said I could hit it." Donoghue told her.

"Oh go play in the sandbox." She was fed up with their adamant logic. Twins are not just two children; they are a conspiracy. "Go on—go play. No more punishment for either of you. Scoot."

She suddenly realized they were being watched.

"Are you friends of ours?" Donoghue called out.

The girl looking out of the car spoke to the boy with her and then both came through the gate. "We heard how this place was for rent," the girl said, "and we wondered could we see it."

Trudy was quick to size people up. She liked the girl—wide face, clean skin, shiny hair, honest, amused eyes. Peasant type. The boy, hanging back slightly, was dark, thin and shy.

"Come in," Trudy said, smiling, and they followed her through the porch to the living room, Anthony and Donoghue bringing up the rear.

"Have you come to a party? Because the cake is all gone."

"But too much cake might make you sick."

"Boys—down to the sandbox."

"Gee, they're cute," the girl said. "Imagine having twins!"

"It is one of life's experiences that *cannot* be imagined," Trudy told her. "You mean you two are looking for a place to live?" They were so appallingly young.

"Yes, we want to be married, you see. I'm Stella Durgin and Bud is Bud Spooner. You see, we can't get married because we can't find anyplace to live. I suppose we could get a room, but you know how it is; I want my own place, get dinners, and all that. I'm giving up my job—we both work at the Bayside Mill. We've looked and answered ads—it's just awful here in town. So when we heard about this place—we been by lots of



"Humph! If that's what they want, I can drop mine off the shoulder too!"



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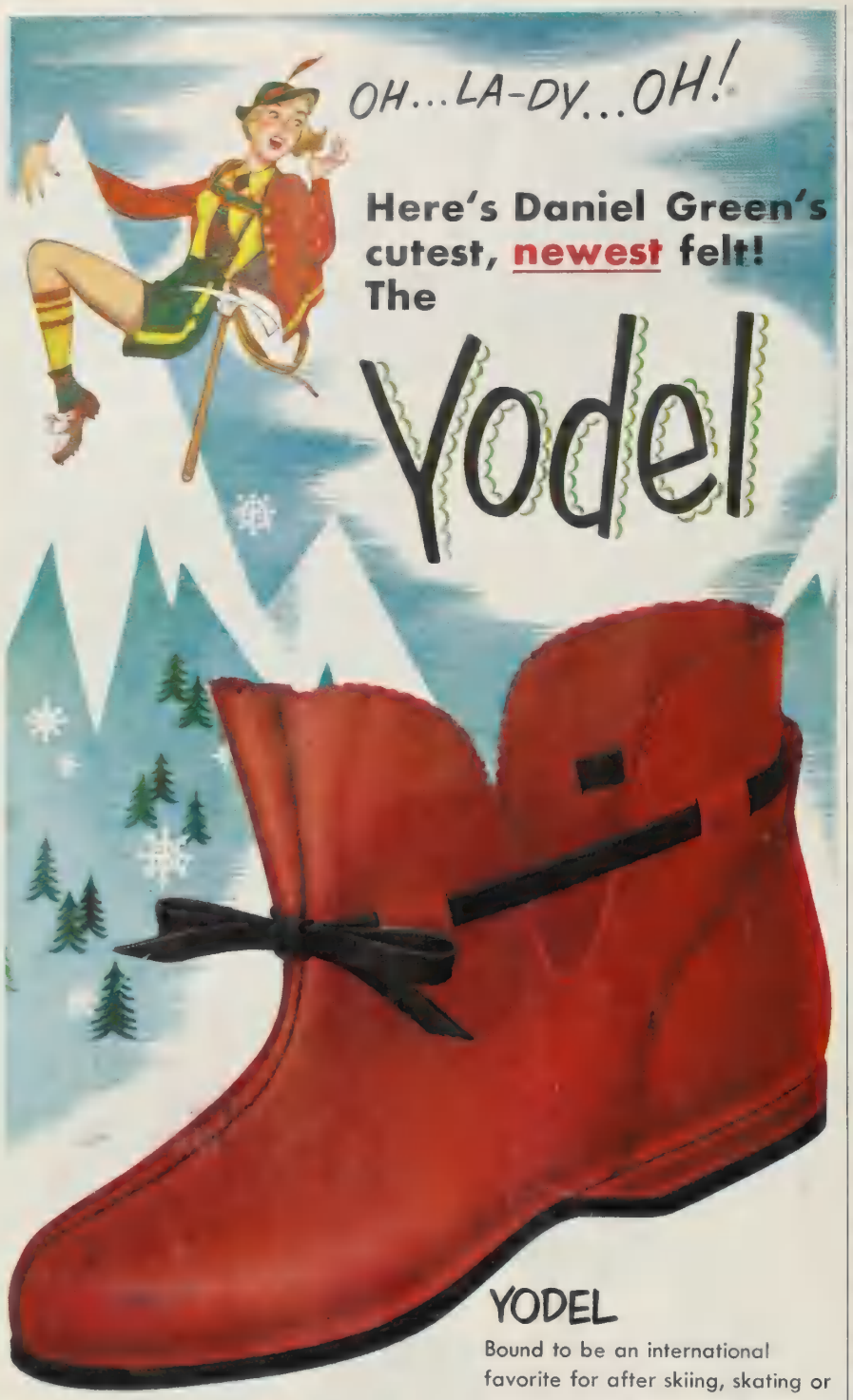
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times and always said how cute it was. . . . They'll be plenty after it all right."

Bill would have a good laugh at that, Trudy thought. It was sad really. That was just the way they had been, afraid someone else would get it first.

"It is a cute house," she agreed. "But it's awfully small. There's only one bedroom upstairs; that back room you can use as a bedroom, but it's tiny. The bathroom is quaintly put *down*stairs."

"Gee. Two bedrooms. Think of that, Bud."

"And it's in very bad condition. It wouldn't be fair not to tell you. You see that broken doorknob and that floor board. It's like that all over the house. The owner built it himself, of cardboard and glue, I think."

"Oh well, you can't expect everything. Bud's good at fixing things. He can do anything."

"My husband is good too." Trudy felt she had to say it. "But he says the only way to fix this house is to tear it down and start right over."

"Nice fireplace," the boy said. "Does it work?"

"Yes, it does." What wonderful fires they had had there! These two would have her thinking she and Bill were crazy to move.

"I never thought we would have a house with a fireplace. When do you expect to move?"

Trudy faced her, ashamed—she should have explained sooner. "I'm afraid we aren't moving right away. You see, we haven't found a place ourselves. We're dying to get out ——"

Screams, and in rushed Donoghue and a shamefaced Anthony. "I was only scalping him," he protested.

"He wasn't either. He was cutting off my nose. He had a *very sharp knife*."

She never learned. "Anthony Page!" She grabbed him. He held up an empty clenched fist.

"See it. It's all baloody."

"Well, wipe the blood off and put it away," she said calmly. "You make-believe screaming at make-believe knives, Dono."

"Say," Bud exclaimed. "Do you know what? I just remembered. My father was a twin. I never thought about it much because my Uncle Leo died before I was born. Well, what do you know!"

"Gosh." Stella laughed and flushed. "You'd *better* think about it. What am I letting myself in for?"

Trudy thought they might as well see the house while they were there. It took only five minutes with an absurd dialogue like opposing attorneys.

"You see how badly the cellar needs pointing. It's wet all the time."

"*An oil burner! What d'you know? Gee!*"

"There should be storm windows."

"*What a wonderful view of those trees.*"

"You'll need lots more shelves in the kitchen and the stove should be moved and the door opens wrong—when it opens."

"*A fine sink!*"

"WELL, there it is," Trudy said. "We'll let you know the minute we find anything. It can't be too soon for me."

"Yes, but we've got to make our plans," Stella said, sitting on the couch again. "Bud has to get time off for a honeymoon and I got to give notice. And planning the wedding and all—letting my girl friends know. I'm going to have six bridesmaids. They all keep asking." She sighed and smiled at Bud pathetically. "We was hoping it could be next month."

"I wish it could. I'll write the owner that you want it when we leave. I'm sure it will be all right with him."

"Everyone knows Bud's father," Stella said. "He had a milk route for years. Maybe you know the old Spooner place—some Poles rent it, they sell apples. Bud's father lives with Len now."

"Oh, yes, the good old apple barn ——"

"Mom," Anthony said, behind her, "you know that cellar door ——"

"Just a minute, Anthony. We'll keep in touch with you, Stella. I'm terribly sorry for you. I know what it is to be engaged. We waited two whole years."

"Mom." Anthony pulled at her skirt. "Mom."

"Good-by," Stella said. "Good-by, Anthony. Where's Donoghue?"

"Oh, he's asleep. When the cellar door fell in he went to sleep."

They pulled him out of the wreckage, his chin covered with blood, one eye swollen. Bud was wonderful, felt him all over before moving him, got him onto the couch and went for cold water.

Trudy knelt beside the couch. "Dono—Dono darling. Dono —— Oh, I think we ought to get a doctor."

Dono opened one eye. "Hello," he said weakly.

TRUDY wiped her eyes and then she stood up. "This house!" she exploded. "You can have it. I'm through. Take it—any time you want."

"Aw, no, Mrs. Page." Nice, honest Bud. "You're just saying that because you're mad. You'll be sorry later. And your hubby wouldn't like it."

"No, I won't be sorry. I mean it." She spat it out violently. "I won't live here. I hate it." She took a long breath and calmed down. "I'm perfectly serious; you can count on having it the first of next month. That gives us three weeks to find something. You can count on it, really. Go right ahead with your plans."

Stella looked up, started to speak and hesitated. "You've been so swell, I ought to tell you. We never heard it was for rent. We just brazened in."

The only war I ever approved of was the Trojan War; it was fought over a woman and the men knew what they were fighting for.

—WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

She never told Bill anything important, either good or bad, until he had eaten. With Dono's banged-up face, the story of the fall had to be covered. She let the boys do it.

"Who's this Bud?" Bill asked.

"Oh, you know," she said vaguely. "Bud." The boys were always imagining people and it passed.

Bill took the last spoonful of the soufflé and the time had come. What could she say? She had done a perfectly outrageous thing, she should have talked it over with him sensibly. But of course then it wouldn't have been done. Now they *had* to find something.

She looked across at Bill and smiled sweetly. "We're moving the first of the month."

"Fine." He lit a cigarette and turned on the radio.

"I mean it," she protested. "This house has been rented. We have to move."

"Don't be foolish. Kodiak can't turn us out unless he wants to live here himself. And then he has to give us two months' notice."

"It's rented to a young couple who are getting married. I told them they could have it." Out came the whole story.

He pooh-poohed her explanation. "It doesn't mean a thing," he said. "You didn't sign anything and the lease is in my name anyway. They can't hold you to it."

"My word is as good as any document," she asserted hotly. "I told them we would be out on the first, absolutely and positively. They are counting on it. I wouldn't think of taking it back."

At that Bill was so mad he could hardly sputter. Two kids wanted to be married, so she gave up her home. The whole family turned out into the street so two young kids could get married. Of all the sentimental, idiotic impulses. Did she think life was just a soap opera? Lots of people want to get married.

"Sentiment had nothing to do with it," she snapped angrily. She prided herself on *not* being a sentimental person. "That was the final straw, that cellar door. There was I *not* wanting the house, there were they wanting it so badly—it was obvious that

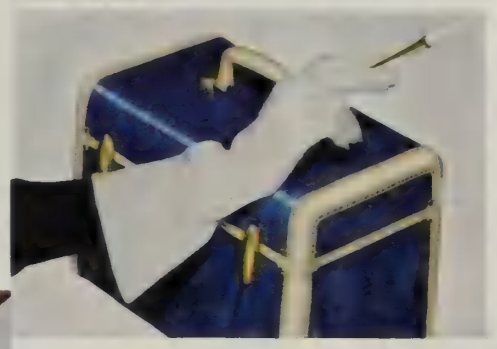
(Continued on Page 126)



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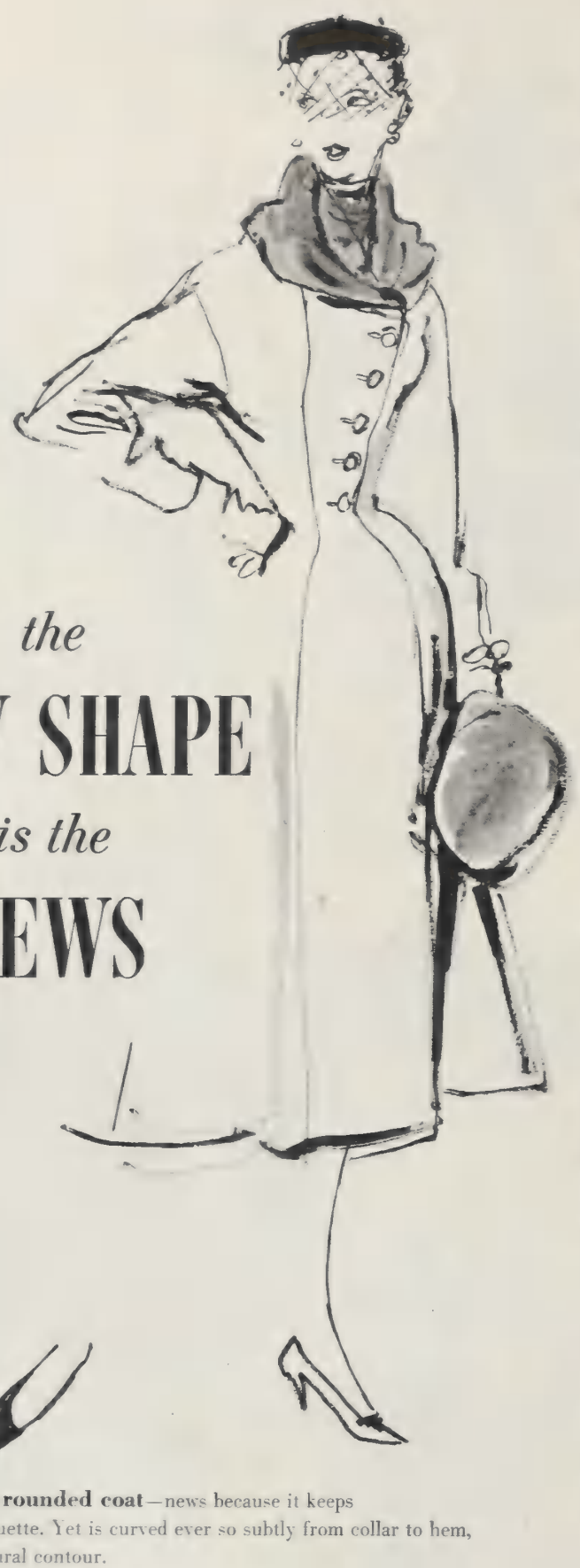
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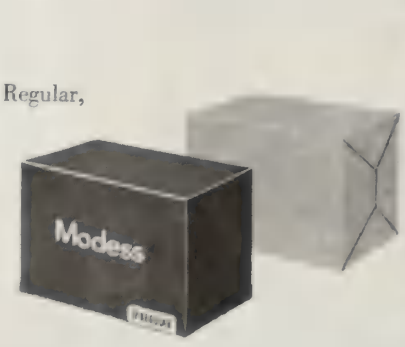
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(Continued from Page 124)

Fate had rigged it up. Any fool could see it was the obvious thing to do."

"Intuition, I suppose," he said sarcastically. "Women do some perfectly asinine thing and then look mysterious and psychic." He put one finger to his brow and rolled his eyes absurdly.

"Don't you see, honey, if we *have* to move we'll find something."

"That's the silliest thing you've said yet," he countered. "Lots of people just have to have a thousand dollars. Do they all go out and pick it up in the gutter? You can't find a house that doesn't exist." Eventually he stopped being mad and phoned Olga. "Hi, Madame Petrova, I'm calling to invite you to a housewarming. Haven't you heard? I'm buying our new house tomorrow—at Macy's. A nice little tent." He made sense and explained. "It's my fault, I suppose; I married her. But you see the mess we are in. Dig up everything on the books, will you?" He came back looking glum. "She has five rentals," he reported. "One is for four hundred a month and you have to take over the servants. One is that cobblestone nightmare in the swamp. One is a guesthouse with one bedroom—I forget the others. Equally desirable. And there isn't a house for sale we could touch. I wish you had used your head. Intuition—women's excuse for brains!"

The next day she had a plan. She dressed the boys in their cutest rigs—plaid shorts, blue jackets. "You look very k'tish," she said, adjusting Anthony's Eton cap. Their heads were yellow as dandelions.

"Do I look as k'tish as Anthony?" Donoghue asked.

"Indeed, yes."

"Do I look as k'tish as I do?" Anthony asked.

"Enough, enough. We're going to find us a home."

She was about to do a Stella—drive about until she found the perfect house and then go in and say, "I hear this house is for rent." Bill had persuaded her that feminine intuition was such hot stuff she would now use it. And if they should find a house that was to rent, who would refuse a home to two such adorable boys?

She drove around and around, up a street, turn right, down that, turn left. She studied every house. Paper-doll colonials, moderns like boathouses or Adirondack camps, a caricature of Mt. Vernon, big houses, little houses, all belonging to someone, all lived in by lucky people. But none that said, *Here I am*. There seemed to be sunspots on her intuition that day. She finally settled on a gray-and-white colonial, not too large, nice flat play space outside the kitchen windows, not too much lawn to cut or too much drive to shovel.

A boy by each hand, she went to the door. She thought she saw someone looking from behind a curtain and then the door opened.

"I am Mrs. William Page," she began, smiling, but wanting to run. She had chosen badly. The woman was an awful-looking creature, not the kind that lived in their town at all. She glared at Trudy's smile. "We heard that this house was for sale and we are so crazy about it—we always have been. And of course there will be so many after it. So I thought the only thing was to stop and ask you. Houses are so scarce and we need to move. On the first. However, if it isn't convenient . . . I mean to see it——"

"You can come in." Horrid voice. Hor manner. She hadn't even smiled at the identical faces upturned at her so appealing

They followed her into a large stuc living room: Donoghue and Anthony climb up onto the couch beside their mother, th eyes not leaving the hostile face.

THERE was a silence and then the wom said, "Go ahead, search the house if y want to. Under the beds, anywhere you li You won't find anything. How much do y get paid for this?" she wanted to know.

Trudy's mouth hung open. "What d you say?" she asked.

"I think bringing the kids is pretty low I suppose you hired them from a mo place. I saw them in an ad once. You can t my husband for me I think he is a che skunk. Go ahead, look around, but dor you go trying to plant any pajamas in n closet."

Trudy was on her feet. "I don't kn anything about your husband. These a my own children."

"We are not," Anthony piped up, shaki his little blond head violently.

"I've got a bo about a stunk," fered Donoghue.

"I came for ju what I said, looki for a house."

"But this hou isn't for sale a never has been."

"I'm sorry. I m have the wro house." Great digni "I'm very, very sor to have bother you." She opened t door and left, t most innocent woma in town, two sm things running besi her holding onto the caps with identic gestures.

"We're not yo *children*," Anthon offered in delayed e planation. "We' your *boys*."

"I wanted to s her stunk," Do oghue wailed.

She tried no mo houses. Obviously was not the day.

That night after dinner Bill said, "Loo I have an idea; why don't you drive aroun pick out a house the way Stella did, say yo heard it was for sale? It worked for her

"I wouldn't do that," she said frigidl

"Why not? It wouldn't do any harm. Y could say you had the wrong house. With t demand for houses what it is, Olga says n half the houses ever get listed. Someo hears about it before they get a chance tell the agents. You can't tell what mig happen."

"No, you can't. They might think I wa thief, casing the joint!"

"Take the boys; that ought to make it right."

"I wouldn't do it, Bill," she told him wi outrage. "Not for anything."

The boys screamed for a drink.

"They can't have it," Trudy said. "Y know what happens if they do. They aren really thirsty; they just want to be sure w are real. Take an empty glass in and try t put over a delicious make-believe drin Mocko-Chocko."

She listened to the conversation. Bill w good. "Drink a little more. Don't take it al leave some for Dono. Empty the glass, Don Hurry up, your mother's waiting for me t help her with the dishes."

"Why don't you just make-believe he her with the dishes, dad?"

Boys as smart as that with parents t dumb to find them a home!

The days passed. Every friend and a quaintance was questioned. They answere

(Continued on Page 129)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

My Love is This

"What is thy beloved more than another beloved?"—Song of Songs.

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

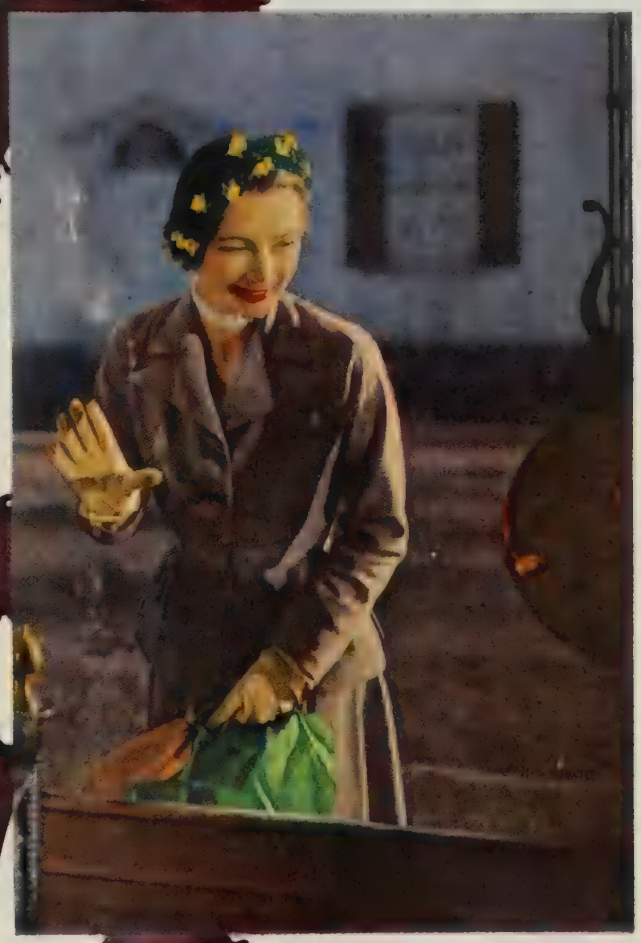
What is my love that he is more?
His presence makes no thunders roar
Nor lightnings flash. No mountains crawl
To lick his feet. He holds no thrall
Of tides and rivers. At his glance
No planets falter nor advance.
What special merit is my liege's,
That thus my heart's his willing aegis?
My love is this: that any place
Where he is not is endless space,
And where he is, let space unroll;
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(Continued from Page 126)

ven ran one. *Young couple (plus 2) y need small house. Will buy or rent.* zero.

Bill came home with a smug smile. ear you say you wanted a house?" ne quick."

no ounce of intuition I have man- et us a little maisonette, three acres, ns, brook, barn, two fireplaces ——" an't afford it."

ık we can. It's a rental. You know guy I've told you about? We do the gether mornings. He's been away, w him today and mentioned our dicament, due to my wife's extraor- ıtu—— Well, never mind that." ed with splendid forgiveness. "Old calmly announced that we could house if we wanted it. He's retiring nth, going back to Vermont—he ister. He doesn't want to sell—isn't won't find Vermont changed, I he will rent to us. The rent would igh for us, but—here's the trick. a barn, sort of crude but with a n and fireplace. If we could live in for four months in the summer we ıt the house furnished—you know people pay to get out here—and ıld bring down our annual rent.

"Oh, Bill! I've always wanted to live in a barn. Think how the boys ——" She stopped and narrowed her eyes. "Why aren't you more excited?"

"Well, there's just one out."

"Clunk!" she said, hitting the bottom of an elevator shaft. "They don't want any children. Sorry, I like them. I'm not giving them away."

He looked at her admiringly. "How did you know? Only it's his sister. He says she's crazy and he doesn't mind putting it over on her. So you are to go look at the house tomorrow—but don't mention the kids. He will give her the impression—which you must carry out—that we are just married so she won't ask if there are any children."

"Not interested," she said airily. "I wouldn't want a house on such a slimy basis. How does she propose to continue the human race? With hardwood cuttings? And I have *completely* forgotten how to act just married."

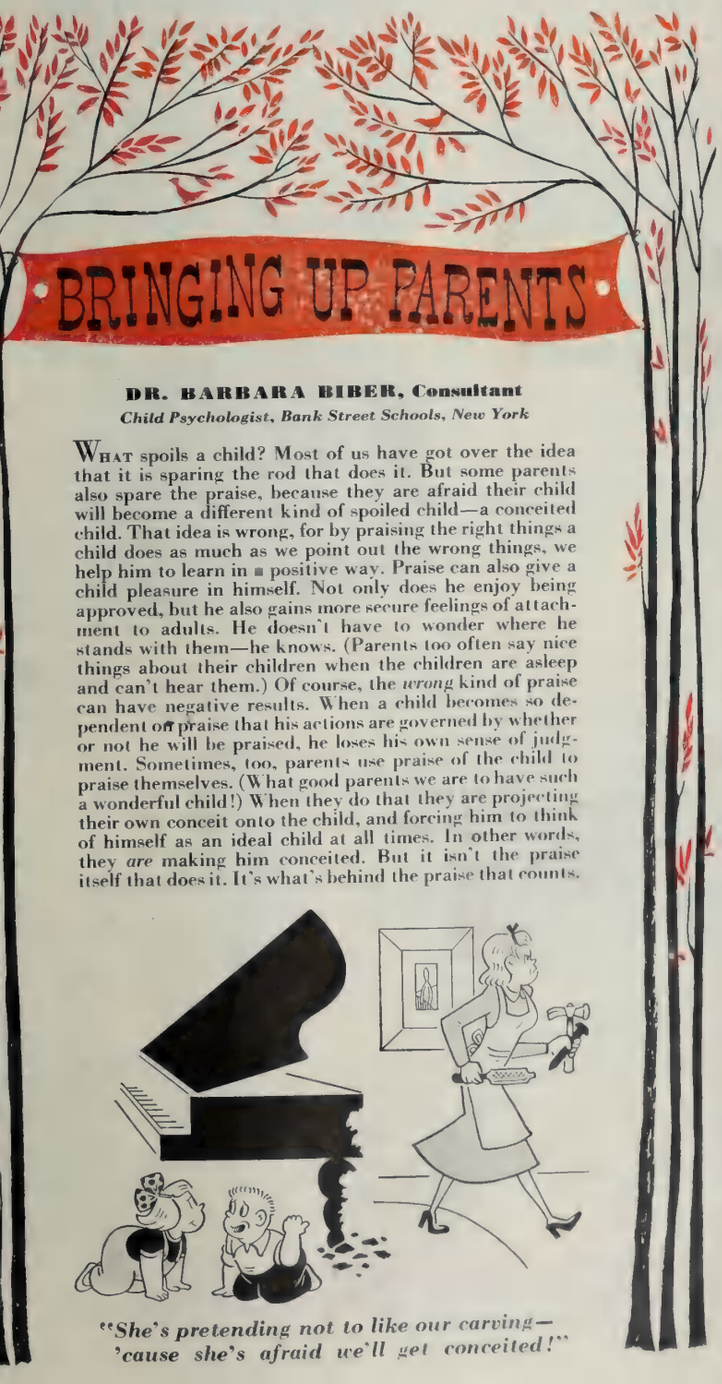
"That's odd," he said, "because I was just thinking last night you look exactly the same as the day you walked down the aisle. Only younger. And prettier."

She laughed. "O.K. So I look at the house and then what?"

"Sign a lease," he told her. "Pay the rent. Move in."

"Daddy, you forgot to say our prayers."

(Continued on Page 131)



DR. BARBARA BIBER, Consultant
Child Psychologist, Bank Street Schools, New York

WHAT spoils a child? Most of us have got over the idea that it is sparing the rod that does it. But some parents also spare the praise, because they are afraid their child will become a different kind of spoiled child—a conceited child. That idea is wrong, for by praising the right things a child does as much as we point out the wrong things, we help him to learn in a positive way. Praise can also give a child pleasure in himself. Not only does he enjoy being approved, but he also gains more secure feelings of attachment to adults. He doesn't have to wonder where he stands with them—he knows. (Parents too often say nice things about their children when the children are asleep and can't hear them.) Of course, the *wrong* kind of praise can have negative results. When a child becomes so dependent on praise that his actions are governed by whether or not he will be praised, he loses his own sense of judgment. Sometimes, too, parents use praise of the child to praise themselves. (What good parents we are to have such a wonderful child!) When they do that they are projecting their own conceit onto the child, and forcing him to think of himself as an ideal child at all times. In other words, they *are* making him conceited. But it isn't the praise itself that does it. It's what's behind the praise that counts.

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(Continued from Page 129)

"Make it a double order," she said. "This is going to be touchy."

She phoned for a sitter the first thing in the morning, and even told the boys they were going to live in a barn. They went around neighing and butting each other all over the place. Barns are inhabited by goats, it seemed. Five minutes before it was time to go—she had made the appointment with Miss Cooley—the sitter phoned that she had a *killing* toothache. Trudy sat down and thought it out. She had to see the place. The sitter couldn't come for three days.

"Look, boys," she said. "We are going to play cops and robbers. You are two desperate bandits."

"Desperate Band-aids?"

"Ban-*dits*. Robbers. Thugs," she explained. "I'm the cop and I have captured you. I tie you all up with rope and put you in the back of the car—you have your guns but you can't escape. And then I go on some serious business and leave you in the car all tied up. I won't be long. Then I come back and we drive home and have a big cops-and-robbers party with ice cream and cookies."

If that wasn't inspiration! They agreed, suggesting the slight change that they tie her up instead, but she got around that and they were dressed up like robbers, which included a good many Band-aids here and there—ideas persist. They wore guns and holsters, cowboy shirts and leather boots. She parked down the road from the Cooley drive and with her perfectly good clothesline tied them, winding the rope round and round, leaving their hands free to look at comics, brought to keep them absorbed.

There was the house, there was the barn, back in pine trees. She heaved a sigh of the-promised-land-at-last. Miss Cooley was what she expected, sharp-nosed and pursy-mouthed. The house was a bit of a blow; she just couldn't see the four Pages living in it. But it was the furniture that did it, she argued. Heavy baronial oak, Oriental rugs, dark draperies. A big kitchen, an honest-to-goodness dining room with a bell button under the table for the maid. (A week she gave that bell.) A bell button in the bedroom to summon Bill to bring up her Sunday breakfast.

"It's just perfect for us," she gushed. "It's so cozy. Bill—Mr. Page—and I have very simple tastes and live very quietly." Keeping the family desperadoes tied up. "No, we have no cat or dog. No pets. Now could I see the barn?"

"I'd better give you the keys and let you go by yourself. It's perishing cold in there." Miss Cooley was warming up a degree, herself. "You can bring the keys back."

The barn was just far enough from the house to be away from those charming but slightly noisy summer tenants. And of course newlyweds do like privacy. She looked up at it. How the boys would love it! She was anticipating their delight when the upstairs hay door flew open and a fusillade of shots came out. "Bang . . . bang . . . bang . . . bang." Then it slammed shut.

SHE looked quickly back at the house and then rushed to unlock the door. The key wouldn't even go in the lock. "Anthony . . . Donoghue," she called loudly, but softly at the same time.

The door opened again. "Bang . . . bang . . . bang." Their high baby voices sounding as little as possible like gunfire. She ran around to the back and found the robbers' entrance—a box, an open window, but too small a window for her to get in.

"Boys," she called. "Come down here this minute. If you don't come down right away we can't live here." Could she explain the philosophy of child haters, screaming through a window? "Quick, we have to go home before those ice-cream cones melt." No answer. "Boys, the game is changed," she called frantically. "I'm the robber now. Come capture me quick, before I escape." What fools adults make of themselves beating against the blunt sense of children.

"We're going to live here right now," they called to her. "We're cleaning it for you."

A crash from the front confirmed it. She ran back. A large carton of magazines had come out, burst and emptied. At that moment the front door opened and Miss Cooley, in a fur coat, hat with veil, and gloves, came down the path, keys in hand.

I'll run—abandon them, Trudy thought. *I don't know whose children they are—some neighborhood rascals.*

"I found I gave you the wrong key," Miss Cooley said precisely. "I usually hang the barn key on the second hook in the pantry, over the silver safe, but I fancy my brother —— Why, what has happened?" She stared at the catastrophe.

SHE got her answer. The ban-*dits* appeared at the hay door—surely the most awful-looking pair that ever lived. Dirt had been added to the Band-aids. Anthony had torn his shirt. Dono's pants were falling off. Another box of magazines came sailing out, just missing the old lady. They saw her and stood, very superior, up above adult heads.

"It's *terribly* dirty up here. You ought to be ashamed." Heads shaking with indignation. "We and I are cleaning it up so our mother can live here." They proved their industriousness by kicking another box out.

Miss Cooley would doubtless never speak again. She stood and stared, her mouth opening and closing like a fish's mouth. Her hands rose and fell, but there were no words to express her thoughts about such horrors.

"If you will give me the key I will get them," Trudy said calmly. "You'd better go back to the house. We'll clean up here, don't worry." Then, as she realized they had lost their house — and barn—the pity she had felt for the barren old lady changed to anger. "Children have a right to live," she announced loudly. "You were a child once." Obviously untrue. "And they have a right to a home. Foxes have lairs, but the sons of man hath only a hole ——" She stopped, it was too funny.

If God gave me my choice of the whole planet or my little farm, I should certainly take my farm. —EMERSON.

Bill laughed his head off, his roaring guffaws bringing the boys running. "Trust a woman to tie boys up and not expect them to escape." It seems she had depended more on the psychological effect of the ropes and she hadn't wanted to chafe their hands and ankles.

"You don't think my quoting the Scriptures might win her over?" Trudy asked sadly. "They are mad about that barn. They'll never be happy in a house now."

Bill didn't think there was a chance. If they had worn sashes and curls and said, "*Yes, ma'am*" and "*No, ma'am*" she wouldn't have had them.

But it was the scolding which Miss Cooley minded most, her brother reported. That barn was certainly *not* dirty. Anyway, they had decided to lock the house up and not rent it to anyone.

"Such a day," Trudy raved. "Why should anyone want a roof over their heads?"

They drove to the train, the boys left with Bea next door. The days had passed and nothing had turned up. Everyone who owned a house was holding onto it tight. No one cared that the Pages were being turned out into the street.

"Ten days from today," Bill said. "*Ten days from today,*" repeated louder to make her understand, "we have to walk out of that house." She murmured agreement. "Did you write your mother about going up to stay with her?"

"Oh, Bill," she pleaded, "I don't want to go to Boston. You know that house of mother's—all wax and polish. It's don't . . . don't . . . don't to the boys all day long. It isn't so bad for a few days, but we might have to stay weeks and weeks." Bill gestured the absence of any alternative. "Would you

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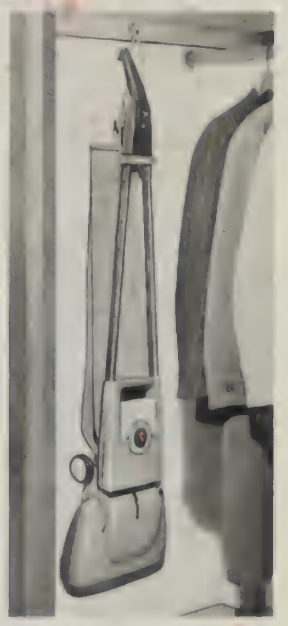
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promise to come up every week end?" she asked him.

"I couldn't. I'd have to come out here week ends looking for a place. What *do* you suggest if you don't go to your mother's?" His patience was on its last legs.

"I don't know. I just feel . . . I feel sure—I mean something is bound to turn up."

"Look, Trudy, we have to have a house. *H-o-u-s-e*. Made of brick and wood and concrete. Walls—floor—roof. Now snap out of your dreaming. I'll have to call the movers today. I don't see anything for it but to put the stuff in storage."

"Our lovely things in storage?" she murmured. "And you'll stay at the club? You'll hate that—eating in restaurants."

"What . . . do . . . you . . . suggest?" Trudy was no fool, she was a smart girl, quicker than he at puzzles and shrewder about people and abstract ideas. But on this house business she had certainly gone cockeyed.

"Well, I just think something will turn up." Had she said that before? She pulled in to the post office. "Maybe there will be something in the mail," she announced cheerily.

He laughed in spite of himself. "A darling little house, parcel post."

She came out, holding a square white envelope. "Stella's wedding invitation. 'At home after June fifteenth, Lilac Cottage, River Road,'" she read. "Sounds nice, doesn't it?"

"Sounds very nice."

Stella phoned that afternoon to ask if Trudy had found a house.

"We're deciding between various things," Trudy said brightly. "We don't want to sign a lease until we have *exactly* the right thing, you see. I'll probably visit my mother for a while. Now don't worry about us, just think about *your* plans. We'll be out on the first." That gave Bud three days to paint and fix the place—his brother and best man would help, and the bridesmaids would hang the curtains and do things like that so everything would be ready for them to come to after their honeymoon.

The phone rang as soon as Trudy hung up—a telegram from her mother: *Leaving for trip to Williamsburg and the Smokies. Will stop on way back.* Trudy tore up the letter she had not mailed. Boston was out, thank heavens. She and Bill would stay together. But the only thing remaining was the inn in town—ghastly expensive, and the worst possible place for children.

Three nights later Bill came home and the curtains were down, the slip covers were off and four sugar barrels filled the floor. "Hi," said a head popping from one barrel. "Hi," from another.

HE said "Hi," expressionless, and walked out. Trudy remembered that when his mother died the home was broken up, everything sold, and he and his father went to live with an aunt. Any moving was upsetting to him, and to have no home ahead, to feel that their life together was disintegrating—What a terrible thing she had done to him. She watched him standing staring at the rose bed, not seeing it, seeing only his home being broken up.

"Bill," she called. "The boys are waiting for you to hear their prayers." She grabbed the two. "Quick, into bed, and for heaven's sake be funny or bad or something." She turned off the stove, leaving the dinner half done. "I'll be right back. I'm going over to Bea's for five minutes."

Quick, before she had a chance to think about it, she would do what she had sworn she wouldn't. *I just hate to ask this, Stella. I swore I wouldn't, but could you two possibly stay in a hotel for a month, or with your family or something? Bill feels so awful—you see, we have nowhere to go. Surely in a month we can find something.* But could they? Wouldn't it be just as bad in a month? And Stella's wedding spoiled. She dialed Stella's number. Busy. And still busy. And still busy. On the fifth attempt she got it.

"THIS is Trudy Page, Stella. Look . . . I just hate to ask this, but ——"

"Where's your husband?" Stella asked, interrupting. "He just hung up. He yelled so loud that he about split my ear."

Bill had called Stella! To ask her to let them stay! That wasn't like him, not a bit. She wrinkled her brow trying to figure how he could have done such a thing.

"You can thank those twins," Stella said. "They certainly got Bud; he went nuts over them and of course he's thinking what should we have twins! So when his father decided—this real-estate operator has been after him for ages. . . . You know, thirty-five acres inside the town limits. . . . So Bud said, 'Now look, pop, they get first chance at the house,' and of course pop remembers growing up there with his twin brother. But Bud said, 'Keep the price reasonable,' because he's cashing in on the land ——"

Trudy broke into it. "I don't know what you're saying; you'd better begin at the beginning and give it to me straight."

But at that moment the door behind her burst open and in came Bill, a boy on each shoulder.

"A barn . . . a barn. . . we're going to live in a barn." A slide, a kick and a pirouette.

"Call you right back. Bedlam," she shouted into the phone. "Now explain." She faced the three laughing dandelion heads.

"Bud's father is selling the farm. We can have the house and two acres. The rest goes into a development." He grinned. "The finest old salt box in this part of the state. We'll want to fix it up, but it's perfectly habitable this minute."

"And the barn?" she asked, breathless.

"And the barn and the old wellhouse and the sheds."

"And we can afford it? There's no out?"

Bill had put the boys down and they had reverted to the bleating and butting that went with "barn." Bill put his arm around his wife. "We're going to have a wonderful place, and obviously we never would have got it if you hadn't handed our house to Bud and Stella. If you are going to think it was intuition that did it and go around *intoo-ing* all over the place, it could be pretty awful." He kissed her. "Promise me, no more."

She laughed and pulled his tie to choking and molded his chin into a button. "Something tells me . . . I have a feeling"—she put one finger to her brow—"that I shouldn't promise that, mister." THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Haying

By Winifred Virginia Jackson

She, too, could swing a scythe and cut a swath
Of ripened grass as evenly as he;
But knowing how it was with him, how wrath
Would kindle in his eyes and flame when she
Did work he thought a man should do, she set
Herself the lighter task of raking when
His lusty *yoo-hoo* rode the air and met
Her longing to be near to him again.

With jug of sweetened ginger water, rake
Upon her shoulder, she would smile her way
To him across the curing grass and make
Believe she was a lady, mincing, gay.
The neighbors said he spoiled her, yet a charm
Did seem to further work upon their farm.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



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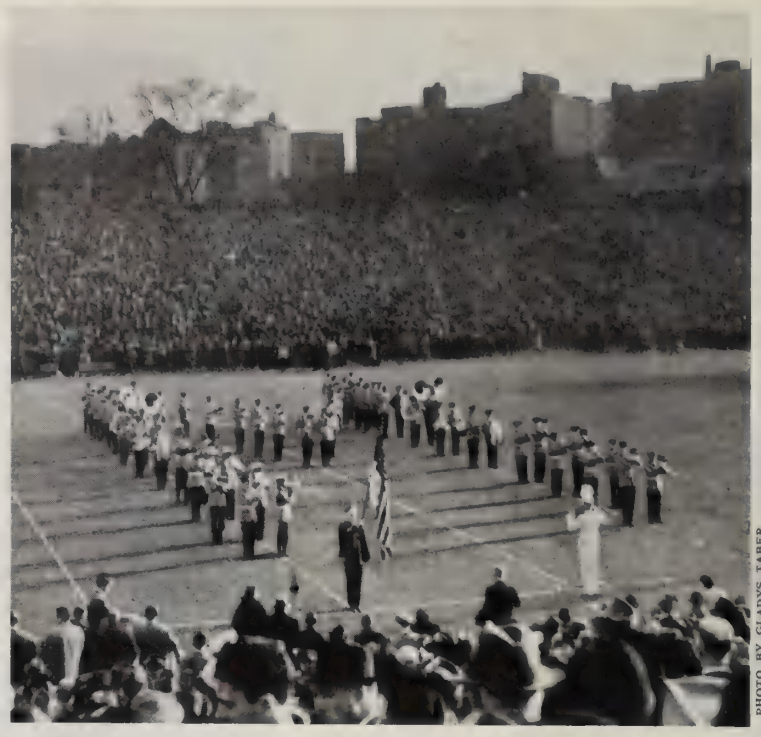


PHOTO BY GLADYS TABER

October is an exciting month with the sound of football songs in the air, winter to be prepared for and an Indian pudding in the oven.

Diary of Domesticity

By GLADYS TABER

BLANKETS blowing on the line give me such a nice feeling as the October sun and wind give their lovely freshness to them. The blankets have their stories. There are the two fragile homespun ones which Grandma Raybold had. They are pale honey-colored now, and the timeless moth once nibbled the edges before the days of spray, and yet I love them. Next to them hangs the bold bright modern pair that Jonquil scalloped so neatly just while I went to baste the chicken.

There are two dark angry-green camp blankets that Don used all the years when he was a thin, leggy boy. The name tapes are still on them. I remember as I pin them up that awful first trip to camp. He was timid and so small and it all seemed like a horrid mistake. Why not keep him right at home, if he never learned to swim or sail or develop any social consciousness? And then the camp, with Mrs. Mac and Mac and the horde of bright, small, tadpole boys, and the feeling that it was worth it. The Macs were so patient with the emotional families who brought their darlings plus tons of luggage.

Now as I look at all six feet of Don, I wonder if he ever remembers that day when he explained that the water held him up, he was the kind that couldn't sink, so the two pairs of water wings could just go to some sinkable child!

There is one purple blanket which is a mystery. I simply cannot think where it came from; it has always been around, and it does not go with any bedroom colors we ever had at Stillmeadow. I feel fond of it, however, just because it has worn so well, and I like things that wear well, from cooking pans to friends. I re-bound it this season. It is wonderful what a fresh binding will do for a tired blanket. And even though I cannot sew, I can hem on one of those bindings that are already bent in the middle fold. I once tried to put on a plain length of satin ribbon, and the edge of that blanket was as wavy as an ocean beach.

While I was hemming briskly along, n two stitches the same, I thought of mamm with such a sudden quick apperceptio that I stopped, and dropped the needl Mamma's lovely small hands could simpl fly along with a needle and the fine delica stitches were as skillful as a work of art.

How many hours mamma spent sewin for me! I expect all the stitches she mad would have gone round the world!

But the days the dressmaker came wer gala days, for she was a charming frien and it was like a party. The sound of th sewing machine and mamma's laughter a they chattered away and the smell of chicke simmering on the gas range—it was a good. I think it is a little sad that the day of the home dressmaker have gone.

Alma, the dressmaker, never used an patterns. She looked at a magazine. "I think I'll make the neck like this," sh would say, "and the skirt like this one ove here—and how about raglan sleeves? Then her long, slim scissors went *snip* o the soft silk and there we had it.

My favorite dress was rose satin, caugh up with rosebuds and full of flounces an with lace garnishes. I must have looke pretty awful, but I felt like a queen. No body could be happier in a Worth gow than I was walking along Main Street wit my beau on the way to the football dance

So I think, as I take that purple blanke and fold it, that it is a pretty valuable piec of property, for look at the memories i brings back to me.

Very few things, actually, have any rea value in themselves; the value is in wha they evoke. And how nice it would be if could pass along my best memories t Cicely together with the old teaspoons an the blue monkey pitcher!

Every season has its own glory in New England, for every month has its own iden tity, a separate personality, and sensing it i forever a fresh and new joy. October is the ex citing month, the month of brilliant drama

(Continued on Page 139)

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Corday 2030-9218; about $11.95* sq. yd.



Carillon 1200-1104; about $11.95* sq. yd.



Beauvais 1040-1806; about $11.95* sq. yd.



(*Right*) Fervak 1020-9436; about $9.25* sq. yd.

Serenade 402-91070; about $17.50* sq. yd.



Carillon 1200-1102, at left. A new classic by Bigelow, luxuriously sculptured in wool. Looks far more expensive than it is—only about $11.95* a sq. yd.

Send 25¢ for decorating booklet!

New ways to make your rooms sing with beauty, keynoted by Bigelow Carpets! Consult the booklet, "Bigelow Home Decorator." Page after page on color harmony, styles of decorating. Get it from your Bigelow dealer or send 25¢ to Home Service Bureau, Box 821, New York 46, N.Y.

*Prices subject to change. Slightly higher in the West.

Bigelow
Rugs and Carpets

Beauty you can see . . . quality you can trust . . . since 1825

AT YOUR FAVORITE HOUSEWARES DEALER NOW:

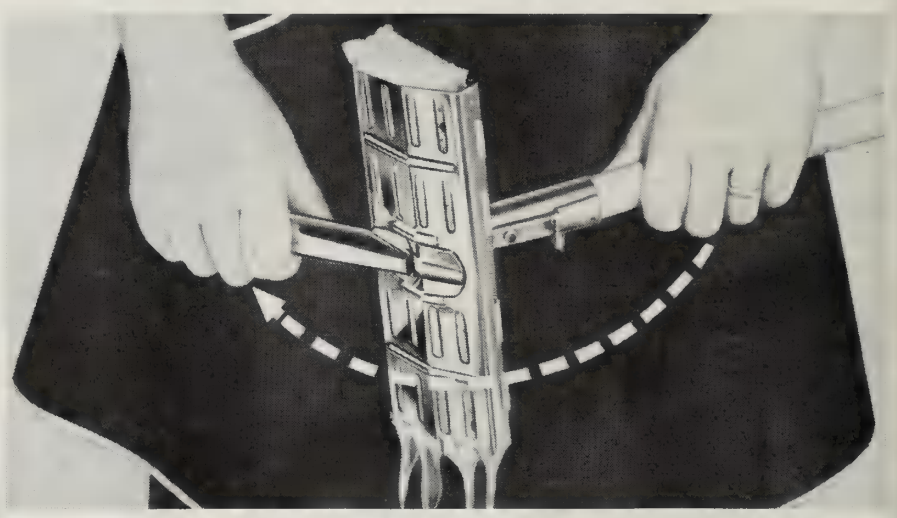
O-Cedar's 1950 fall



★ FEATURING THE REVOLUTIONARY

New wet mop that keeps hands dry!

No more wringing! You just press the O-Cedar Sponge Mop dry with its handy built-in squeezer!



Your hands stay clean and dry with the new O-Cedar Sponge Mop because they don't get wet. You press the water out of the mop with its handy built-in squeezer.



You clean floors faster! O-Cedar's exclusive "wonder working angle" forces sponge head to *grip* the surface, *flood* the floor, *scrub out* stubborn dirt—leaves floor dry enough to wax only *minutes* after mopping.



Your hands stay lovelier looking The hottest water, the strongest soap cannot harm your hands, cannot rui your manicure because *your hand stay dry!* (Won't harm sponge head either. Easily sterilized by boiling.)

Does Dozens of Household Chores!

Scrubs floors! Soaks up spills! Washes walls!
Shampoos rugs! Cleans screens! Soaks off wallpaper!
Cleans steps! Spreads wax evenly! Scrubs tile!

WRITTEN 5 YEAR GUARANTEE

with every O-Cedar Sponge Mop. Your dealer has details. (Covers everything but the replaceable sponge head.)

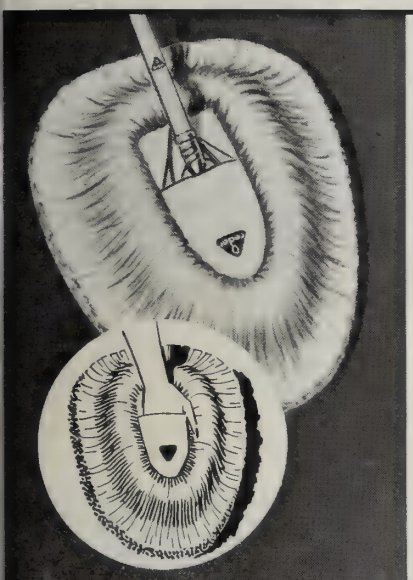
O-Cedar Sponge Mop $3.95 complete

Extra sponge heads—$1.49

housecleaning festival

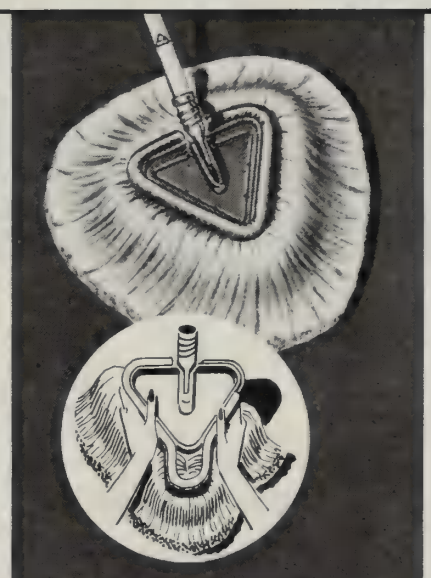


Two Money-Saving-Offers on the Dust Mops that are "Must Mops" in every home!



Save 58c on this Mit Mop Combination

On its handle or on your hand the O-Cedar Mit Mop is wonderful for dusting walls, floors, ceilings, furniture. Now, for a limited time only, you can get an O-Cedar Mit Mop with handle *plus* one extra, interchangeable, washable Mit for only **$2.98.** (This combination regularly worth $3.56—you save 58c.)



Save 45c on this Dust Mop Combination

The O-Cedar Triangular Dust Mop *really* cleans in corners. Padded centerplate can't scratch furniture, floors, woodwork. For a limited time, you can get a complete O-Cedar Triangular Dust Mop with handle *plus* an extra, interchangeable pad for only **$2.69.** (This combination regularly worth $3.14—you save 45c.)

★ America's favorite furniture polish!



O-Cedar All-Purpose Polish—used by more housewives than any other. Cleans, polishes and protects furniture, floors and woodwork in *one* easy application. Safe for the finest furniture finish. You'll love its fresh cedar aroma.

★ America's finest cream polish!



O-Cedar No-Rubbing Cream Polish—jiffy quick and easy to use. It *cleans* as it *polishes*. Wipes away finger marks *fast*. Leaves a lovely lustre on furniture, porcelain and all enameled surfaces. Ideal for venetian blinds.

It's so easy with O cedar "The greatest help in housekeeping"

O-Cedar Corp'n Chicago, Illinois

O-Cedar of Canada, Ltd. Toronto, Canada

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



For more glorious sleeping comfort, General Electric brings you a beautiful new kind of Automatic Blanket which has been use-tested in over 200,000 homes.

The proud result of G.E.'s experience in making over one million automatic blankets, it offers you a new, superbly engineered circuit. You enjoy a fluffy, luxurious beauty never before possible! You get ultra-dependable sleeping warmt —all night, every night.

Before you buy *any* blanket—compare! You'll love the advantages of the ne G-E Automatic Blanket! General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticu

For your automatic sleeping comfort—

GENERAL ELECTRIC'S NEW KIND OF AUTOMATIC BLANKET!

Enjoy sleeping bliss at its newest and best!

Summerlike warmth from corner to corner! That's the blissful sleeping joy you get with the downy new G-E Automatic Blanket. *No* more icy sheets...*no* more mounds of covers. Just set the Bedside Control for the sunshiny warmth you want. It adjusts automatically to all normal "ups" and "downs" in room temperature. So no matter what the weather does—you get the *same* coziness all night long!



So light! So downy! You'll delight in the luxurious softness of the new G-E Automatic Blanket. And you'll be so snug under a mere 5 pounds!

Count your savings! New G-E Automatic Blanket costs only a few pennies a night. Takes the place of *three* ordinary blankets. Cuts laundry bills . . . saves storage . . . washes beautifully. Simplifies bedmaking, too. Comes in warm shades of rose, cedar, green, blue. One- and Two-control models for twin and double beds. See your G-E retailer today!

New G-E Automatic Blanket costs more than some makes —*and worth it!*



Over 1,000,000 G-E Automatic Blankets now in us

Read what delighted owners say

- "It's wonderful to keep deliciously warm with only one blanket." Mrs. Alfred Buell, Winnetka, Ill.
- "It's swell! Cozy, restful sleep al night!" Clifford Smith, Roslyn, N. Y.
- "It's wonderful to slip into a *pre warmed* bed!" Mrs. Jack Titus, Los Angeles, Cal.

G.E.'s new kind of Automatic Blanket costs more because it's the *best!* You get more for your money! The new G-E circuit is designed to outlast the fabric!

AUTOMATIC BLANKETS

FIRST IN SLEEPING COMFORT—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

DIARY OF DOMESTICITY

(Continued from Page 134)

he early morning is all gold and blue and crisp as broiled bacon. The cockers make wild games, Linda and Sister and Jonquil d Susie and Flyer Junior scramble themlves like eggs over a bitten boot. Maeve is in the fields, hunting chucks and birds, d comes home always via the swamp so at she is plastered with gray mud to her d eyelashes. It is the month of the Irish, for r color is maple leaves and sumac and anberries and sunset. And her voice says Hi" to the hunter all day long. Poor Maeve, e is frustrated, for we do not hunt. Jill kes her tracking, and what does she get? glove or a folded magazine or a woolen sock. ut we just cannot bring ourselves to kill. here is too much killing in the world.

Cooking is fun in October, for the kitchen bright and comfortable and there are so any good things in the cellar from the last rvesting in the garden. We have gone back the kind of meat dishes we had during the ortages in War Two. Barbecued hamrgers are good, and a dinner of baked acorn uash stuffed with our own country sausage about the peak of eating delight.

Jill loves the squash filled with creamed ied beef or finnan haddie. With this, we ve chopped-cabbage salad, and the addion of raisins in the salad makes it much tter than plain coleslaw. I like the color of r red cabbage, and r this we use a sharp rench dressing.

Gone, now, the ght summer desrts. Indian pudding just right. I suppose ere are fifty recipes r Indian pudding, it there is only one ay to make it for e, the way grandma d mamma made it: Boil 4 cups milk in double boiler, then r in ⅓ cup corn eal and cook 15 inutes. Stir in 1 cup rk molasses and ok 5 minutes longer, en remove from heat and add ¼ cup tter or margarine, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 aspoon ginger, 1 beaten egg. Pour the tter into a greased baking dish and pour er it 1 cup cold milk. Bake in a slow oven 00° F.) for 1½ to 2 hours. Serve with cream vanilla ice cream. Best with cream, I think.

Apple cobbler is another favorite of ours. make it, I pare and core 4 apples and cut em into eighths. I melt 3 tablespoons but- or margarine in a spider and add the ples, ½ cup seedless raisins, ½ cup nut eats and ½ cup brown sugar. I stir till the gar is melted, and pour into a greased loaf n. Next I mix and sift ¾ cup flour, 1 teaoon baking powder, pinch of salt. I beat 2 g yolks until light and stir in ½ cup sugar, d 3 tablespoons water and stir into the ur. Then I beat 2 egg whites stiff and fold o the batter. I pour the batter over the ples and bake in a moderate oven (325° F.) about 40 minutes. I serve with a simple ice or cream.

ANNED fruits in sirup usually have extra up after the fruit is used. This sirup makes good sauce for puddings and cakes. It saves gar, for it is sweet. I make peach sauce, instance, by mixing 1 tablespoon of the up with 1 tablespoon flour, adding a scant cup sirup, 1 tablespoon lemon juice and a nch of salt. I cook this 1 minute, add ½ teaoon butter or margarine and serve hot. is is the amount for two servings. Sometnes I add grated lemon peel or a dash of namon. Plum sirup makes a pretty sauce.

This is a good way to use up leftover canned ups; vegetable juice goes in soup or gravy.

Jill and I make a game of using up every ap of food, and sometimes it takes quite a of thinking. One day this week, I offered turn supper over to her. Plenty of lefters, I said innocently. All need to be used right up. The catch was that there were two frankfurters and three fillets of flounder, a couple of pickles, a cut onion, one half a cucumber and one small tomato.

She came up with a delightful supper! She used a can of green-pea soup, sliced the frankfurters and browned them and added them to the soup. First course, with crackers.

Then she had a salad bowl for each of us, with the cucumber, tomato and onion sliced paper thin and arranged in rings on lettuce. On one side was flounder salad—and she simply poached the fillets in boiling salted water, cooled them and whipped them up in a fluffy mixture with tartar sauce (left over from the first flounder dinner). In the center of each bowl were the pickles, and a couple of olives. She used sharp French dressing on the cucumbers, and mayonnaise on the tomatoes. Wine vinegar dressed the onion slices.

THE fish salad was delicious, just about as good as crab would be. We topped the supper off with plenty of hot coffee, and the refrigerator was ready for a new start in menu making! One reward of keeping house is that you never stop making small discoveries.

The hills are flaming with color, wide shimmering expanses of it pinned down here and there by the sober green of the evergreens. We like to ride slowly when we go to the village, and savor the ecstasy of reds and cinnamons and yellows.

We have added to our dark hours the meaning of a foreign word, Korea, only a piece on a map before. When I think of that day in June when we faced the prospect once again of our Army moving into combat, I wonder how we had the courage to go on. *Oh, not again!* cried the despairing heart. *Not again!* And selfishly, *Not again in our time!*

Now I look at the autumn colors, blessed promise of spring another year, and I say, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help ——"

Truly, our help does come from the hills, from the strong upthrust of indomitable peaks against the kind sky, from the green tide of summer, the white parchment of winter, the rosy prints of spring. And now from the triumphal trumpet colors in October we may gain a new assurance, a new hope in the future. Nothing good can be lost, I feel as the car swings along the quiet country road. Nothing lovely really dies. For us, in the valley, the white spires of the village churches have a new meaning. God is still with us, no enemy can take Him from us.

The white house at the end of the road could, I know, be exploded to smoke, but the essential meaning of the word "home" would not be assailed at all. And in the end, I have faith to believe, the shadow of the little homes of the world will blot out the massive walls of the dictators' keeps. And all the children on earth may grow up unfrightened.

When the moon comes up on these October nights, there is a warm color that she has, as if she caught some of the glow from the great sugar maples beside Stillmeadow. And all the stars are like a drift of gold leaves in the meadow of heaven.

The air is as cool as an old coin teaspoon, and a faint tang of blue wood smoke sweetens it. While Sister and Jonquil take a quick nip about the yard to be sure the rabbits are all abed, I stand on the worn doorstep and watch the moonlight walking along the flagstone path.

Then we go inside and put an apple log on the fire and consider whether it is too early for a little popcorn. Sister says popcorn any time at all. But especially now on a cool October evening!

THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

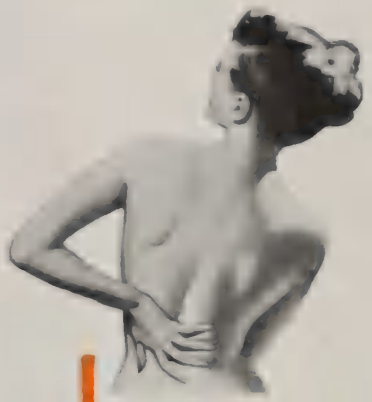
Blackbirds Before Rain

By Elizabeth-Ellen Long

To weigh the sky's gray evidence
Now they retire to tree and fence,
A jury dressed in every feather
For a verdict like bad weather!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

face the facts about morning



back-ache



Now...for you...revolutionary relief from this painful nuisance...with a Sealy Firm-O-Rest Orthopedic Mattress to provide the "posturized" firmness and the supple support that truly healthful sleep demands. Accepted for Advertising in the Journals of the American Medical Association, awarded the "Good Housekeeping" Guarantee Seal, the Sealy Firm-O-Rest is the "world's largest selling orthopedic mattress." Select the superb Sealy Orthopedic ...to support you in the style to which you should be accustomed! **$69.50**

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

ADVERTISED IN AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION PUBLICATIONS

Sealy

FIRM-O-REST

ORTHOPEDIC MATTRESS

HERE'S THE CULPRIT!...the too soft, sagging mattress that lets the "heaviest third" of your body sink into dangerous muscle strain. You wake more exhausted than when you retired, another "morning backache" candidate!

THE SOLUTION...SEALY FIRM-O-REST ...scientifically "pre-built" for resilient support, consistently healthful comfort. Firmer ...more relaxing...it's SEALY-engineered for proper sleep posture, as so many doctors advise!



10 YEAR *Registered* GUARANTEE

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666 LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO • FACTORIES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

STORY Rooms BOOK

Little Women Room for Girls takes its theme from the appliqué quilt showing scenes from the beloved Louisa May Alcott story written almost a century ago. All the fabrics, as well as the rug, are washable cotton.

Any girl would love this Victorian bedroom with our Little Women quilt as the theme. All the beloved scenes and characters are delightfully worked out in appliqué in the quaintest cotton prints imaginable. Best of all, materials for the appliqué are rag-bag scraps; remnants with tiny rosebuds, dots and figures are perfect for the dresses. Of course if you haven't old prints, similar designs are found on every cotton-goods counter today and a half yard each of several kinds will serve you nicely. Be sure the colors look harmonious together. If your family runs to boys, the circus quilt will be most appealing. All the daring circus feats, the clowns, the animals, even the

(Continued on Page 142)

BY HENRIETTA MURDOCK *Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal*





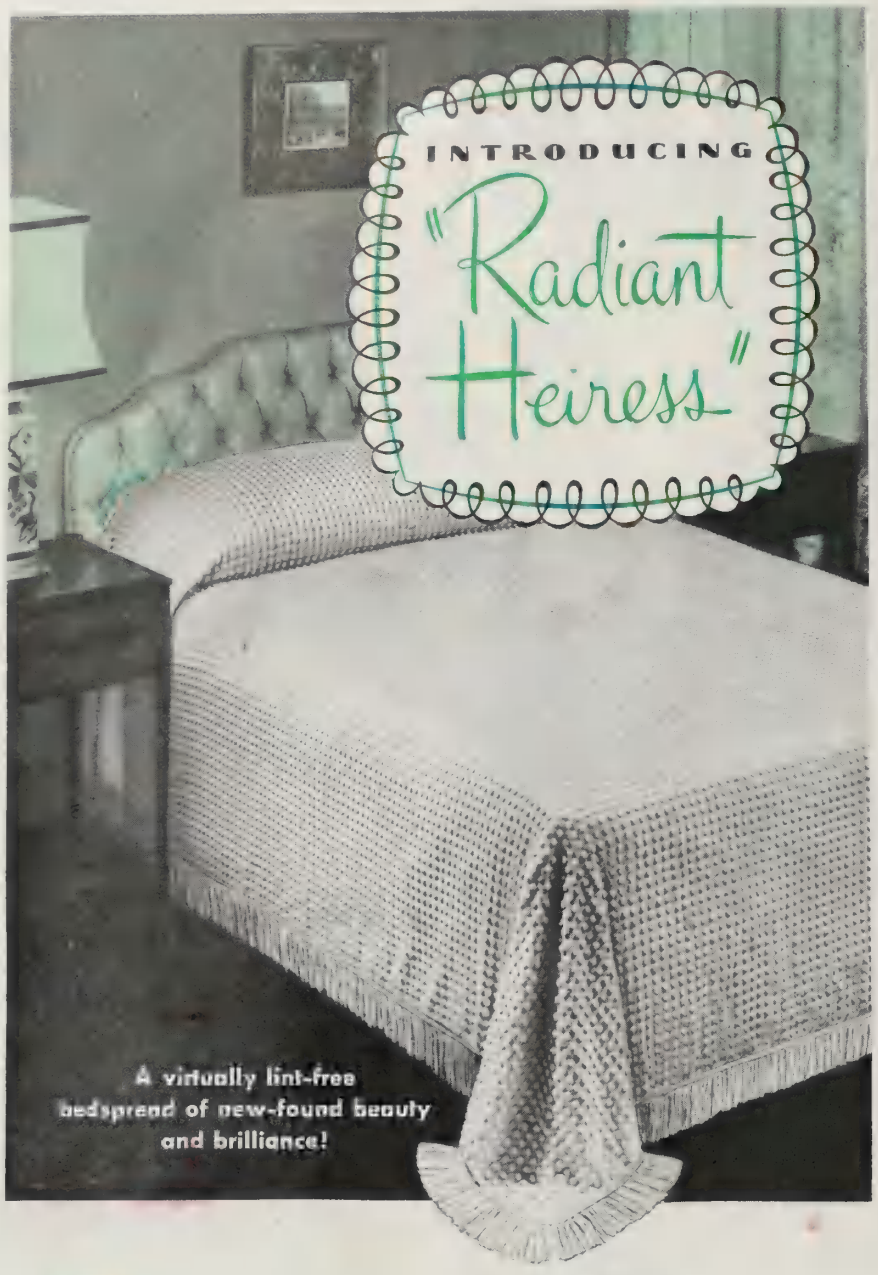
PHOTOS BY HAROLD FOWLER

Fifteen memorable scenes from Little Women designed especially for appliqué by Marion Cheever Whiteside. A delightful way to preserve treasured bits of material with family sentiment: great-grandmother's sprigged muslin, and scraps from your own and your children's most historic frocks.



Circus Room for Boys

Marion Cheever Whiteside's gay circus figures pose themselves happily on the appliqué quilt. Use scraps from the children's own clothes for the animals and figures and embroider your own name and the date in a lower corner.



Never have you seen such a luxurious candlewick! The background is that wonderful, smoothlying cotton. BUT—the tufts are made of a special rayon woven tightly into the cotton fabric. Each one glows with a new color brilliance and stays as firm and plump as the center of a daisy—even after laundering. (See them in actual size below.) And there's practically *no lint!*

See "Radiant Heiress" today at your favorite store. This super-size candlewick comes in white and many lovely colors.



MORGAN-JONES, INC.
58 Worth St., New York 13, N. Y.

ringmaster and the fat lady, are gaily designed and appliquéd in true colors.

To do these charming quilts justice, decorate the entire room around them. Use blue instead of pink in the Little Women quilt if you like and then carry the blue or pink over into your walls, your rugs and the upholstery. . . . A circus theme, of course, should always be red, white and blue, with blue predominating.

To do a Story Book room, first send for your quilt pattern in which every figure is carefully outlined to guide your appliqué cutouts. Then plan your colors and carefully choose the right print for each spot. Sewing on the appliqué with 90 or 100 thread keeps the stitches from showing or, if you prefer, you can match your threads to the colors of each fabric. Keep your thread short.

The original quilt has delightful touch such as a tree with red apples, a bit of la edging a petticoat, a little shawl real folded, and an embroidered handkerchief.

All the Victorian furniture pieces in th Little Women room are fine reproductio manufactured today. The rug is a comme cial one, but as tightly braided and sewn you could do it yourself. The lamps, also, a today's reproductions of Victorian ones, ine pensively priced. Even the glass dome ov the flowers and the sampler pattern are t day's merchandise, authentic and modera in price.

Order CIRCUS QUILT, No. 2659, an LITTLE WOMEN QUILT, No. 2652, from th Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNA Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania. Send 25c fo each pattern. Use coupon on Page 24.

I WENT TO MOSCOW

(Continued from Page 49)

permission to grant the visa had not yet come from Prague. I waited until noon; the consulate always closed at noon.

At twelve o'clock the consul said, "I suppose we should call our ambassador." He picked up the phone, said a few words in Czech, replaced the receiver, and chose a folder from his desk which he began to engrave and stamp with various seals. I waited impatiently for the call to come through from Washington.

"Can't you try them again?" I said at last. "I have really so little time now."

He looked at me very surprised. "But here is your visa. I have only to fasten it into your passport."

"But the ambassador ——"

"He was in New York today. Upstairs." He smiled brightly at my amazement. "Quite a coincidence. By the way, you know that you may take into Czechoslovakia only five hundred crowns in denominations not over fifty. I am clamping the instructions into your passport with the visa so that everyone can see that I told you." I had just bought 1900 crowns in 100's on Fifth Avenue, and wondered ruefully what I should do with them.

At noon on December eleventh I left via Air France for Paris. The flight was uneventful. We were in Paris in time for breakfast. Having survived the first leap, I began to worry about Prague. I decided to go to the Soviet embassy in Paris to see what arrangements could be made.

Free advice is the kind that costs you nothing unless you act upon it. —ANON.

The French woman champion had left the day before by train for Warsaw, where she was to be met by the Intourist, the remarkable organization which has charge of all facilities of travel (transportation, tickets, hotels, and so on) in the Soviet Union. An attaché at the consulate told me that he himself knew nothing about the tournament, but assured me that I would have no difficulty at all at Prague. The Intourist would meet me.

"Will you send a telegram to Prague advising the Intourist I am coming?"

"No," he answered, "we can't telegraph directly to Prague, but I will telegraph to Moscow and Moscow will telegraph to Prague. But you really must not worry. There is always a member of the Soviet embassy at the airdrome in Prague, and also a man of the Intourist. You will have no trouble."

IT surprised me to learn that there was always a member of the Soviet embassy and a representative of the Intourist at the airdrome at Prague, but I felt reassured. I thanked the attaché and went out to spend several hours in an unsuccessful attempt to sell or barter my 1900 Czech crowns.

I took another Air France plane to Prague. There was only one other passenger in the cabin, a French businessman. Luckily we had a tail wind and were soon descending at Prague.

At the airdrome I looked about for the Intourist and the member of the Soviet embassy, but neither was there. Although onl two passengers had arrived by plane, the were many border police in the station, a very dour and forbidding.

What money have you? . . . Have you any thing to declare? . . . Why are you here? . . How long are you going to stay? . . . If yo are taking a plane tomorrow, then you don need any baggage with you today. . . . If yo insist on taking your baggage, then we mu examine it.

I EXPLAINED as well as I could in Germa that I was en route to Moscow for the tourna ment. When I said "Moscow" the inspecto quickly shut my bag and seemed to lose in terest. He took away all my 1900 Czec crowns, however, saying that they would b returned when I left the country. Even th allowable 500 went the way of the rest b cause they should have been 50's and were i denominations of 100. And prices are hig in Czechoslovakia. I went to a cashier window and changed $10 into 500 crown then I got into the air-line bus with my ba gage and waited. After about three quarte of an hour, the bus driver materialized fro nowhere, and we started for the city.

It was raining and dismal; the roads had deserted look. Lining the sidewalks of the ou skirts of the town we billboards with large pi tures of Stalin alternatin with large pictures of Got wald. Stalin was alway smiling, but Gottwal looked sleepy and irr tated.

I went directly to the agency of the Airflo the Soviet Airline and the only one which fli over Soviet territory at the present tim There I met Mr. Georg, a pleasant, energet young man, who spoke English and sol tickets for the Soviet plane. I explained tha my place on the Airflot was reserved for th following morning, but that as all my e penses in the territory of the U.S.S.R. were t be paid by the Soviets, I assumed that the obligation began with the plane from Prag which I understood, would fly nonstop int Moscow. Mr. Georg seemed to enjoy havin a problem to work out (business was slack a the Airflot) and offered to telephone for m to the Soviet embassy. No one answered: ev eryone was out to lunch.

"Go to your hotel and I will try again an phone you the results," said Mr. Georg "Where are you staying?"

I said that my travel agent in New Yor had written to engage a room at the Es planade, which he had told me was one of th best hotels in Prague.

Mr. Georg looked at me dubiously. "Wel stay there until I phone you," he said.

The concierge and his cohorts at the Es planade reminded me, with their gloom looks, of the customs officials; they had neve heard of me or my travel agent and informe me coldly that there was no room.

"There is a delegation here now and all th hotels are quite full. Perhaps if you wait her a few hours, have your lunch, the delegatio

(Continued on Page 144)



Waiting for you at your dealer's is the most luxurious mattress ever made . . . *your own Beautyrest, for the price of a glass of milk a day.*

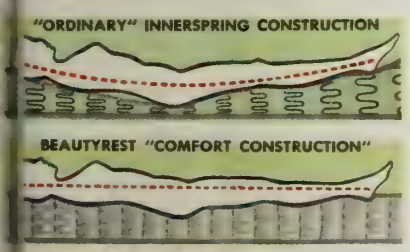
Here's how it works out: Beautyrest costs $64.50. It's guaranteed for at least 10 years.

When you divide the price by this 10-year guarantee, you find you actually pay only $6.45 a year —or about 1½¢ a night. Less, we repeat, than one glass of milk a day.

And THINK! You not only get unmatched comfort, when you get Beautyrest—you also get a mattress that lasted MORE THAN TWICE AS LONG as any other mattress tested by United States Testing Co. See your dealer today for *your* Beautyrest Mattress!

Now! Own the world's most luxurious mattress...

for the price of a glass of milk a day!



eautyrest gives you Better Rest! Note op) how "ordinary" mattress *lets spine g.* Now note (bottom) how Beautyrest attress gives spine-perfect "Levelized Supbrt." Each of the 837 springs in Beautyrest in its own *separate pocket*—can't pull each her down.



Water Glass Proves Beautyrest is constructed differently. When glass is placed on any one of the 837 springs, and near-by spring is pushed down, *water will not spill.* For Beautyrest springs are not tied together, work *independently!* You get "Levelized Support" for *every* part of your body!

TESTS PROVE BEAUTYREST FIRMEST!



Dr. Taylor

A test that was made recently at the United States Testing Co. by Dr. T. Smith Taylor proved Beautyrest the firmest of ALL mattresses tested. A man was lowered onto heat-treated plastic sheets covering the mattress. When the plastic cooled, the depth his body had sunk into the mattress was measured. Beautyrest proved FIRMEST, the most "levelized" of all.



22-year-old Beautyrest still comfortable. Mrs. John D. Sheehy of Memphis, Tenn. writes, "My Beautyrest is 22 years old. It's had more than normal use—for my mother has been bed-ridden on it for almost two years. *And it's still comfortable!*"

Only Simmons makes BEAUTYREST

Also from the house of Simmons: ***Beautyrest Box Spring,*** **ideal companion to Beautyrest* Mattress, $64.50.**
Deepsleep* Mattress, **$44.50. Hide-A-Bed,* Babybeauty* Mattress, and Ace* Spring.**

*TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE. COPR. 1950 BY SIMMONS CO., MDSE. MART, CHICAGO, ILL.



(Continued from Page 142)

will leave. It is possible, but of course we cannot assure you of a room."

After lunch I went into the lobby and sat there over my pocket chessboard for three hours until Mr. Georg telephoned, "You are very lucky. At the Soviet embassy they say they will send someone right away with the money for your ticket. I will telephone you when they arrive."

"But you know I have no room here. The hotel is full. There is a delegation ——"

"Did you tell them you were going to Moscow?"

I went back to the concierge, who fixed me again with his glistening eye. "Will you see if there is not a room vacant now? I am on my way to Moscow ——"

In ten minutes I was ensconced in my comfortable room; at five o'clock Mr. Georg telephoned again.

"Bad news. The plane is down at Lwow because of stormy weather. It will not arrive here before tomorrow and so you cannot leave in the morning; perhaps you will not leave tomorrow even if the plane comes in in the morning."

"But does the same plane go back right away?"

"Oh, yes. Practically immediately. It flies only once a week now." (The schedule in New York said every day.) "I think you had better come here tomorrow morning, we will go together to the embassy, and you can explain everything yourself."

The next morning in the office of the airline Mr. Georg told me he had decided there was no use in our going to the embassy.

"When they say they will do it, they always do it. It is only a question of when. We must simply wait. In any case, the plane will not arrive before tomorrow."

The next afternoon Mr. Georg telephoned: "The plane has arrived and it will leave at seven in the morning. You had better come right down to buy your ticket. You must pay in dollars. I recommend that you buy your ticket to Lwow, which is at the border. There must be a representative of the Intourist at Lwow who will meet you and arrange for your ticket to Moscow."

I went down to the airline office and Mr. Georg looked at me very sympathetically.

"I have just telephoned the embassy," he said, "and they still tell me they are sending a man down with money for the ticket. They will send someone, I am sure. Perhaps three days after the plane has left. If you want to get to Moscow in time for your tournament, I think you had better buy your ticket to Lwow." He paused. "I think I am a free man in a free country, but I know that no one else in this office would have dared to do for you what I have done. If someone at the Soviet embassy should become annoyed, I might lose my job here. But you will be all right. If the Intourist does not meet you in Lwow you can just run into the station and buy your ticket in rubles; the plane stops there an hour and a half."

"But I have no rubles," I said, "and I don't speak Russian."

He really looked very sorry for me. "Why must you just go to Moscow?" he said. "With the energy you will spend getting to Moscow you could build up a business in your country. But don't worry. Just explain your difficulty to the steward on the plane when he brings you your lunch. He will undoubtedly speak English and he can translate for you in Lwow."

"Is it a good plane?" I asked, all my old fears re-arising.

"It's an American plane," he said, surprised. "A Dakota. Besides, the Soviet pilots are the best in the world."

I was reassured at once. I bought my ticket to Lwow, gave Mr. Georg as many cigarettes as he would accept, some lipstick for his wife, and said good-by.

At five the next morning I was at the terminal. I was checked out at the customs and got back my Czech money, which was now of not much use. I saw the small green plane (two motors) waiting in the field. Suddenly the doors opened and I saw the three Soviet pilots and their engineer, very tall, handsome and resplendent in blue-and-gold uniform. They went out into the field and stood by t plane gesticulating.

"What is the matter?" I said to a man w had just come in to open the buffet counte

He shrugged his shoulders. "It looks though the plane will not fly. Bad weathe Soviet fliers never fly in bad weather; th can't see."

I remembered that I had heard that t Soviet airplane flew by sight and not radio. My heart sank. In a few moments saw the four Russians coming back. The ca tain, a Wotan incarnate, said a few incompr hensible words to the guard at the door, a they all stalked back up the corridors a vanished.

"What is it?" I asked a guard.

"Plane not go now. You wait."

I turned to the man at the counter: "B where are all the other passengers?"

"You are the passengers," he said.

I sat down to wait. After several hours occurred to me that I was hungry; I had e pected to have breakfast on the plane, an had not eaten very much the days in Prag The buffet displayed several pieces of ha gray bread alternating with pieces of gray meat, not at all appetizing.

"Can I get some coffee?" I asked the m behind the counter.

"Tea or beer!"

I had some tea and some dry bread, and exchange I offered him one of my 100-cro notes.

"That I cannot accept," he said.

"Will you take dollars?"

"No, they must be changed legally in t country and marked in your passport." were at an impasse. He resolved the probl by making me a present of the tea and bre

At about one o'clock I saw the four Sov fliers returning. They walked majestica through the room and out the door, looki at nothing and at no one. The station gua motioned to me to follow them. I climbed into the plane and the door closed. The fo fliers were already in the control room, I w alone in the cabin. It was true—I was t only passenger. I sat down in dejecti among the baggage—crates, boxes and own suitcases. We took off.

After about four hours we came down i field. I thought that we were making emergency landing. Suddenly, to my surpri the four fliers swept down the aisle, u fastened the door of the plane, and vanish into the darkness. I waited—ten minut twenty minutes. Nothing! Just as I was pi ing myself most, a Micawberish gentlem and a delicate lady in a hat (the only real I saw in Russia) climbed into the plane, l lowed by two porters with a great quantity baggage, including a baby carriage, wh they proceeded to arrange with much care around me. I did not mind at all; I was g to see anyone. They spoke only Russian a seemed actually relieved that we had means of communication.

I expected to see the pilots returning any moment, now that we had taken on t more passengers, but to my surprise seve men in police uniforms came into the pla and spoke very energetically to the gent man and his lady. After some argument th all got out, the porters came back for the l gage, and it looked as though I were going be left alone again.

I caught the last of the police as he w going down the ladder. "Is this Lwow?" asked.

He nodded.

"But where is the Intourist?"

He pointed to a hut at the distant edge the field, and I began to walk toward through the mud and the rain. *This is Russ* I thought. *This field.*

Inside the hut was a small room in wh six or seven men were sitting, drinking be or vodka. I said in English to the man near me, "Do you know where I can find the I tourist?" One of the men, pushed from b hind by his companions, stood up and volu teered that he spoke German. I explained m plight, and he offered to telephone to Lw (we were several miles from the center of t city) for the Intourist. I sat down to wait,

lieved that the Intourist actually existed in Lwów.

After perhaps fifteen minutes, a woman from the Intourist arrived. She had a pleasant face and a charming voice; she spoke English and at once put me at ease. "You have nothing more to worry about; you are now within the borders of the U.S.S.R., and we will take care of you. You will have to spend the night at Lwów in our Intourist hotel, and tomorrow morning I will bring your ticket and take you to the plane." She led me to a car in which the chauffeur was waiting and we drove to Lwów. We drew up in front of a drab, antiquated building. "This is our best hotel. I am its manager, and I will try now to find you a comfortable room."

The interior of the hotel was very shabby and smelled strongly of cooking and musty clothes and wet boots. We climbed several flights of stairs, but the room which had been assigned to me did not satisfy her. "Of course you must have a private bath," she said. She finally found a room which pleased her, very small but with a bathroom attached. I knew that a bath would be of little use to me, as I had left my luggage at the airport, and in the room were no such western accommodations as soap, towels or even paper.

"Would you like something to eat?" she asked.

We went down the stairs, past a deserted bar, into a small dining room. A young girl with long yellow braids and a very short yellow skirt brought me cabbage soup and some black bread.

When I had finished, the woman from the Intourist looked at me with satisfaction. "Would you like something else?'

"Yes," I said. "Some meat."

This seemed to present a real problem, but after some time the girl with the braids brought me the stewed leg of a chicken which looked as though it had been waiting for me for a long time. I had some cream soda from a bottle, and my friend accompanied me upstairs. She wished me a good night, and said that she would come for me in the morning to take me to the plane. I liked her very much, looked forward to meeting her in the morning, but I never saw her again.

I LAY down in my clothes on top of the bed, covered myself with my two coats, and waited for day. At seven in the morning a young girl brought me some bread, and tea in a glass, and a few minutes afterward there was a second knock on my door. I saw a short, very strong-looking woman dressed in a gray cellophane raincoat.

"I have come to take you to the plane," she said. "But it is very bad weather and perhaps it will not fly after all."

We drove out to the airfield. It was raining heavily and even colder than before. I saw ice gathering on the windshield and wondered about the plane. When we arrived at the field, my companion put her raincoat over my head; and we trudged through the mud and the sleet out to the plane.

The engineer and two of the pilots were standing on the wings, brushing off ice and snow with little twig brooms. Suddenly the rain stopped; the fliers got into the plane and we began to mount. It was very foggy, and I wondered how they could fly in such weather if, as I had heard, it was true that the plane had no radio. It grew very rough, the plane bounced and swayed, and I held on to the sides of my seat and tried to see through the frost which pressed against the window. One of the pilots came into the cabin, set up a small table, and with a ruler and pencil began to make geometric computations on a map. I thought he looked very worried and wanted to question him, but I could find no appropriate phrases. When he had finished, he took up the map and went back to the others.

All at once we came into a clearing, into the sun. We were flying very low and, looking down, I saw many airfields with rows and rows of planes lying on the flat ground. For about an hour we flew in clear weather and always over airfields, airfields, one after the other. Then the clouds closed in again, and the fog; again the plane jerked and careened from side to side, the pilot came into the cabin again and worked with his map and tools. I felt sure we were lost and that if ever we should come down, it would be in some wilderness, far from Moscow. I remembered that I had heard it said repeatedly that Soviet fliers are the best in the world, and I fervently hoped that these would prove at least a part of their reputation.

THE plane began to bank steeply. The pilot looked out, pointed down, and said, "Moskva." We came down beautifully into an airfield.

"Moskva?" I asked, incredulous.

"Moskva," replied the pilot, laughing.

This time I was prepared. When the four aviators paraded past me and went out, I went out too. It seemed to be horribly cold; I could hardly breathe. Outside, ten or twelve men were gathered around the plane, and one in an army coat and fur hat approached me.

"Does anyone speak English?" I asked.

"I do. I speak English," answered the man in the fur hat.

I explained that I had come for the International Chess Tournament and that I was to be met by the Intourist. "Is there anyone here to meet me?"

"I am here. I will meet you," he said.

The office of the Moscow airdrome was one of the finest buildings that I saw in the U.S.S.R. An elegant limousine drew up before the door, and a dapper young man escorted me into it. We drove down the wide highway into Moscow.

"You are just in time for our great day," he began. "We are preparing fine celebrations." It was December nineteenth.

"You mean Christmas?" I said.

"Christmas? Christmas is only for people who believe in God. Here only a few old people believe such fairy tales. I'm talking about Stalin's birthday."

We drove down the wide street, along the beautiful river, past the Red Square with its Kremlin, its grandiose, overwhelming churches (now converted into museums), past Lenin's tomb and the queue of people always waiting for a sight of their embalmed saint, past the Bolshoi Theatre, to the Hotel Savoy.

The Hotel Savoy, where we stayed during the tournament, was considered a first-class establishment. Each of the twelve delegates to the Women's International Chess Tournament was given a sitting room, a bedroom and an adequate bathroom which contained hot water (except for one or two days of the severest frost), soap and toilet paper, wonderful to see east of Paris, of a cottony but elusive character. The ice-covered windows of all the rooms were taped shut, but most of us were soon persuaded by the cold that we could sleep quite well with our windows closed.

All the rooms were kept very clean by a valet and a set of maids who made the beds and tidied. Indoors, I always sat with my gloves and boots on, and usually my fur coat or a blanket wrapped around me. To be really warm one had to go to bed. A great many of the foreign delegates came down with grippe, and at last the Soviet doctor assigned to take care of us exclaimed, "But this is a clinic, not a chess tournament. They must all have stoves." Two days later, small electric heaters appeared in our rooms, which at least obviated the need to wear boots.

(Continued on Page 147)

"Whinever I read in a sermon," said Mr. Dooley, "that the wurruld is goin' to pot, that th' foundations iv government is threatened, that th' whole fabric iv civilized s'ciety is in danger, that humanity is on th' down grade, and morality is blinkin', that men ar-re becomin' dhrunkards, an' women gamblers, an' that the future iv th' race is desthruction, I can always console mesilf with wan thought."

"What's that?" asked Mr. Hennessey.

"It isn't so," said Mr. Dooley.

—FINLEY PETER DUNNE.





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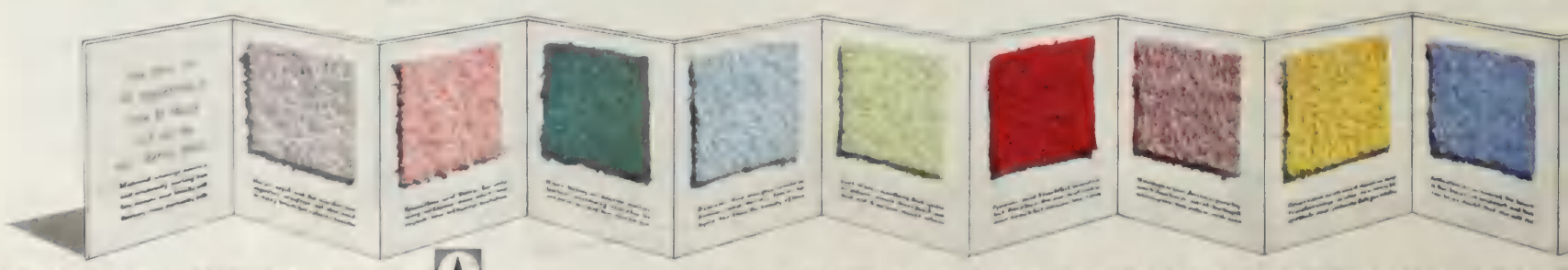
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(Continued from Page 145)

unch was supposed to be at one-thirty, the delegates straggled in when it suited n. Tea we usually took in our rooms, but er was a convivial affair and took place r the hours of play at eleven P.M. Lunch dinner were very similar: there were ys plates of hors d'oeuvres on the e—smoked salmon or sturgeon in jelly various sauces, or caviar (black, gray or or tinned crab or lobster with peas and ots or cold meat; afterward came a hot , a really extravagant borsch with cab-, cream and four different kinds of meat ed in it, or a chicken soup with at least arter of a chicken in every plate. After soup there was usually fried meat and toes, pork or veal or steak, sometimes d chicken or goose, and always canned ots and peas. I never saw any fresh vege-es or greens, but we could order man-ns (very small tangerines) and apples. ert consisted invariably of cherry com- or ice cream. An American couple had me that figuring at the ordinary rate of rubles to the dollar (the diplomatic rate eight), ice cream in Moscow cost $3.25 nt, so I thought the daily offer of ice m was very generous. Breakfast we d order as we liked in our rooms; and I red black caviar and tea every morning ive weeks.

t five o'clock each afternoon all the con-nts assembled in the Savoy parlor and ed for Mr. Lysenko, the secular arm of Sports Committee, to signal that the Zis usines were ready to take us to the Hall he Red Army. Mr. Lysenko—Ilyusha, nterpreters called him—made all practi-rrangements for our lodging, transporta- and entertainment, and he was eager nticipate our slightest wishes.

e rode in the luxurious Zises to the hall, re we passed into the theater between iring ranks of chess fans. There were t tables set up for the sixteen partici-s, and a special table was placed at one for the judges and members of the et Sports Committee. We played on a d stage in a room which held perhaps a sand spectators and which was usually o capacity.

played at the rate of forty-five moves o and a half hours—five hours a sitting— at the end of the five hours the head e, Grazdanka Chudova, the champion of cow, would come around with an en-pe and the position of the game would be d down and the scores sealed until the on for adjourned games.

n the opening night there was a splendid mony at which we sat in two rows on a e glittering with flowers and lights, and presented one by one to the spectators. Members of the Government Sports Committee and the Chess Committee made welcoming speeches. The tenor of all the speeches was the same: "We thank our leaders who have made possible this tournament. We want only friendly and peaceful relations with other countries. Stalin himself has said he wishes all future battles to be fought only on the chessboard."

The four Russian competitors we saw only during hours of play. We had been formally introduced to them the first afternoon at tea in the Savoy dining room, but where they stayed, what they did when they were not playing in the Hall of the Red Army, nobody knew. They never went with us to the theater or on tours of the city; they never lingered in the hall to play skittles or analyze games. And they spoke only Russian. Two of them, Rudenko and Rubtsova, U.S.S.R. champion, were middle-aged and had grown children; Bykova was a tiny brunette. always dressed in tight black velvet with a knee-length skirt; and Belova, the youngest contestant, was a tremendous blonde, as placid as a pool. All four Soviet players had their special teachers. They had been carefully prepared and coached for this tournament and were expected to do well in it.

The atmosphere among the players was friendly though feline. In spite of the difference in background and language, we were a more homogeneous group than might have been expected.

The tournament was eventually won by the four Russians, Rudenko first, Rubtsova second, Bykova and Belova tying for third and fourth. Rudenko was encircled with a stupendous laurel wreath and given 10,000 rubles (then about $2000) besides various small presents.

There was a musical concert and a banquet with dancing to finish off the festivities, and at the banquet the Soviet chess players, both men and women, mellowed by buckets of caviar, wines and vodka, became very friendly and loquacious. I said good-by to them all with a feeling of nostalgia. They seemed to me simple, childlike people, in spite of their amazing capacity for intricate calculation over the chessboard.

Luba was the interpreter assigned to the English-speaking contestants in the tournament. She had been looking for work, she told me, and one day she heard that the Soviet Sports Committee was organizing an international meeting and could use people who spoke foreign languages.

There were eight interpreters for the twelve of us, all of them responsible to Eugenia Goldberg, a young woman of twenty-five with somewhat inconsistent long yellow curls, who had a permanent position with the Sports Committee. She was the only



"And maybe you'll tell me just what is neurotic about my wanting to get married?"

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interpreter whom I never heard discussing any controversial subjects, and perhaps she had been chosen for her position because of her discretion.

But Luba interested me most of all. She seemed to concentrate in her personality my own impression of the Soviet character. She was blond, had a good figure without accents, an easy carriage and an energetic manner. Her vivid blue eyes with their long lashes heavily mascaraed (she used no other cosmetics) stood out in her pale round face with a startling effect. When we became acquainted, I asked one day why she made up only her eyes. "Oh," she said, "if I should paint my face as you westerners do, I should look too vulgar."

I met her my first evening in Moscow—she was sitting in the dining room with Miss Tranmer, the English champion, and her "trainer," Gerald Abraham. They had just finished dinner and were drinking vodka and discussing dialectical materialism. Luba looked at me appraisingly, rather coldly, I thought, and, handing me the menu, asked me what I should like to eat. I told her that I could not read Russian, had had nothing to eat for two days and was very hungry.

"Well, then," she said, "why don't you begin with some caviar and vodka, then have some borsch and a steak?"

The prospect sounded very agreeable.

"I will show you how we drink vodka here," she said. "Don't sip it like that. You must take it at one gulp or it will do you no good. Bottoms up," and she illustrated.

She told me she had been married twice to the same husband. The first time, he had not been properly appreciative, and so she had divorced him and taught him a lesson. He had learned and repented, and she took him back. She had a little boy of eight who went to an all-day school. Her mother looked after him when he came home from school, and also did the cooking and domestic chores.

"What would you do if your mother did not live with you?" I asked.

"I should have to get a maid," she replied, "but maids are generally very expensive, and impudent, too, because they are in great demand."

Afterward when I grew to know her better, this conversation surprised me. It seemed inconsistent with her often-professed horror of capitalism: "I could never work for somebody else. It would seem awful to allow myself to be exploited or to exploit other people. I work only for the state."

After I had finished my dinner, we went up to my rooms on the fourth floor. She looked curiously at my clothes spread anyhow over the beds and tables.

"I suppose in America you have large amounts of merchandise in your shops," she said.

I assured her that our stores were full.

"We have had a hard time in Russia on account of the war. What a terrible time! I think I could never stand another war. But now everything is much better. You will see our shops—I will take you tomorrow. In five years we will equal in our production anything you have in capitalist countries. Only give us five years. Of course some things here are still quite expensive."

She settled down on one of the sofas beside a tea table and I offered her a pack of cigarettes.

"I have my own," she said. "You know our Russian cigarettes are very good, and I can get as many as I want."

"But try these," I said. "I brought so many packs with me."

"Why should I try yours when ours are so good? We have everything we need."

"Really everything?" I asked. It was n first night in Moscow.

"Well, perhaps not everything in the wa of luxuries. But in a few years when o machines are made to work for us, then w shall have all the luxuries we want and l completely free to do as we like. The m chines will do all the hard work."

"But now," I asked, "don't you feel fr in your work?"

"Of course we do," she said, looking at m rather suspiciously. "Everyone is free t choose his own work; one can work as muc or as little as one likes. If we want mo things, we work harder. But we don't reall work just to have money, as you capitalist do, but for the sake of our work, which useful and interesting. Everything belongs t the country. People who are valuable to th country are treated better than others. No in your country, all the wealth is owned b sixty families who enslave all the rest of th population."

"Oh, no," I said, shocked. "That's quit absurd. I, for instance, am not one of you sixty families and I am not enslaved."

"You don't know it, of course, but it true. I have studied and read all about con ditions over there." She went on to tell m at length what she had read.

I had resolved before coming to th U.S.S.R. to engage no controversial di cussions, but I felt was being prodded, an I said what I four myself repeating ofte afterward: "Perha you have heard all sor of false statemen about my country. Yo accept these as th truth, but you canno say that you reall know anything abou America, because yo have never been there Now if the people o your country coul only see what th United States is reall like, and if you woul only let Americans visi you and if there coul only be free social intercourse, a give-and take between peoples—then understandin and sympathy would naturally follow."

She looked at me for a few seconds, the said, "I believe you are a sincere, seriou person, but of course you are very naïve."

"Why naïve, exactly?" I said.

"Because in your country they are alway talking about war. The capitalists want t continue to exploit the workers; they see tha the communist idea is spreading. There is n way of stopping the idea but war. So the want war. We—we do not want war. We ar exhausted and disgusted from the last one.

The next afternoon she called to take m to tea at which the rules of our tournamen were to be explained. As I was going out o the rooms, I snapped off the electric lights.

"Why do you do that?" she asked sharply

"So as not to waste the light," I said. " will be out all evening ——"

"You Americans are always thinking o money. Always economizing. We are a rich country. We can afford to waste things. If w see something we like, we spend all our money. We don't have to worry about to-morrow."

Luba went with us to the theaters and ballets and interpreted and explained everything with great facility. She seemed to enjoy sharing our more or less luxurious life and used to arrive every morning at the Savoy in time for an excursion or our communal lunch, at which she ordered the best of everything and imbibed vodka generously. She had two fur coats, the first a nondescript, bushy raccoon which she soon gave up in favor of a neat-looking black seal with an attached hood; this gave her an innocuous, childlike appearance which deceived nobody. She was certainly the best-dressed woman I saw in Moscow and seemed

(Continued on Page 150)

Booth Tarkington, past master of the art of compliment, seemed always to know how to say the right thing at the proper time. Returning to his early home after an extensive absence, he was greeted very warmly by a lovely girl whom he did not recognize.

Eying the black-eyed beauty with open admiration, he remarked, "I suppose you're still living at home with your parents?"

"No, sir," corrected the girl. "Papa and mamma are both in heaven. And I'm married now and live with my husband."

Tarkington smiled knowingly. "Then your husband is in heaven too!"

—WEBB B. GARRISON





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¾ cup chopped onion
1 clove garlic, minced
4 tbsp. oil or drippings

Lightly brown onion and garlic in hot oil. Then take:

1 lb. ground beef 1 tsp. salt

Add salt to meat and mix lightly. Form into small balls and brown them in the pan with the oil. Then add:

1 Can Hunt's Tomato Sauce
¼ tsp. pepper 1 cup water
2 tsp. Worcestershire Sauce

Cover the pan and simmer 40 minutes. Pour over hot spaghetti (8-oz. pkg.) and sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese. For 8 servings double the recipe.

Use Hunt's Tomato Sauce in your everyday recipes. In soups, stews, casseroles, gravies, meat loaf. Grand for leftovers—just use a little of this and a little of that and Hunt's Tomato Sauce. Get a few cans at your grocer's!



Hunt's Heavenly Peaches
at down-to-earth prices

Hunt-for the best

Hunt Foods, Inc., Fullerton, Calif.

(Continued from Page 148)

pleased when I told her so. "You will see really beautifully clothed women in our theaters," she said, but I never did.

One day she said to me, with a look at once mischievous and smug, "How is your culture in the United States?"

"Very well, thank you," I said. "America is now enjoying the culture of the whole world. Musicians, painters, writers from all countries now come to the United States to travel or to settle. You must come someday yourself to see our country."

"Oh, no!" she said. "I have not much desire to travel. I was outside the Soviet Union only once, to visit my husband when he was stationed in Germany and was sick. It was interesting to see, but nothing wonderful. I saw an English motion picture there—all about crimes and killings, very horrible and silly. I could not sleep all night. I know you have many such cinemas about gangsters in America. I prefer our way of doing things; we have a more serious attitude toward life, more responsible."

Our discussions always ended in a draw.

After I had been in Moscow some weeks I tried to give Luba a pair of nylons, but she would not take them. "No, really. I have everything I need. Why should I take stockings? We have our own brand here. Perhaps yours are a better quality, but our *cuprons* wear wonderfully and I need only two or three pairs a year." (These stockings cost 50 rubles a pair.)

A fallen lighthouse is more dangerous than a reef.
—ANON.

Near the end of the tournament, however, I persuaded her to accept a tiny cosmetic kit which contained all the accouterments of Venus, from eye shadow to lipstick. I saw that she regarded it with a feline interest.

"Pretty little nothing," she commented. "So in America you women think only of such frivolous things. You spend all your time dressing up and shopping for clothes."

"No, not all," I said.

"And playing chess," she added, laughing.

Luba was supposed to go about with me, but one week she had a cold and stayed home in the mornings or lay feverishly in bed in the interpreters' room at the Savoy. I went with a young man from the American embassy to visit one of the churches not yet converted into a museum. When I came back, I said to Luba that I had been shocked by the crowds of ragged, crippled beggars who lay on the stone pavement before the church in the temperature of 42° below zero.

"Why did you go there, then?" she said. "We want to make your stay here pleasant. We show you the best things in our city. Why do you try to hunt out unpleasantness? Those people hate to work; they want to beg."

All the foreign contestants had been interviewed many times during our stay by the local press, by radio commentators, by people who wanted to write articles on chess. When, however, I managed to get translations of some of my interviews, I saw that they contained many errors of fact, emphases had been shifted and some of my statements had been misinterpreted. I told Luba that I would not consent to any more interviews unless, before they were published I could see exactly what I was supposed to have said.

"Only one more," she coaxed, "and you can sign it before it is printed."

THE day before I left, she came to my room with a studious young man who asked me questions about what I had seen and about my impressions and reactions. I said that I was full of admiration for the scrupulously just management of the tournament and for the kindness and hospitality with which the delegates had been treated. I had enjoyed seeing the beautiful city of Moscow and I only hoped that the people of the Soviet Union and the people of my own country—in fact, of all countries—would grow to know each other better, could enjoy common experience in the worlds of sport, art and science. I said that I thought direct contact and free association between peoples could only make for amity and peace, and that the people of the Soviet Union should learn to know our character and customs and that we should know theirs, and in this way we might achieve a solid basis for future friendship.

The interviewer looked pleased, and Luba nodded her head approvingly. I went to bed, thinking complacently that I had laid a tiny stone on the tower of peace.

But the next day, when Luba brought in the typewritten sheets, I had an unpleasant surprise. She held out a quill pen and said gaily, "Just sign at the bottom. You see I have kept my promise!"

"But what does it say?" I asked. "Will you read it to me?"

"Read it? But why? You heard it all yesterday. You said it, in fact."

"I WANT to be sure of that," I answered, a little too seriously for her mood.

"Well, if you insist," and she began to read: "'If the American people could only have an opportunity to see the way of life of the Soviet people, they would be convinced ——'"

I was horrified. "But I did not say that at all. I could never sign such a paper."

"Really, Gisela, you are very difficult," she said, looking at me as though I were a willful child of ten. "What *do* you want to say? I can change it to suit you."

"I want to say only what I said, and I can't possibly sign anything else."

"All right, then. We shall have to do the whole thing over."

She sank down at the table with a martyred look, and we labored for some time. She erased and rephrased and added, and finally I signed what she said she had written. After all, I was only a chess player and a female chess player at that, and my social opinions were of no special value.

The next evening at nine-thirty, Fru Larsen and Señorita Mora and I said good-by to the other players and, equipped with food for the next day's train ride, our Soviet traveling papers, and all the acquisitions of our stay, we rode to the station. Luba and the wonderful Mr. Lysenko went along to see us off. A young man from the American embassy had assured me that the trains for Leningrad left at nine-thirty and at eleven-thirty, but our tickets were clearly marked ten-thirty. American couriers were to be on the eleven-thirty train, and they had promised to help us when we arrived at Helsinki.

When we got out at the station, we saw the eleven-thirty train, waiting cold and unlighted. The nine-thirty had gone; the ten-thirty was nowhere to be seen. We went into the waiting room to sit over our baggage until Mr. Lysenko could resolve our problem.

"Have you a cigarette?" said Luba. "I ask you just this once, since you are leaving, and I mislaid mine at the hotel."

I brought out my cigarettes, and we all began to smoke, laughing at our predicament.

All at once a young girl, dressed in the upper half of a uniform over woolen trousers and high felt boots, came up to Luba. Obviously she was explaining that smoking was against the rules.

"This is a delegation," said Luba rather haughtily. "Explain to the stationmaster that these are foreigners, guests. If they want to smoke, they must have special permission."

The girl returned soon with an older woman in complete uniform who assured Luba in no uncertain manner that smoking was absolutely forbidden.

In my five weeks I must have acquired some Russian, or Luba's expressions must have been unusually eloquent, because I actually understood what she was saying. "Even for delegates?" she asked. I had put out my cigarette and so had the two other women, but Luba was still smoking.

"Even for delegates," repeated the woman.

Luba observed her a moment speculatively. "Oh, well," she said at last in English. "I suppose we really must stop. There is so much red tape everywhere. It is always hard to explain what you are to people who don't want to understand." THE END



The coffee-pots that went to college!

Doesn't that smell GOOD!

My WEAR-EVER makes perfect coffee EVERY TIME

It's "College Educated"! A great American university conducted exhaustive research to find the best coffee-maker design for making the best coffee every time. All Wear-Ever percolators and drip pots incorporate the results of this scientific research.

These "College Educated" perks and drip pots, of friendly-to-flavor aluminum, are strong, too—built to take the abuse of everyday use. See them at your favorite department, hardware or housefurnishings store.



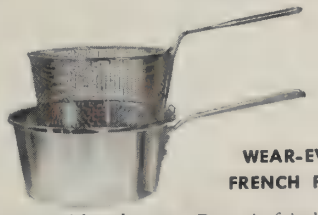
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2-cup	$2.25	$2.95
4-cup	2.50	3.25
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4 qt. size $9.95 (was $12.95)
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WEAR-EVER FRENCH FRYER

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50TH ANNIVERSARY 1900 1950

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PHOTOS BY STUART

Italian policy—good food, pleasant company, time to enjoy both. Start with an *antipasto* tray; next, *cannelloni* stuffed with minced clams, mushrooms, cheese. Boned lamb is seasoned with herbs, glazed with mint jelly. Garnish vegetables with lime.

Conversation Piece



PHOTO BY PED PATELLANI

The Contessa Luling-Buschetti Volpi serves coffee to Mrs. Teague in the garden of her villa near Maser.

By RUTH MILLS TEAGUE

FROM a two months' gastronomic tour of Italy I have brought back countless delightful memories, a collection of marvelous recipes and a few general impressions. Among the last is a conviction that the Italian cuisine is at its best in the first and last courses of a meal: the soups and *pasti*, or noodle concoctions, and of course the *antipasti;* and in the *dolci*, or sweet—but never heavy—desserts. The coffee, too, their powerful *caffè espresso,* served in many Italian restaurants in this country, is always delectable. In between, they do *(Continued on Page 154)*



Zuppa Inglese alternates layers of cake, fresh fruit, frothy *zabaglione.*

B-V gravy makes the meal



Tasty, satisfying B-V gravy dishes

With a jar of Wilson's B-V on hand you can always *whip up* tasty "gravy" dishes that will satisfy ravenous appetites. Just make up a batch of smooth, rich brown B-V gravy. *No meat juices needed.* Then pour this wonderful gravy over rice (see recipe) or bread, macaroni, noodles, potatoes, etc. You can't beat this for quick, inexpensive lunch or supper dishes. Wilson's B-V is featured by food stores everywhere.

RICE 'N' GRAVY

Here's a good family dish that will "save the day" for you many a time—a dish young and old will really enjoy.

B-V GRAVY (no meat juices needed)

Melt 2 tbsp. fat. Blend in 2 tbsp. flour and add 1 cup liquid (milk, vegetable water, or water) stirring constantly until smooth and thickened. When hot, add 1 tsp. Wilson's B-V dissolved in a small amount of the hot mixture. Cook to desired gravy thickness. Serves 3 or 4.

FLUFFY MINUTE RICE (Southern Style)

For fluffy rice that's lightning quick, use Minute Rice, General Foods' new pre-cooked discovery. Just pop 1 package of this Minute Brand product into a saucepan. Add 1½ cups water and ½ tsp. salt. Bring to boil. Cover, remove from heat, and let stand for 10 minutes. No other cooking needed.

Serve with Plenty of Delicious, Rich Brown B-V Gravy

★ ★ ★

For something extra special include meat balls or meat loaf. Or, add chopped cooked meat, parsley, chives, green peppers or cheese (alone or in any combination) to the rice.





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This beauty makes cooking easier —



The 1950 General Electric Triple-Whip Mixer!

3 powerful beaters... No-clog juicer...

save you time and work!



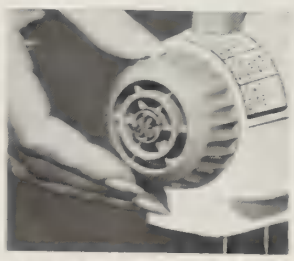
For faster, more thorough mixing, you get *3* easy-to-clean beaters. No center shafts, no hard-to-reach corners. Mix thoroughly from center to side of bowl.



New no-clog juicer comes with each 1950 Triple-Whip Mixer. You'll love it. It lets you squeeze more than a dozen oranges with *no* clogging.



Built-in light shines directly down into bowl so you can really see what you're mixing. (A four-quart and a two-quart bowl accompany each mixer.)



New, improved speed selector is in front where it's easy to read. You get *lots* of power no matter *what* you mix! General Electric Co., Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

See your G-E dealer.

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You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 152)

vegetables remarkably well—young, tender vegetables, always fresh because they are used only as they come in season.

This Italian meal will be a dinner, and you may be surprised to find that the main dish will be boned leg of lamb—but I'm getting ahead of myself. We'll begin with *antipasto*, the Italian hors d'oeuvre. The *antipasto* tray can be an elaborate affair indeed, but for this dinner which is fairly hearty, I think a simple assortment of *antipasti* will be best. We want this first course to stimulate, not satisfy appetites, so we'll put the accent on dishes that are high in seasoning and low in calories.

Next, the *pasta*, *cannelloni con vongoli* (clams). *Cannelloni* are rolls of noodle dough filled with a stuffing, baked with a covering of cheese and served with or without a sauce. For our menu we'll have a delicate version, filled with minced clams, chopped mushrooms and cheese, and there will be a thin tomato sauce and grated Parmesan cheese to put on them. (I hope you'll try these sometime as a main dish for a luncheon, served with only a salad, and a dessert to follow.)

The boned leg of lamb which follows is seasoned with herbs and glazed with mint jelly. With the lamb there will be two vegetables, spinach and carrots, both cooked with an Italian flavor.

The dessert will be a real *dolce*, *zuppa Inglese*, which is just about the most misleading name I have ever heard. *Zuppa* means soup—and this dessert is a far cry from anything faintly resembling soup—but that's what the Italians call it, and is it good! You'll agree when you try it. Basically it's made with alternate layers of cake and a light custard, but there are various additions which I'll tell about when I get to the recipe. One of these additions is fresh fruit, and this is important because it keeps the dessert from being too sweet.

Now I'd better whip along to recipes which will serve six or eight.

Taking food and drink is a great enjoyment for healthy people, and those who do not enjoy eating seldom have much capacity for enjoyment or usefulness of any act.

—CHARLES W. ELIOT: The Happy Life.

ANTIPASTI

There should be one fish, either tuna, anchovies or sardines, and if you want to be adventurous you might choose squid, which are available, canned, in very fancy food stores or Italian markets. In selecting the other items, give thought to color as well as taste; and here you'll have no trouble, because delicatessen and grocery stores are full of delicious canned foods which will be perfect for your tray. There are small green pickled peppers; artichoke hearts in oil; a combination of chopped green olives and pimiento; jars of mixed sweet-sour pickled vegetables that include attractively cut carrots, cauliflower, onions, cucumber pickles and red peppers; pickled mushrooms done in oil or a highly seasoned tomato sauce, and so on.

Then the wide variety of stuffed olives shouldn't be overlooked. In addition to the familiar pimiento stuffing, I've found olives stuffed with nuts, anchovies, Roquefort cheese, orange and lemon. In the fresh-vegetable department there are tomatoes, radishes, celery and *finocchio* to choose from. I'm not suggesting that you use all of these—heaven forbid: this is merely a list to help you make your choice, and there are many possibilities I haven't included, such as thinly sliced salami, *prosciutto* (Italian ham), stuffed eggs and salads.

A platter that is divided into sections is ideal for serving the *antipasti*, or they can be put in small bowls or dishes placed on a tray. When the platter or dishes are arranged, pour a little salad oil and wine vinegar over the food, or have a cruet of each available.

Serve thick slices of Italian bread or bread sticks with the *antipasti*.

One last word before I can drop this subject. If you want to be very simple and serve only one thing as a starter for this meal, get some *finocchio*, a celerylike vegetable that tastes of anise, and soak the stalks in ice water until crisp. Cut stalks lengthwise into four sections. Heap them on a platter, or serve on individual plates and have a small dish of salad oil, salt and freshly ground black pepper for each person. To eat, tear off a piece of *finocchio*, dip it into the oil and bite. I had never eaten *finocchio* this way here, but I certainly made up for lost time in Italy. It's terrific.

CANNELLONI CON VONGOLI

Allow 2 or 3 *cannelloni* for each person to be served. To make noodle dough, break 2 eggs into a bowl, add 2 tablespoons cream and ½ teaspoon salt and beat with a fork until mixed. Stir in flour until dough is too stiff to handle with a fork, transfer to well-floured breadboard and knead in more flour until dough is stiff and no longer sticky. You'll use about 1½ cups flour for 2 average-size eggs. Work dough into a compact ball, cover with a towel and let stand ½ hour. Divide into 4 balls and roll into thin sheets, using a little flour so that dough won't stick to board or rolling pin. Spread sheets on towels to dry for a while, but don't let them get dry enough to break. Cut into 2½-inch squares. If there is more noodle dough than you need, cut what is left into slender strips, dry out completely and use for soup another day. Drop squares into a large pot of rapidly boiling salted water and cook 10 minutes. Drain, immediately run cold water over them and place separately on board which has been sprinkled with farina or corn meal.

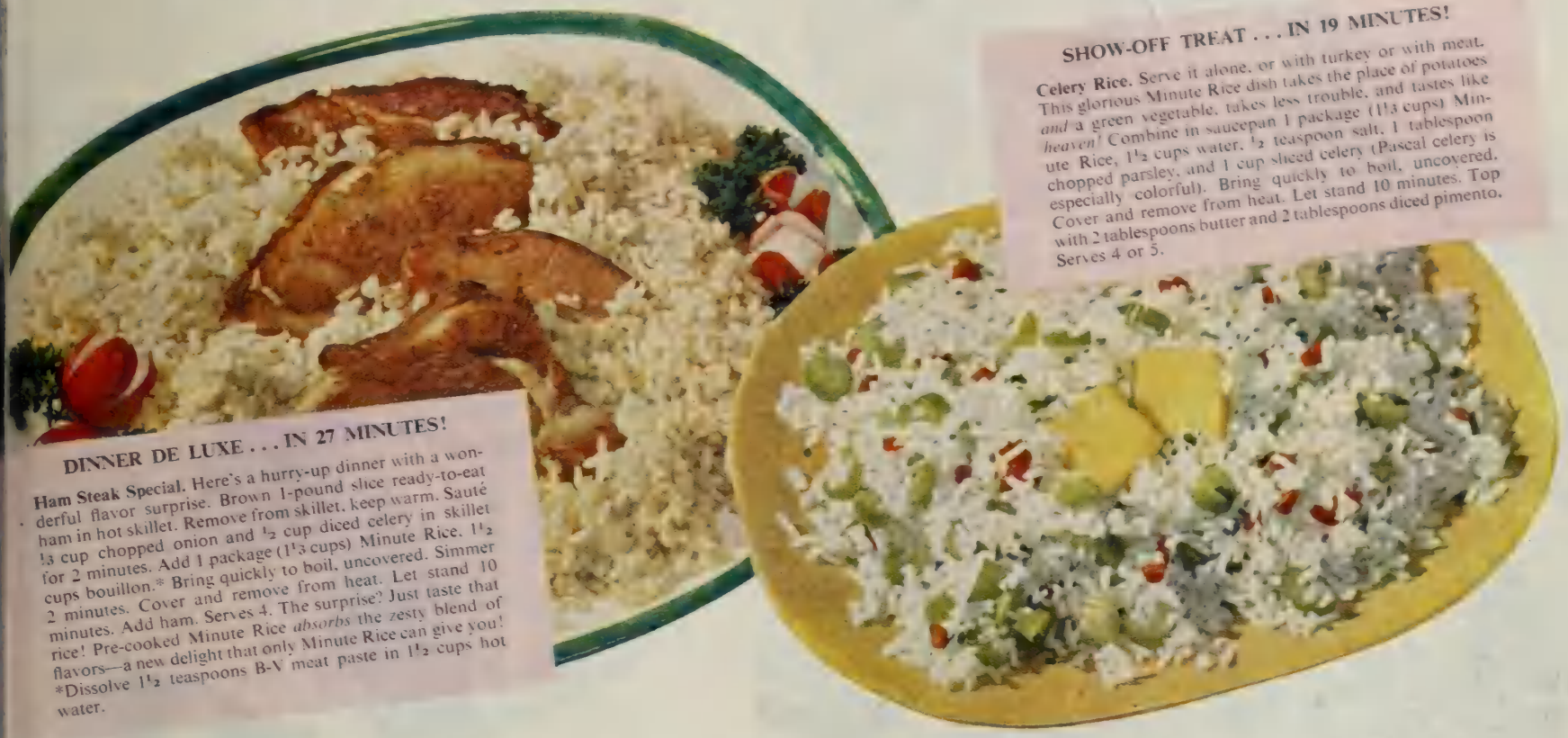
To make stuffing, drain one 10½- or 12-ounce can minced clams and chop fairly fine. Add 1 tablespoon clam juice, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons chopped chives—if chives aren't available, use onion instead—½ small can button mushrooms cut into little pieces, 2 slices crumbled stale white bread, crusts removed, 3 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese, ¼ pound diced Mozzarella cheese and 4 tablespoons cottage cheese or *ricotta*, which is the Italian cottage cheese. Mozzarella is a bland, unsalted Italian cheese which melts easily and is wonderful for cooking—for eating, too, if you can get it very fresh. It is available in most Italian food markets. If you can't get Mozzarella, substitute the mildest processed cheese you can get. Mix stuffing well and season with a very little salt and some freshly ground black pepper. Spread the stuffing on the squares and roll each one into a cylinder. Grease 1 large or 2 small shallow baking dishes and fill with the *cannelloni*, packing them in close together.

To make the sauce, put 3 tablespoons salad oil and 1 clove garlic, minced, in a saucepan and cook over high heat a minute. Add 1 No. 2 can tomato purée, 1 tablespoon dried *orégano*, 1 teaspoon sugar, and salt and pepper to taste. You can use prepared tomato sauce instead of purée if you like. Cook, uncovered, for 20 minutes. Spoon a little of the red sauce into the grooves between the *cannelloni* and reserve the rest to serve in a bowl at the table. Sprinkle ½ pound Mozzarella or processed mild cheese—⅓ pound if the latter will be plenty because the taste is stronger—cut into small pieces all over the *cannelloni*, add the remaining ½ can button mushrooms and dot with butter or margarine.

This much can be done a day in advance and I strongly advise it. Cover casserole tightly and store in refrigerator, but let it stand at room temperature an hour before baking. Half an hour or 25 minutes before serving time, put uncovered casserole on a fairly high rack in a moderate, 375° F., oven and bake until cheese has melted, then turn on broiler until top is delicately browned. If you aren't ready to serve that minute, they will keep hot some time in a turned-off oven, but better put them on a lower rack. Serve the casserole and have a bowl of tomato sauce and another of grated Parmesan cheese on

(Continued on Page 157)

Oh how quick! Oh how slick!



DINNER DE LUXE . . . IN 27 MINUTES!

Ham Steak Special. Here's a hurry-up dinner with a wonderful flavor surprise. Brown 1-pound slice ready-to-eat ham in hot skillet. Remove from skillet, keep warm. Sauté ⅓ cup chopped onion and ½ cup diced celery in skillet for 2 minutes. Add 1 package (1⅓ cups) Minute Rice, 1½ cups bouillon.* Bring quickly to boil, uncovered. Simmer 2 minutes. Cover and remove from heat. Let stand 10 minutes. Add ham. Serves 4. The surprise? Just taste that rice! Pre-cooked Minute Rice *absorbs* the zesty blend of flavors—a new delight that only Minute Rice can give you! *Dissolve 1½ teaspoons B-V meat paste in 1½ cups hot water.

SHOW-OFF TREAT . . . IN 19 MINUTES!

Celery Rice. Serve it alone, or with turkey or with meat. This glorious Minute Rice dish takes the place of potatoes *and* a green vegetable, takes less trouble, and tastes like *heaven!* Combine in saucepan 1 package (1⅓ cups) Minute Rice, 1½ cups water, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, and 1 cup sliced celery (Pascal celery is especially colorful). Bring quickly to boil, uncovered. Cover and remove from heat. Let stand 10 minutes. Top with 2 tablespoons butter and 2 tablespoons diced pimento. Serves 4 or 5.

PRE-COOKED RICE IN A PACKAGE—

A sensational new idea!

- ★ NO WASHING!
- ★ NO RINSING!
- ★ NO DRAINING!
- ★ NO STEAMING!
- ★ PERFECT RICE EVERY TIME!

At last it's happened! Now you can have fluffy, snow-white *perfect* rice with NONE of the tedious preparation of regular rice.

Minute Rice is fancy long-grained rice—*pre-cooked* by a patented process. You dump it in water, bring to a boil. No other cooking's needed. Keep this amazing Minute Brand product on hand, and serve real glamour rice dishes often!



LUNCH DELISH . . . IN 27 MINUTES!

Rice Milanaise. Egg and tomato, cheese and *perfect* tender rice! Here's a wonderful combination of favorite flavors . . . in one of those speedy dishes only Minute Rice can give you. Sauté ½ cup chopped green pepper and 2 tablespoons chopped onion in 3 tablespoons butter in saucepan. Add 1 package (1⅓ cups) Minute Rice, 1½ cups water, ½ teaspoon salt. Bring quickly to boil, uncovered. Cover and remove from heat. Let stand 10 minutes. Add 2 hard-cooked eggs, diced, and ⅓ cup grated Cheddar cheese. Top with 2 cups tomato sauce and ⅓ cup grated cheese. Serves 5.

SUPPER PLATE SPECIAL . . . IN 13 MINUTES!

Rice 'n Gravy Quickie. Two short cuts in one wonderful dish! Prepare Minute Rice as directed on the package—*so* easy! While the rice is sitting on the back of the stove, prepare this quick, delicious gravy and serve it with the rice. **Wilson's B-V gravy:** Melt 2 tablespoons fat in saucepan. Blend in 2 tablespoons flour. Add 1 cup liquid (water, milk, or vegetable water) gradually and cook over low heat until thickened, stirring constantly. Dissolve 1 teaspoon of Wilson's B-V meat paste in small amount of the mixture and add to gravy. Makes 1 cup.

For perfect rice without the work *** pre-cooked

MINUTE BRAND RICE

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LIVE BETTER ON YOUR BUDGET



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ELECTRIC HOUSEWARES



Save work...save time ...save money!



Arvin Lectric Cook—Grills! Fries! Bakes! Toasts!

America's most versatile cooking appliance! Grills hamburgers, fries bacon and eggs, toasts sandwiches, bakes delicious pancakes and king-size waffles! Cooking area equals 3 ten-inch skillets. Pre-seasoned waffle grids clip on easily. Automatic heat control, signal light, expanding hinge, no-crush sandwich spacers. Underwriters' listed. Beautiful chrome finish. **$24.95**



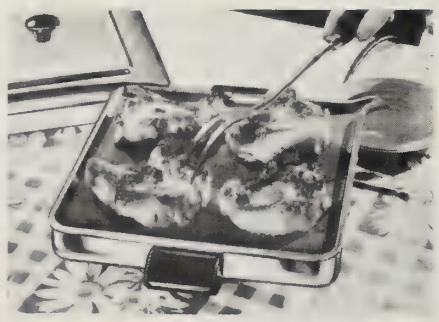
Arvin Automatic Toaster

Every slice uniform, as light or as dark as you wish. Cushioned pop-up, inspection knob, hinged crumb tray. Exclusive Sta-Warm Shelf keeps toast warm until mealtime. Insulated walls and handles. Underwriters' listed. **$21.50**



Table Oven with Lectric Cook

A "second oven" that bakes rolls, cakes, and pies; roasts fowl and meat. Serves as warming oven while you cook on open "door." Chrome finish. Heat indicator. Oven with Lectric Cook, less waffle grids. **$29.90**



Arvin Lectric Grill

Toasts, fries, grills, warms! 95 sq. in. of cooking area. Lid prevents grease from spattering, keeps food warm. Thermostat; drip spout; chrome finish; cool, black plastic handles. Underwriters' listed. **$10.95**



Arvin Automatic Iron

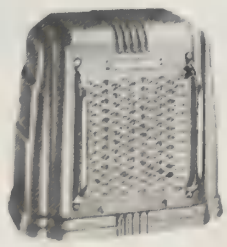
A truly modern iron at a money-saving price! Weighs only 3 lbs. Automatic heat control for all kinds of fabrics. Fast heating saves ironing time. GUARANTEED for FIVE YEARS! Underwriters' listed. **$9.95**

Arvin Dual-Control Iron

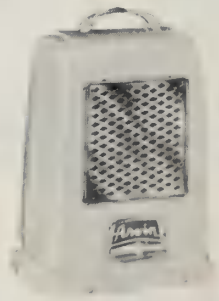
Ends risk of too-hot or too-cool ironing face. Exclusive Magic Watchman ends gu work. Long 8-ft. cord, reversible for righ left hand ironing. GUARANTEED FIVE YEARS! Underwriters' listed. **$1**



CHASE CHILLS QUICKLY, SAFELY!



Arvin Economy Fan-Forced Heater is beautifully finished in baked enamel and chrome. Delivers billows of heat instantly. 1320 watts. No radio or television interference. Operates on AC only. **$9.95**



Arvin Safeguard Heater cuts current instantly if tilted. Safe with children. Red glow signal light. Choice of three colors. Handy toe switch. No radio or TV interference. Operates on AC only. **$13.95**



Arvin Hot-R-Cool—200 cu. ft. of warm per minute. Adjustable to any directi Safeguard switch cuts current if tilt Double as cooling fan in summer. TV interference. AC only. 3 colors. Underwriters' listed. **$1**

Arvin Industries, Inc., Columbus, Indiana (Formerly Noblitt-Sparks Industries, Inc.)

(All prices subject to change without notice)

(Continued from Page 154)

he table so that your guests can help themelves to as much as they like.

ROAST LAMB IN MINT GLAZE

Get a small leg of lamb weighing about 5 pounds and ask the butcher to bone it. Crush teaspoon rosemary, mix it with 1 tablepoon salad oil and add ½ teaspoon dried weet basil, ½ teaspoon crushed red pepper nd 1 clove garlic, minced. And speaking of garlic, I found that it was used very sparingly n Italy, and in some localities not at all. This oity-toity attitude toward the good cook's best friend I can't go along with—as my ecipes prove—but that's the way they treat t, and if you haven't traveled in Italy you'll probably be as surprised as I was. Rub this nixture all over the lamb and sprinkle with alt. Do this sometime during the morning so hat the flavor of the herbs will penetrate the neat. Put it in a roasting pan, skin side down, nd do not add water. Place pan in a slow, 300° F., oven and allow 30 minutes to the pound for well done and 25 minutes for slightly nderdone lamb. If you have a roast-meat hermometer it will register 170° F. for slightly nderdone, 180° for well done. Underdone for ne, because it's so juicy. Half an hour before ooking time is up, turn roast over and put ⅓ glass mint jelly on top. In about 15 minutes baste thoroughly, put several more spoonfuls jelly on top and cook until done without basting. The jelly will give the lamb a faintly greenish glaze and the drippings, unthickened, make a wonderful mint sauce.

SPINACH

Put 3 tablespoons salad oil in a saucepan with 1 clove garlic, minced, and heat. Add 2½ pounds well-washed spinach, and stir and toss with a fork until well mixed with oil. Cover and cook until barely tender—not more than 10 minutes, and less if spinach is quite young. At last add salt and pepper to taste. The trick is not to overcook it—the texture should be a little like that of wilted lettuce.

CARROTS ROMA

Cut carrots into slender strips about 2 inches long, or in any shape you like, and cook in a small amount of salted boiling water until almost but not quite tender. Drain. Add 4 tablespoons butter or margarine and ½ teaspoon grated nutmeg, and return to heat until butter or margarine is melted. Mix well with a spoon, add salt if needed and cook, covered, over very low heat until carrots are tender but not mushy.

The meat and vegetables can be served on the same platter and they look very pretty that way, garnished with sections of lemon or lime. But however you serve them, be sure to have the lemon or lime in evidence for those who want to squeeze it over the vegetables.

ZUPPA INGLESE

You will need 1 round cake, about 9 inches in diameter, baked in a pan with straight sides and a tube in the middle. For this dessert I've used spongecake, angel food and cake made with one of the prepared mixes. The mixes make delicious cakes and they couldn't be easier, but since we're going in pretty heavily for egg yolks in this recipe, you may want to use the whites for an angel cake. And if you wanted to be truly Italian about the whole business, you'd use spongecake. The choice is up to you. We have to cut the cake into 3 layers, and I find it much easier to do this with a piece of string or heavy thread than with a knife. Stretch the string between your two hands, aim at the spot you want to cut and saw back and forth. It's easy and accurate.

Have ready ½ cup nut meats, 2 large navel oranges peeled and cut into sections, and a small amount of candied orange peel cut into little pieces.

The custard which will go between the layers and on top of the cake is *zabaglione* with a little gelatin added. Put 9 egg yolks in a bowl, beat with rotary beater and add slowly, still beating, ⅔ cup granulated sugar. When this mixture has been whipped until light and fluffy, add 1 cup orange juice and beat until well mixed. If frozen orange juice is used, dilute with ⅓ less water than directions indicate. Pour mixture in top of double boiler and place over small amount of boiling water—the water must not touch bottom of upper pan. Immediately begin beating with rotary beater and keep it up until custard is thick and has doubled in bulk. Sometimes this takes a little longer than other times, and I wish I could tell you why. The atmosphere? The eggs? Your mood? Anyhow, when the *zabaglione* is quite thick and you notice it isn't rising any higher, it's time to stop—usually 8 or 9 minutes. At the last, beat in 1½ teaspoons gelatin which has first been softened in 2 tablespoons water and then heated over steam until gelatin is dissolved. Put the pan in cold water and don't do what I did recently, which was to put it in the pantry sink, turn on the water and go back to the kitchen. When I returned I found the sink about to overflow and all my lovely *zabaglione* floating around in plenty of water, so out came the egg beater again.

Now back to our cake. Lift the top layer with a couple of pancake turners onto the center of your cake platter. When the *zabaglione* is really cold, spread about ⅓ of it on the cake layer, arrange half the orange slices on it and sprinkle with nut meats and a little orange peel. Put the second layer on top of this and repeat the routine with orange slices, nuts and candied orange peel. Now the top layer of cake goes on and the remaining *zabaglione* is heaped on it. Make the top look as attractive as you can. If some of the *zabaglione* oozes out between the layers, smooth it onto the sides of the cake and put the whole thing into the refrigerator. This is all day-before business.

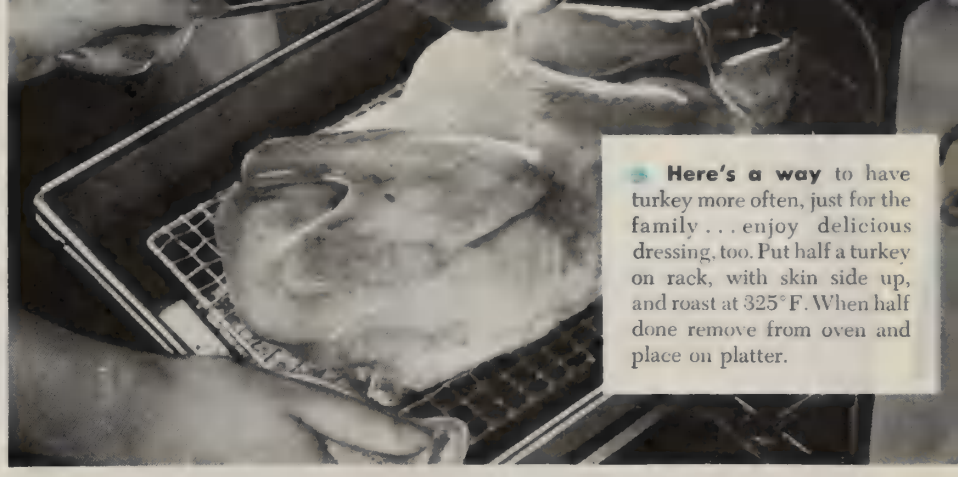
> **There is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good—myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy—if I may.**
>
> —ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

At a convenient time in the afternoon of the day of your party, whip 1 pint heavy cream, ice the sides of the cake with it and heap the rest in the center. Sprinkle center with bits of candied orange peel and put a border of orange slices around outer rim of top. Decorate the platter with alternate groups of orange slices and pitted fresh Bing cherries filled with candied orange peel. You can pit and fill the cherries the day before—in fact, they are better if the orange peel stands in them overnight. Fresh peaches can be substituted for the orange slices and any kind of berries for the cherries. To serve, cut into wedges with a knife.

CAFFÈ ESPRESSO

Coffee is an important feature of any Italian meal, and the principal difference between *caffe espresso* and our after-dinner coffee is that the former is much, much stronger. Italian coffee makers with directions for their use can be bought in stores that carry Italian hardware, but you can approach the real thing with a drip coffee maker using 4 rounded tablespoons pulverized coffee to 1 cup water. *Caffe espresso* is so strong that a small cup is all most people want to drink, and it needs lots of sugar.

Service: This dinner is not designed for buffet service, obviously. But the *antipasti* can be served in the living room, and this will make the table service simpler. Coffee, also, can be served elsewhere, and in the last fine autumn days before winter closes in on us it's delightful to have it outdoors. In any case, make it a leisurely meal, in an atmosphere of relaxation and ease. No Italian ever hurries over a meal, no matter how busy he may be, and that isn't a bad rule to follow. Since the two major jobs on this menu can be finished the day before, it shouldn't be difficult for you to share the carefree mood. I hope you enjoy it as much as I've enjoyed innumerable leisurely Italian meals, with pleasant company, good food, good talk and not a care in the world. THE END



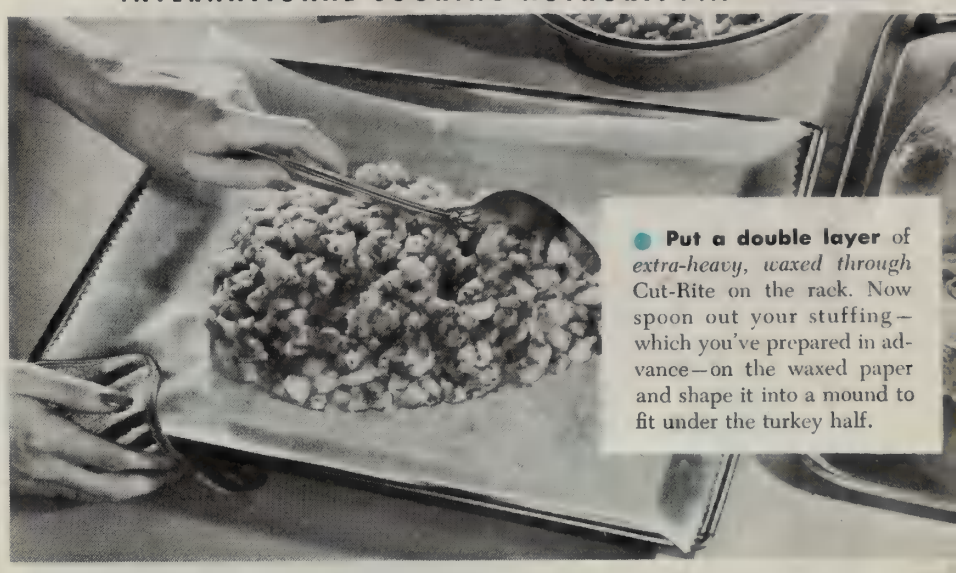
● **Here's a way** to have turkey more often, just for the family . . . enjoy delicious dressing, too. Put half a turkey on rack, with skin side up, and roast at 325° F. When half done remove from oven and place on platter.

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● **Put a double layer** of *extra-heavy, waxed through* Cut-Rite on the rack. Now spoon out your stuffing—which you've prepared in advance—on the waxed paper and shape it into a mound to fit under the turkey half.



● **Lay turkey over stuffing** and trim Cut-Rite about an inch from the edge. *Extra-heavy* Cut-Rite keeps stuffing juices in, prevents it from drying out. Put turkey back in oven and roast until fork easily goes into leg.

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WEDDING SPECIAL

(Continued from Page 74)

special things that are designed to help in your planning and preparations. Whether you make everything yourself, or ask friends and relatives to help, or buy some things from a local caterer, the whole works is here. And you'll be glad to see that I haven't neglected one of the most important wedding "specials" ever thought up by woman. And that is *chicken salad*.

When I was a little girl, I thought people couldn't get properly married without chicken salad at the "breakfast." While I may have modified that somewhat, I still feel that it's pretty essential. So you'll see it, slightly disguised, and it sure does make one feel better to have it right in here along with all the other "specials." By the way, isn't it good to have oysters back? The frozen ones are all right—but the first fresh ones are worthy of sharing such an occasion. So let's begin with the something hot and go on to something cold.

HOT CURRIED OYSTERS

Strain the liquor from 3 quarts oysters. Get the fish market to give you plenty of liquor. They'll love that. Put the liquor in a saucepan and heat to the boiling point. Strain it through cheesecloth and save. Melt 1½ cups butter or margarine, add 1½ cups flour and stir until smooth. Add 3 cups oyster liquor and, when smooth, add 6 cups cream, heated. Stir and cook in the double boiler until smooth as a kitten's ear, as I always say. Season with 1½ teaspoons salt, 1 tablespoon celery salt, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon grated onion and 2 tablespoons curry powder.

Pour boiling water over oysters. Drain the oysters well in a colander. Chop the oysters and add 4 cups to the curry sauce. (Hot water keeps the oysters from bleeding when you cut them, so water has to be very hot.) Simmer until the oysters are heated through. Serve in small timbale cases or puff pastries. This receipt makes 3 quarts. Serves 25.

Do you ever get a little tired of the ubiquitous patty shell? I sometimes do, and then I get out my well-seasoned timbale iron and make my own. You may not want to undertake it this time, but it's really simple. There's only one thing to keep your eye on. That's to have your iron hot. At least *I* think it's important, but everything is important, including the eating.

So here's your receipt, and after a few minutes of study you'll find it not hard at all.

TIMBALES

Sift 1 cup flour with ¼ teaspoon salt and 1½ teaspoons sugar. Beat 3 egg yolks until quite thick and fluffy and add ¾ cup milk. Make a well in the dry ingredients and add the egg and milk. Beat until smooth, with first a spoon, then an egg beater. Add 1½ tablespoons melted shortening or salad oil. Let this stand a few hours.

Put on a kettle—and *how* I hope you have a deep-fat one kept only for frying—in it put 2 pounds shortening or 2 pints salad oil, set your timbale iron into it and let the fat heat to 375° F. The fat should come up over the iron—but don't have it so deep that the iron must be tipped. (Timbale will be lopsided if you do.) Four inches deep is good.

Stir the batter and pour some of it into a cup until the cup is about ¾ full. Take the hot timbale iron from the fat, quickly pour out the fat from the center of the iron, drain just a second on absorbent paper, and dip it into the cup of batter to ¾ of the depth of the iron. Lift the iron out; let the batter cook on the outside of the hot iron a moment—you'll see it steam—then plunge it quickly into the hot fat. If timbale batter doesn't cling to the iron, the iron is too cool. Be sure to have fat at 375° F. When the timbale is golden brown, slip it from the iron with a fork onto absorbent paper and drain. Then proceed with more batter in your cup to make the next one. If the batter gets thick from having the hot iron dipped in it, thin it with a little milk.

Timbales may be made the day before. They stay crisp and may be reheated in a low oven the day of the party. This receipt makes about 4 dozen. Timbale irons may be bought in any good housewares store.

The indispensable dish. Chicken salad is still the indispensable dish on a wedding-party menu. It's the first thought of the planning committee, it's the one dish that supports and carries out the whole scheme of the breakfast. (Why do they call it "breakfast" even if it trails along at four P. M. or later? But they do.) Never mind, here's a chicken salad that, instead of being heaped up in the biggest bowl you or one of the neighbors has, may be molded in heart-shaped individual salads. And that's as new as the last minute and highly appropriate for a wedding. Receipt? Coming right up, and here it is:

CHICKEN SALAD

Wash 3 youngish roasting chickens weighing about 5 pounds each. Place in a large roasting pan on a shallow rack. Add 1 quart water, a few celery leaves, 1 onion, cut up, and a few sprigs of parsley. Cover and simmer until the chickens are very tender, and the meat will part from the bones with ease. Lift out the chickens. Cool. Take the chicken meat from the bones and dice in ¼" pieces. There should be 3 quarts. Mix with 1½ quarts finely diced celery, 2 tablespoons salt, ¼ cup grated onion and 1 quart mayonnaise. Mix well. Soak 2 envelopes unflavored gelatin in ½ cup cold water or cooled chicken stock for 5 minutes. Set in a small bowl over boiling water and stir until the gelatin is dissolved. Stir the gelatin into the chicken mixture, tossing and mixing with a silver fork. Put into 25 individual heart-shaped molds (½ cup to a mold). Chill until firm.

To serve, loosen the molds in warm water or wrap each one in a hot wet towel, briefly, and turn out on platters. Garnish with watercress and green olives. This can be shaped in 2 large molds, if you don't have heart molds or enough individual molds. For smaller parties, this receipt can easily be cut to the size you want.

The chickens may be cooked and the salad made a day before the wedding. That is—if you want to. But keep it covered and keep it *cold*. To stack in the refrigerator: Arrange 1 dozen salads on a tray. Cover with wax paper, then put a cooky sheet on top and arrange the second dozen on top. Cover the top layer with two thicknesses of wax paper.

Neat and necessary. There must be exactly five hundred thousand and eleven kinds of sandwiches, and here we go, picking out a neat new number to round out the total. But I can tell you that you'd better provide plenty. They're little, you see, so they disappear at one gulp, and before you know it there'll be some replenishing to be done.

CUCUMBER SANDWICHES

Slice 1½ loaves white bread very thin, and cut into rounds with a 2" cutter. Peel and remove seeds from 1 large cucumber (cut cucumber in fourths lengthwise and it's easy to take out seeds and easier to dice too); chop fine and drain. (There should be enough for 1 cup. Use 2 cucumbers if they are not large.) Soften 1½ 3-ounce packages cream cheese with the back of a spoon. Mix with 6 tablespoons cold hollandaise sauce, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon grated onion and 1 cup chopped cucumber. Make into sandwiches with buttered bread rounds. Makes 6 dozen.

The hollandaise sauce may be made the day before. If you're slicing and cutting the bread the day before, line a pan with a damp cloth for holding the sliced bread and then wrap in wax paper or aluminum foil and store in the refrigerator. But just the same—if you're going to sit around playing with laundry tags or something, until the wedding is upon you, that's all right by me. But honest, I think the sandwiches should be

ıade from scratch the day you're using ıem. I put in the day-before idea in case—ell, in case.

omething cool. Even though it's October nd cooler days are in, the wedding feast ıust include a cold, refreshing, beautiful des-ert, to go along with the all-important cake.

ORANGE SHERBET MOLD

eat 9 eggs until light and thick, adding 2¼ ups sugar gradually while beating. Then dd 2¼ cups light corn sirup, 2¼ quarts ilk and 3 six-ounce cans frozen orange- or ıngerine-juice concentrate. Mix well. Add a w drops of yellow and red food coloring, if ou want the color stronger. Pour mixture ıto freezing trays. Put in the freezing com-artment. Set indicator to coldest position. hen almost frozen, scrape into a bowl. Beat uickly with hand or electric beater and pour ıto a 3-quart melon mold and the rest into a ½-quart melon mold and freeze until firm. n overnight freezing is a good idea. When ady to serve, dip the molds in warm water second, turn out on a platter and garnish ith green grapes and strips of candied range peel. If you do not have the type of eezing compartment that is big enough to ake a 3-quart mold, serve the sherbet plain, eaped in a crystal bowl. Scatter strips of andied peel over the top—for a garnish, you now.

n the spotlight. This is that central osition held without a word of contradiction y what is known as the Wedding Cake. Whether it's cut by a soldier's sword or a itchen carving knife, it's ıe bride's big moment at *is* affair when she and ıe groom sidle, blushing, p to the table and cut ıe cake.

In case you've decided) make the wedding cake, ere are receipts for both edding and bride's cake, nd all the directions for oing a thoroughly professional job—that's ot too difficult but looks wonderful. Won-erful to eat, too, give you my word.

It is unfortunate that Providence didn't think to give us our neighbors' children, since these are the only ones we know how to raise.

—DON ROSE: Stuff and Nonsense.

WEDDING CAKE

his is a three-tiered cake: the bottom layer a fruitcake; the top two layers, white ake—known as the Bride's Cake. Three-ered cake pans can now be bought for a nall sum, and I'm giving just the quanti-es to fill the pans used for this cake.

'or the large fruitcake: Make this cake weeks efore the wedding. (In fact, when they be-in to hold hands under the table or go for ıe double feature, you might as well get the herewithal together. It's inevitable!) Wrap ı cloth, kept damp from time to time with rape juice or something else suitable. Pre-are the fruits a day before you bake the ake.

Slice 1 pound candied cherries; cut ½ pound tron, ½ pound candied lemon peel, ½ ound candied orange peel and a 2-pound ox mixed candied fruits into small ½" ieces. The citron, lemon and orange peel, all iced, come in cans if you aren't wild about icing and such. Save time too. Put all to-ether with 1 pound seedless raisins, and let uits stand overnight in ¾ cup pineapple ıice. Sift 3¾ cups flour with 2 teaspoons alt, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 2 teaspoons llspice and 2 teaspoons cloves. Cream 2 ups butter or margarine until light. Add 1 up sugar gradually and beat well. Now add 0 eggs, 1 at a time, and beat well after each ddition. Add the sifted dry ingredients lternately with 1 cup honey and blend well. 'old in ½ pound shelled pecan halves and ½ ound toasted skinned shelled filberts (an asy way to skin shelled filberts is to place ıem in a moderately slow oven, 325°F., and eat until the skins can be rubbed off be-ween your fingers). Dredge the fruits with ½ cup flour and stir into the batter last. Line he large pan, which is 12" wide and 3" deep, ith 3 layers of greased brown paper, cut to t—bottom and sides. Fill ¾ full with batter. Bake 5½ hours in a very slow oven, 275°F. Place a large pan of hot water on the bottom rack of the oven and have it full of water throughout the baking period to keep the cake moist.

White or Bride's Cake for 2 top tiers: Cream ¾ cup butter or margarine very thoroughly with 1⅔ cups sugar. Sift together 2½ cups cake flour with 3½ teaspoons baking powder and ¾ teaspoon salt. Sift again. Add the dry ingredients alternately to creamed mixture with ¾ cup milk. Beat until smooth. Flavor with 1 teaspoon vanilla and 1 teaspoon almond extract. Lastly, fold in 5 egg whites, beaten to soft peaks. Grease the bottoms of 2 tier-cake pans—2" deep, one 6" in diameter, the other 8" in diameter. Pour in the batter and smooth evenly. Bake 1 hour for the 8" and 50 minutes for the 6" in a moderate oven, 350°F. Cool 5 minutes and turn out on a rack. Cool. Frost cakes with your favorite icing. This is ours.

Our icing: Mix 2¼ cups sugar with ¾ cup water and 2 pinches cream of tartar in a heavy pan that has a tight-fitting lid. Stir well. Cover tightly and bring to a boil, slowly, over low heat. Increase the heat and cook, uncovered, until the sirup spins double threads, or to a temperature of 250°F. (via the candy thermometer). Remove from the heat and pour the sirup gradually over 5 egg whites beaten stiff, beating thoroughly as you add it. Add a pinch of salt, 2 teaspoons vanilla and 1 teaspoon almond extract. Beat until the mixture is very glossy and stands up in fluffy peaks and will not run. Frost the fruitcake base first—put on the next tier—frost that and then the top tier.

The decoration idea behind this cake: Wedding cakes and table decorations are getting away from the all-white—cake decoration is less ornate, simpler to do and easier to cut. It was our idea to use a replica of the bride's bouquet for the top of the cake with the bridesmaids' bouquets on the lowest tier.

To make the old-fashioned bouquet ruffs, use 3½" lace-paper doilies for the bridesmaids' bouquets and a 5" doily for the bride's bouquet. Cut a circle out of the center of the doilies and a slit at the side. Cut out a 1" piece of the lace rim, overlap and fasten together.

Ornamental icing for making decorations: Put 4 egg whites in a bowl. Add ½ cup confectioners' sugar and beat 1 minute. Add more sugar until 2½ cups are used—keeping up the beating as you add. Add 1½ tablespoons lemon juice, gradually. Now keep adding confectioners' sugar (you'll need close to 2 pounds), until a knife makes a clean cut through the icing. This is the best test. And you can tell when it holds a shape. Try it out first to see if it acts right.

Divide the icing for tinting. Sometimes to get your right tints you will have to mix colors rather than using straight pink, yellow or whatever. A few drops of yellow and a few drops of red, for instance, make a lovely coral pink like a Talisman rose. A little yellow with the green gives a softer tint to the leaves. Given a pastry bag and three or four tubes and, before you can say Jack Robinson, you'll be an artist! Try to hold you, after that. The next thing will be the complete set.

Here's to the bride. And may I add my own good wishes? For all the brides who read these words, I wish all the happiness there is to be squeezed out of these hectic days and times. You'll find a lot of it, that I know. And if you keep the chin up and the head high (they go together), you won't let down a peg to the old diehards who say, "My dear, don't you think you ought to *wait?*" Don't do it. Have your October wedding, be a beautiful October bride. And don't forget all the days ahead, when "the air that is October's wine" gives savor to all the years to come.

THE END



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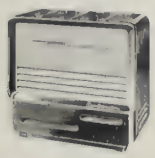
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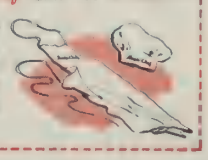
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"HIS EYE IS ON THE SPARROW"

(Continued from Page 45)

Charlie, my uncle, was woman-simple, but armless. Things just didn't matter much to harlie. He could whistle, and sold newsapers on the street corners. He was always alling in love with all the women he met. harlie was weak, and any woman he loved ould get him to do anything. She could tell im, "Go home and steal your sister's shoes," nd Charlie would do it. But Charlie did love hildren, and I was always a child to m.

My aunts, my mother and Charlie had to ring themselves up. Mom (when I say that, mean my grandmother; when I was very mall I called my mother Louise and, later n, Momweeze), in order to pay the rent in he rickety shanties where her children lived. as forced to take jobs where she had to eep in. So her children raised themselves. They lived in an alley and the boys were round the house all the time. When my randmother was home on her day off, ney'd watch for her to leave and then would art breaking the door down.

Louise, my mother, took no part in any of his. She was religious and wanted to be an vangelist. She went to church instead of ith the boys. She shut out of her mind verything worldly.

One of the boys who would come around o that rickety home in the alley was John Vaters, my father. There was a saying used nen when anyone wanted to ask if a girl was virgin. They would say, "Is she broke in et?" One day John Waters asked Vi, "Is ouise broke in yet?" Vi told him my nother wasn't.

Vi was the eldest and Mom had left her in harge of the others. But she plotted this hole thing out with John Waters, who was ark brown in color though he had white lood. Vi told him to come around on a day hen she was sure my grandmother wouldn't e home.

So John Waters, my father, came back one ay and forced my mother to submit to him. he tried to fight him, but he raped her, holdng a knife to her throat. She was only twelve nd didn't know what it was all about. And hat is how I was conceived.

My mother always hated my father, and ever afterward would have anything to do ith him. Nobody suspicioned anything was rong at the time. And my mother wouldn't ell, she being so hurt and hardly understandng herself what was happening inside her ody. It was Sally who finally noticed the change in her, the bulge that was beginning to show under her dress.

Mom just couldn't understand how such a thing could have happened. "Not to Louise," she kept saying. "Not to Louise."

Then my grandmother beat and upbraided my mother. Not because my mother had done wrong and was going to have a baby, but because Mom thought she had been sly.

That's when Vi came forward and told my grandmother, Sally Anderson, just how it had happened. Sally took my mother and Vi to see my other grandmother, Mrs. Lydia Waters. As far as I could ever find out, she was a white woman who had married a dark-brown Negro. But I am not sure of this. Her skin was a snowy white, but it is possible that she might have had some colored blood. She lived, after her marriage anyway, as a Negro and among Negro people.

LYDIA WATERS was in good circumstances. She denied the whole thing, telling Sally Anderson, my mother and Vi, "My son has never even been in your neighborhood. He couldn't possibly associate with riffraff, your kind of people."

It seems that, of all her children, my father was the one Lydia Waters loved best.

The contempt of Mrs. Waters upset Mom more than anything else. Along with her awful pride, she'd always despised dicties, which is the name my people have for those who look down on others and consider themselves superior.

My white grandmother then called my father into the room. He admitted having sex relations with my mother. But his account of the circumstances differed from Vi's. He denied using physical force.

Sally Anderson stood up. "I don't want him ever to cross my door again," she said. "We don't want nothing more to do with him."

She meant it. It never occurred to her to try to compel John Waters to marry my mother. What was important was finding out whether Louise had been sly and deceitful. She was convinced now, even though he denied it, that John Waters had forced my mother to give in to him.

That was the end of it, as far as Sally was concerned. She never asked or wanted my father or his family to contribute to my support. Until the end of Sally Anderson's life, she would fly into an uncontrollable fury if the name Waters was even mentioned in our



"As far as I can see, they don't do a thing for me!"

Let this Baked Cheese Loaf

OPEN YOUR EYES TO BORDEN'S CHATEAU*!



Once you discover Borden's Chateau, we doubt if you'll be happy with any other cheese food!

Some folks note its mellow-mild American Cheese flavor first! Others first notice its clean-slicing texture. And all agree that Borden's Chateau is the best-behaved cheese food you ever cooked with!

Chateau is made from the best American Cheese. Spreads—slices—melts to perfection! And here's a happy way for you to find out how Chateau improves all your cheese favorites—from sandwiches to main dishes. At your store, be sure to get Chateau (look for Elsie on the ½-lb. pkg. or 2-lb. loaf) and try this luncheon loaf today:

2 tbsps. butter
2 tbsps. chopped onion
2 tbsps. chopped green pepper
2 eggs, slightly beaten
1 cup milk
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. Worcestershire sauce
⅛ tsp. pepper
⅛ tsp. poultry seasoning
½ lb. Chateau, diced
3 cups cooked rice

Melt butter in top of double boiler. Add onions and peppers. Cook until soft. Add eggs, milk, seasonings and Chateau. Cook over hot water till cheese melts. Add rice. Pour into 8½ x 4½ x 2-inch loaf pan, greased and lined on bottom with waxed paper. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 40 minutes or till knife inserted in center comes out clean. Unmold and serve with tomato sauce. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Tops for Topping

BORDEN'S GRATED AMERICAN!

It's a clever cook who keeps a canister of Borden's Grated American on hand to add extra come-on to dozens of everyday dishes. On casseroles and escalloped dishes, it bakes to a crusty golden brown. Inviting and rich with the flavor of fine American Cheddar. At your food store—in handy 2-oz. and 4-oz. shaker-top canisters.

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"It takes *lard* to make a pie crust really tender and flaky—and it's the crust that makes the pie," say women everywhere who win blue ribbons for their pies.

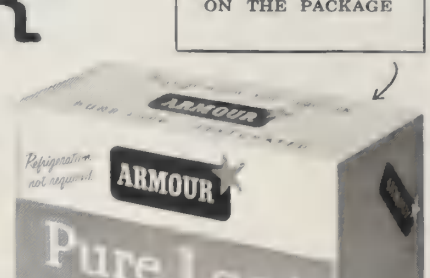
Yes, lard is the Magic Ingredient of the champions. And *Armour Star Lard* is their choice of lards—outselling any other brand at least 2 to 1! That's because Armour Lard is America's perfect pie lard—*texturated* for faster, easier mixing. Mighty economical, too!

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home. For this reason I never used my name while I was growing up.

When I was born, it was at my Great-aunt Ida's home in Chester, near Philadelphia. Sally Anderson was working in Chester, so she'd arranged for my mother to stay with her sister nearby.

My mother was alone in the house when I came into the world on October 31, 1900. She was alone because I arrived unexpectedly. There was no doctor or midwife. The woman next door was a hunky lady and she came in on hearing my mother cry out in pain. It was this hunky woman who delivered me. She notified my grandmother, who got excused from work for the day.

As soon as I was born my grandmother took over, my mother being only a child herself, a child under thirteen and utterly bewildered. She never wanted me, and my coming almost killed her.

After I was born everybody could see that I was the spitting image of the Waterses.

When my white grandmother, Lydia Waters, heard how much I resembled her family, she hurriedly married my father off to another girl whom she considered more respectable.

My mother also got married, shortly after my birth, to Norman Howard, a handsome, light-colored man. All the women in my family inclined to light-colored men, though I never did.

Norman Howard was a stoker, or an engineer, or something like that on the railway in Chester. Even after her marriage, my mother left me in the hands of my grandmother. She had a daughter by Norman Howard, my half sister, Genevieve, who is only fifteen months younger than I am.

I was about three years old when my father died. He was poisoned by another woman. My father was a pianist, a playboy, and everybody was crazy about him and his music. But just the same this woman poisoned him out of jealousy.

I can't remember ever seeing my father while he was alive. But I can remember being told by my aunts that he was dead. They took me to his home to see him.

Though I was only three years old, I remember being in that place and seeing all those people. I even remember the conversation before I was taken in to see my father in his coffin.

"Do you know why you're here, Ethel?"

"Yes. To see my father. He's dead."

I wasn't afraid. I knew there was a man in the big box, but that didn't scare me. What impressed me most was the setting, the white shroud, the flowers, the drapes.

I didn't go to the funeral. Knowing my grandmother would be coming home soon, my aunts rushed me back there so she wouldn't find out where they'd taken me. They were afraid of what Sally Anderson would do if she learned they'd taken me to the home of the Waterses.

SOON after I was born the stork visited our home twice. Ching had two children—Tom and Myrtle. Myrtle didn't live long enough to walk. Because my grandmother was away working so much, the responsibility of taking care of us fell on Vi and Ching. But they had their own lives to live and liked to go out. So we had to bring ourselves up. My aunts would take in washing and ironing and would work out by the day. But they would never, as my grandmother and later my mother did, take jobs as houseworkers where they had to sleep in. That would have prevented them from going out every night.

The main thing that Vi and Ching taught Tom and me when we were so little was to know our names and address. I was not Ethel Waters then. I was Ethel Perry. As a girl, I always used the name of the man my grandmother was in love with at the time.

Left to our own devices, little Tom and I often went out, hand in hand, adventuring. We were always being lost and found by policemen who would take us to the station house. They'd feed us candy and lots of other stuff. When we lived on Waverly Street, I'd tell them "Dikstien-dikstien Waverly." We got lost so often that, after a while, the policemen didn't ask, just took us to 1616 Waverly.

Tom also died when I was three.

MY grandmother, Sally Anderson, had three sisters and a brother. Three of the four—Elizabeth, George and Margaret—were snobbish and had little to do with us. Aunt Ida, whom we called Ide, was closest to Mom. Whenever things got tough, I was sent over to live with Ide for a while.

My whole childhood was almost like a series of one-night stands. I was shuttled about among relatives, continually being moved around to Camden, Chester and Philadelphia homes.

For some reason Mom, who was so disappointed in her own children, tried to cling to me. But her world was really in the kitchen and with the white families she worked for.

In her whole life, Mom never earned more than five or six dollars a week. Being without a husband, it was hard for her to find any place at all for us to live, a place she could afford. Even then she never got a chance to live with my aunts and me, could only visit us on her day off. Being with white people so much, she stopped living colored, thinking colored.

What broke Mom's heart was realizing that her children knew nothing and cared nothing about the better side of life. From the white people she worked for she had learned there could be a nice side. But Vi and Ching and Charlie took no interest in that. I think she saw I was different, even when I was very small, nothing like them.

Few books that are any good appear in our elementary or high school curriculum. It is perfectly possible to graduate from a good American college without reading a single great book in its entirety.

—DR. ROBERT M. HUTCHINS.

Almost always, when Mom would come to the bleak and dreary household she was trying to keep together, she'd find it full of men with Vi or Ching, or both of them, out stiff.

She would fight my aunts, trying to force her way of life on them—and they resisted. Mom had intelligence, but she never understood that people don't like to be prodded and ordered about and made to live somebody else's way. So always, when she came home, there was fighting and confusion.

Mom traced all her troubles to her unhappy marriage with Honey Anderson. She thought that Vi and Ching took to drink because their fathers were liquorheads. And always, it hurt her that she couldn't stay there and straighten out their harum-scarum lives.

She, Mom, was the greatest influence on my childhood. She never accepted our dismal surroundings, or felt they were good enough for her. She was passionate, almost fanatical on the subject of personal cleanliness. Each time she came home, she'd inspect my underwear and instruct me in the whole ritual of bodily care. We never had a bathtub. Mom would bathe me in the wooden or tin washtub in the kitchen, or in a big lard can we had. After scrubbing me, she would inspect my hair. Then she'd bend down and smell me all over to see if she could detect an odor.

Sally Anderson fought a never-ending war against bedbugs. We called them chinches and they were all over the place, hard-biting armies in constant battle formation, in the bed slats, the pillows and woodwork.

Mom never routed the chinches, though she worked ceaselessly. She'd wash everything with carbolic acid and other disinfectants. Twice I suffered bad burns: once when I put my hand into the carbolic acid while sleeping; once when I moved my head and the carbolic acid burned my face.

When the incessant attentions of the bedbugs prevented me from sleeping, Mom would put me on the floor, spreading newspapers all around me. The theory was that chinches were illiterates who wouldn't cross

(Continued on Page 164)



sunny-rich taste of Brer Rabbit "New Orleans" Molasses gives these muffins their unusual racter. And the new, easy one-bowl mixing method will make it your favorite muffin recipe.

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Brer Rabbit ALL-BRAN Muffins



JUST ONE BOWL! One quick stirring! No creaming of shortening! No beating of eggs. For best results be sure to use Brer Rabbit Molasses.

1 cup All-Bran
¾ cup milk
1 cup sifted flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup Brer Rabbit New Orleans Molasses*
1 egg
2 tablespoons soft shortening
½ cup raisins

1. Combine All-Bran and milk in mixing bowl.
2. Sift together flour, baking powder, soda and salt into same bowl. Add Brer Rabbit Molasses, egg, shortening, and raisins. Stir only until combined.
3. Fill greased muffin pans ⅔ full (*or for pan bread spread in greased 8 x 8-inch pan*). Bake in preheated moderately hot oven (400° F.) 20-25 minutes. (*Slightly longer for pan bread.*)

Makes 12 medium muffins (*or 9 squares of bread*).

Serve: with butter, cream cheese, cottage cheese, marmalade or apple butter.

*Use either of Brer Rabbit's two flavors: Gold Label—light, mild-flavored; Green Label—dark, full-flavored.

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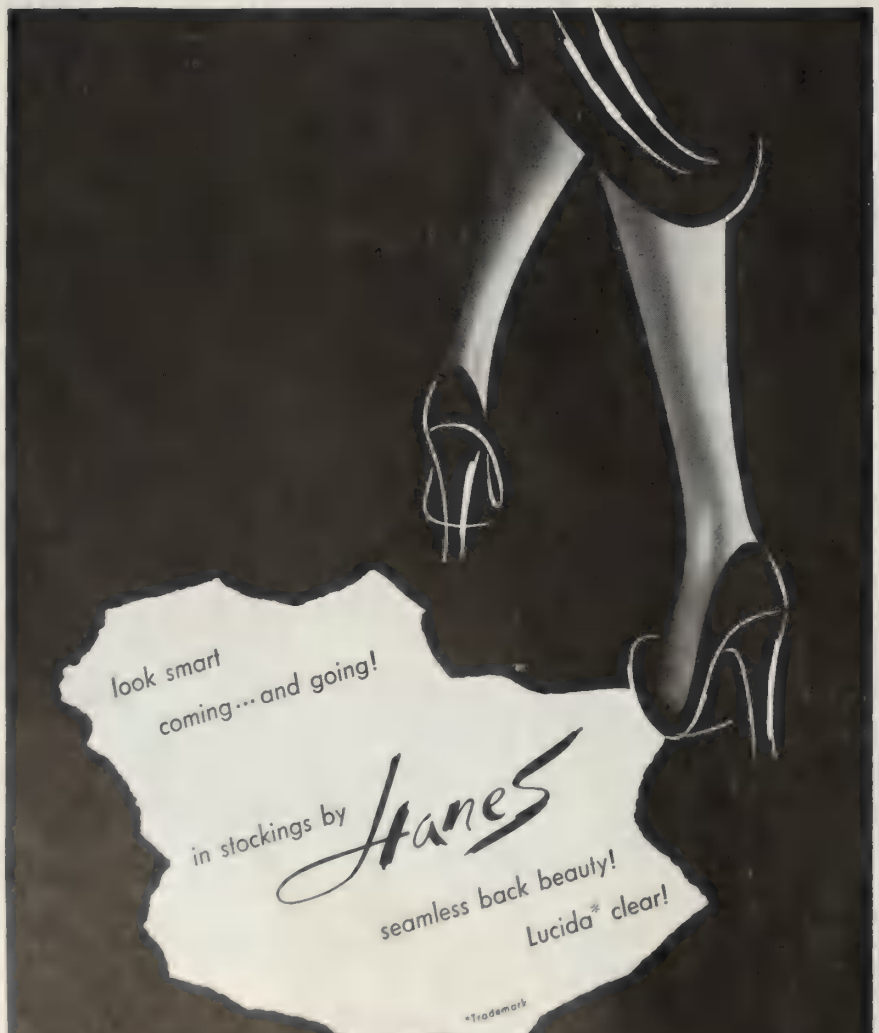
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(Continued from Page 162)

newspapers with printed words on them. But our chinches were Rhodes scholars, could read English, French, Spanish and Sanskrit. At any rate, the newspapers never stopped them.

For an odd reason, I had better luck outwitting the rats that would sometimes get into our closets. When I opened the door and came across one, I'd stand there, paralyzed by terror, and look into the face of the rat. He would watch me, alert and antagonistic. But if you didn't move, didn't attack him, he would slink away. It was only after he'd disappeared that I'd unfreeze enough to scream. And these rat-infested, bedbug-plagued shanties were all the home Sally Anderson ever had to go to when she left the spotless, clean houses of her white employers.

Frantic with defeat down through the years, Mom never quit on me. My great regret is that she didn't live long enough to share some of the money and the comforts my work in show business has brought.

Following Tom's death, I lived with Ide for a while, then was moved in with Vi, who was living in Camden with John Bassett, whom I called Uncle Bassett. He was a good provider and a family man. It was in this home that I learned what it was to have three squares a day and a bed to sleep in. Until I went to their house I'd just sleep anywhere, on the floor, a broken-down couch, two chairs, an ironing board, anywhere at all.

But it was also in their house, when I was between three and five years old, that I gained my first knowledge of life and sex. I was already tall for my age, and could outcurse any sailor. I knew that I was a bastard and what that meant. I've never in my whole life minded being a bastard. I've always found it can work both ways. If I wanted pity, I got it because I was illegitimate. And when I didn't want it and was mean and nasty, I always could say, "Well, what can you expect of an old bastard like me?"

Now Vi was fly, and Uncle Bassett was very jealous of her. She'd bring men into the house or skip over to Philadelphia while he was working. Above everything else she schooled me never to talk about anything I knew or saw. Little as I was, I knew how to keep my mouth shut—and I never got myself in Dutch by talking.

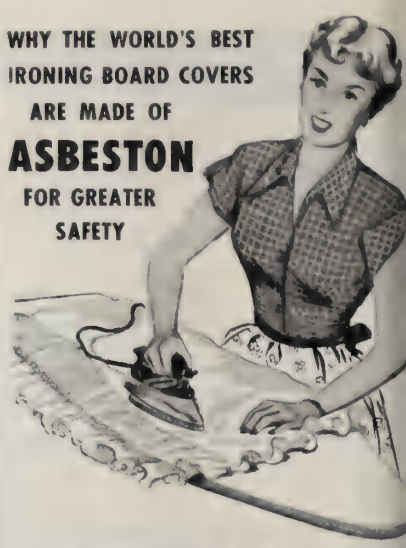
While I lived at their house I would play with another kid who lived on the other side of the street, across the car tracks. I always resented the ding-dong noise the streetcars made as they came along. I'd been told a thousand times to look both ways and wait for the cars to go by, but one day I decided to disregard the advice. So I just dashed in front of a car. The cowcatcher hit me and I was hurled to the opposite curb, knocking out two teeth and cutting my chin. I had a paper bag clutched in my hand. There were two pennies in it that I'd been given to buy sourballs. I held on tightly to that paper bag. A boy picked me up, but even with my teeth knocked out, I didn't let go of the bag with the two pennies in it.

My getting run over turned out to be a bad thing for Vi. It happened on one of those days when she had skipped over to Philadelphia. That she wasn't there to take care of me made Uncle Bassett suspicion there was something wrong. He slapped her. That made Vi mad and she beat the devil out of me. So first I had the accident, and then I got beat.

But Vi was pleased with me when the adjusters for the transit company came to question me about the accident. Nothing they could do or say made me change my story that it was "Car 81" that had hit me. I knew numbers because I had made Vi teach me to tell time. The company had to pay my family money for the accident.

Even then, at four and five, I was beginning to sprout. I was so huge that my people were having trouble about me on the streetcars. The conductors insisted I was at least seven and wanted three cents, half fare, paid for me. We had a hard time talking them out of that. I spoke right up along with my aunts. Whatever else I was, I was never timid.

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uring these first years of my life, my
ly was never settled in one place long
gh for me to go to church. But I was
ht to say my prayers every night. I was
that God was up there in heaven, watch-
ne. I would look up and try to see Him.
n things went wrong I'd get mad at Him
use He was falling down on His job of
ing after me. I fought with Him plenty,
plenty of fault to find with Him as a
girl.

ften, when my aunts wanted to go out at
t they'd give me a couple of drinks of
tened whisky and water before I went
eep to make sure I wouldn't wake up
e they were gone. As you can see, I
n't brought up in no home, and by no
ner or father.

here was one emotional outlet my people
ys had when they had the blues. That
singing. I'd listen, fascinated by the
es told in the songs. My whole family
d sing. Vi had a sweet, soft voice. Ching's
bell-like and resonant, Louise's rich and
n. One of the first pieces I remember Vi
ing was I Don't Want to Play in Your
d. Ching's favorites were There'll Come
me Some Day and Volunteer Organist.
ut, in the beginning, it was always
story told in the song that enchanted
I'd ask one of them, "Tell me a
y," when I was little, and they'd sing it.
ly family and the other families who lived
those alley homes
nonized without any
ruments to accom-
y them. There were
icians in the neigh-
nood, fellows who
ed the banjo, man-
n, guitar and the bells
netimes one man
ld play all of them).
they played at par-
and sometimes on
et corners. We never
the money for a
y. There was al-
s people in the
se but that wasn't
no party.
can remember com-
nome some days when
would be drunk.
'd be sitting there
n a bottle, all alone
feeling her blues. And she'd start to
, softly and sweetly.
ut singing and dancing was nothing
ng us colored people. It came natural as
thing.

lid have one childhood home for more
n a few weeks. It was a three-room shanty
n alley just off Clifton Street. Prostitu-
was legal in Philadelphia then, and Clif-
Street, in the old Bloody Eighth Ward,
in the heart of the red-light district.
here was always something interesting to
ch in that lively neighborhood. I was
yet six years old when we moved there,
seven when we left. I came to know well
streetwalkers, the ladies in the sporting
ses, their pimps, the pickpockets, shop-
rs and other thieves who lived all around
I played with the thieves' children and
sporting women's trick babies. It was
y who taught me how to steal.
hings at home didn't change much, but I
ember the little alley home as the heaven
earth of my childhood. For once, we were
together in a whole house—Vi, Ching,
arlie, me, Mom on her days off. And after
while, Louise also came to live with

We stayed in Clifton Street for fifteen
nths. That was the only time I could feel
t I had a family that wasn't continually
upting.
All of us dead-end kids ran errands for the
stitutes. Some of them were good for as
ch as fifteen, twenty or twenty-five cents
ne day. We spent most of our earnings on
dy and food. You could buy a frankfurter
three cents at a street stand, yat-gaw-mein
t a nickel in the Chinese joints, and for a
e you could get a whole plate of fish and
French-fried potatoes at a food stand called See Willie's.

A bunch of us would often sleep all night out on the street, over the warm iron gratings of bakeries or laundries. Our families didn't care where we were and these nesting places, when you put your coat under you, were no more uncomfortable than the broken-down beds or bedbug-infested pallets we had at home. Being so large for my age, I was accepted as an equal by older boys and girls. My biggest asset as a street child was my ability to keep my mouth shut.

Along with a few other Clifton Street youngsters, I acted as a semiofficial lookout for the sporting houses. Though prostitution was a legalized business, there were occasional police raids. These came when church groups bore down heavily on the authorities or after one body too many, stabbed, shot or cut up, had been found in some dark alley.

ANY of us slum children could smell out a cop even though he was a John, a plain-clothesman. Usually we'd be playing some singing game on the street, a game like Here Come Two Dudes A-Riding or the one that begins,

King William was King James's son,
Upon his breast he wore a star,
And that was called ——

On smelling out the common enemy, we boys and girls would start to shout the songs, accenting certain phrases. The other kids, even those who weren't lookouts, would innocently imitate us, and in no time the whole neighborhood would be alerted. The street women would disappear, the lights would go out and the doors would be locked in the sporting houses.

Some of the friendlier policemen tried to be nice to us, but that got them nowhere. It was an unwritten law not to accept candy from cops or have anything to do with them. It was the only law that was never broken on Clifton Street.

The Bloody Eighth at that time was not exclusively a Negro slum. We had plenty of white neighbors, Hunkies and Jews, and some Chinese. I didn't know much about color then. There was no racial prejudice in that big melting pot, running over with vice and crime, violence, poverty and corruption. I never was made to feel like an outcast on Clifton Street. All of us—whites, blacks and yellows—were outcasts there together and having a fine time among ourselves.

Anyway, racial prejudice couldn't have existed in that neighborhood where vice was the most important business. The white and black streetwalkers worked together. The two men who owned and protected most of them were Lovey Joe and Rosebud, both Negroes. It was not considered unusual for a black prostitute to have a trick baby white as a lily.

No woman in my immediate family ever turned to prostitution. Neither were they saints. Sometimes they lived with men they weren't married to. And they never saw anything wrong in getting what presents they could from their men—shoes for themselves or for me, clothes or money.

Sally Anderson hated the idea of me growing up in the red-light district, but there was nothing she could do about it. The alley shanty was the best home she could find for us on the five or six dollars she got a week.

But Mom had no objection to doing the weekly laundry of the prostitutes. However, they had to address her respectfully as Mrs. Perry or she wouldn't take their work. Mom used that name all the years she was in love with Pop Sam Perry, who was a huckster and had his own little vegetable wagon. Vi and

(Continued on Page 167)

Inside

By Elizabeth McFarland

Here in this room,
In this warm place,
With Brahms still shining
On your face,

And a bright pulse
Behind your brow—
I almost feel
I know you now.

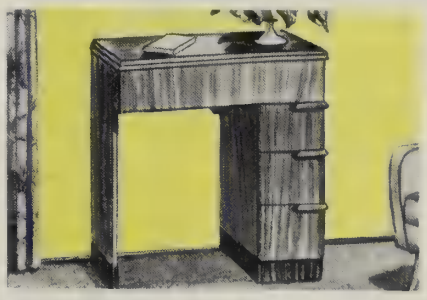
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TASTE A MELTING MORSEL of devil's food cake made with the new Swans Down Mix. Deeply, darkly, utterly lush and rich!

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Cake flour milled by Swans Down . . . fresh, all-vegetable shortening . . . and the same egg whites with delicate, spring-fresh flavor that make Swans Down *Instant* Cake Mix so wonderful. Nothing to add but milk.

With this new orange butter frosting —oh, *oh*, what a glorious cake!



Sunny Orange Chocolate Cake

Prepare layers as directed on Devil's Food Mix package. Cool. Frost with:

Sunny Orange Butter Frosting

- 6 tablespoons butter
- 1½ teaspoons grated orange rind
- 3 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
- Dash of salt
- ¼ cup orange juice
- 2 drops almond extract

Cream butter and orange rind. Blend in part of sugar gradually. Add salt and mix well. Then add remaining sugar, alternately with orange juice, beating after each addition until smooth. Add almond extract and blend. Sprinkle additional grated orange rind on top of frosted cake, if desired.

SWANS DOWN Devil's Food Mix

COMPLETE! Just add milk—no expensive eggs!

The mix that won the experts! All-variety Instant Mix!

Makes beautiful, velvet-soft white cake, yellow cake, quick cocoa cake, pineapple upside-down cake, brownies, cookies . . . recipes with every box.

It's America's favorite white cake mix!

Black and White Pecan Cake

- 1 package Swans Down Instant Cake Mix
- 1 cup milk
- Seven-minute frosting
- 2 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted and cooled

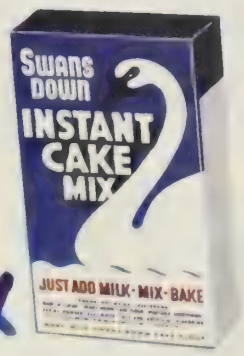
Mix and bake cake as directed on package. Prepare seven-minute frosting, then add chocolate, stirring gently. Frost cake and garnish with pecan meats.

Lemon Frosted Spice Cake

Prepare Spice Cake as directed on Swans Down Instant Cake Mix package. Cool. Use orange frosting recipe above, substituting lemon rind for orange rind and 2 tablespoons each lemon juice and milk for orange juice. Garnish with chopped nut meats.

Orange Blossom Cake

Bake Orange Cake as directed on Instant Cake Mix package. Frost with Sunny Orange Butter Frosting.



SWANS DOWN Instant Cake Mix



Swans Down Cake Flour and Cake Mixes are products of Ge

(Continued from Page 165)

ing also insisted that their prostitute tomers treat them with dignity and pect.

We had one family link, though, with stitution. This was Blanche, one of m's nieces, who was only seven or eight rs older than I. Though Mom shook her d over Blanche's way of life, she was ays biased in her favor because she was relative. Blanche often played with me, d me stories and sang little songs with me. r beauty fascinated me, and that young stitute gave me some of the attention and ection I was starving for. Whenever I ped off the sporting world that the cops e just around the corner I felt I was doing or Blanche and her friends.

Mom always did Blanche's laundry and I livered it. Blanche soon decided that she ld trust me completely. Lovey Joe, the p, was her sweetheart and she'd send ssages to him through me. Whenever they rreled, Lovey Joe would find me on the eet and give me notes to deliver to nche. Afterward, he was always able to eet-talk himself back into her affections.

Later, Blanche got into the habit of sending me to the druggist with a sealed envelope. 'd give me bichloride of mercury, blue tment and larkspur. Blanche had syphilis, ich was called The Fox. She had a horrible e on her upper leg that eventually became painful she couldn't bear to bathe it herf. So I would wash it for her, apply the dicines and help her pull on the specially de stocking she had to ar.

Blanche was in and out my life until I was elve. In the last stages her life, and still not enty years old, she took sniffing cocaine and ng the bang needles to get the pain. From that ne drugstore I got the pe she had to have.

In Clifton Street I was learning all there is know about prostitution and degeneracy, o heroin, cocaine and morphine. I learned ll at the age when other children were discovering life by reading Robinson Crusoe and beautiful fairy tales of Hans Christian dersen.

I never have forgotten that sweet, lovely-king Blanche and what it was like to tch her decay and rot before my eyes. I'd her at night, all dressed up and gay, and en the next day so ripped and pounded by n.

The prettiest sight in that neighborhood me at dusk when the lights were turned on the sporting houses. I'd stand on the street d look in with awe at the rich, highly lished furniture and the beautiful women ting at the windows wearing low-cut eveng gowns or kimonos.

But there was Blanche—and others. anche, poor soul, did more to keep me aight in the tough years to come than any rson I ever knew. I never have touched uor except for medicinal purposes because aw as a child what whisky and gin do to ople. I don't smoke because cigarettes are ever associated in my mind with the nking and chaos there. If I don't gamble it because I know what trouble *that* can bring. Whatever moral qualities I have come, I'm raid, from all the sordidness and evil I served, firsthand, as a child. However, I not wish to exaggerate the impact of the il that constantly surrounded me when I as little. I was tough always and, like all m kids, able to adjust myself to any situations.

EING so enormous for my age, I didn't cape the attentions of the fully grown men the neighborhood who liked little girls. he first thing that I discovered about sporting men, society's despised pimps, was that ey had a much more moral attitude toward ds than many of the squares around Clifton reet.

Lovey Joe, Rosebud and the others had rict "Hands off!" code with little girls. I think they would have beaten to death any other pimp who molested one of us youngsters.

Actually, being such a wised-up child, I don't think I was ever in too much danger from degenerates. Nobody was handing me any package. My vile tongue was my shield, my toughness my armor. With my gutter vocabulary and my aggressiveness, I outshocked the odd ones.

When Louise joined us in Clifton Street it was because she'd been having a little woman trouble. My Pop Norman was a handsome, light-brown-skinned man. He chased the women—and vice versa. One of Pop Norman's bright flames became so bold that she came to Louise's house to flaunt her intimacy with my stepfather.

My mother and the bright flame tangled. During the fight, Louise picked up a railroad spike and beat the other woman so badly that she had to be taken to the hospital. Louise left Genevieve, my half sister, with Norman's parents, and came to live with us. She stayed until the Chester police lost interest in the case.

I'd always been told that Louise was my mother. That hadn't meant anything to me because I always called my grandmother "Mom" and felt so much closer to her. But when Louise moved into the shanty I began to realize she was my mother and came to like her. But she never liked me; she merely tolerated me.

Yet once, while in Clifton Street, I did feel she cared for me with a mother's affection. I suffered, when six, an attack of typhoid fever and double pneumonia and was taken to the Pennsylvania Hospital, where Louise was working as an attendant. When the doctors there told Louise I might die, some of the long-repressed maternal love seemed to come to life in her. She spent as much time as she could in the hospital at my bedside.

I once heard a guest ask an old Scottish keeper if he knew of a good retriever for sale. The old man's blue eyes twinkled as he answered, "Sir, there never was a *good* dog for sale." —GUY FARRAR.

Sally Anderson had always inclined to the Catholic faith. When she learned that I might not survive my illness, Mom sent for Father Healey, of St. Peter Claver R. C. Church. He baptized and anointed me.

After I recovered, Louise went back into her shell, ignoring me as much as possible. She always lavished all her mother's love on Genevieve. If she couldn't love me, I suppose it was because I was the living reminder of the most frightening day of her life.

Pop Sam Perry was always kind to me and would take me for a walk sometimes on Sunday "Dress Ethel up," he'd say, "I want to take her out." Hand in hand, we'd walk through the bleak, dreary streets, looking into the shopwindows and ending up with a visit to an ice-cream parlor.

Whenever Pop Sam Perry had an argument with Mom, I knew enough to keep away from her. When things weren't going well in her love life, she seemed to take it out on me. But at all other times I was her favorite. For me, there was one pleasant feature about her militant weekly home-comings. Mom always came home with "cold functions" for me.

In those days most of the white people who had Negro servants preferred to throw leftover food in the garbage pail to giving it to the people who worked so hard for them around the house.

Early in her life Mom figured out a way to outwit her white bosses. She sewed little pockets in an apron, and filled the pockets with neatly done up parcels of food—sandwiches, pieces of pie or cake, sugar and eggs. Then when she was ready to take her day off on Thursday she'd put on the heavily laden apron under her petticoat. Mom could sneak any kind of food out of her boss's house except soup.

The parcels were my "cold functions." When I was very little I'd pull up her dress and dive under it, yelling "What did you bring me tnis time, Mom? What did you bring me?" Mom always got a big thrill out of that.

Tips on a NEW AMERICAN CUSTOM

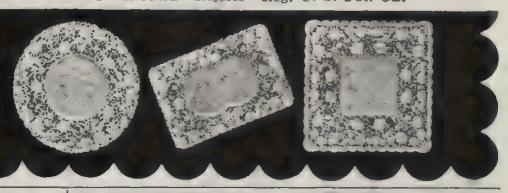


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Here's a real treat for the children, when they come storming in after school. And good for them, too, for PLANTERS PEANUTS are packed with nourishment.

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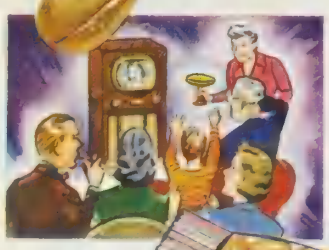
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Whether it's lunch at school, at work, or on a hunting trip, PLANTERS PEANUTS add zest to every meal. They pack more protein than meat, fish or eggs.

They taste so good...

as a T-V snack!



You watch and nibble, and nibble and watch, and your watching enjoyment is doubled by the zestful goodness of these crisp, oven-fresh favorites. Keep several cans handy, always.



These PLANTERS products are also made in Toronto and sold everywhere in Canada.

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PLANTERS is the word for PEANUTS

Sometimes, on days when she wasn't coming home, she worried about me not getting enough to eat. Whenever she could, she'd fix up a parcel of food for me, and leave it on a post or the garbage pail of the house where she was working, and I'd come out and get it.

But I can never remember Mom kissing or hugging me. She wasn't demonstrative, and I think she feared that Vi and Ching would resent her showing affection and make my life a living hell while she was out working. Vi, more than Ching, was always jealous of the way Mom tried to take care of me.

Being a tough-minded and realistic child, I can't say that Mom's home-comings gave me any great pleasure, despite the delicious "cold functions." Only on the rare occasions when she found my aunts sober was there peace in the house. But almost always she'd come home and find them high—nasty and horrible on gin that cost ten cents a pint. Mom would chase their men friends out, and sometimes hit my aunts.

Fortunately, neither Vi nor Ching dared fight back. They seemed to realize, even when they were drunk, that Mom's terrible temper would drive her on and on until she'd killed or crippled them.

Once, though, Ching, the easier-going one, did try hitting back. In her rage, Mom bit a piece of flesh out of Ching's arm. Police questioned Ching when she was taken to the hospital, but she refused to tell who had bitten her.

It was natural for the children of the shoplifters and pickpockets who taught me to steal to follow in their parents' footsteps. These kids were older than I. They accepted me as an equal, not only because I was hep and so big for my age, but because they were awed by my atomic delivery of the king's profanity. Some of these words they had never heard before. Generously, with the children who were my friends, I shared my encyclopedic knowledge of bad words, offering precise definitions of what each term meant. I also saw fit to punish my enemies by refusing them this valuable information.

Sometimes we would stand on the street screaming curses at the top of our voices. The older boys and girls who were my friends sometimes went into the darker alleys at night to make fumbling sex experiments. I was always happy to be their lookout, though I took no such pride in this as I did in singing and whistling warnings to the neighborhood brothels and street women. I, myself, made no such experiments. Sex didn't interest me. There was nothing about it I didn't know.

I got my kindergarten course in thievery when the pickpockets' kids showed me how to swipe bags of rolls and bottles of milk from doorsteps and porches. I displayed such adeptness that I soon became their leader. We stole so much that we exhausted the looting possibilities of the neighborhood and had to fan out into other sections.

I stole because I was always hungry. I'm still always hungry, now that I come to think of it. Whenever I remember the old days on Clifton Street, I develop a lumberjack's appetite. And I think of those days often. We never felt there was anything wrong in stealing. I still don't know what's wrong about a kid's stealing when he's hungry.

When my grandmother wasn't home, we seldom sat down to a fully prepared meal. My aunts lived on liquor and seldom felt like eating much. But after they found out that I was the best child thief in the Bloody Eight Ward they occasionally decided that a cooked meal wouldn't kill them.

Whenever this happened, they'd send me out with a quarter. If there was no cash in the house, they'd have me gather up all the empty whisky and beer bottles and return them. If there were not enough empties to get twenty-five cents, I'd be sent to the pawnshop to borrow a quarter on a new pair of shoes some admirer had given Vi or Ching.

Once I had the quarter, I was ready to go shopping and stealing. First I'd buy wood for three cents and charcoal for a nickel. Walking into the bakery, I'd order a loaf of yesterday's bread, which also cost three cents. When the man turned to get the bread from a shelf, I'd slip a half-dozen cinnamon buns into my big shopping bag.

In the butcher shop I'd ask for three cents' worth of cat or dog meat. The butchers on Clifton Street only had to look at my big hungry eyes to know that I didn't want the meat for any pet animal. They'd give me plenty of good scraps fit for human consumption.

Swiping fresh vegetables was the easiest of all. If the owner was inside the store, I'd just take my choice of the potatoes, onions, carrots and peas on the stands outside his shop. If he was outside, I'd order three cents' worth of salt or something else I knew he kept in the rear of his store. By the time he came out with it, I had my bag full of vegetables covered up by the package of meat.

My ability to go out with a quarter and come back with a whole dinner—and some change—delighted my aunts. They never tired of praising my prowess.

I stopped stealing some years later while I was living in Chester. One day I went out carrying a parasol, to the five-and-dime store. Because of its wide variety of merchandise, this was the kind of store I most enjoyed robbing.

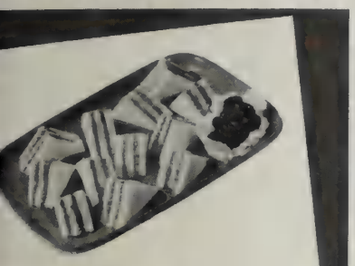
Everything I took—hair ribbons, chocolate bars, toys and trinkets of all sorts—I dropped into my parasol. But when I came out of the store it was raining like mad. I couldn't open the parasol because all my loot would have fallen out.

I had to walk all the way home in the teeming rain, carrying the parasol. Everyone I met looked at me as though I were crazy. Soaked to the skin, I indignantly decided



"Hi, Ernie—someone's got a blue convertible kiddie coupé parked smack up against a fireplug out there."

ANGLO
CORNED BEEF

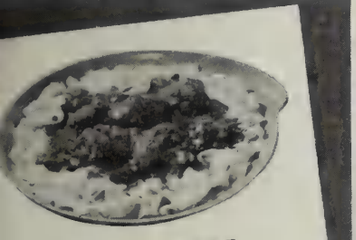


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Corned Beef
Double Deckers

Mince corned beef. Mix with Tartar sauce. Spread between slices buttered bread. Cut in triangles.

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N SALE AT ALL GOOD GROCERS

petty larceny didn't pay if it made me get that wet. Thereafter, I stole things only once in a while to find out whether I still retained the magic touch.

Our home in Clifton Street broke up when I got diphtheria. Louise had moved to a furnished room quite a distance away. Mom sent me there on an errand, telling me to stay overnight. When I woke up in the morning I was sick. Mom heard that the Philadelphia health authorities were planning to quarantine the house. She hurried out and took me to the home of Aunt Ide, who'd moved to North Chester. Mom could have been sent to jail for that, so it was just as well that we got out of the city of Philadelphia for a while.

Aunt Ide's house in North Chester was in a semirural neighborhood. When I woke up there in the morning I could smell the trees and the grass, and hear birds singing. In the school I went to there, I met a better class of children. I considered them morons because they obeyed their parents.

I wasn't permitted to remain long in bucolic North Chester. Mom soon got a little place for us in the rear of a Jewish family's house in Philadelphia. Their back yard was my front yard and I played with the two children, but mostly with the little Jewish boy who was about my age.

Every afternoon our games were interrupted by the arrival of his rabbi, who was giving him Hebrew lessons. The Jewish boy hated to stop playing to learn the ancient prayers and chants. But I was intrigued by the strange sounds. I'd stand under the window listening, without, of course, understanding a single word.

Because of my phonographic ear, I could repeat them, syllable for syllable. The rabbi heard about this and had me say some of the Hebraic prayers for him. He mistook my mimicry for genius, and constantly was reproaching his student for not being as good a scholar as the little Negro girl who had never taken one lesson in Hebrew.

On having a fight with Mom, Louise would snatch me away to live with her in Chester. Beginning when I was eight, she had another reason for this besides hurting Mom. It occurred to her that she could make some money by putting me out to work. She'd do this even if she could get only fifteen cents by having me work all day. She also taught me to set bread for her neighbors. She'd get twenty-five cents from each woman and I'd make as much as $1.50 for her on a Saturday night. But setting bread is hard work and my wrists would swell up like balloons.

I was just eight years old the time Louise hired me out to a white woman who lived in West Chester. This woman gave me the filthiest, most disgusting jobs around the house to do. When I refused to do them, she threatened to beat me.

"If you ever tried to beat me," I told her, "I would kill your baby."

"How would you kill him?" she asked.

"I'd just pick him up and take him downstairs. Going down the steps, I'd let myself stumble so he'd fall on his head. That would kill him, I guess."

The white woman didn't beat me. But she fired me. I had to come back to Chester on the milk train next morning.

My imagination always seemed to flower most lushly when I was threatening people. One reason I quickly became a leader of the bad kids wherever I moved was that I could dream up frightening stories. In Philadelphia, I had a friend, Sis, whom I kept in a state of terror by whispering to her the dark secrets of my past.

"Look out," I'd say, "I once killed another girl like you for not doing what I told her."

"How did you kill her?" asked Sis, her eyes big with fear.

"I stuck a needle in the top of her head. I pushed the needle all the way in. The hole closed up so nobody ever found out she was murdered."

"Where was this?"

"In Camden," I said, knowing Sis could never check up if I made it Camden. "And you better keep watching the color of my eyes. If they change color, watch out. The

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days my eyes change color is when I murder people. I'll kill you, too, if you ever tell anyone that I'm a murderer."

After that, Sis was so in awe of me I could get her to give me anything she had—an orange, a stick of candy, a ball. But I knew Sis would tell the other kids I'd killed a girl and make them so scared they'd let me be their leader, and do whatever I wanted.

I was a bad girl, all right. I wanted other people to like me, but never made the slightest effort to win them over. I felt it was up to them to discover my remarkable qualities.

Whenever I lived with Louise, I made life a nightmare for my half sister Genevieve, who was lighter in color than I, and was treated much better by my mother. "Yaller dog" and "Yaller puppy" were my favorite names for Genevieve. But I'd warn her, "I'll kill you if you ever say I'm dark. Don't you ever dare say I'm blacker than you."

We had a pallet on the floor to sleep on. It was so narrow that we had to sleep head and tail. Being taller than Genevieve, I'd pretend to be asleep and kick her in the face again and again.

The greatest thing in my whole childhood happened when I was nine. Purely by accident, I had a chance to walk for a little while in a clean and brightly shining world. Someone told Mom that a new Catholic school for white and colored children had just been opened and she entered me there.

The school was in a neat, brownstone house that had been a private home. I went there, determined to hate my teachers and to lose no time establishing myself as a holy terror. But from the beginning, the nuns were so patient and understanding that I couldn't cope with them, couldn't hate them.

The first thing I noticed was that they expected you to answer "Yes, Sister" or "No, Sister" when they asked you a question. I'd already learned that if you didn't say "ma'am" when addressing any white woman, you, as a Negro, were liable to have your block knocked off. "Sister" was the friendlier term Negroes used among themselves.

I soon came to love the instruction periods in which our teacher, Sister Mary Louise Agnes, told us little stories about the boy Jesus, and told them beautifully. I was moved deeply when she told me how close Mary was to Jesus, and that you could ask her for things and she'd ask Jesus to see that you got them.

There was a statue in our classroom of Mother Mary and the infant Jesus. Sister Mary Louise Agnes told us that any good child would be rewarded by being allowed for a whole week to kneel alone, close to the statue, and say his prayers.

"I want to pray in front of the statue, all by myself, right now," I told the white nun.

"There are other little girls ahead of you, Ethel," she explained. "But if you are good, your turn will come."

Even though I couldn't believe her, that fixed me. It was impossible for me to visualize myself, a battered and buffeted bad girl, being allowed to pray so close to the image of the Virgin and the boy Jesus, so close and all alone. Some way would be found to gyp me.

Yet I couldn't be quite sure of that. The only possible way to find out was by behaving myself.

And after only a few weeks, I got my chance. I could hardly believe it. As soon as the week was up, I asked Sister Mary Louise Agnes, "Why can't I pray all next week before the sacred image?"

"You'll have another chance, Ethel. Just keep on being a good girl. But first the others must have their turn."

Convinced I'd not be cheated, I was hooked into permanent good behavior. I loved every hour in that school—except one: the hour when we all went downstairs to the recreation room in the basement to eat lunch.

The trouble was that I seldom had any lunch. If there was anything in the house to eat, it would be some stale old cakes. I was afraid to bring them, knowing the other kids—who had sandwiches, fruit, fresh cake, hard-boiled eggs—would make fun of me. That would make me fly at them. And when I had nothing, I couldn't sit there and watch them eat.

To get out of my dilemma, I began to act up a little, always just before the lunch period, so I'd be kept upstairs. But I never slid on discipline enough to endanger my chance of praying again all alone before the sacred image.

The nuns noticed. They must have guessed what I was doing. They began to send me on little errands each morning. That gave them an excuse to ask me to eat the noontime meal with them. I gladly accepted their food for what it seemed to be, pay for the errands I had done.

Several times the sisters asked about my parents. I always had the right evasive answers—my grandmother worked out, my mother had married again and lived over in Chester, so my two aunts were taking care of me.

Gradually, I was becoming more and more of a Catholic. But when the soft-voiced nun first suggested I go to confession, I told her, "I can't go to confession, Sister."

"Why not, Ethel?" she wanted to know.

"I just couldn't tell the father all the bad things I've done." I was thinking of all the stealing, fighting and cursing I'd done.

I was afraid that any full and honest confession from me would shock the priest so that he'd fall right out of his box onto the marble floor of the church. In the end though, Sister Mary Louise Agnes and the other nuns talked me into taking a chance.

The very least I expected was that the father would be so appalled at hearing about all I'd done that he'd tell me never to come back. But I went. That first confession of mine took hours. Yet all the priest said, on hearing me out, was:

"I understand, my child. You must not swear any more. You must not do these other things ever again."

My penance that first day was saying ten Hail Marys and five Our Fathers before each of the fourteen stations of the cross in the church. You just won't cheat on a thing like that when you're a child. I stayed in that church, saying penance, darn near all night. I tried not to be so bad a girl and was very proud of myself when I cut down my penance to a mere hour and a half, after only a few weeks.

I would leave the school, full of hope, and feeling exalted.

Then I had to go home.

From eight in the morning until two each day, I'd feel wanted, enriched by the affection of the nuns, an accepted member of the human race.

But nothing had changed at home. Always it was the same: Vi or Ching drunk, nothing washed or clean, nothing in order, the smell

(Continued on Page 173)

It Isn't Cheating—

When Marian Spitzer's doctor told her that she had tuberculosis, would have to lie flat on her back for months, following a strict routine to save every bit of energy, she crossed her fingers, made her own plans. "It isn't cheating if you don't get caught," she thought.

Here, in her own words, is the story of how a woman learned that she was a cheat, a liar—and a fool—and nearly died in the learning.

I Took it Lying Down

By Marian Spitzer

Complete in November Journal, condensed from the book soon to be published by Random House, Inc.



Refresh . . . Add Zest to the Hour

In town, ice-cold Coca-Cola is around the corner from anywhere.

But out where there are no corners, the hero of the party

is the one who brings the Coke along—ice cold in the handy picnic cooler.





Ask for it either way . . . both trade-marks mean the same thing.

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For every woman who leads a double life...



CAPABLE YOU! You wield your own dish mop—suds your own duds. But you needn't let it roughen and redden your hands—not anymore! Now you can stop the damage before it starts—with Trushay, the "beforehand" lotion! So different from "ordinary" lotions, you apply Trushay BEFORE doing dishes or light laundry! Then when evening comes and it's . . .

GLAMOROUS YOU—the woman who loves to dress up and go—your Trushay-guarded hands are smooth and attractive. For creamy, fragrant Trushay—applied BEFORE each daily washing task—protects your hands right *in* the hot, soapy water! Actually helps *prevent* its drying damage—protects your hands while you work! Begin today to use Trushay!

TRUSHAY . . . *the "beforehand" lotion . . . guards your hands even in hot, soapy water!*



Wonderful, too, as a quick skin softener—Trushay's rich oils soothe and smooth chapped, roughened skin. Grand for elbows, heels, knees.



As a flattering powder base—Trushay makes powder cling beautifully, never gets that gummy look. Protects your skin from weather-chap.



As an after-shave lotion—Oil-rich Trushay smooths away after-shave dryness and flakiness. Legs and underarms feel velvet-soft.



A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

(Continued from Page 170)

peer and smoked cigarettes all over the el. And the same tensions and recrimina-s.

What saddened me most was knowing how e they could be when sober. If there had n no drinking, we could have been the piest little family in the world—even nout money, or anything but the barest essities. All of us had a wonderful sense umor, and were full of fun and laughter. Louise had never approved of my Catholi-n and didn't let me stay in the school very g. But I did return there, intermittently, ing the two years that followed.

My mother never drank heavily. Old-ioned religion was her refuge. I've always that I inherited her deeply religious feel-s, but her conception of God was nothing mine.

My mother didn't make God ugly exactly, she sure made Him wrathful. I felt that d loved me as I loved Him. To me, He was er a tyrant, an enemy waiting to pounce made some mistake.

Though Louise's religion was almost fanat-, she wasn't as strict with me as Mom. I d hard to please her, but she never be-ie as fond of me as she was of Genevieve, legitimately born child. But Louise must e retained some smoldering maternal in-ct toward me. When Norman hit her, d never fight him. Yet when I tried to e her part, and he'd lift his hand to me, ise would go for him like a tigress.

Louise was so scrawny and starved-looking t once the Chester health authorities ed she might be tubercular. They asked to bring Genevieve and to their offices so we, could be examined. To d us up they allotted wo dozen eggs a week six quarts of milk daily. My half sister and I lost ime, immediately going the retail dairy-prod-s business. We sold our eggs and milk to the ire neighborhood at gain prices and earned plenty of pocket ney.

y the time I was eleven I was so big that d trouble getting men to leave me alone. eral times Mom sent me to a doctor who mined me to find out if I was still a virgin. doctor said I was a virgin but said I ght be going into a decline." This meant rculosis so Mom got me beer, porter and to stimulate my appetite, milk being too for us to buy.

My grandmother also decided it was time d some wholesome amusement. She took to Pop Grey, an old friend of hers, who a respectable dance hall on South Street. n though I was so much under the legal he agreed to let me attend evening ons at his place.

dmission cost fifty cents, but before long offered to let me in free if I'd give his r girl customers dancing lessons. I won y prizes in the dancing contests at y's. Besides the usual one-steps and zes, we did square dances, and all the ttisches and quadrilles that have lately me so popular again.

OULD always dance for hours without ing tired. The year before (I was ten, but ed fifteen) I made Mabel, a friend of e, take me to the Saturday-night dances nother hall in a dimly lighted place over ble. Mabel was a little bit of a thing, but ourteen she was as developed as she'd be.

To those Saturday-night dances, I'd wear high-heeled shoes I'd found at rummage s. Though my hair reached to my waist, put it up and pack it with rats, which e very fashionable. I'd make my eye-vs bigger by using burnt cork. For cheek e, I rubbed the red dye from crepe shelv-paper into my face, topping it off with m powder. Proudly I hung hoop ear-s in my pierced ears and, for a last touch ass, tied a black velvet ribbon around my .

Fortunately, my mother didn't catch on and I was able to keep going to those wonderful Saturday-night dances, feeling always like the belle of the ball and a dream girl, in my outlandish getup.

The last little place Mom was able to set up for us was in an alley off Kater Street. This was in a semi-red-light district of Philadelphia. Kater Street was almost the end of the road for Mom. When she got home she was so tired, and groaning with her many aches and pains. But her children—Vi, Charlie, Ching and Louise—were still plaguing her.

I FELT very sorry for Mom, but I didn't let that interrupt my mischiefmaking. Across a fence from our shanty was the back yard of a restaurant called The Busy Bee. Every chance I got I gathered up garbage and other refuse and threw it into the baskets of potatoes, lettuce and other vegetables which lay exposed in the yard.

Going into the house, I'd wait patiently at the window for the restaurant men to come out of the kitchen to get the baskets. When they saw my garbage on their nice clean vegetables, they'd cry out in anguish, "What's this? What stuff is this?"

Utterly charmed by my ability to throw them into a frenzy, I'd go out and ask people I met on the street, "What restaurant do you eat in?"

If they replied, "The Busy Bee," I'd laugh until I became hysterical. Puzzled, they'd always want to know what I was laughing at. But giving them only a pitying look, I'd walk on until I met someone else who said he patronized The Busy Bee. Then I would get hysterical all over again.

There wouldn't be half as much fun in the world if it weren't for children and men, and there ain't a mite of difference between them under their skins.

—ELLEN GLASGOW.

In Kater Street, I learned another lesson you'll never find in the book called What Every Young Girl Should Know, a lesson about opium and the sort of people who smoke it.

Back in Clifton Street I'd heard my aunts call Harry, a friend of my mother's, "a junkie." I'd never known quite what that meant. When I thought of Harry, "the junkie," I remembered his high and flighty eyes.

While we were on Kater Street my aunts were again earning their drinking money by doing the sporting women's laundry. They sent me out to get and deliver the wash. Whenever I took the weekly bundle to a customer I called Miss Hazel I had to wait a long time, after knocking on her door, before it was opened. And her eyes, like Harry's, were high and flighty. Sometimes there was a curious smell—an odor like yeast—in the hall.

One day, when Miss Hazel asked me to do some errands for her, I said, "That funny smell ain't in the hallway today."

"What funny smell?"

I described it.

Miss Hazel nodded. "Ethel," she said, "any time you notice that in the hallway, let me know. Ring my bell three times—that will be our signal. Okay?"

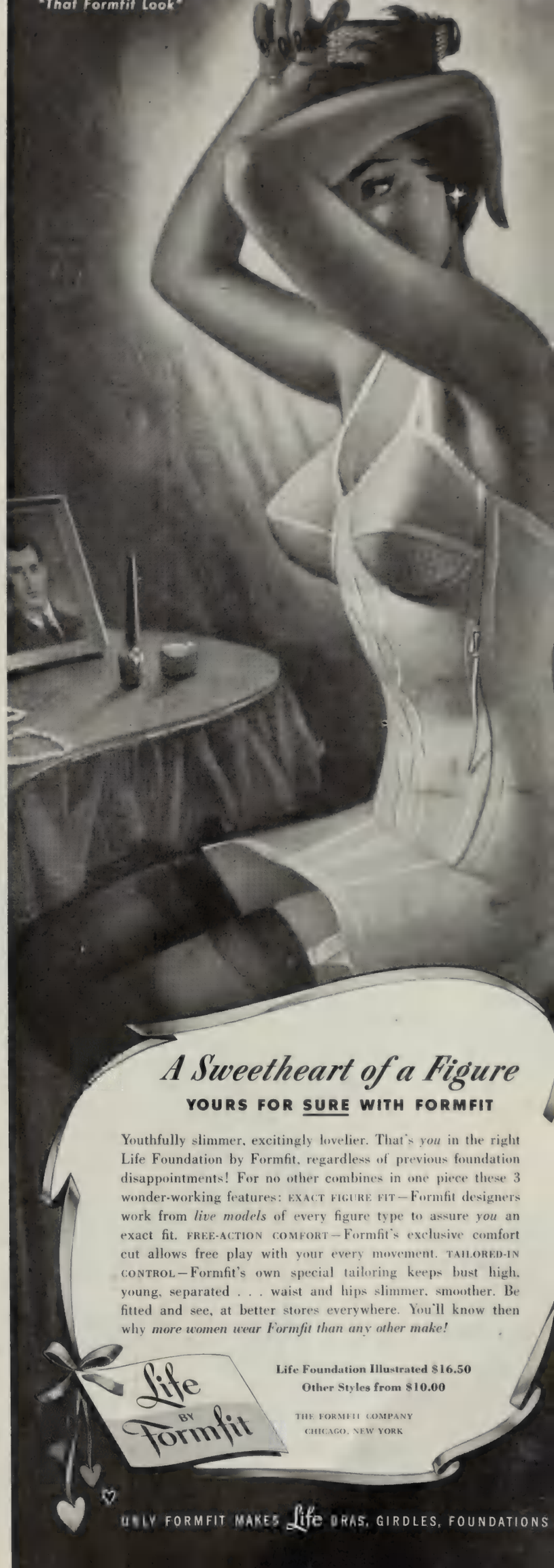
Unknowingly, I'd saved her from a police raid. The yeasty smell was the odor of opium cooking. Miss Hazel hadn't known it was escaping from her room into the hallway.

After that she felt more free with me. She'd let me into her room, something she'd never done before. I didn't comment on what I saw there—wet towels and sheets spread across the windows and the doors, silent, sleepy-looking people in the room, the little lamp sitting on the floor.

Before long, Miss Hazel trusted me to the point of asking me to stay with her when she smoked alone. She paid me a dollar just for stroking her temples while she smoked.

Sometimes her boy friend would come in, take off his coat, lie down and smoke. Miss Hazel knew how to prepare and cook the stuff. The little black opium pellets looked like pine tar.

I never forgot that dark room, the wet sheets hanging over the door, or that yeasty



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by Chef Peter Ungaretti of
this noted Chicago hostelry



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CHICKEN of the SEA BRAND
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"BITE SIZE" tuna!

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"I ALWAYS BUY THE BRANDS THAT MADE TUNA FAMOUS!"



"I BOUGHT A SUBSTITUTE AND IT RUINED MY FAVORITE RECIPE!"

THERE'S NO HALFWAY QUALITY IN TUNA!



Buy either brand . . . the quality is the same

smell. I never forgot watching the torment of Miss Hazel and her friends when they couldn't get dope. My aunts were like that when they couldn't get liquor. They'd become frantic, would get the shakes. And what they were going mad for was fifteen minutes of artificial stimulation.

Going around with girls of fourteen or fifteen when I was eleven, I was continually embarrassed because they had breasts and I was as flat as a board. The other girls never stopped talking about their sweethearts. So I invented a boy friend for myself. He was handsome, loaded with money, generous and out of his mind about me. He was also strictly anonymous and that was what I appreciated most about him. I had no boy friend and I wanted none. All I wanted was to talk about him.

I'd taken a job as cleaning woman for Giuseppe Donato, the sculptor. I got seventy-five cents a week for working after school for him. Besides cleaning up his studio, I kept his big stove full of egg coal. Mr. Donato predicted I'd have a pretty figure when I grew up.

With Mom so full of the misery, I thought a lot about her and all she'd tried to do for me. I decided to give her the only good Christmas she'd ever had.

By saving my money for months, I managed to amass five dollars. On Christmas Eve, I bought a tiny tree, put it on the table and decorated it. I also bought three fancy little glasses, set them in a row before the tree with a dollar bill stuck in each one. I didn't buy any food, knowing that Mom would come home with enough "cold functions" for dinner.

Ching was away and there was only Vi at home. For weeks I'd begged her to be sober this one Christmas Eve. But Vi wasn't there when Mom came in, tired and all beat up. When she saw the tree, and the little glasses with the dollar bills in them, her whole face lighted up.

"This is nice, Ethel," she said. "This makes me feel good."

She sat down at the table and I sat down on the other side. The idea that some of the family had thought of her this Christmas gave her a wonderful, warm thrill. It was nice for me, too, feeling close to her, talking to her so peacefully.

We sat there like that, until we heard Vi outside and let her in. She was drunk and bullish.

"Why did you have to get drunk this one day, Vi?" I asked. "I asked you to stay sober so Mom could have a nice Christmas."

Vi started calling me horrible names. I didn't answer her curses, just stared at her.

"Don't pay her no mind, Ethel," said Mom. "Let her get it all out of her system."

Vi fell into a chair and continued to upbraid me. I said nothing, just kept watching her. Seeing something on the floor, Vi swayed down and picked it up. It was a hatchet.

"Put down that hatchet, Vi," said Mom. "Have you lost your mind?"

Vi pulled back her arm and threw the hatchet at me with all her strength. It went into the wall back of me with a quivering zinging noise. It had gone over my shoulder, missing my head by inches.

I got up and jumped on Vi. I must have choked and punched, kicked and gouged her in my maniacal fury. All I can remember was being pulled off Vi by Mom and a fat man who lived next door. He had rushed in, hearing Vi's screams. It was that man who pried my hands from Vi's throat and stopped me from killing her. I never would have let go by myself until she was dead.

Vi was unconscious. They gave her ammonia and smelling salts, then carried her upstairs and put her on the bed. When Mom came downstairs again, she found me in a daze and gave me some smelling salts too. Then came release—and hysterics.

Next day when I looked at Vi, I got sick. Her face was nothing but bumps and lumps and all shades of purple and red and black. Her throat had deep black-and-blue dents. I had almost killed her. But if I had killed her before Mom and the fat man could interfere, I wouldn't have been sorry. She was scared stiff of me from then on. I never had to fight her again.

The one regret I had was that Mom's Christmas—like everything else in her life—had been spoiled.

My aunts and my mother were not ignorant women. They discussed people, and things that happened, with considerable intelligence and insight. But I could never get them to listen when I told them about what was happening at school or of anything else that concerned me. They just didn't care. Perhaps they were alienated from me because I was so different in every way from the three of them.

Yet I can't condemn them for that. For them, too, each day was a scuffle, a racking struggle to keep alive. When people are in that situation, the problems of a child must seem unimportant.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

So Long

By William Stafford

Of the millions of raindrops
One fell on the window
Between me and the city,

One fell on your cheek
As I turned to look
When they started the train,

One blurred this letter
Down near the end
Above my name.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

When Louise's father-in-law, Grandpa Howard, a nice old man, died, Mrs. Howard could no longer take care of Genevieve. Louise, whom I had started to call Momweeze, once more set up housekeeping and I went to live with them in Chester. Before long Mom had to move in with us. She had become too weak to work. Pop Norman didn't want her there, but there was no other place for her to go.

Momweeze always was wonderful about getting things on the installment plan. In this place she even had an organ. Louise never once managed to pay all the installments on the furniture she had bought so optimistically. One week her house would be full, the next week bare. But we often got a lot of use out of the stuff before the finance company sent their men to take it away.

Sick as she was, Mom loved having an organ in the house. She'd ask me to pick out her favorite hymns with one finger on that little organ. One of these favorites was His Eye is on the Sparrow and I Know He Watches Me, the hymn I sing now for the second-act curtain in my Broadway play The Member of the Wedding.

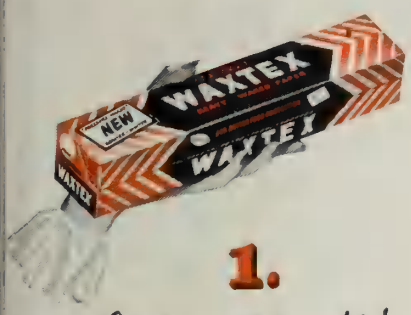
I was spending a lot of time with Mom. I didn't think I'd have her much longer. But sometimes Genevieve and I would go at night to parlor socials. I could dance, sing and do the split. In Chester I was also known as the champion hip shaker. What we most prided ourselves on was our prowess in quivering muscle rolling and shaking. Among these amateurs I encountered professional jealousy for the first time—because I could not only dance with the boys, but could dance alone. The other girls didn't like that.

Pop Norman was boss of that household most of the time, but not on Sunday. We all had to go to church on the Sabbath no matter how much he grumbled. At home, too, the whole religious ritual was observed.

Louise didn't object to my going to church and staying there the whole day. I didn't say anything about my Catholic leanings in these little Protestant churches I attended, fearing I'd be ridiculed. But what I learned from going to these churches was that other religions than mine held something that was worth while and exalting.

(Continued on Page 177)

Amazing! This Waxtex Dispenser Box!



1.

As You Buy It!
Ready to Use!



2.

Flip of Your Thumb..
Paper at Your
Finger tips!



3.

Pull down...
Tear up...
ZIP!.. It's off!



4.

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125 feet of excellent quality waxed paper—pressure-waxed WAXTEX—heavy, strong, transparent and protective . . .

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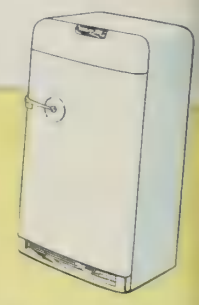
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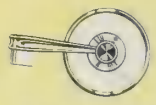
See the new De Luxe! New Super-Storage design gives you *9 cu. ft.* of storage space—yet this refrigerator takes little more kitchen space than a 5 cu. ft. model of a few years ago! Look outside—at a gleaming Lifetime Porcelain or Durable Dulux finish, rugged steel cabinet, finger-touch Target Latch. Look inside—at lustrous Ice-Blue and golden trim. Full-Width Super-Freezer Chest, full-width plastic Chill Drawer, twin stacking Hydrators! The main food compartment has new, improved Cold-Wall cooling, aluminum shelves that cannot rust. 9 and 10.7 cu. ft. sizes available—frozen storage capacities, 45 and 49 lbs.



Look at it inside! Look at it outside!

You Get New Beauty!

1. New! Lustrous Ice-Blue, Gold and White Beauty—sets a new standard for smartness.
2. New! Target Door Latch—with finger-tip action—locks cold in.



3. New Streamlined Design—finished in Lifetime Porcelain or Durable Dulux.

You Get New Convenience!

4. Extra Storage Space—in less kitchen space than before.
5. Extra-Large Frozen Storage Space—holds from 15 to 70 lbs.
6. Double-Easy Quickube Ice Trays—trays slide out—cubes released instantly—no melting.



7. New Aluminum Rustproof Shelves—adjustable, sliding—more space between shelves.
8. New, Extra-Deep Porcelain Hydrators—for fruits and vegetables.
9. New Full-Width Plastic Chill Drawer in De Luxe models—for meat and ice cube storage, quick beverage chilling.

You Get New Economy—New Dependability!

10. New Improved Meter-Miser—makes more cold with no more current.



11. Freon-12 Refrigerant—developed by Frigidaire and General Motors.
12. New Improved Cold-Wall Cooling—in all De Luxe and Imperial models.
13. New Sealed-In Mechanism—with 5-Year Protection Plan.
14. This emblem on a Frigidaire Refrigerator is your assurance of safe cold from top to bottom, lasting beauty, utmost convenience, proved economy features—plus General Motors' dependability and Frigidaire's 30 years' experience in building more than 12 million refrigerating units.

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4 to 17 cubic feet — STARTING AT $184.75

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Electric Ironer • Food Freezers • Electric Dehumidifier
Electric Water Heaters • Kitchen Cabinets and Sinks • Air Conditioners





(Continued from Page 174)

My devotion to the spiritual side of life did ot alter my basically Jekyll-and-Hyde char- ter. I was in deep fear that my shameful rginity would be discovered by the crowd at so admired my conversation, which was phisticated—not to say gritty—at all mes. This was my dilemma: though I had desire to lose my virginity, I also was termined to maintain my respected posi- on as a worldly girl. With my younger ad- irers, the solution was simple because they ere as inexperienced as I. Other more en- rprising young boys I held to a standoff ith tall tales about my big shot uptown who as loaded with money and was so insanely alous that he threatened to slash the throat any man who even presumed to wink at e.

The older boys with whom I went on ncing sprees just laughed at such stories. I was reduced to telling them that I was ing with a little boy. Though I can hardly y they were intimidated, it did seem to hance my desirability.

In fact, I was soon being grabbed at so rsistently that I made Genevieve go to all e dances with me. I told her that she must ver let me out of her sight—no matter hat the boys said or did. Genevieve, always ick to capitalize on the misfortunes of hers, set a high price on her services. Be- re she would agree to become my human ustard plaster I had to promise her half of erything I had and was making by my ter-school work. But she earned all she got. o sharecropper ever reaped a bigger harvest insults and humiliations. For once I was ad that my half sister as such a greedy little ast. Genevieve never let of my arm.

Meanwhile, my educa- on in life in the raw was ntinuing. In our house Morton Street, Chester, e neighbors were iendly. The woman talk ere was all obstetrical gossip and reminis- nces. I struck up a friendship with a preg- nt woman who lived across the street. She ld me she enjoyed my company "because u know so much about having babies." I did know many things, such as rubbing an pectant mother's stomach with oil to osen the muscles, and no details had been verlooked by the gossiping women who dis- ssed so endlessly their childbearing feats front of us youngsters.

When this woman had her baby she sent r me. I took over until the doctor arrived. have never delivered a baby, but I'm sure could. I saw the whole miraculous and essy process that day.

Though dancing, being chased by the boys nd the mysteries of human birth all fasci- ated me, my greatest interest, when I was even, lay in the church. Though I was a atholic, I recognized that Louise's little rotestant churches had something. The auty that came into the tired faces of the ry old men and women excited me. Some ould rock. Some would cry. Some would lk with eloquence and fire, their confusions nd doubts dispelled. And oh, those hymns! began to dawn on me that if sordidness ft a deep and lasting mark, so could the odness in life.

My search for God and my finding Him as to begin in one of those Protestant hurches where they were having a Chil- ren's Revival. All my girl friends in the eighborhood were going to this Children's evival. I went, every day. When the reacher, the Rev. R. J. Williams, called hose who wished to repent and be saved, all y gang would go up to the mourners' bench, nd kneel down—but not for long. They ould pop up quick as hot cakes and as hough they had brand-new souls. But we out hearts in the back knew they hadn't een cleansed of sin, but were just trying to tract attention.

One night there were only three of us oungsters still left unsaved in the whole ongregation. All the rest had gone to the ourners' bench and been redeemed.

"Come!" cried the Reverend Williams, an inspired and fiery preacher. "Get down on your knees and pray to our Lord!"

So I thought, *I will get down on my knees and pray just to see what happens.* I prayed, "O Lord, I don't know what to ask of You!"

I did this and nothing happened. I didn't feel purged of sin or close to the Lord. It was this way with me right through the last night of the Children's Revival meeting.

I was the only one left who was still unsaved, and the preacher looked at me and announced he would continue the revival, if necessary, for three more nights—just to save me. I like to think that the Rev. R. J. Williams saw something special and fervent in me, something deep and passionate struggling toward salvation and spiritual expression.

On the last of the three extra nights of the meeting, I got down on the mourners' bench, down on my knees. Nobody had come that night but the very old people who were always there. I was praying hard and hopefully, asking God, "What am I seeking here? What do I want of You? Help me! If nothing happens, I can't come back here any more!"

But then it happened! The peace of heart and of mind, the peace I had been seeking all my life.

I know that never so long as I live can I experience again that wonderful reaction I had that night in the little church. Love flooded my heart and I knew I had found God and that now and for always I would have a Friend close by to strengthen me and cheer me on. The people who were there that night told me that I was radiant and like one transfixed. And I did feel full of light and warmth.

I started to go to church every Sunday. Any church to me has always been the House of God, whatever the denomination. I was a Catholic, but I didn't think He would mind whether I went to that church, a Protestant church, a synagogue or a Hindu temple.

I was not made more grave and solemn by what had happened. I remained as frivolous as before. Everybody smiled and said, "It is wintertime religion that Ethel has. When summertime comes it will wear off."

I just smiled back at them. I knew it was not just wintertime religion with me and that my feeling of being watched over and protected would never leave me.

Years later, when I was seventeen, I was performing at Barney Gordon's Bar, at Thirteenth and Kater Streets. Philadelphia had Sunday blue laws then and the saloons couldn't open up until five minutes after midnight following the Sabbath Day.

While waiting to get into the saloons, lots of people would go to church. One Sunday night Florrie, a sweet church person who was a friend of mine, asked me to go with her and another girl, named Ethel like me, to hear the Rev. R. J. Williams preach. He was holding his meetings then in big movie theaters. I went to hear him.

During the meeting, as usual, the preacher asked the entire congregation to stand up. Then he told those who were regular members of the congregation to sit down. Next, he asked all those who belonged to any church to sit down. Finally, he asked all those who were Christians, whether they attended church regularly or not, to sit down.

When that was all over only the other Ethel and I remained standing. She would have liked to sit down but she couldn't, as I was holding tightly to her hand, and she couldn't get it away from me. I couldn't sit down because, on account of my work of singing risqué songs, I didn't feel like a Christian. Yet I didn't like to be left there, standing all alone.

The Reverend Williams looked at us, and said, "This *is* wonderful. In this whole vast congregation there are only two people honest enough to admit they aren't Christians. Come up, ladies! I want to shake you by the hand."

(Continued on Page 179)

She leads away from aces and neglects to keep jump bids alive. But she is still my mother. —HEYWOOD BROUN: Collected Edition (Harcourt, Brace).



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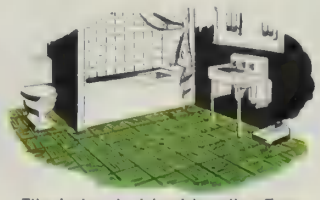
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Tone-on-Tone patterns with the luxury look of deep pile carpet.

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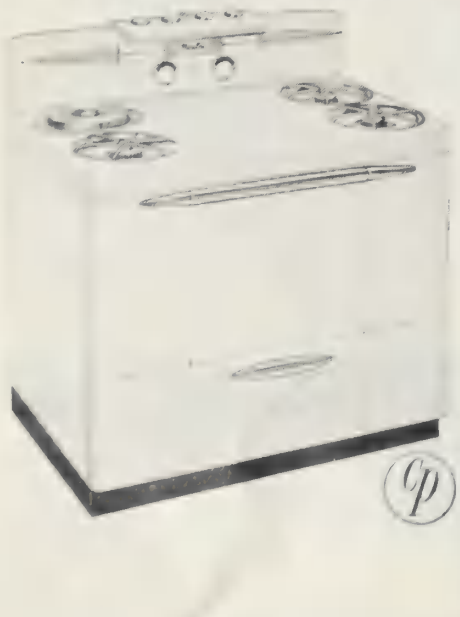
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No other range is so easy to keep clean. Your dealer has six Maytag gas ranges to show you.

(Continued from Page 177)

We two Ethels went up and he asked us ho we were. I told him that I was Ethel Waters and that maybe I had no right being here, seeing that I was singing songs at Gordon's saloon just a few blocks away.

"Ethel Waters," he said. "The name is familiar."

"It should be to you," I told him, reminding him how he'd once extended a Children's Revival meeting three whole nights just to save me.

Reverend Williams reached down and took my hand again and held it as he preached a sermon that tore the hearts out of that big congregation, and my heart out of me.

"I admire the courage of these two people who remained standing," he said. "This girl refused to lie. She is a child of God. Yes, *she* is the real Christian."

Though I'm deeply religious, I still do not go often to any churches, except Catholic ones. A church is to me a sacred place, and when I hear somebody say, "Oh, there's Ethel Waters!" I feel embarrassed. In church I am not Ethel Waters, the actress, but just another worshiper of God.

Religion is a strong, healthy thing. Any God you worship is good, if he brings you love. The Catholic religion gives you a beautiful image to cuddle. I, who have always believed in an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, try to get God in my corner. His is almost like an inner voice, soothing and calming.

And, at home, I talk a great deal to Jesus. Often He is my only playmate.

EACH day, Mom seemed to get a little weaker. I was spending a lot of time with her, singing the songs she liked and trying to make her comfortable. But the arguments between Louise and Norman became too much for Mom and she said she'd go and stay with Aunt Ide. Ide now lived so far out in Chester that you had to go to the end of the trolley line, then walk a mile.

When Mom left, I was sick from overeating. I was born hungry and always was a glutton, gorging and eating ravenously every chance I got. What made me sick this time was eating a lot of fried fish and applesauce, and lemonade to top it off. It was a bad time to be sick. My parents were breaking up their home again. Genevieve was going to live with her father's people. Momweeze was going to work in Atlantic City. I begged her to take me with her, but she wouldn't. Mom, of course, was too ill to take care of me, yet nobody seemed to be worrying about where or how I was going to live.

At some dances I'd met Merritt Purnsley, a little fellow whom everybody called Buddy. He was twenty-three, being almost twice my age. There was something about him I disliked and feared, even though he was attractive.

Buddy had attempted some passes, but Genevieve had always been around in her well-paid post as guardian of my virtue. While I was sick, Buddy kept coming around to see me, and one night he asked me to marry him. It seemed to me that he only wanted to marry me because he couldn't get me any other way.

I told him I didn't want to marry him. I told Momweeze about his proposal and also that I didn't like him. But when Buddy kept on bothering me to marry him, I told him, "Ask Momweeze. If she says all right, I'll marry you."

I just wanted to get rid of him and counted on my mother to refuse, for she knew very well what I thought of Buddy. But when he asked her about it, she double-crossed me by saying, "Yes, you can marry my Ethel."

I felt betrayed and thought she'd agreed only because marrying me off to Buddy was an easy way of eliminating me as a problem. I was twelve. I was in the sixth grade and wouldn't be thirteen for six months. I believe the minimum age for marriage in Pennsylvania then was twenty-one, but that didn't stop Buddy Purnsley from getting a license. Large though I was for my age, I didn't look twenty-one. So he got an older girl to go with him and got the license in my name.

Buddy found a minister who would marry us. My wedding gown was a skirt and a blouse. That wedding was awful, and I was heartbroken because Mom couldn't be there. We were just two people standing in one of those smoky little rooms.

When Louise left for Atlantic City she gave us the furniture—along with the unpaid installment bills. "It will give you a start," she said.

The installments—fifty cents a week for this, seventy-five cents for that—didn't seem much. But they are a lot when you are earning only a few dollars a week. Buddy had a job with the Pennsylvania Steel Casting Company, and wasn't overpaid. I didn't know anything about cooking then, and his Aunt Martha, who came to live with us, took care of that. She was nice and so was his mother.

After I was married, I continued going to school until June, when I finished the sixth grade. I worked after school hours and when school closed I went out, working by the day.



". . . or take Mary's stockings. I'm assuming, of course, that you're still making thirty-seven-fifty a week. . . ."



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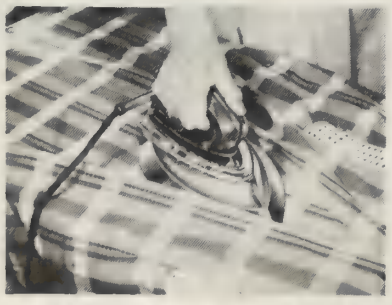
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Being a Catholic, I believed seriously in marriage, and wanted to be a good wife. But Buddy insisted I give up everything I liked—dancing, roller skating and my friends. He even tried to stop me from talking to the neighbors. He also bewildered me by accusing me of being unfaithful to him.

What upset me most was Buddy's refusal to take me out to Aunt Ide's. I'd heard that Mom was getting steadily worse. One Sunday I went there with a gang of other people. I found Mom lying on the same kind of broken-down couch she'd had in our house. She looked terribly ill, shrunken. She was dying, and I knew it. She asked me to sing His Eye is on the Sparrow and I Know He Watches Me. As I sang it, I wondered if it was the last time she'd ever hear it.

It was. On Friday of that week Vi came in from Ide's house. She said, "The doctor was just out there. I don't think that Mom can make it."

I started right away, but Mom had passed on by the time I got there. She was still lying on the couch and I picked her up in my arms. She weighed so little—ninety pounds, eighty pounds, nothing. I held Mom tight, Mom who had been all heart and fighting fury. I thought of how hard she'd worked for the little she'd wanted from life, and how she never got that little—a clean shack to come back to on her day off, children who didn't disgrace her, the smell and the good taste of respectability. But she'd kept her head up, never quitting or whimpering. I thought, too, of how, after she acknowledged defeat with her own children, she had turned to me, the unwanted, unloved one, seeing I was so much like her, bold, unvanquished as yet, and strong.

I had the undertaker, Mrs. Parker, bring Mom to our house and laid to rest there in her coffin. Each morning I would put the crape out for her. Then I would go in, sit down and talk with her. It wasn't like Mom at all. At last, there was peace in her face.

On the day set for the funeral, Momweeze came up from Atlantic City. Vi, too, was there, and Charlie. Only Ching, whom Mom loved best, and who lived just a few doors away, couldn't make it.

Ching was so drunk she couldn't leave the house. But when they brought the coffin out into the dusty, littered alley, Ching was sitting at her window, watching. And she was singing in her sweet, low voice Flee as a Bird to the Mountain, a song she and Mom had always loved.

Momweeze was mad at Ching for getting so drunk she couldn't attend her own mother's funeral. But I thought I understood. Ching, once so gay and carefree, just couldn't face seeing Mom being buried in the earth. Three months later Ching, too, was dead from grief over losing my grandmother.

With Mom and Ching both gone, things got worse for me. I was getting fed up with Buddy's charges that I was unfaithful and his refusal to allow me to see my young friends. Often he berated and beat me.

I couldn't understand it. I was doing everything possible to please him, but getting only scorn and abuse. One night I came home and Buddy was waiting. He jumped on me and beat me until both his brother and Aunt Martha interfered.

"Don't you dare beat her again," Martha said.

With my face all bruised, I told her, "It's all right. I'm going to leave him. If I don't, I'll just have to kill him."

Some of the anger and determination I was capable of must have come through, because Buddy didn't say anything. As a further challenge, I purposely stayed out late the next night, going to see my cousin, who lived uptown. When I got home, my dinner was on the table and Buddy had no questions to ask. He seemed contrite, and I said nothing about the beating.

But I'd made up my mind to leave him, though I had to stay for a while until I'd paid the bills for Mom's funeral.

Buddy refused to go to work for three days, and just sat around the house. I worked each day in order to lay away a little money. I was always able to go back to any place where I'd worked before. The people I worked for were glad to see me come back, for I never wasted time and always did the best and most thorough job I could.

On the fourth day, Buddy announced he would go back to work. Meekly, he asked me to bring him his lunch, and I agreed.

I packed the few belongings I had into paper boxes, and took the trolley car to Philadelphia.

During the next few weeks I was bombarded with post cards and letters from Buddy, telling how brokenhearted he was and saying he'd commit suicide if I didn't come back to him.

I wrote one answer to all these. "If you dare set foot on this here soil of Philadelphia, I'll have you put in jail for the bad things you did to me."

The marriage had lasted less than a year. At thirteen, I was married, separated and on my own. I had a certain amount of battle cry in me.

Having no one but Momweeze to hold on to, now that Mom was gone, I worked hard to win her affection. I gave her a servantlike devotion, but I couldn't get close. Her answer to everything I did was "I borned you! I borned you!"

Sometimes I think this big size of mine has prevented me from becoming a human being. Nobody's protective instinct seems to be aroused by a huge girl. I was so eager to feel sheltered and have people like me. I was hungry for a kind word. When it didn't come, I cried inwardly but, being myself, I also began to build up my defenses.

An act of folly isn't foolish, when you know it for the folly it is.

—LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH, All Trivia. (Harcourt, Brace)

Looking back now, I can remember that I was a thin-structured child with a pretty face. But no one then, or ever, could convince me that I had any physical charms.

I started to work in hotels as a substitute for dishwashers, cleaning women, waitresses or bus boys, whoever happened to have a day off. Such jobs were always available because the work was so rugged. And I always worked hard at whatever I was given to do. I guess the feeling of being unwanted and belonging to nobody made me eager to give satisfaction and win the respect of my employers.

My mother had been working as a scullion at the Harrod apartments, in Philadelphia, and when she got sick I replaced her. That was the first place I ever was employed on a steady basis. I looked forward to working with the same people every day. There were eleven in help at the Harrod apartments, besides me—four bellboys and a substitute, a head cook and second cook, two chambermaids and two waitresses.

I had the most fun on the days when I substituted for one of the chambermaids. I was allotted a half hour to make up each room, but soon became so efficient I could finish the work in ten minutes. Then I'd lock the door, stand in front of the full-length mirror and transform myself into Ethel Waters, the great actress. I played all sorts of roles, and also the audience, mugging and acting like mad. Sometimes I'd be so carried away by my own magnificent performance that I'd forget where I was or what I was supposed to be doing.

Each year, when it got warm, large numbers of Philadelphia's working folks went off to jobs in Atlantic City, Asbury Park and Wildwood, New Jersey. The summer I was fifteen I became a waitress in one of the big white hotels in Wildwood.

Because of my memory and eagerness to please, I was a good waitress. The cook in the hotel loved me and called me "Baby" because I shared my extra-big tips with her. And whenever a customer handed me a dollar to give the cook, she really got it. I never kept that money as some of the other girls did.

(Continued on Page 182)

American Beauties...

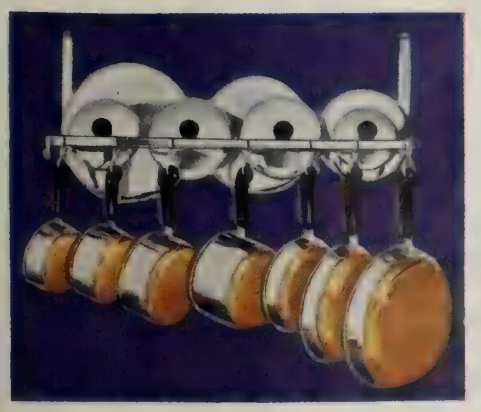


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Set off your gleaming "Kitchen Jewels" and save storage space with this handsome, convenient Revere De Luxe Rack.





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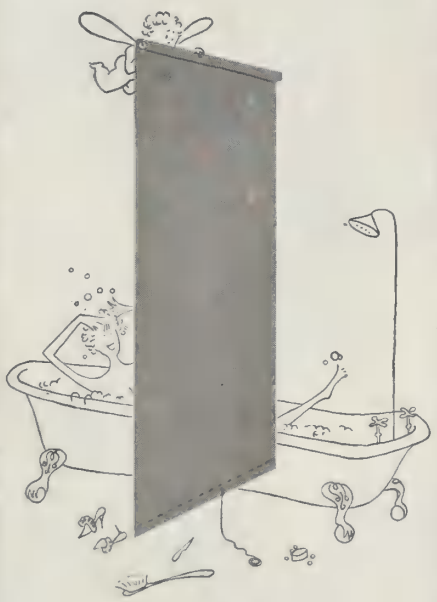
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(Continued from Page 180)

One day a very light-complected, middle-aged man walked up to me in the hotel dining room. "Aren't you Ethel?" he said. "What's your last name?"

"Purnsley," I told him.

When he said he'd heard I was Ethel Waters, I explained about my marriage. "My name is Wright," he said, "and I'm married to your grandmother, Lydia Waters. She's hurt, Ethel. She lives here and you've been working here all summer, yet you haven't gone to see her."

"But I haven't been in contact with her for years, Mr. Wright."

"Do me a favor, Ethel, will you? Go around to see her the next time you have a day off."

I promised I would and he wrote out the address on a card.

The house Mrs. Lydia Waters lived in was a big Colonial-type home with tall white pillars in front. A very impressive-looking woman, who looked white, answered my ring. I explained who I was.

"I'm Lydia Waters, your grandmother," she said, and took me into her arms. I felt uncomfortable, because I couldn't think of Mrs. Waters as anything but a stranger whom Mom had regarded as our enemy.

She brought me into the house and tried to be cordial and affectionate, but I just couldn't let her pet me and fondle me. However, when she asked me to stay with her, I did—for a couple of weeks, off and on.

I think my grandmother was drawn to me, belatedly, because there had recently been another tragedy in her life. John Waters had left three sons. Elvi, the eldest, had died under mysterious circumstances the previous summer. A brilliant young pianist, he had competed for a fellowship in a leading academy. All entries but those of Elvi and another boy had been eliminated. Then one day Elvi's rival and some other youngsters invited him out in a fishing boat. They started skylarking and wrestling, finally capsizing the boat. Elvi, the only one who couldn't swim, had drowned.

This second tragedy had been almost too much for Mrs. Waters. Just as my father had been her favorite son, Elvi had been the grandchild she loved best. People afterward told me that Elvi had looked enough like me to be my twin. I believe that when she saw how closely I resembled both her loved ones she may have been conscience-stricken and wished to make amends for the manner in which she'd neglected me.

But it was too late. Our lives and our manner of living differed so that Lydia Waters and I had absolutely nothing to say to each other. It was difficult for me even to call her grandma, as she wished.

THOUGH Mrs. Waters lived long enough to see me enter show business, I never saw her after that summer in Wildwood.

I've always thought that I inherited some of the better qualities of both my grandmothers. From little Sally Anderson, who died in defeat and the grimmest poverty, I got my fighting heart. From Lydia Waters, who died rich, but heartbroken and quite possibly tortured by a bad conscience, I think I inherited poise, dignity and whatever intelligence I have.

No purpose would be served in condemning my grandmother. People are what they are and are sometimes governed by impulses and forces that are difficult for others to understand. Besides, as a child of the underworld, I learned early in life not to judge others. We outcasts are content to leave that job to our social superiors.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Personal Commentary

By Nacella Young

My friend attends a great machine
That gulps down steel, and time, and hope,
And gives her back a slip of paper
Sealed in a tidy envelope.

My children feed on sun and song,
And warm their little hands with verse.
And, judging from the folk around,
They might have fared a great deal worse.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

October 31, 1917, was a big day in my life. It was my seventeenth birthday, and I sneaked into the back room of Jack's Rathskeller, where there was a Halloween party going on. No one under twenty-one was supposed to be allowed in Philadelphia saloons. Some of the fellows on the door were the saloon men who had fed me hot meals when I was a hungry little kid. They would have turned me away, but they didn't recognize me, because I was wearing a mask.

YOUNGSTERS representing the wards all over Philadelphia were to compete in entertaining at that party. I was living in the old Seventh Ward. The girl who was supposed to perform for our district never showed up, and somebody at my table yelled:

"Chippie sings! Come on, Chippie!"

I was Chippie. And that night at Jack's Chippie Waters got up and sang the tearful ballad, When You're a Long, Long Way From Home. The crowd liked it and I had to give two or three encores.

Among the professionals there were Braxton and Nugent, who had a small vaudeville unit. They said that if I would work on the stage with them they could get me $10 a week.

The idea scared me. I told Braxton and Nugent that I was seventeen, too young to be on the stage. I was getting $3.50 a week as a scullion and chambermaid, and $1.25 more for taking home laundry. But that was steady work, something I'd learned to keep a half nelson on whenever possible.

The two vaudevillians talked it over with my mother. They told her they could get me two weeks in Baltimore if she would sign a paper, swearing I was twenty-one. She signed without any arguments. But I refused to go until she promised to replace me in my cleaning job and to hold it for me until I got back from Baltimore.

I bought the dress for my debut at a rummage store. It was eggshell satin, had buttons down the front, and fastened up around the neck. It was like a Russian dress, and on a scrawny young crane like me it was a costume.

I wanted to sing a new number that I'd once heard Charles Anderson, a very good female impersonator, do. Braxton and Nugent said it was a restricted song and I'd have to get permission from the copyright owners, Pace and Handy, in Memphis, Tennessee.

There was no radio then killing off popular songs in six weeks. Some song publishers permitted only one or two acts to do their restricted numbers. The idea was that these performers would feature the restricted song wherever they played, and in that way it would slowly become popular all over the country.

The song I wanted to sing was St. Louis Blues.

Pace and Handy answered my letter by granting me permission. That was how I, a seventeen-year-old novice, became the first woman—and the second person—ever to sing professionally that song which is, according to many people, the greatest blues ever written.

"Glamorous" is not quite the word for the Lincoln Theater, in Baltimore, and the other houses I played that season. Often there were no wings to the tiny stages, no back stage and no dressing rooms. You had to dress down under the stage, behind a thin partition. On the other side there was a partition behind which the men dressed. If someone was dancing on the stage you got out of there fast. If you didn't, plaster came down on your head.

(Continued on Page 185)



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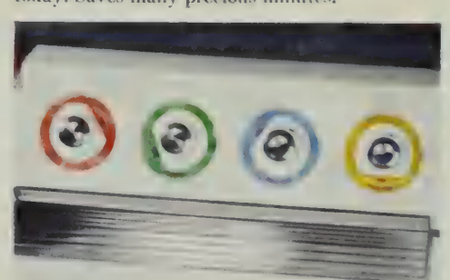
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"I did a slow burn for 180 days!"

says DEBORAH KERR, co-starring with STEWART GRANGER in MGM's "KING SOLOMON'S MINES" Color by Technicolor



WE TREKKED 6 MONTHS IN AFRICA TO MAKE "KING SOLOMON'S MINES." THE SIZZLING HEAT PARCHED ME TO THE BONE...MADE MY SKIN UNBEARABLY DRY!



ACTING thirsty took no talent in the desert. Even my skin was thirsty!



EVEN BETWEEN SCENES the African sun continued to sear and torture me.



BUT JERGENS LOTION kept my hands from looking sun-baked and harsh . . .



KEPT MY SKIN soft and delicate for romantic close-ups like this.



BEING LIQUID, Jergens Lotion is quickly absorbed by thirsty skin

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS "FILM TEST"?

To soften, a lotion or cream should be *absorbed* by upper layers of the skin. Jergens Lotion contains *quickly-absorbed* ingredients doctors recommend—no heavy oils that merely *coat skin.* Proof? Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion (left hand) as with a lotion or cream that leaves a heavy, oily film (right hand).

YOU CAN PROVE it yourself with the simple test described above . . .



YOU'LL SEE why Jergens Lotion is my head-to-toe beauty secret . . .

Jergens Lotion

used by more women than any other hand care in the world

still 10¢ to $1 plus tax

AND IS USED by Hollywood stars 7 to 1 over other hand cares!

(Continue[illegible]2)

most always, the audience gave a pep- performance than the people they'd e to see. Rugged individualists all, they whatever they pleased while you were ng yourself on the stage. They ran up and n the aisles, yelling greetings to friends sometimes having fights. And they ght everything to eat, from bananas to erday's pork chops.

ut they also were the most appreciative ences in the world if they liked you. 'd scream, stomp and applaud until the e building shook. Years later, when I stepped before a white audience, I ght I was a dead duck because no one to tear the house down. They merely ed their hands. Such restraint is almost er in the Negro vaudeville world that I e out of.

axton and Nugent had another man rmer and two girls, the Hill Sisters, ing with them. So they made me the l Hill sister.

was so frightened the first time I walked n a stage that Nugent had to hold my to prevent me from falling flat on my Our entrance was a man-and-wife argu- t, and I sank into a rocking chair soon could, happy to get off my feet.

cting disgusted, Nugent said, "I'm going my other chick."

Don't leave me, sugar," I pleaded. ase don't leave me."

ter Nugent went off, I'd sit there, rock- adly.

When I see how my man treats me," I'd n, "I get the St. Louis Blues." Then I d sing the St. Louis s, but very softly. It he first time that kind egro audience ever let kind of low singing get And you could have d a pin drop in that h, rowdy audience.

hat first time, when I ed singing St. Louis s, the money fell like rain on the stage. ent had to come on again to get me off would have been sitting there yet. But he picked up the silver for me, the ite money," as it sometimes is respect- called.

tarted sending home money at the end of first week out of my $10 and the coins ent turned over to me. I've never ped that and never will want to. Help- my family has always been the biggest faction I've got out of show business.

ven the applause didn't convince me I all right. After each performance I'd off my make-up, including my Ford ling eyebrows, and rush out to the lobby ear what the people were saying. They 't recognize me without my make-up. No ographs had been taken of me for the y displays. Instead, the management put out an enormous picture of a big, fat an. Written under this was:

Sweet Mama Stringbean, direct from St. Louis,
And Singing St. Louis Blues."

hey called me Sweet Mama Stringbean use I was so scrawny and tall. And may- because there was a very famous male ngbean in Negro vaudeville at the time.

SWEET MAMA STRINGBEAN stopped working Braxton and Nugent the night we con- ed our two-week engagement in Balti- e. But I didn't go back to Philadelphia. ggie and Jo Hill invited me to join their The girls thought we could get $50 a k. My third, they pointed out, plus the ey thrown on the stage, would mean I'd ll right.

hat tour with the Hill Sisters was a gay enture, exhilarating and interesting. It owed the patchwork pattern of my child- d—melodrama all mixed up with belly hs. Only now the gay surprises predom- ed.

d been away from home almost a full . My return to Philadelphia turned into ething of a triumph when we were booked for two weeks into the Standard Theater, where I'd watched shows from the peanut gallery. It was still the city's leading Negro showhouse and the engagement meant I was recognized in my home town as an established professional performer.

After we closed at the Standard, we broke up our act. Jo went back into night-club work. I took a job bussing dishes at Horn and Hardart's Automat. I got seventy-five cents a day with one hot meal thrown in.

I didn't look upon this as any comedown. I've never been able to feel that there is anything undignified about making your living by the sweat of your brow.

I HADN'T been hustling dishes at the Automat very long when Toots Moore, a drummer who was working in Barney Gordon's big saloon, came to see me.

"There's a fill-in job at Barney's," he said. "He needs a singer to work Friday and Saturday nights. He pays two bucks a night and the tips are good there. Why don't you take it, Ethel?"

Barney hired me, and after I'd sung two nights at his place he offered me a steady job at $15 a week. I sang there six nights a week and on Thursday afternoons.

But before I took the full-time job at Barney's I asked the manager of Horn and Hardart's if I could come back and work for him when I finished my job in the saloon.

"Any time at all, Ethel," he said. "You're a hard and willing worker."

I got vast satisfaction out of that. I *was* a hard and willing worker and it always pleased me when my bosses noticed it.

Every man should keep a fair-sized cemetery in which to bury the faults of his friends.
—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Barney Gordon's saloon was on the ground floor. We entertained, though, in a big room upstairs where the customers sat at tables. There was only a two-piece band: Toots Moore, the drummer, and a piano player who could play in only two keys.

For a short while I lost my voice trying to sing in his two keys. Barney kept me on while my vocal cords were making their recovery because I could shimmy so good. Shimmeshewabble, the big shimmy song, had just come out. When the boys played that, I'd put my hands on my hips and work my body fast, without moving my feet. There was never anything vulgar about my fast and furious wrigglings. Even in towns where other girl performers were stopped from shimmying by the local bluenoses, no one objected to me doing it.

However, it was my blues that drew big trade and soon Barney hung out banners reading, "Our Ethel is Back!" to draw in all my old friends.

Barney Gordon's was no temple of culture and refinement. But there, as in the tough spots up in Harlem where I worked later, I had little trouble with drunk or rowdy customers.

One good reason for this was that I had several paternal-minded sporting men watching out for me. The Brown brothers, Willie and Louis, were bartenders. Another protector of mine at Gordon's was Jack Blackburn, the old-time lightweight who afterward trained Joe Louis. The Browns and Jack Blackburn would have slapped me from Independence Square to West Philadelphia if they saw me doing anything they thought would hurt me. Of course, being sporting men, their ideas about this were on the unorthodox side.

By that time I had acquired a boy friend. He was West Indian Johnny, a big-time gambler, whose real last name was Sinclair. Johnny was tall, dark and handsome. He spoke five languages and was very kind and easygoing. I'd met him years before at Pop Grey's dancing place on South Street and he knew my whole family. He was twice my age and seemed an old man to me. But I was very fond of him.

I was getting such good tips at Gordon's that I was able to support my whole family. I was happy to assume that responsibility.

The big menace of my teen-age came into my life in Barney Gordon's saloon. I'll call



Are you always Lovely to Love?

Suddenly, breathtakingly, you'll be embraced . . . held . . . kissed. Perhaps tonight.

Be sure that you are always lovely to love; charming and alluring. Your deodorant may make the difference. That's why so many lovely girls depend on FRESH Cream Deodorant. Test FRESH against any other deodorant—*see* which stops perspiration . . . prevents odor better! FRESH is different from any deodorant you have ever tried—creamier, more luxurious, and really effective!





For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap. Used regularly, it is 20 times as effective as other type soap in preventing body perspiration odor, yet mild and gentle.



NIBLETS BRAND SWEET CORN

A little horn-tootin' is in order. The Green Giant's done it again! Now in your store is the new, sweeter-than-ever, 1950-model Niblets Brand—the best-eatin' corn ever was. Fill up your arms with cans for the fresh-shucked flavor of tender young corn-on-the-cob without the cob!

Green Giant Co., headquarters, Le Sueur, Minnesota; Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ontario.

"Niblets" Brand Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. © G.G.Co.

him Rocky, because he's still around. For almost a month he came there three or four times a week to hear me sing. I never saw him because he sat in another room, out of sight. But each time he sent a dollar to me by a waiter with a request that I sing his favorite song, I Lost You So Why Should I Care.

I had got pretty curious about this man who stayed in the back room while I sang his favorite ballad. And one night he sent the waiter to ask if I'd have a drink with him.

"Tell him I don't drink nothing but milk," I told the waiter, "and that the customers get disgusted and say they won't buy me any milk."

Word came back that this customer would be very happy to buy me milk if I'd sit with him. I went to the other room. To my surprise, the man who always wanted to hear I Lost You So Why Should I Care turned out to be just my age. He was very good-looking, and immaculately dressed.

"Why do you sit back here," I asked him, "where you can't watch me as I sing your song?"

A dreamy look came into his eyes. "I like to visualize you as I listen to you sing. It relaxes me."

Each time he came in after that I'd sit with him a while, drinking my milk. One night he asked me to go for a ride in his car. I probably wouldn't have gone if I hadn't been annoyed with West Indian Johnny.

I was used to Johnny's going away for three or four days at a time to sit in big-stake, round-the-clock poker games. But this time I'd heard that a woman gambler had come down from New York to tangle with the best local card players—and had decided to go shooting for my Johnny. "Shooting," in underworld talk, sometimes means going after somebody's affections. Resenting that, I went for the ride with Rocky.

A few days later West Indian Johnny came to see me. "I hear that boy you went riding with is no good," he said. "I don't want you seen around with him."

"You're not my boss, Johnny," I told him.

ROCKY didn't come around for a whole week after that, and I kept thinking about him. During our car ride he hadn't made a pass at me, which made him almost unique in my experience with men.

One evening, on reporting to work, I was handed a five-dollar bill with a message to call up Rocky. I phoned the number and the woman who answered said Rocky wanted me to bring him some oranges and sandwiches wh[illegible] work, and gav[illegible] the address.

When I ar[illegible]ed at the house with food, Rocky said he hadn't been arou[illegible] see me because he had been sick.

I'd expected that I might have to figh[illegible] way out of the place, but again he ma[illegible] grab for me at all. Instead, he talked t[illegible] like some poet, and I'd never heard an[illegible] talk like that before.

He said I was beautiful and used ey[illegible] sions like "Your hair is lovely as black r[illegible] light." Stuff like that. I was intrigued, [illegible] was something entirely new to me. And [illegible] joyed sitting there and not being claw[illegible] and mauled, just listening to his high[illegible] sweet-talk.

ROCKY mentioned marriage that nigh[illegible] I said that was impossible because [illegible] married to somebody else. And he just[illegible] on talking in language that rippled and[illegible] and danced. I got more and more mysti[illegible] and fascinated.

If I'd known more about junkers, I [illegible] have suspicioned he was one. I later le[illegible] that all junkers talk in terms of beaut[illegible] unreality when they've been "smoking[illegible]

For weeks after that, Rocky continu[illegible] be a perfect gentleman, behaving as th[illegible] I were some fragile and lovely flower. B[illegible] time I discovered he was a knight on a [illegible] horse only when high, and a sniv[illegible] treacherous human wreck the rest o[illegible] time, I was hooked, a girl well sunk.

Meanwhile, West Indian Johnny had [illegible] investigating Rocky. One night at Go[illegible] he got us both to a table. "Ethel is a [illegible] girl," he told Rocky. "I want you to [illegible] her alone. I hear you smoke hop. I hea[illegible] steal."

"I don't steal," said Rocky.

"Hop?"

"I don't smoke no more. I was sic[illegible] my doctor started me on a habit. But I [illegible] hop now."

I could see that West Indian Johnny [illegible] believe one word of this. But the mo[illegible] put the knock in against Rocky, the [illegible] stubborn I became.

No one could disillusion me about h[illegible] was at a movie one day when Kid As[illegible] city detective, slipped into the next sea[illegible] known him since I was little and a[illegible] called him Uncle Kid.

"Ethel, why don't you stay away [illegible] that Rocky?" he asked. "I sent word t[illegible] about what sort of man he is through [illegible] Indian Johnny. Didn't Johnny tell you [illegible] him?"



"And take the birds—is it the female who wears the bright colors? . . . No, sir, it's the male! . . . Take the lion ——"



Jean gets scolded...

You can't cut paper dolls without making snips on the rug. But if mother has to get out the vacuum again, she's apt to get pretty snippy herself. And innocent Jean has her fun spoiled.



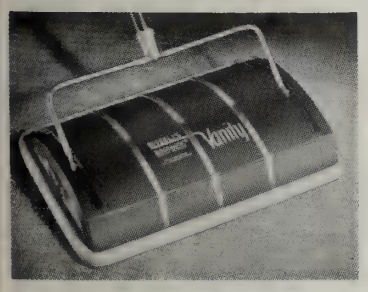
Janie doesn't...

Her mother admires the dolls, and then whisks out her handy Bissell Sweeper for a quick clean-up. No need to plug in the vacuum except for heavy over-all cleaning. "Saves a lot of time to have *both!*" this smiling mother says.

Only BISSELL has "BISCO-MATIC"* brush action

You don't bear down at *all!* This miracle-action brush adjusts itself to any rug, thick or thin, with no handle pressure. Sweeps clean even under low furniture and hard-to-get places!

New Bissell Sweepers with "Bisco-matic" Brush Action as low as $6.95. Illustrated: the "Vanity" at $8.95. Prices a little more in the West.



BISSELL SWEEPERS

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Company
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan



*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Bissell's full spring controlled brush.

I didn't reply.

"I just took Rocky downtown," whispered Uncle Kid Asher.

"Downtown" meant only one thing, of course: police headquarters. Within an hour I had arranged with Barney Gordon's brother, a bail bondsman, to get my pick-pocket-lover out of the jug. I'd been raised to $20 a week and was getting plenty of tips. But after that day I had to bail out Rocky so often I was working for nothing.

And before long, I discovered that West Indian Johnny had made no mistake when he accused Rocky of being a junker as well as a thief.

Being a child of the underworld, the Jekyll-and-Hyde character of my boy friend fascinated me more than it shocked me. When high, nobody could be more pleasant, courtly and attentive than Rocky. But off the stuff, he was cross and irritable.

The fear of going to jail haunted Rocky. When flush, he kept a couple of hundred dollars around the house so I'd be able to bail him out whenever he was arrested. But it wasn't the iron bars that terrified him nearly so much as being in a place where he couldn't get junk. That always threw him into a state of wild fright.

The belief that dope fiends try to inveigle other people into going on a habit with them is nonsense. Junk is far too expensive to share with anyone else. Rocky never suggested I try it.

Soon afterward, he was drafted into the Army and was sent to a camp in Chillicothe, Ohio.

The war made business drop off sharply at places like Gordon's. I was laid off except for a couple of nights a week and went back to working part time at Horn and Hardart's.

Then I got a wire from Joe Bright, the Negro actor-producer, who'd been on bills with me in the South. Joe was putting on stock shows at the Lincoln Theater, in Harlem, and offered me a week's work there. Besides singing the blues between acts, I'd have a few lines to speak in the olio show, the wire said.

I took the engagement.

NEW YORK is only about ninety miles from Philadelphia, but was *The Big Time* as no other American city has ever been. On reaching New York, I went straight to Harlem, and stayed there.

One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street was still a white boulevard, and we weren't welcome there. Colored people could only buy seats in the peanut gallery to B. F. Keith's Alhambra Theater, and none at all to the other white showhouses. Our people were even barred from the burlesque house on 125th Street, which marks high tide, I think, in white snobbishness.

For entertainers, the last stop on the way down in show business was Edmond's Cellar, at 132nd Street and Fifth Avenue. After you had worked there, there was no place to go except into domestic service. Edmond's drew the sporting men, the hookers and other assorted underworld characters.

I was given a good reception at the Lincoln Theater and was held over for the second week. What pleased me most was that so many entertainers who had caught my act at Barney Gordon's dropped in to see me.

Alice Ramsey, a dancer whom I'd met in the South, came backstage. Alice said she was working at Edmond's. "Why go back to Philadelphia when you're through here?" she asked. "I want you to come down and meet my boss, Edmond."

I promised I'd do that when I'd concluded my engagement at the Lincoln. While working I never care to go to night clubs. I always worried about the heavy cigarette smoke hurting my throat. When I did go down to Edmond's, Alice, after introducing me to Edmond (Mule) Johnson, suggested that I go out on the floor and do my Shimmeshewabble number.

"Will you give Ethel a job?" she asked him after he'd watched me work.

He shrugged. "If she wants to put her money in the kitty, she can work here."

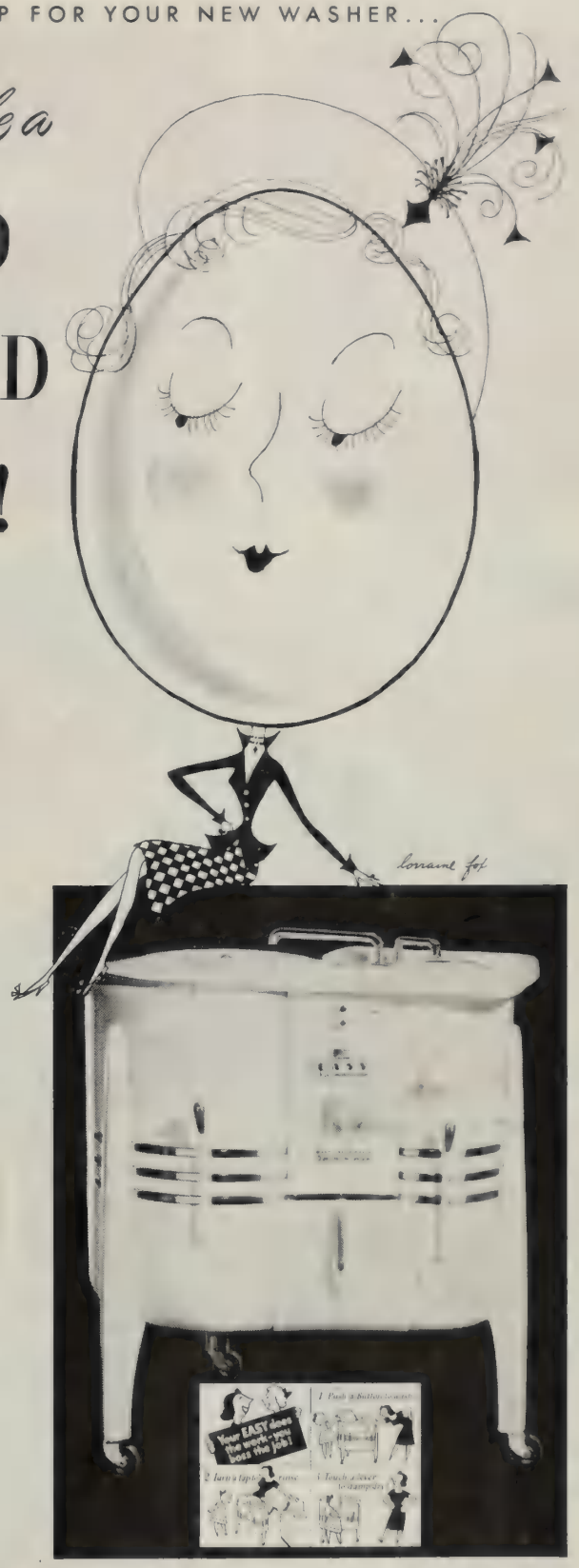
(Continued on Page 189)

WHEN YOU SHOP FOR YOUR NEW WASHER...

It pays to be a

HARD BOILED EGG!





SPEED! When the man says "It's faster", ask him "Faster than what?" No washer can match the two-tub Easy Spindrier for speed. It does a week's wash in less than an hour!

DRYING! When he says "It does a good drying job" remember Easy whirls out 25% more water than a wringer. Clothes are lighter to handle and hang up, dry faster... no broken buttons.



CLEANER! Easy's gentle roll-over Spiralator action washes *all* clothes in *all* parts of the big capacity tub!



SAVINGS! Easy saves live hot suds for re-use . . . safely does "washable" drapes, slipcovers. No set tubs needed . . . Just roll it to any sink.



RINSING! Does it work equally well with soap or new "no-rinse" detergents? That's where Easy shines! With soap, clothes are automatically spin-rinsed in 3 minutes right in the spinning basket. With "no-rinse" detergents, many women skip the rinse, or spin-rinse 60 seconds to be *doubly-sure*. Easy's high-speed spinning action whirls away the dirt *held* in the suds!



IN WRINGERS TOO, hard boiled buyers choose Easy! Wonderful Spiralator action. Massive safety wringer. Automatic overload safety switch. Quick drain pump. See it in action.

PRICE! Compare prices. Easy gives you faster, whiter, brighter washes than *any* washer at *any* price. Easy Washing Machine Corporation, Syracuse 1, N. Y.

You'll end up buying an EASY SPINDRIER

Nourishing

BEEF

You will spread it
good nutrition
and flavor furthe
with cuts like th



Braising is best for leaner cuts

Braising is a method of moist heat cookery in which the meat is browned in a little hot fat, then cooked slowly in a covered utensil with a small amount of added liquid.



1. Season meat with salt and pepper. (Sprinkle with flour, for a richer brown.)



2. Brown meat slowly on all sides in a little hot fat.



3. Add small amount of liquid. As liquid cooks away, a little more may be added.



4. Cover tightly. Cook over low heat at simmering temperature on top of range or in moderately low (325° F.) oven, until meat is tender.

Fall roundup time in the cattle country means that your meat market will have a seasonal increase in the hearty-flavored beef cuts shown on this page.
So isn't this the time to make the most of those sure-fire family favorites—short ribs, pot roasts, Swiss steak, country-fried steak —and plenty of that good beef gravy.
These cuts of beef are as long on nourishment as they are on flavor. Like *all* meat, beef is an outstanding source of *complete*, high-quality protein, B vitamins, food iron and other important minerals. So when you're building menus, remember the body-building nourishment of meat.



This Seal means nutritional sta made in this ad ment are accep the Council on and Nutrition American M Association.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U.S.

(Continued from Page 187)

Edmond paid his entertainers and the boys in the three-piece band $2 each per night. The tips the customers gave you were thrown into the kitty and this money was divided, each entertainer and musician drawing an equal share.

Edmond's was a small place and seated between 150 and 200 people at tables jammed close together around a handkerchief-sized dance floor. Usually Johnny Lee was at the piano, but the first night I went there his fill-in man, One-Leg Shadow, was at the box. It turned out that One-Leg Shadow had known my father and so he took a paternal interest in me.

There was a code of ethics at Edmond's that prevented one entertainer from poaching on another's repertory. But I was okay, as my blues and my shaking didn't conflict with the others.

I am no stoolie, but I don't think it can hurt anybody if I say now there were many bunkers, gamblers and thieves down in that cellar at all times. As at the Lincoln, I was amazed at how many people who listened to me had seen me before, at Gordon's.

I soon found out why. Whenever the lid was screwed down tight in New York, plenty of those customers would skip down to Philadelphia. They would stay down there until they got the word over the grapevine, "Come home. The district attorney has gone into long winter's nap again."

At Edmond's I sang the numbers I'd done at the Lincoln—Shimmeshewabble; St. Louis Blues; Minor's Blues, and I Want to Be Somebody's Baby Doll So I Can Get My Lovin' All of the Time.

Though I often look back on that time as the happiest in my life, working in that cellar was like my tour. There was no set closing time and once again I was working until unconscious. You'd report at nine o'clock at night and sometimes not get out of there until eight, or even ten, the next morning.

I'd established right from the beginning that I wouldn't do no hustling of drinks. I wouldn't drink either whisky or the colored water that looked like whisky they served to the girls who didn't want to get pie-eyed. I didn't want to sit out with customers who blew smoke in my face. I wasn't selling my physical health for nobody.

Edmond didn't let his girls roll the customers or chisel money from the customers. He considered that cheap stuff and unethical. When the customers wanted to buy me a drink I ordered, as always, milk. And just as at Barney Gordon's, the customer would usually yell, "I ain't buying no damned milk!"

But when somebody would buy milk, Mr. Perkins, the friendly and fatherly bartender who worked there, would give me the top cream off the bottle. Usually, I drank an average of seven or eight quarts of milk a day. That's how skinny and underfed I still was. I always had to laugh when I thought of Mr. Perkins pouring off the creamy tops of the milk for me. That meant when any customer ordered a whisky eggnog the milk he got in it was skimmed and very thin.

Shadow was replaced by Lou Henley, a truly wonderful pianist who kept telling me I ought to learn other type songs. Lou got me to sing the popular ballads of the day—Oh, How I Miss You Tonight; My Buddy; Rose of Washington Square, and A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody.

Fanny Brice was making a sensation downtown singing Rose of Washington Square. But I didn't know anything about the white theater. At the time, I didn't even know who Fanny Brice was.

Many critics have praised my voice, but I've never thought I was a good singer. That I not only was able to please that brass-knuckle crowd of regulars, but began to draw the sporting men and downtown white people, I credit to the fact that I had spunk, and was also an enigma. I was a kid, yet my mind was so old and raw that neither the public nor my coworkers could figure me out.

In the summer Edmond's Cellar became a furnace that could melt your bones—and our boss had to close up for the season. I was invited to sing at Rafe's Paradise, in Atlantic City, a big club with mostly all white patrons.

Before going into the Paradise, I made Rafe understand that I didn't hustle drinks, sit and drink with the customers or go out on any arranged dates. But I did love to dance, so I danced with the customers. White men often were eager to dance with the performers. The other Negro girls in the show just wouldn't dance with them. Colored people can't bear to dance with white folks. Invariably, whites dance in a broken rhythm, don't listen to the music, and count. They're off the beat most of the time.

About that time they were casting in Harlem a show they were calling Mayor of Jimtown. Miller and Lyles and Sissle and Blake were writing and producing it and were also going to appear in it. They hoped to send this show downtown. When Broadway finally saw this all-colored production, it had the title Shuffle Along, and it was the fast-moving musical that made theatrical history and opened the trail for all the successful Negro musicals and big revues that followed.

I was trying to get a job in that show. I wanted to get away from smoky night-club work, even if I was only to go in the chorus or in a walk-on part.

Snow Fisher, a friend of mine who was in the show, said, "Don't go down to see them no more, Ethel. They say you're not the type."

Snow was giving me the right steer. The Shuffle Along producers still classed me as a Fifth Avenue honky-tonk performer. Unlike downtown, where Fifth Avenue is considered elegant and very brownstone, in Harlem it was the street of about-to-be-forgotten entertainers.

During that winter I made my first appearance on Seventh Avenue when I was asked to appear at one of the special Sunday-night shows at the Lafayette Theater, the uptown Palace. Those Sunday shows were events. Harlem's dicties got their first gander at my work that evening. They knew performers and they decided that I had a future bigger than my present or my past.

Getting into a stage show had become my greatest ambition. I was determined to show the Shuffle Along men they'd made a big mistake in rejecting my services. Traveling shows were being put on by Whitney and Tutt, colored producers, and by Frank Montgomery, the performer.

Frank said he could use me for blackface comedy. That meant working in burnt cork. The name of his show, I think, was Hello, 1919! I sang and did a crowjane character with Brown, of Brown and Gulfport. In this I played a sort of blind-date bride whose groom refuses to marry her after getting a good look at her face. I also did a dance in the show. The white audiences thought I was white, my features being what they are, and at every performance I'd have to take off my gloves to prove I was a spade.

The big and memorable feature of the Hello, 1919! tour was that we showgirls were forced to live in bawdy houses in each town, no other accommodations being available. As we hit each city, the management would register our names with the police so the cops, checking up on the red-light district, would know we weren't "house girls."



Hot Biscuits are just the beginning!

Strawberry Shortcake



Bake Ballard OvenReadys. Break open with fork, butter generously. Cover lower half with chilled, sweet strawberries, add top half and cover with more strawberries and whipped cream.

Meat Pie



Fill casserole or baking dish with cubed cooked meat and favorite vegetables. Place layer of OvenReady Biscuits over top. Bake in hot oven (425°) until biscuits are done and browned, about 15 minutes. Serve hot

Donuts



Punch hole in center of unbaked OvenReadys. Shape. Fry in fat (360° to 370°) like regular donuts. Remove when done and dust with powdered sugar. Serve hot.

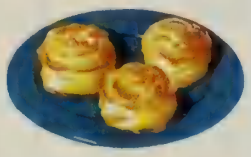
Deviled Ham Foldovers



On lightly floured board, roll each biscuit into circle ⅛ in. thick. Brush with melted butter. Place one teaspoon deviled ham on half of circle. Fold over, pinch edges together and prick top with fork. Bake in hot oven (450°) 10 minutes.



Cheese Puff Biscuits



1 tbsp. butter, ½ cup grated sharp cheese, ¼ tsp. prepared mustard. Cream butter till soft. Stir in cheese and mustard. Spread smooth mixture over tops of Ballard OvenReadys. Bake in hot oven (450°) for 10 minutes.



Honey Butter Biscuits

¼ cup butter, ¼ cup strained honey, 1 package OvenReadys. Cream butter until soft. Blend in honey. Beat. Use as spread for piping-hot OvenReadys.

Pert "party treats" or luscious hot Southern Biscuits. You'll make them all with Ballard OvenReadys. For biscuits, just take them . . .

Out of the package. Place on cookie sheet and . . .

Into the oven (*no mixing, no fuss, muss, nor failure*). Tempting Southern biscuits . . .

Ready to eat in 9 minutes! Made of only the finest ingredients, Ballard OvenReadys assure you luscious hot biscuits with never a failure. Get 2 packages today!



IN YOUR GROCER'S REFRIGERATOR!

Just Bake and Serve

Ballard OvenReady Biscuits

Distributed exclusively by Kraft



NEW, SUPER-DUPER RECIPE FOR

"Prize Winner"

CHOCOLATE CAKE

Chosen from 63,000 recipes to be the CALUMET Cake-of-the-Month

"Prize Winner" Chocolate Cake

Preparations—Line bottoms of pans with paper; grease. Use two round 9-inch layer pans. 1½ inches deep. Start oven for moderate heat (350°F.). Sift flour once before measuring.

Ingredients:

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
¼ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon salt
⅔ cup shortening
1⅔ cups sugar
3 eggs, unbeaten
3 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted
*Milk (see below for amount)
1 teaspoon vanilla

*With butter, margarine, or lard, use 1 cup milk. With vegetable or any other shortening, use 1¼ cups milk.

Note—To insure truly glorious results with this "Prize Winner" recipe, use *Double-Acting, Double-Dependable* CALUMET BAKING POWDER. It works first in the bowl and you can depend on it)—and then in the oven (you can depend on that, too)—to make the most delicious, velvety-smooth cakes you ever tasted . . . *And* gorgeous biscuits, muffins, waffles, pancakes, coffee cake!

More Women Use CALUMET

Yes, for real *Homemade* goodness, more women use CALUMET than any other baking powder! And here's another proof of its dependability you may have noticed yourself:

More published recipes specify CALUMET *than any other baking powder!*

METHOD:

1. Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, soda, and salt, and sift together three times.

2. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each; then add chocolate and blend. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time, beating after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla; blend.

Baking—Turn batter into pans. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 30 minutes, or until done. Cool.

Frosting—Prepare your favorite fluffy white frosting. When cool and of right consistency to spread, add ¼ cup crushed hard peppermint candy. Tint ■ delicate pink with red coloring. Spread frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake. Sprinkle with additional crushed peppermint candy.

In Baking Your Best Bet is—

CALUMET BAKING POWDER

DOUBLE-ACTING



A Product of General Foods

The Hello, 1919! company was stranded in Akron, Ohio, and it was good-by, pay check. I went to live with Louise Brooks, a woman who ran a restaurant in Akron. I soon got a job in a local night club, where I worked as an entertainer just long enough to get the money together to pay my fare to New York.

Once more I went to work in Edmond's Cellar. My real career was about to begin, though I didn't realize it.

The first Negro woman singer to make a phonograph record was Mamie Smith. My first was made for the Cardinal Company, and had New York Glide on one side, At the New Jump Study Ball on the other.

The same talent scout who dug me up for Cardinal worked for other record companies. He asked if I would care to make some records for Black Swan, a new company just started by Harry H. Pace and W. C. Handy, the two grand old men of Negro music

I was still only getting $35 a week and tips, so $100 seemed quite a lump sum to me. That first Black Swan record I made had Down Home Blues on one side, Oh! Daddy on the other. It proved a great success and a best seller among both white and colored. My second Black Swan record had There'll be Some Changes Made on one side, and One Man Nan on the other.

Like all the other early records I made, these are now collectors' items.

Pace and Handy then suggested that I go out on tour with Fletcher Henderson's Jazz Masters, with Fletcher as my accompanist. They said such a tour would sell a lot more of my records.

For advance man, Black Swan hired Lester A. Walton, of the New York World. He was the first Negro reporter ever hired by a great white daily paper. Years later he became U. S. Minister to Liberia.

Two travelers, one a veteran and the other a novice, were climbing in the Pyrenees. At night they were caught on one of the peaks and had to sleep under a ledge. Toward morning a storm came up and the howling wind wailed fiercely among the heights. The frightened novice waked his friend and said, "I think it is the end of the world!"

"Oh, no," said the veteran, "this is how the dawn comes in the Pyrenees!"

HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK: Successful Christian Living (Harper & Brothers).

I was learning a lot in Harlem about music and the men up there who played it best. All the licks you hear, then as now, originated with musicians like James P. Johnson. And I mean *all* the hot licks that ever came out of Fats Waller and the rest of the hot piano boys. They are just faithful followers and protégés of that great man, Jimmy Johnson.

Men like Jimmy Johnson, Willie the Lion Smith and Charlie Johnson could make you sing until your tonsils fell out. Because you wanted to sing. They stirred you into joy and wild ecstasy. They could make you cry. And you'd do anything, and work until you dropped, for such musicians.

The master of them all, though, is Lucky Roberts. Everybody calls him Pop, but reverently. He now runs a restaurant up on the hill in Harlem. I don't call it Sugar Hill. I don't use that kind of language. Any night you can go up to Pop Roberts' place and hear operatic arias sung magnificently by the great singers who are waiters and waitresses there.

Fine singers! People I know, people I admire, people I've worked with! But they are colored and have to wait on tables because they can't get any work in show business. They are colored. Period.

I can't read music, never have. But I have almost absolute pitch. My music is all queer, little things that come into my head. I feel these little trills and things deep inside of me, and I sing them that way. All queer, little things that I hum.

Whitney and Tutt, the Harlem theatrical producers, had a show called Oh! Joy! that they were booking to follow the tour of Plantation Revue, starring Florence Mills. They sent for me because they had no Negro performer in her class. Whitney and Tutt had refused to consider me for their shows before I made a big stir with my records

Oh! Joy! was the show in which I first appeared as a name performer. But when Whitney and Tutt asked me to play Boston, I didn't want to go there. I thought I could get out of it by asking for too much money and said I wanted $125 a week. But they said they'd pay that.

This thing of asking what I considered an impossible salary when I didn't want to work for someone has boosted my pay again and again. That is one reason my pay got so big later on. I'd ask what I thought was a salary the people couldn't pay, and they'd give it to me.

However, there is a bad angle to this. Whenever I was paid more than I thought I was worth, I would always have to go out there and work my head off—so I wouldn't feel like a thief.

A Chicago agent had jived Mr. Johnston, a white man who ran the Grand Theater, in Chicago, into thinking I would go out there for a return engagement.

But I wouldn't go. On my tour with the Jazz Masters I hadn't always been paid off and I was scared to go out on my own. So once again I asked a salary I thought no one would pay—$500 a week, plus transportation for three persons. I stipulated that I would want a good pianist and that I would go out only on a two-week guaranty.

I was flabbergasted when the tough deal was accepted. Mr. Johnston was a fine and courteous man. We had two very successful weeks at the Grand, and when I was finishing there, he said, "Ethel, why don't you book your act into other cities? Towns like Detroit and Cleveland? I'll guarantee you a salary of $250 a week and expenses and pay for your dancer and accompanist. I'll also buy two beautiful drops for the act."

I liked that offer. But my accompanist had other commitments. I had to go back to New York to find another pianist. I had heard of a girl named Pearl Wright and got her to join our act. Pearl was very good at the box. She was a nice girl, too, and well educated. She was to be a mainstay to me for years, and my very good and dear friend.

When we got back to New York I had some money, also some records to make, and decided to loaf in Harlem for a while, and get some rest.

Jerry's Place, on West 135th Street, was a favorite of mine because it had a good band, entertainment and dancing, and I liked the late Jerry Preston, who ran this spot.

Earl Dancer had become part owner of the Golden Gate Inn, just across the street from Jerry's. He dropped in on our party there one night.

Earl told me he had caught my act at the Lafayette. He said, "You are a truly wonderful artist. You don't belong on the colored time. If you would only let the white people hear you sing, they'd love you for the rest of your life."

But I still wanted no part of the white time.

I started making records for Columbia that summer. They paid me $250 apiece, or $125 per side.

I was booked into the Monogram in Chicago. While working there, I took sick from the migraine headaches I'd had off and on, for years.

Somebody told me that Earl Dancer was in town and wanted to see me. One evening, when I came out the stage door, he was waiting. I told him about the headaches I'd been having and he said he'd been having some hard luck too.

"I'm broke," he told me. "I'm stranded here."

There are few performers who can refuse to help another actor down on his luck. We have all found ourselves living on crumbs and watery bean soup too many times not to know what it is like. And so I helped Earl.

(Continued on Page 192)

Beatrice Coo

Mealtim

OCTOBER: A molded Vegamato salad, Halloween hand-outs, a



ver Taste a Love Apple?

ure you have! It's the tomato! First brought to e by the Spaniards, it was called "Moor's apple," mme de Maure. This became *pomme d'amour*— apple." The Spaniards got the tomato from the s, who called it "tomatl." And today—when its ous juice is blended with the juices of celery, beets, rs, parsley, spinach, carrots, and lemons, a new is born—VEGAMATO! A sparkling, refreshing zer that would have reminded the Moors of Ma- 's garden itself! Try VEGAMATO tomorrow—it's a lous cocktail! Delightful, too, in salads like this:

Molded Vegamato Ring

Vegamato
eaves
e cloves
l onion, sliced
salt
Dash of pepper
1 tbsp. lemon juice
2 pkg. lemon flavored gelatin
2 cups celery, diced
Meadow Gold Mayonnaise

er Vegamato, bay leaves, cloves and onion for 15 min- train and add salt, pepper, and lemon juice. Then add gelatin and stir until dissolved. Chill until partially dd celery and turn into *well oiled* 1 quart ring mold. until firm. Loosen sides of mold carefully with paring knife. Turn aspic out onto tomato wedges, lemon wedg with Meadow Gold Mayonna

A Triumph for

I know how very much every mother enjoys helping her teen-ager win that *so*-important social success. So I know you'll appreciate this wonderfully original suggestion from a writer friend of mine. It's a soda-jerk party, just the way she gave it for her own schoolage daughter.

On an oil-cloth-covered ta fruits, nuts, Chox Fudge S MEADOW GOLD ICE CRE guests in soda-clerk coats (r And let them pitch in—they

Of course nobody can quickly than youngsters, creamy smoothness of M freshness of the nut or f ICE CREAM yourself, too for your own entertaini

Formula Pro

Many mothers have foun HOMOGENIZED MILK. An enized MEADOW GOLD, th smaller and softer—wh



ust one can of LaChoy Mixed Chinese Vegetables supplies all the tender Bean S hoots, Water Chestnuts and Mushrooms you need for this rich, fine-flavo



Only your wisest love can protect your baby's tender skin from harm

his Thinner Skin

day is spent keep- y and comfortable. reful thought to the issue. More mothers e ideal combination ities in ScotTissue.





You need to change him often. And ScotTissue has "old linen" softness that doesn't chafe. Quick absorbency for clean cleansing. And just the right strength to resist tearing. Up to 6 months try cushioning his diapers with 20 or more sheets of fluffed-up ScotTissue. Just flush away the soiled tissue. Nicer for both of you.

"ScotTissue," "Soft As Old Linen," Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

OFT AS OLD LINEN

(Continued from Page 192)

Though I liked many of the white vaudevillians, I never really got to know any of them well. I didn't fraternize with them. For one thing, I was not as yet in their class as a performer. And I had the sense to know I was colored. I thought it wisest to keep everything on a casual, "Nice day, isn't it?" basis.

While I was doing good for myself in vaudeville from coast to coast, Florence Mills had become the sensation of New York. She had done such big business at Sam Salvin's Plantation Club that the management wanted to keep open all summer.

But Florence insisted on touring, and Mr. Salvin started to look for a colored name to replace her. Earl Dancer, always a great one for getting about and talking to people, heard they'd tried out several girls.

"They're still auditioning," he told me. "Why don't you go down there?"

I shook my head. I felt that Broadway and all downtown belonged to Florence Mills. She was a public idol, and I didn't think that following her at the Plantation was going to be easy. But I went there for the tryout, and in those days I was as trim and shapely as Florence or anyone else.

Mr. Salvin, Harry Akst and Joe Howard, who were writing the songs for that floor show, were there for my audition. I could see that Sam Salvin was impressed. After I finished my own songs, Harry Akst and Joe Howard asked if I'd try a new one they'd written.

I took that song home and worked on it with Pearl. "This is a nice little number, Pearl," I said.

That nice little number was called Dinah. Dinah, with your girl Ethel singing it in her own original way, made history from Tin Pan Alley to Tokyo because it was the first international song hit ever to come out of an American night club.

The origin of civilization is in man's determination to do nothing for himself which he can get done for him.
—H. C. BAILEY.

At the Plantation, there were three of us in the same dressing room—Josephine Baker, Bessie Allison, who later married the manager of the Savoy Ballroom in Harlem, and me.

Every once in a while I'd run into Edmond, formerly of the well-known cellar of the same name. Poor Edmond had lost his club and was working as the big-muscled doorman of somebody else's spot. But until Edmond died, I called him only one thing—boss—whenever I saw him around Harlem. I only hope that made him feel a little better.

It was after this, and in New York, that Earl's big dream of becoming a Broadway producer came true. He got Otto H. Kahn, the banker-philanthropist, to put up $10,000 so he could do a full-length revue. This was Africana, my first Broadway musical, and it was patched up from all the different little tab shows we'd been doing. It was a good, fast show and gave the theatergoing ofays of Broadway their first long look at me. I was the star.

Africana had a good run. But I think it would have run much longer if somebody hadn't messed around with the box-office receipts. The bookkeeping on that show's take would have brought no approving nods from the Better Business Bureau.

I was working at the Everglades Night Club, on Broadway, when Earl Dancer maneuvered me on to an all-star bill for some big Catholic charity at the Palace Theater. The backstage was jumping with big names, and I had to go on following Will Rogers!

That big crowd had sat for hours listening to the biggest and best entertainers in the whole world—*and* Will Rogers. Yet they waited to hear this little brown-skinned girl sing. Following the unmatchable Rogers was like going on during an earthquake. Still I got a big hand, and that was one of the most heart-warming compliments I've ever had.

By this time, of course, I was beginning to meet more and more white people. One of the first ones I understood was Antonio Salemmi, a sculptor who made a bronze bust of me that Carl Van Vechten later bought.

Tony lived down in Greenwich Villag he took me to meet his friends and to any Marie's and the other Village pl Those Bohemians were like my own pe and I liked them. Your color or your account made no difference to them. liked you for yourself.

I met Paul Robeson for the first tim Salemmi's studio, where Tony was mak full figure of him. Paul was a wond young man in those days. He'd been a liant college student and a football star. he was on the eve of sailing for his first certs in London. His boy, baby Paul, just been born.

Rex stout and his first wife and J Coffee were other interesting white peo met through Tony Salemmi. Rex happ to be in the hospital on his birthday. birthday present I gave him was to dre as a nurse. When he pressed his be button I went into his room, carryin breakfast tray. I waited on him all that wheeling out his chair to the balcony he wanted to sit in the sunshine.

The best of all my white friends I while I was playing at the Lafayette, call boy told me one night that a white named Carl Van Vechten wanted to se I'd heard of his book, Nigger Heaven, had condemned it because of its obno title—without reading it. Later I read novel and thought it a sympathetic stu the way Negroes were forced to live in lem.

When Carl came up, he told me he'd catching my act for years and invited have dinner at his h I didn't see any reas going. White people, g ally, bored me and didn't speak the language.

If whites bored n was because they themselves. They se to get little fun out o and were desperately lonely. Often, I worked in night clubs, I'd look a at those pale faces and weary eyes I'd think, "They are only here to time." In spite of the countless advan they enjoyed as the Master Race, looked fed up with everything and as th they hated life itself. When you work front of them, you had to do the whole

But in the Negro night clubs the custo worked with you. They had come to the to cut loose, and even if you were te they had a good time. High spirits we forced on them. They came in with bo and éclat checking their woes and tro at the door.

When Carl Van Vechten talked to me evening I sensed that he was more lik Greenwich Village friends than the n clubbing crowd I'd watched. Before he he had persuaded me to come to dinn his home. When I got there it was filled beautiful things—paintings, rare old b sculpture and antiques. But none of meant a thing to me. They still don't. N ing in my life has geared me to like or a ciate these works of art.

Carl had the bust of me there that he bought from Tony Salemmi, and I admit I liked that. Working with his fi in clay, Tony had brought out much of I'd been like as a girl and was now like woman. It was my portrait in bronze sh by affectionate and intuitively wise and pathetic hands.

Carl and Fania Marinoff, his wife a good actress, became my dearest fri Sometimes it seems to me that Carl is only person in the world who understoo shyness deep down in me. To others, I not shy, but aloof and indifferent. But not.

I have reason to be shy. I have been plenty, and don't want to be hurt any than I can help. Carl summed up my acter as well as anyone ever has, I th when he said, "Ethel, you never ask an for anything—and you never thank an for anything."

(Continued on Page 197)

FRIENDS OF THE BRIDE-TO-BE



ST CHUM: "Leave it to me—I'll pass the
rd you want luscious, smooth Cannon
mbspun Percale Sheets!"



PRICE-TELLER: "I thought you'd love 'em—and such a buy! I really expected to pay lots more . . ."



CLOWN: "Cannon Combspun comes from Nawth Carolinah. They comb the cotton so the sheet is finah!"



CENTLY WEDDED PAL: "Believe me, my dear,
en do notice nice things like lovely soft sheets
you'll see!"



FIANCE'S OLD GIRL: "Doesn't seem fair for you to get Jack and Cannon Combspuns, too, HA-HA!"



KILL-JOY: "Your Cannon Combspun Percales are heavenly—but you'll have to make beds 365 days a year!"



INNY-SIDER: "Don't worry—Cannon Combspuns
e lighter in weight—for easier bedmaking
d laundering!"



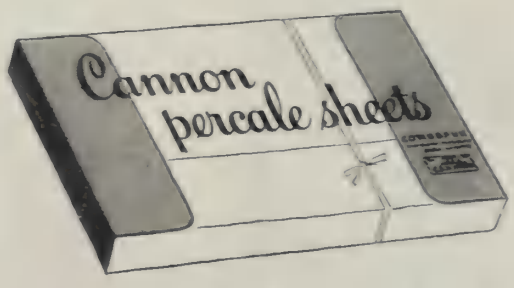
IMAGINATIVE FRIEND: "I knew you'd have lots of practical, long-wearing things like Cannon Combspun, so . . ."

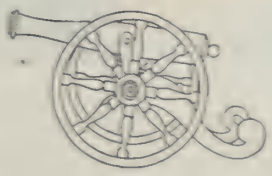


FAVORITE AUNTIE: "Here, Sweetie, go get some Cannon Combspuns in the new colors—6 of the dreamiest pastels to pick from!"



IRLS' CLUB: "Lucky!" "She's set for years!"
Well, any gal is who gets Cannon Combspun
ercale Sheets!"





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CANNON PERCALE SHEETS – THEY'RE COMBSPUN

TRADE MARK CANNON

CANNON TOWELS • STOCKINGS ■ BLANKETS ■ BEDSPREADS ■ CANNON MILLS, INC., N. Y. 13, N. Y.



"Why does A&P put the price on every item ?"

"That's a good question, Sue. A&P marks the price on every item so we'll always know what everything costs. Mother doesn't have to guess after she gets home how much she paid for all the different things she bought. It also helps the clerk to figure our bill correctly and in a jiffy. You might say A&P shows me how I spend every penny. That's another reason why I like to shop there."

Keeping track of pennies is mighty important. It's smart shopping, too. At A&P Super Markets our system of "Accurate Pricing" helps you do just that. With the price plainly marked on every item (and on the shelves, as well) you know exactly how much you're spending... and what the cost of everything is when you're checking it at home.

Try shopping at your A&P Super Market for a week or two. See how A&P's "every day low prices" and "Accurate Pricing" help you keep check on your food budget.



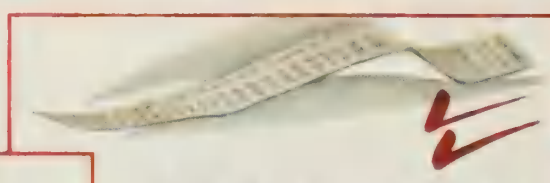
SIMPLE ARITHMETIC

Anyone knows that the lower the profit a merchant takes, the more goods you get for your money. When you shop at A&P, less than 1¢ of your dollar is A&P's profit. A&P pioneered this low profit method of food distribution that helps America eat better today!



A PARADISE FOR CHEESE LOVERS

If you were to count the different varieties of cheeses in an A&P Super Market, you'd likely find over 50 kinds. Mild and sharp, young and aged, imported and domestic. A cheese-lover's paradise! Just the place to sharpen your appetite and cut your budget.



CHECK AND DOUBLE CHECK!

At A&P Super Markets your purchases are itemized by departments on a printed cash register receipt. Be sure to take this receipt home with you. Having a printed record of every penny spent is a good check on runaway budgets.



A&P

Customers' Corner



A&P is constantly seeking new and better ways to serve you. Your ideas and thoughts on our "Accurate Pricing" system will be appreciated. Do you like it? Does it help you? Do you always get a cash register slip with your purchases? Please write us:

Customer Relations Department
A&P Food Stores
Graybar Building, New York 17, N. Y.

SUPER MARKETS

(Continued from Page 194)

From time to time, I met a great many ıite celebrities at the Van Vechtens' me: Eugene O'Neill, Sinclair Lewis and ɔrothy Thompson, Alfred and Blanche ıopf, George Jean Nathan, Alexander oollcott, Heywood Broun, Cole Porter, ɔel Coward and Somerset Maugham.

Harold Gumm, of Goldie and Gumm, eatrical lawyers, was trying to disentangle e financial troubles of the deceased Afri- na. The show had closed, but the subse- ent arguments and lawsuits were in for a ıg run. Mr. Gumm said he would handle ı part in the mess if I would give him 5 per nt of my earnings, exclusive of my pay for udeville dates. We sealed that deal with a ndshake.

I was having stomach trouble and all that llabaloo made it worse. Some friends asked e to come to Philadelphia with them while ey played a date. I was glad to. Besides erything else, I was on the verge of split- ıg up with Earl Dancer. Earl came running Philadelphia and he had a let's-forgive- d-forget-and-start-all-over-again routine, t I let him slide.

In Philadelphia, Clyde Edward Matthews peared out of the nowhere. I'd met him in kron a few months before. When I first met ldie, the girl he was romancing told me he ıs interested in me, but I didn't believe it. paid him no mind, but in Philadelphia ldie started picking up the checks. He ned me and dined me most graciously. He d an air and when he heard I needed ɔney he would say, "Here is a couple of ındred, Ethel. It's just a loan."

ACCEPTED the loans, but inside I was leery him, and I didn't want to be wolved. But was a tonic, according to this sweet-talker, breath of fresh air and just what the doc- r ordered for him so he could get on his et. I fell for it, and some time later Eddie atthews and I were married.

The work I enjoyed most at that time was aking records for Columbia, though that mpany had not yet seen fit to identify me its catalogue as a Negro singer.

Then and later I made records with such ɔnderful white musicians as Benny Good- an, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Joe Venuti, uby Bloom and Manny Klein. It was a per and a delight doing those records with ose fellows who could ad-lib my music with e. If the bosses wanted changes, we'd make em on the spot without any hesitation— ıd those changes would be right.

The Palace Theater in Chicago wanted me, and I asked $1250 and transportation, more than I'd ever dragged down before. It turned out to be the same old story. I asked that big money because I was sure I'd never get it, and I wanted just then to stay around New York. But I got the boost and had to go.

THEY have queer and dizzy ways in Hollywood. Harry Akst, who'd written Dinah, came to my dressing room while I was playing the Orpheum, in Los Angeles. Harry said he was working on the score for a new musical Warner Brothers wanted to make. They needed a song hit, and Harry thought he had it. He had brought the lead sheet to me so I could work on it with Pearl.

So we worked on it, and the song was Am I Blue! When we were ready Harry brought me to the studio and introduced me to Darryl F. Zanuck, who was production chief. Mr. Zanuck listened to my interpretation of Am I Blue!, said, "This is it," and asked what would I nick him for two weeks' work on his movie lot.

"Well, Mr. Zanuck," I said, "I have commitments on the Orpheum time, but I will see if I can postpone them."

The Orpheum people were nice about it and said they would rearrange my bookings. Meanwhile I'd talked salary to Mr. Zanuck.

"How much do you get?" he asked, and I gave him an honest answer:

"I would like to have a four-week guaranty at twelve hundred and fifty a week, which will come to a nicely rounded five thousand dollars."

"You drive a pretty nice bargain for yourself, Miss Waters," he said, but with a friendly smile, and that was our deal for the picture, which was On With the Show.

I worked my way East after finishing On With the Show. In New York I made some records, among them Traveling All Alone, which Kate Smith sang later and Al Jolson did in Wonder Bar. I had the great pleasure and privilege of being accompanied on that recording by James P. Johnson.

But my throat, which had been troubling me for some time, got worse, and my physician recommended a long rest. When I asked whether I could rest in Europe, he suggested I consult, while in Paris, the great throat specialist, Doctor Wiercart.

We sailed for Europe on the Ile de France, first-class. Many of my friends were in Paris and they tried to give me a good time. Valaida Snow was working there, and the Berry Brothers were playing in the Paris company of Blackbirds.

JENNIFER



"Boy, oh boy, Marge, you really gotta give our mothers credit—to get a husband in these things!"

masland Duran* all plastic upholstery covering



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I danced quite a bit. On many nights my escort and dancing partner was Al Brown, the fighter, who became world bantamweight champion the following year.

While in France, we spent three months in Cannes. We had booked passage home when an offer for me to play at the Palladium came from London. So we went there.

I was also able to take an engagement at the Café de Paris. The night I opened there that plushy spot was jammed with blue-bloods, lords, earls, baronets and their titled ladies. They were scattered all over the place, along with Spanish, Hungarian, Prussian, Russian types of royalty, both ex and present. As I came out to sing I saw that Tallulah Bankhead, the gorgeous yam from Alabam', who was then reigning queen of the English stage, had a ringside table. It was an exciting night.

They had beautiful hostesses at the Café de Paris. One of them, Estelle O'Brien, looked like some sort of Javanese. Estelle and I became friendly. Later she had a small part in Henry VIII, the movie that made Charles Laughton one of the world's biggest picture stars.

"Do you think I could make good in pictures in Hollywood?" this young girl asked me. "Should I take the gamble and go there?"

I looked at her. She had almond-shaped eyes and olive skin. She was sweet, charming and had a lovely face. "I think you'll make good," I told her. "Go to America. Take the chance."

It turned out to be the best advice I ever gave anyone. Shortly afterward Estelle O'Brien went to Hollywood. She became a big-time star under her professional name, Merle Oberon.

The management of the Café de Paris reserved the same table for me each night. One evening I came in to find the Prince of Wales sitting there with a lady. He was incognito, and when he was told he had my table the Prince walked over to me and apologized.

I told His Royal Highness that it was okay. I didn't like it later when he abdicated as King and Emperor and ruler of the Dominions Beyond the Seas and all the rest. After all, he was the only king who had ever apologized to me for anything. The Prince came back once a week to catch my act during the ten weeks I played at the Café de Paris. He always nodded to me and I nodded back.

I had been away from the U. S. A. for eight long months, so I lost no time getting vaudeville dates and making new records.

One day Herman Stark came to my New York apartment and asked if I cared to work at the Cotton Club. Pearl and I went up there and they had a new number Harold Arlen had written. They were using a lot of mechanical devices to get storm effects. It was a wonderful number. But after listening to it, I told them the piece should have more to do with human emotions and should be expressed that way instead of with noise-making machines to interpret the rumblings and rattlings of Old Mother Nature.

"Let me take the lead sheet home," I suggested. "I'll work on it with Pearl. This song should be given a dramatic ending. I'm gonna see if I can't give it that."

The song, of course, was Stormy Weather.

Singing Stormy Weather proved a turning point in my life. My marriage was being stormy just then. I felt I was working my heart out and getting no happiness. Stormy Weather was the perfect expression of my mood and I found release in singing it. When I got out there in the middle of the Cotton Club floor, I was telling the things I couldn't frame in words.

One night Irving Berlin, the frail, little Jewish man who has written the great love songs for two generations of Americans, came up to hear me sing that song.

The following day he got in touch with the lawyers, Goldie and Gumm. He told them he was writing the music for a revue Sam H Harris was producing. Irving said, "We like to talk to Miss Waters about it."

I went down and saw Irving Berlin, Sa Harris and Moss Hart, who was writing t book for the show, which they were calli As Thousands Cheer. Clifton Webb, Maril Miller and Helen Broderick, the comedienn were to be starred. I was only to be feature but there were four big song numbers for m

I must say that I never had better mater to work with. My four song numbers wer Heat Wave, which turned out to be a tr mendous hit; To Be or Not To Be; Suppe time; and I've Got Harlem on My Min

As Thousands Cheer was a smash hit Broadway. During the summer, when Ma lyn Miller and Clifton Webb took their v cations, Sam Harris kept the show o though there were only Helen Broderick an me as draw people. He said he wouldn't clo it unless the box-office receipts dropped b low $12,000 a week. And they never did.

While I was in As Thousands Cheer I got letter, and sometimes I think that lett opened as important a phase in my life as the good luck and success I'd enjoyed wi As Thousands Cheer.

It was a form letter, appealing for funds f St. Theresa's Monastery, in Allentow Pennsylvania.

I'd always contributed to Catholic cha ties, increasing my donations as my pa rose. But I'd never heard before of th monastery. And the moment you becon well known in show business, you are snowe under by requests for money from worth causes and individuals.

I sent $3. I was deep touched by the letter personal thanks that can from the mother superio It rang true with swee ness and simple gratitud I began to send the mo astery five- and ten-dolla checks. Always I got a letter back that gav me a big lift. I began to look forward, in patiently, to these little letters of thank They did my heart good.

I needed something like that just the While performing in As Thousands Cheer, had separated from my husband, Clyd Edward Matthews. I guess every woma knows that breaking up a marriage is neve anything to celebrate. It is the toughest of a good-bys. I knew all this, but it had becom simply impossible to go on.

After that, I sort of adopted the mona tery. Down through the years I often seeme to sense when they were pressed for money Again and again, one of my checks woul reach them on the very day they reached th bottom of the coal pile in their cellar. An each time I was in trouble, personally, an didn't know who to turn to, I'd sit down an write to the mother superior. Always I foun in her replies the loving sympathy and u derstanding that helped to calm me.

When I first crashed into the big-earn bracket I was amazed to see that money only important—in itself—when you haven got it. Once in the chips, you can give thos dollars importance only by what you d with them.

I have always lived simply. But I do lik my comfort, and I have fur coats, jewelr and big, beautiful cars. But the main reaso I have for buying such extravagant objects because a Broadway star cannot dress like waif or ride in the subway. People will tal and you can say "The hell with them!" bu they are my customers and I gotta live an appear in public as they expect me to.

My earning power, though, has given m the chance to help twenty little girls grow u and to assist God-loving people like my A lentown nuns do His work. This is almo the only satisfaction I've taken in collectin checks with the big numbers on them.

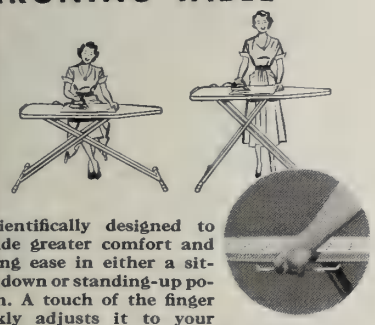
In 1935, I was costarred with Beatrice Li lie in a Shubert show, At Home Abroad That revue was Vincent Minelli's first direc ing job. The book and music were written b Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz. Th first-rate supporting cast given Lady Pe

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and the former star of Edmond's Cellar included Eleanor Powell, the tap dancer; Reginald Gardiner, the Englishman who imitates everything from steamboat whistles to drunken goldfish; Eddie Foy, Jr., Paul Haskon, Vera Allen, and Sue Hastings' Marionettes.

Georgette Harvey, who had a good part in Porgy and Bess, invited me to a party she was giving for Rouben Mamoulian, director of that famous Negro folk opera.

A white couple were arriving as I got out of my car. We went up in the elevator together and the three of us sat down, side by side, on Georgette's couch.

The white lady asked if I remembered her. "Yes, I do," I said. She'd been a guest at a society tea where I'd sung some years before. Afterward, she'd come up and complimented me on one of my songs, a take-off number on Porgy, written by Dorothy Fields and Jimmy McHugh.

The white lady seemed pleased that I remembered her so clearly. "And what do you think of Porgy and Bess, Miss Waters?" she asked.

LIKE the play Porgy, the folk opera had been based on the novel Porgy I told her that I preferred it to the straight drama.

"But this is very interesting, Miss Waters," said this lady. "Du Bose and I ——"

For the first time I realized I must be talking to Dorothy Heyward, who had dramatized Porgy with her husband from his book. And that he was the man seated next to her.

"There was a book I read some years ago ——" and I went on to tell her how and why Mamba's Daughters had held me spellbound. Yet I didn't know that Du Bose Heyward had also written that novel as I explained that Mamba's family was just like my own, with Mamba herself almost the image of Sally Anderson; her daughter Hagar like Momweeze; and her daughter Lissa, Hagar's daughter, being a girl like myself, illegitimate and going out into the world to become a successful singer.

"To everyone else, Mamba is the main character in the story," I told Dorothy Heyward, "but not to me. Hagar is the main one."

Hagar, fighting on in a world that had wounded her so deeply, was more than my mother to me. She was all Negro women lost and lonely in the white man's antagonistic world.

Dorothy Heyward listened. "If we ever decide to dramatize Mamba's Daughters," she said, "we'll see you."

Then, of course, I remembered that her husband had written the book. But it was quite a long time before the Heywards did make a play of it, and sent me the script to read.

I was thrilled and I was scared as I read that play. Even when I read it for the first time I understood that there could be no greater triumph in my professional career than playing Hagar.

The Heywards, Dorothy and Du Bose, were fine people. I had promised to steer clear of all long-term commitments so I could come in to New York and start rehearsing whenever they sent for me. A year passed, a year and a half, and I couldn't help but start to get discouraged. I couldn't see how the Heywards would ever find their much-needed bankroll.

Then the big break came. This was a wire from New York telling me to come in and start rehearsing for Mamba's Daughters.

Guthrie McClintic, Katharine Cornell's husband and her director, had read Mamba's Daughters. When he saw Du Bose Heyward again, Mr. McClintic told him, "I'm going to do your play."

Guthrie McClintic didn't know much about colored actors and he never minded my making suggestions. I was able to get many of the performers who were good friends of mine into the show. And he got together a brilliant cast—Georgette Harvey as Mamba, José Ferrer as Mr. Saint, J. Rosamund Johnson as The Reverend Quintus Whaley, and lovely-looking little Fredi Washington as Lissa. Not to forget Ethel Waters as Hagar. I also got

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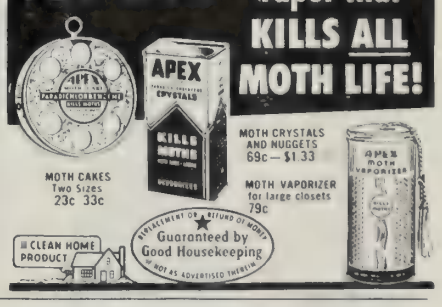


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my accompanist, Reggie Beane, in the show as Slim.

Mamba's Daughters had its preview opening on New Year's Eve and its regular opening on January 3, 1939, which I still remember as the most thrilling and important experience of my life as a performer. And my whole life, too, except for when I found God.

I was the first actress of my race ever to be starred on Broadway in a dramatic play. And we opened at the Empire Theater, which has the richest theatrical history of any showhouse in America.

And the Empire's star dressing room was mine on that night. While the carriage trade was arriving outside, I sat at the dressing table where all the great actresses, past and present, had sat as they made up their faces and wondered what the first-night verdict would be—Maude Adams, Ethel Barrymore Helen Hayes, Katharine Cornell, Lynn Fontanne and many others, now dead, who had brought talent and beauty and grace to that old stage.

I was *Hagar* that night. Hagar and Momweeze and all of us.

Seventeen curtain calls that opening night for me alone.

I couldn't stand it. Half collapsing with joy and humility, I pushed through the kissing mouths and the slaps on the back into my dressing room where Elida was waiting.

"How do you feel now, Miss Waters?" she said. "And what are you thinking?"

"Elida, if I died here and now," I told her, "it would be all right. For this is the pinnacle, and there will never be nothing better or higher or bigger for me. I have fulfillment, Elida. At last, I have fulfillment."

And I burst into sobbing as I humbly thanked my God. Because even if no one else knew it, I had been no actress that night. I had only been remembering and all I had done was carry out His orders. And I had shown them all what it is to be a colored woman, dumb, ignorant, all boxed up and feeling everything with such intenseness that she is half crazy.

After seeing the play, friends would ask, "Ethel, how can you do it? How long can you continue to give out with all that pent-up emotion, night after night?"

I never could convince them that the role offered great release for me. Being Hagar softened me and I was able to make more allowance for people's faults. Before Mamba's Daughters, I was always cursing outside and crying inside. Before, I'd never been able to do what I was doing now when I was hurt and heartsore—go out on the stage and work off my grief and melancholy.

After a long tour, Mamba's Daughters returned to New York for a second engagement. When it closed I went into the movie houses to pick up some more of those big pay checks.

While appearing in the movie houses, I was given a play to read. Its title was Little Joe, though when it was finally produced on Broadway it was called Cabin in the Sky. They wanted me to play Petunia, the wife of Little Joe, a bad man who is dying. Petunia pleads with God to give her wicked husband another chance to live decently so he'll be able to get into heaven.

I took the role. One reason was that the songs were so good.

They put good people in that play. Dooley Wilson, who later became a Hollywood sensation as the piano player in the movie Casablanca, was Little Joe; Rex Ingram played Lucifer, Jr.; Todd Duncan was the Lawd's General, and J. Rosamund Johnson Brother Green. Katherine Dunham played Georgia Brown, and had her whole dancing troupe swirling and cavorting about in that show.

Cabin in the Sky played on Broadway into March of 1941. After closing in New York we jumped to the Coast.

Cabin in the sky's tour wound up in San Francisco. I had decided to stay out in the California sunshine for a while, and in Los Angeles some movie men came at me, waving their checkbooks. They said they'd pay me $10,000 to appear opposite Paul Robeson whom they'd already signed, in Tales of Manhattan. This was an all-star episodic picture with some of the biggest names in Hollywood appearing in its different sequences.

I got interested only after they told me the story they were using for the Negro episode. Knowing what a large part God plays in our daily lives, they had been eager to inject religion in that section of the picture.

In the script a suitcase full of money falls from a plane on a poverty-stricken colored community. All the Negroes who live there have different suggestions of what to do with this manna from heaven. Hester, the woman I was to play, is the religious stronghold of the community, and she says, "What I think God meant, if that money isn't claimed by its legal owner, is that we should use it to build a hospital, a school and the other things we need so badly."

My best scene came when I go into a wretched hut where an old woman of eighty-odd lies dying. She asks me to sing her across the River Jordan. Stroking her head, I sing Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen, with the Hall Johnson Choir furnishing the musical background. As she passes on to her reward, a lovely light shines down on her from above; and it is as though this light is the ladder which her soul will ascend to reach her Maker and the Lord of us all.

The scene was reverently and tenderly done, and everybody in the studio when it was being shot raved over it. But when I went to the preview my heart broke. The whole scene was cut out.

When Tales of Manhattan was released various Negro organizations went on the warpath. They sent pickets to the theaters where the picture was shown. Their posters said us colored people were being portrayed in a bad light and as wretched, dirty and poorly clad.

I didn't understand that. These same organizations were forever complaining that we Negroes in America are underprivileged. So why was it wrong to show us on the screen that way?

I know that some of these organizations are run by men and women of the highest ideals. They've done a lot in the fight for Negro equality. But when they protest showing colored people as they really are, I think they are making a mistake.

There are thieves and wife beaters and murderers among us. There are also Negroes who are saints, geniuses and walk all their lives in God's pathway. In other words, the Negro is human, a human being with the same faults and virtues as the members of every other race.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Young Mother

By Frances Rodman

I try to imagine what it must be
To tremble with longing to touch,
to see,
To live in a world where all is
new,
With wonderful things to taste, to
do.

I try to put myself in his place
In a universe higher than is my
face,
With steps too steep and chairs
too high
And strangers busily hurrying by.

I try to think, if I could not talk,
And my legs hadn't learned just
how to walk,
And everything came from up
above,
I'd need a lot of lifting and love!

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I prefer to rest my case for the Negro as he is, gay and game, and with an endurance and an ability to survive without equal in history. I'll take him with his music and laughter and his love of God—and with all his faults. I love him and am proud of him.

I am all for raising the standard of living for my people. In fact, I have done not a little standard-of-living raising all by myself—helping my family, out-of-luck friends and sometimes complete strangers.

But I'll never understand why some of us should want Negroes to be portrayed as neat, clean Elsie Dinsmores and Little Lord Fauntleroys. They are white characters, and bores, and I'm for letting the white folks keep them for themselves.

A little later I worked in the film version of Cabin in the Sky. From the beginning there was conflict between myself and the studio because I objected to the way they were playing around with the religion in the story. Thinking it over, I don't know how, with all the snarling and scrapping, Cabin in the Sky ever stayed up there.

The trouble with winning your fights in Hollywood is that you get crucified . . . and my martyrdom was about to begin.

My agents couldn't seem to get me anything but dates in night clubs and colored vaudeville. And none of it was solid bookings. I'd work four weeks, then lay off six. I was beginning to think I was being blackballed out of the entertainment industry because of squabbles with the movie big shots.

I was still waiting for my agency contract to run out when I went back to New York. I was getting on a Fifth Avenue bus one day when I met an agent I'd known years before in Chicago. He told me he was in business with a partner and what about signing up with them?

"Excuse me," I said, and got on the bus. I wasn't a blues singer any more and that was the only field where I believed they could get me any work.

He kept buzzing me on the phone and I kept telling him that all I wanted to do was a play. But I was getting no work and sinking very low in spirit. I finally signed with this agency for a year.

I WANTED to keep working around New York. However, my new agents seemed able to get me offers from only a kind of café I didn't want to appear in. Months went by and they got me no suitable dates. Again and again I'd hear that managers had called other agencies I'd been with and asked them to get me for a job. These agents never admitted I was no longer with them. Instead, they'd say I was unavailable. That gave them the opening to push their own people as substitutes for me.

All the time I was being belted by those heavy losses I was becoming aware that my whole professional future was being menaced. In New York, Chicago, California, everywhere I went I kept hearing echoes of what show people were whispering about me:

"Old Ethel Waters is washed up. She can't get a picture. She can't get a play. They don't even want her in the movie houses or big-time vaudeville. She's through."

I felt I had hit bottom, both professionally and emotionally. After a while, I decided to move into a friend's home on 113th Street. Gossip started to spread all over Harlem that I was broke and living on charity. Of course I had insisted on paying my friend for my room and board.

It was during that summer that the Theatre Guild asked me to read a play they intended to produce. This was The Member of the Wedding, which Carson McCullers had adapted from her own novel. I took the play home and read it. When I'd finished it, I told the Theatre Guild people:

"No, I won't do it. There is something sordid and ugly about Berenice Sadie Brown, the cook." That was the character they wanted me to play. "Berenice is bitter, is a chain smoker, drinks heavily, and I would be the last to deny there are characters like her in real life. I've met such characters. But I don't think it's for me. I don't think I would work well in that channel."

(Continued on Page 203)

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It's a PACIFIC sheet BY PACIFIC MILLS . . . WEAVERS OF FINE COTTONS, RAYONS, WOOLENS AND WORSTED

(Continued from Page 201)

rom late September until November, I ed a week here, a week there. When New r's Day, 1949, came I was in Pittsburgh. as lonely, and more heartsick than ever r those layoffs which weren't getting any rter. I picked up the Bible and where my d fell it opened at the 70th Psalm. I read, the last verse of that Psalm is:

But I *am* poor and needy: make haste o me, O God: thou *art* my help and my verer; O Lord, make no tarrying."

nd then I read the 71st Psalm, which be-s:

In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust; let never be put to confusion.

Deliver me in thy righteousness, and se me to escape: incline thine ear unto and save me.

Be thou my strong habitation, whereunto ay continually resort: thou hast given mandment to save me; for thou *art* my and my fortress."

hose verses might have been written for I was so lonely that day in the hotel m. I've read them every day of my life e, also the 35th, from the first to the enth verse, and the 37th Psalm, from the t to the eighth verse.

went from Pittsburgh, after closing re, to Chicago. I think that winter was the y lowest period of my life. But always re is one thing that keeps the hardest-ssed entertainer going. Today or any day t phone may ring and bring good news. d one day in January God made my me ring and I got a message that made my rt soar. Twentieth Century-Fox wanted to fly out to Hollywood to take a screen for a picture John d was directing.

cannot remember ten ser days than those I nt waiting to hear how made out in that screen . Then, in answer to a usand prayers, came word, "The part is rs, Miss Waters. You're to report to studio on February fourteenth. The —oh, it was swell."

he picture was Pinky.*

d had a lucky break getting the role of nny in Pinky. All I had to do to play nny was remember my own grandmother, ly Anderson. The Granny in Pinky was ch like her, being proud of her blood, d-working, fierce-tempered and devoted her white employers. Jeanne Crain was granddaughter, the Pinky, a colored girl o looked white enough to pass. William ndigan was the white doctor in love with . Ethel Barrymore played the aged mis-ss of the plantation. That great actress l I had several long scenes together.

After four weeks, John Ford's doctor told n he'd have to quit directing for a while he had overworked himself. Elia Kazan ne in and replaced him. And Kazan, like thrie McClintic, had been an actor him-and understood my problems. I was able, ough his help, to let myself go, and live part of Granny as I moved before the neras.

On completing my work in the picture I nt back to Chicago. While I was there I rd from Bob Whitehead. He wanted me star in the Carson McCullers play, The mber of the Wedding, which the Theatre ild originally had asked me to read.

OB came to Chicago with the script. I d it, and shook my head.

"There is still no God in this play," I told n. "Berenice, the cook, is nasty. She's lost faith. I won't play such a character."

Bob Whitehead asked if I would come to w York and talk with Carson McCullers. aid I would if I got no engagement.

"But don't get the wrong impression of ," I told him. "I need the job and the ney. Especially the money. I'm $10,000 debt right now, but still I can't be in a play thout any God in it."

When I got to New York I told all that to rson McCullers. She and Bob Whitehead finally agreed to let me give the role my own interpretation and I signed a contract.

Bob Whitehead had got a first-class director, Harold Clurman, to put on The Member of the Wedding. He'd signed Julie Harris to play Frankie, the thirteen-year-old heroine, and little Brandon De Wilde to play the little boy, John Henry.

No one was sure The Member of the Wedding would click. It is a peculiar play, having no big climaxes or sweeping movement. But it did capture a universal emotion in an adolescent, the feeling of being alone and wanting to belong to the world. And it was written with tenderness and great beauty.

I am not struck so much by the diversity of testimony as by the many-sidedness of truth.

My part of Berenice Sadie Brown, the colored cook, offered a problem. Though I was being starred, I didn't have the star part in the play. Julie Harris had that, as Frankie. So my job, if I was to justify my star billing, was to pull and hold the play together, and thereby dominate it. But I also had to avoid distracting the audience's attention from Frankie, the central character.

Free to give my own interpretation, the character of Berenice satisfied me. She had been buffeted plenty, but she was not without humor, and she had retained her faith in God. Besides this, she was moved and guided by the memory of her one great love for a husband now dead.

In the play Frankie, the little girl, wants more than anything else in the world to go on the honeymoon of her brother and his bride. Being left out of that honeymoon is too much for her to bear. And that was the play, all mood and loveliness but not too much plot. Julie Harris and I fell in love with each other at first sight and got along fine. She is a magnificent little actress. Brandon was a perfect gem in his part too.

The night we opened the out-of-town run in Philadelphia I said my prayers, as always. Then I told myself, "I'm gonna walk out there and say everything just the way I feel it."

That's what I did. And that turned out to be just what Mr. Clurman, bless him, wanted me to do. The Philadelphia papers came out with raves.

We opened at the Empire Theater in New York. And once again I sat before the dressing table in the same room where I had sat on the opening night of Mamba's Daughters eleven years before. This time I was fifty years old and it was the end for me or a brand-new beginning. Once more the prayers said so humbly and earnestly.

This time I was onstage when the curtain went up. I was trying too hard to be Berenice Sadie Brown to see, hear or feel anything else. The curtain came down and there were ovations for all of us. The reviews next day were rapturous.

How the adjectives came tumbling out of those boys: "Something rare and special" . . . "Ethel's terrific!" . . . "Miss Waters is giving her best performance in the theater" . . . and on and on and on!

There was a long line stretching from the box office next day clear around the corner and up 40th Street. The house was sold out for weeks, then months in advance, sold out solid!

I signed a contract with Bob Whitehead's firm to stay with the show until July 1, 1951. Julie Harris and Brandon got the same long-run deal.

I'd almost finished writing this book of my life the Sunday I decided to go back to Philadelphia and the little alley places where I grew up. I thought I would go to Chester, too, while I was at it, and look at the house where I was borned.

Most of those jungle areas are unchanged. But some of the things I wanted to see weren't there any more. Clifton Street, of unholy memory, had been leveled to the ground. Fawn Street, too, was gone.

I drove down the little alleys in my Lincoln. The people came out to see me. Some of them were old neighbors and friends. I was a

*First published in the Journal as Quality, by Cid Ricketts Sumner.



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star, but they didn't care. "Hello, Ethel, you old, fat thing," they said, and "My, Ethel, you're big."

And old Morton Street was now Yarnell Street. In Chester where the shanties of Banana Avenue and Longbottom's Gut once stood in crumbling, tumble-down rows is a housing development for ofays!

But in other little streets my people still live with the privies in the back, the piles of rubbish and empty gin bottles and the smells that were there when I was a little girl.

In those alley houses I was borned and raised. Too big, always too big to fit or sit on anyone's lap. There I was shaped and formed with all my character and my faults and my good points, and I was still living there when I had the greatest experience of my life, finding God.

A long, hard way I've come indeed, but it's been a great life, and if I had it to do all over again, I would choose no other path than that one I took—touring with the Hill Sisters, as Sweet Mama Stringbean, singing in Edmond's Cellar and up to Broadway, London, Paris and Hollywood. The pains and the heartaches were all part of that life.

And now I have told it all and it has been an ache and a joy both to look over this big shoulder of mine at all my yesterdays. And there are no regrets, not even sighs, only joy and thanksgiving to the Lord for this life He gave me.

For I was born naked and hungry and He fed me and clothed me and made me strong enough to make my way on my own. And there is no greater gift or destiny, I think.

Yes, I have told it all except one thing that I have been saving until now, until the end. Except for finding God, I think this was the greatest thing that ever happened to me. And it happened three years ago when I was so low and people said I was beaten and through in show business.

I was playing in some hinky-dink night club in Philadelphia and I went to see Momweeze, who was living with Genevieve. I opened the door and there she was, sitting in a chair, and she stared at me. Then she laughed.

"Mother," I said. "Momweeze, it's Ethel."

My mother looked at me with love in her eyes and she said, "Ethel, I'm glad you've come. I want you to know that, even if you never see me again. You've been a good girl, Ethel. You know God, and He has His arms around you. Don't you worry none because once again you'll be top of the heap. And do you know something, Ethel? You're pretty. You're pretty, Ethel, and you're a good daughter. He'll bring you back."

And that was it.

That was the acceptance and the fulfillment I'd been dreaming of winning all my life. And my heart filled up, and my eyes. For the first time I knew that Momweeze loved me. I knew that she had loved me and cherished me for many years in her storm-tossed, buffeted heart.

But she had been unable to say it, any of it, until then when she sensed I was down and needed her simple words of praise as I'd never needed them before and never might again.

And I bless the Lord and thank Him for building that bridge between us, and getting Momweeze to hold out her hands to me, her unwanted one, whom she had borned so long ago in such great pain and sorrow and humiliation.

STAR PERFORMANCE

(Continued from Page 68)

is unbelievably terrible," said Alfred Lunt, and this was not dramatizing it at all!

The problem for the JOURNAL was to transform the ancient laundry-storage room into a compact, efficient kitchen. And a beautiful one, too, where Miss Fontanne and Mr. Lunt could enjoy after-theater meals or Mr. Lunt could invent a new recipe while friends discussed the success of the new play.

The room held the old water heater, old meters, wall pipes, and the old cement floor was broken. Plaster fell from the walls when you walked across to the narrow door. The room itself was 11′6″ by 9′4″.

"We'll put the door to the furnace room in the dining room," said Alfred Lunt; "save more room for the kitchen."

The old steps up from the street to the parlor floor were torn out and a new entrance was opened directly onto the first floor just below ground level at the front. This left the kitchen and dining room on the first floor with the little garden opening from the dining room at the rear. Miss Fontanne designed a minute powder room in a one-story extension at the back of the house. It opened from a narrow hall under the stairway into the garden.

The first step in the kitchen remodeling was arranged with the engineers of the local utility company. They relocated the pipes so only the gas meter and a housing box for electric service were left to cope with in the kitchen itself. The gas meter was placed in a ventilated kitchen cabinet and the service box put behind a removable panel. The pipes and conduits were consolidated at the upper part of the wall above the wall-cabinet space.

With the little room cleared for action, kitchen equipment was planned to use every inch and quarter inch. Being a famous cook, Alfred Lunt had definite requirements.

"I want a center table, round, with a marble top," he said. "Marble is best for kneading bread or anything else. And what are we going to do about the meat grinder? I've always had to put it on a chair when I used it!"

He did not want one of those awful drawers for lids—they rattle around so—and he did want the knives and spoons out. He uses a wooden spoon by choice.

"Long ago I sent an idea for step-u shelves for spices to the JOURNAL," he said "now everybody has them. It used to be w couldn't get them, so we carried ours around with us."

He liked a refrigerator with a freezing compartment. In Genesee Depot, their summer home in Wisconsin, they have a walk-i freezer and keep many of their farm food there. Some of these could be mailed from Wisconsin by air from time to time.

The equipment finally chosen met all the requirements without making the room seem like a sardine box. In fact, the kitchen looked larger!

Under the single recessed window, the JOURNAL placed the cabinet sink, with a dish washer under the counter to the left. The refrigerator fitted in at the other side, and the range was located in front of a jutting chimney breast, with cabinets and counters filling in the space between the range and the dish washer.

Along the wall toward the dining room there was not space enough for a full-depth base cabinet, so a wall cabinet was turned upside down and used under a narrow counter which was left open at the end—a perfect place to use the meat chopper and to put a wastepaper basket.

In the corner next to the dining-room door, a desk-shelf wa fitted, leaving room to recess the radiator in the wall under it. A shelf for radio and cookbooks was placed over it, as was the wall cabinet fitted with ventilation grilles that housed the gas meter. And there was space left on that wall for a tall cabinet for cleaning supplies.

Beside the refrigerator, a three-tier tray rack was installed, and added storage space was provided by a lazy-Susan revolving unit in the corner next to the dishwasher. There was left a narrow space behind the counter next to the range where the chimney jutted out; this was used for small canisters and the step-up spice shelves Mr. Lunt likes—now available with kitchen cabinets.

Recessed lighting behind the wall cabinets gives good light to work by, and a central

iling fixture gives a soft glow to the kitchen night.

"Light it hot, we must have plenty of light the kitchen." Mr. Lunt appreciates good hting to play up dramatic effects, and pro-de for seeability after sundown. A happy oice for the center fixture is a fluorescent e that hugs the ceiling. Through plastic nels at the sides some light spills out on the ates lined up over the wall cabinets. But ost of the light falls downward through uvres that keep the bare bulbs out of sight. At each of the main centers there are her lights which can be switched on as eded. Fluorescent fixtures were used at the nk, range, desk and the counter between the shwasher and range. With real ingenuity, e lights over the range and desk were aced under the shelves, and the front trim otects the eyes from glare.

It is good news that now there are flu-escent lights that are kind to colors. ith some of the old ones, people looked nastly and colors appeared entirely dif-rent from the way they do in daylight.

Setting the stage for charming living was e final step in the tchen. Miss Fon-nne's collection of ates is displayed on narrow shelf run-ng all around the alls above the cab-ets. No problem r Alfred Lunt to t down her favor-e, since he is 6'3"!

The walls above ie counters and ver the wall cab-ets were painted warm Victorian d. The ceiling, and ie wall toward the ining room, were apered with a copy an old Alsatian aper with a small esign on a light ocha background. ounter tops in a esistant plastic ere the color of offee laced with ream, and the wood im and doors were ainted to match.

For the floor, dark red plastic tiles were id, just right with the vivid colors of the st of the decoration.

"And we like blue," said Mr. Lunt. So the ccents of soft French blue were added in ablecloth, washable chair coverings and mall accessories.

The final touch of magic was in the marble p for the table, which is soft pink with eeper rosy tones. Worth all the hours of unting in antique shops to find! The base of ie table and the chairs were painted coffee-nd-cream.

The whole effect is gay as a French pro-incial setting and, as Mr. Lunt says, "Won-erful. It's a kitcheny kitchen, too, the most seful possible."

WHILE the Swedish bread was baking on the ay the kitchen was finished, Mr. Lunt made he coffee, and finished telling how to make he Swedish Rotgrot.

"You could call it fruit cream," he said, if it sounds better. You use fresh raspberry uice—add some currant jelly if it is too weet—boil it until you get four cups of irup, then stir in three tablespoons of ornstarch mixed in a little cold water and ook until it is thick—like gravy."

He poured gravy from an imaginary spoon o illustrate.

"Then you pour it in a low bowl and *do not hill.*" His voice was somber with warning. Never chill it! Then you slather ground al-nonds and cream over the top. Wonderful! And have you tried Tarragon Chicken? Do I bore you? If I bore you, just say so." He ooked over at the clock. "Five minutes nore," he said.

"Miss Fontanne makes an English cake," ie went on, abandoning the Tarragon Chicken. "I wish you could taste it. It is heavy as lead. It weighs a ton, you can barely lift it. But delicious! Delicious! We have it for tea."

The bread came out, brown and crusty and tender to slice. Mr. Lunt sliced half a loaf and presently sliced the other half. "Not quite as moist as usual," he said thoughtfully. "I have to get used to this new oven. I began to make bread when I was sick a number of years ago. It has great therapeutic value—and is so rewarding." He buttered a fresh hot slice and offered it to me. "Then I went into puff pastry."

"When did you begin to cook?" I asked.

"WHEN I was living on five dollars a week," he said. "I was hungry. Then later on, Miss Fontanne was too thin and had absolutely no appetite, so I began making her breakfasts every morning, and you know what happens when you do that: omelets, creamed fish, broiled things, popovers—well, there is no end to it!"

He poured more coffee and we were about at the heel of the loaf. Miss Davidson stacked the shining bread pans in the sink. Mr. Stuart, the Journal's photographer, took a last bit of butter. Lib Goetsch passed the sugar.

"Did you see the crystal chandeliers upstairs?" asked Mr. Lunt dreamily. "Miss Fontanne found them at an auction. They were candelabra. And she said, 'Why can't we turn them upside down and put a pineapple on them and have chandeliers?' We restrung them ourselves, thousands of crystals. You can't trust a repair place with that sort of job. And how do you like her lining all the closets with quilted fabrics? She does all that sort of thing, I don't know about that sort of —— Do I bore you?"

He rolled down his sleeves.

"You know, we have been married thirty years," he said, "and sometimes people wonder why we have so much to talk about. But we never get to the end! Quite aside from our theater business, there is always so much to say!"

The afternoon sun was shining through the little casement panes. A faint sound of a boat whistle came in.

"We're getting an award next week," said Mr. Lunt with his radiant smile flashing again, "somewhere; and the wonderful thing is we're getting it together—one award to us both!"

Pretty wonderful, I thought watching him untie his apron and button his collar. Pretty wonderful, not so much for being the world's most loved acting couple, but for being married thirty years and finding it exciting and splendid.

Miss Fontanne was in bed with a cold, but she had the last word about the kitchen, as a woman should. She wrote, "I must leap into the picture to tell you what a joy the kitchen is and how it has embellished our little house. P. S. Such a collection of ravishing trays—we shall take our meals on them all over the house!"

As I looked back at the charming kitchen evoked from the rubble of the old basement room, I thought of all the plays the Lunts have dazzled us with, the glamorous backgrounds against which they have moved. But home, I thought, is the best setting of all and the very best Design for Living.

And the kitchen, as Alfred Lunt says, is certainly the most important room of all!

THE END

ALFRED LUNT'S SWEDISH COFFEECAKE

SPRINKLE 2 packages dry yeast in ½ cup lukewarm water. Let stand 5 minutes, stir well. Scald ½ cup milk and pour onto 2 tablespoons butter, ½ cup sugar and 2 teaspoons salt. Add 10 crushed cardamom seeds. When lukewarm, add 2 beaten eggs and yeast. Mix in 4 to 5 cups flour, shape into a ball and place in a greased bowl. Cover and let rise in a warm place until double in bulk. Shape into 3 strips and cut each strip in half. Braid three strips and pinch ends together for each loaf. Place in greased loaf pans and let rise until double in bulk. Bake in moderate (350° F.) oven 30 to 40 minutes. Ten minutes before it is done, brush with a beaten egg mixed with 3 tablespoons water. Makes 2 loaves.

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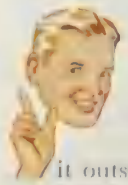


FROSTED HONEYDEW! New . . . as exciting to eat as it is to look at! And it's so easy to make.

Peel a medium-size honeydew melon: cut slice from one end: remove the seeds. Fill cavity with water then use that water, brought to a boil, for dissolving a package of raspberry gelatin dessert. Drain melon well. When the gelatin is somewhat thick, fold in well-drained canned fruit cocktail or cut-up fresh fruit. Fill the melon; place it in your refrigerator till the gelatin is firm.

Soften one 8-oz. package of *Philadelphia Brand* Cream Cheese with a little milk and whip it fluffy. Frost the melon; place on plate with crisp lettuce leaves.

Cool, colorful slices, topped with Kraft French or Miracle Whip Salad Dressing, make grand salads. Omit the dressing and you have a luscious dessert. Spring this surprise *tomorrow!*



WATCH OUT! *A secret of this recipe is the rich, fresh-tasting Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese. Other cream cheeses are in* similar wrappers *but they can't beat this brand name or bring you this quality famous since 1880. Philadelphia Brand is* so superior it outsells all other brands of cream cheese combined. *So always look for and insist on genuine Philadelphia Brand.*

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Teachers before marriage, Edith and "Rolly" agreed that teaching wasn't for him—he wanted to farm his own land, as his forefathers had.

HOMESTEADERS 1950

By RICHARD LAUTERBACH

The Roland Powerses are proving claim to 160 acres of Idaho's Magic Valley land.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MORRIS ENGEL

The yearning of men and women for land of their own is as old as history. This irresistible drive impelled generations of earlier Americans to leave comfortable surroundings for the hazardous trek westward. The right of pioneers to stake claims to public lands was first legally recognized when Abraham Lincoln signed the Homestead Law in 1862. The spirit of that law remains in effect today, and the urge to blaze fresh paths in the wilderness is still strong. As our frontiers have closed, new homesteads have been carved out of vast areas reclaimed from the West's arid deserts. Since the war, the Interior Department's Bureau of Reclamation has opened more millions of irrigated acres to veterans, chosen by lot, with three years of proved farm experience (after the age of fifteen) and with assets of $3000. The lucky ones have five years to prove their patent to the land. Typical of the tens of thousands of recent homesteaders engaged in creating a home and a livelihood from the desert sagebrush are Edith and Roland Powers, of Idaho. This is their story.



Some of Hunt Project fields were cleared by Japanese internees during last war: land the Powerses drew was rocky, unbroken.

THIS was a very special Monday afternoon on the Powers homestead. Not because Edith and Roland Powers had dragged themselves out of bed at dawn complaining about their age (31), or because it was washday, or because the Idaho weather was hot, sunny and dry. Most Mondays in the summer went like that. This particular Monday



Neighbors admire the Powerses for "sticking it out on the roughest land at Hunt." Farm equipment, well, clearing land cost more than $3700. Gross on '48 crop, $469; '49, $4000; '50 should bring $7000.

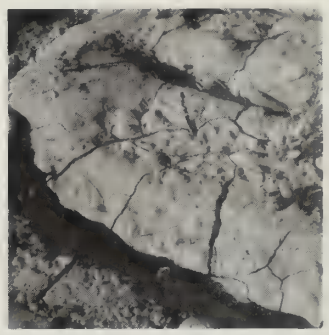
"We invested too much in machinery, not enough in comfort." This fall Rolly plans to improve house (a transplanted barracks), install bathroom, insulate. "You gotta live. You only live once."





A one-cow farm now, but eventually Rolly will concentrate on dairying.

Water is the only magic in Magic Valley



27 miles of irrigation canals link Powers farm, Snake River.

afternoon was different because Rolly's $97.50 monthly allowance under the GI School Bill had arrived and the Powers family, all five, were going to pile into the '39 Ford heap for a shopping spree in Twin Falls, 25 miles distant.

Everyone except Rolly was gathered in the spick-and-span kitchen, most livable room in the Powerses' bare, unfinished house. Edith slid the potato-bread tins out of the shiny new white electric range, twisted a dial to "OFF," and then began undoing the knotted clean diaper which she'd tied around her head after washing and setting her hair. Carmen, her thin-limbed, straw-thatched three-year-old, kept bouncing barefooted up and down the kitchen floor chanting, "Carmen's gonna get new shoes!" while Jimmy, a solidly built towhead about a year younger, thundered, "No, I is!"

Calmly ignoring the uproar, Edith stood brushing out her not-so-blond, not-so-curly locks in front of a mirror propped over the sink. A few feet behind her sat the baby, Janice Marilyn, cooing and gurgling in a shaky crib expertly chicken-wired together by the handiest of handy men, her father.

"Here comes daddy!" Carmen screamed, almost knocking down Jimmy in her dash out the kitchen door to meet a dust-covered, wirily built figure in a sweaty blue work shirt and patched overalls.

Rolly quickly scraped the ditch mud from his GI-style boots, scrubbed his small, sure hands and sturdy arms, changed his clothes and pronounced himself ready to "play hooky."

First stop in Twin Falls was the supermarket where Edith usually buys the weekly supply of food staples. With meat prices so high, she felt she was splurging on pork chops, stewing lamb, frankfurters and sausage. "When Rolly's working so hard," she reasons, "he should have meat twice a day."

Next visit was to the J. C. Penney store. While Rolly entertained Jimmy and the baby, Edith helped Carmen select inexpensive white sandals similar to those she had spotted in the Powerses' "wish book," the Sears, Roebuck catalogue. There were a dozen other things in the store that Edith wanted for herself, for Rolly and the kids. As she walked briskly past them with Carmen tugging on her sleeve, Edith whispered, more to herself than to the little girl, "Someday, someday."



's a good homemaker," other Hunt wives say, but Edith sometimes feels guilty when she hears one of them has turned in "a man's job" in the fields.

rest—brains, brawn and confidence.

After ice-cream cones at a drugstore, the family headed back to the n in time for Rolly's evening chores. The spacious drive-in movie beyond Twin was not even a temptation; Edith and Rolly had n to a movie only once during the year. Since pitching in on the nt Project in 1947, they had learned to go without things cheerfully. Monday-afternoon outing to Twin Falls would be their major di-sion for the week.

The demands of their backbreaking daily routine had made them ual shut-ins, completely isolated from dancing, music, parties, ks or the stimulating bull sessions which they both formerly en-ed. Except in the winter months, when Rolly does nothing more nuous than repair machinery, remodel buildings and study, the verses have little time for anything but work. From early spring ate fall, six days a week, their regular rising hour is five A.M. While ly sees to morning chores, Edith starts the coffee and toast, pares cereal and either wheat cakes or eggs. At six A.M., she has akfast on the table in the dinette adjoining the kitchen. A half ır later Rolly is back in the fields checking his irrigation ditches. When the children tumble out of bed at seven, Edith has water ıting for them in a huge washbasin on the ancient Great Ma-ic coal stove, used by Rolly's parents for thirty years. At the table, y Janice sits on her mother's lap for spoon feeding. Jimmy ches on a tin cooky box to bring him abreast of his plate. Carmen, o tends to be a picky eater, maintains a constant stream of childish ıtter at meals, except when Rolly is present to silence her.

Dinner, the main meal, comes at noon, with six-o'clock supper in-iably followed by evening chores. "And then," Edith says, "if ı're lucky you can sit down and read the paper. By then it's time go to bed."

Her day is just as strenuous as Rolly's: cooking, baking, washing, eeping out the omnipresent desert dust which sifts under the ill-ing doors and windows, sewing, bathing the children in the sink, ding the chickens, and "picking up the house"—which covers every-ng from making beds to ironing.

The living room, just off the dinette, is the largest. Its few uphol-red pieces are covered with khaki Army blankets to hide gaping les. A long hall to the left of the kitchen leads to the unfinished throom and the sleeping quarters—drafty in winter, breathlessly t in summer. At night Janice's crib is rolled into her parents' small droom, while Carmen and Jimmy have bumpy cots in their own m. The third bedroom is reserved for a temporary hired hand in e summer months and for visiting relatives in off season. Edith



"Paddle and patience" is disciplinary rule for Carmen, 3, Jimmy, 2, baby Janice—"a lot more patience than paddle, though."



Rolly worked hard for his college degree (interrupted by almost 4 years in the Air Corps), wants things "a little easier" for his kids.



In a crisis "a wife must make her husband understand she hasn't lost faith in him." Crisis came when new irrigation ditches washed out; after 19 hours Rolly was ready to give up.

The "someday department" holds luxuries like a furnace, curtains, "a lawn that won't blow away," as work brings "someday" closer.

has made a few economical efforts at cheerful décor—a colorful red trim around the living-room windows and a dainty pink marquisette valance for the otherwise bare bedroom windows. She longs for bright curtains—but they are in the "someday department," along with the bathroom, rugs, a furnace, shrubs and enough grass for a lawn that won't blow all over the house.

Aside from tending her large and not too productive vegetable patch, Edith does not work on the land. She suffers occasional pangs of guilt when she hears that Frances Boerner or another wife has turned in "a man's job" with the seeder or disker. The neighbors,

Bath water is heated on ancient coal stove. With their two 120-foot barracks buildings (from Jap internment camp) Powerses got bathroom fixtures, but must store them until the budget stretches to cover $200 installation fee.



Powerses have their own vegetables, milk, butter, chickens, eggs, sometimes venison; figure food bills run $50 a month. This year they raised a pig—"handy garbage-disposal unit."







No beauty shops on budget; nearest movie, 25 miles (they've seen one this year). 15-hour day leaves scant time for social life.

On father's death in '49, Rolly could have taken over easier job of running 200-acre family farm—wouldn't leave Hunt. "This was home, our roots already too deep."

however, respect Edith's own accomplishments. "She's a good homemaker, better'n I am," Frances Boerner readily admits.

"I like the way she keeps her children," another wife chimes in. And Vern Chenowith, the amiable, ample-sized Land Use Agent on the project, insists that Edith—the "Powers model," he calls her—is the best cook for miles around.

Rolly, who has a gay, bouncy manner despite his tasks and troubles, reported this compliment to his wife and added, gratuitously, "You know you *are* getting to be a better cook as time goes on—or maybe I'm just getting more accustomed to your cooking." He is positively set against Edith's doing any of the heavy work on the farm. "She could do it," he points out, recalling that she worked in a Portland shipyard during the war. But he feels Edith already does more than her share in their partnership. He has never ceased to marvel at the way she stretches their meager income.

"We have a backward budget," Edith explains. "Each month we write down what we've spent. Of course we know pretty much in advance that half the GI school check goes for food, and you can't go very far with the balance." They've bought few clothes since coming to Hunt—just essentials for the children. Most of their house-

ave a backward budget: we write down what we've spent." ays Edith's stretching of $97.50 a month he gets under (their only regular income in grim '48) is "a marvel."

Hunt Unit opened 3800 acres to homesteaders in 1947. Roland Powers was 45th on list of applicants, 43 farms were offered. But he got his land ("We wanted it so much I guess we made it come true!"): two ahead of him had withdrawn.





The Powers have earned highest accolade of Hunt homesteads: "They neighbor well."

hold purchases have been necessities, too—the electric range, the refrigerator and the washing machine.

All such major expenditures are thoroughly hashed out first. Almost always Rolly and Edith agree. "Maybe there's something wrong with us," Edith muses, "but we just don't spat."

"Maybe we haven't time," Rolly puts in, his badly chapped lips curling up in a genuine grin.

Since they are married and human, they do pick at each other. But not for long and not seriously. Rolly may tease Edith because she doesn't spring out of bed, "like rosy-colored dawn," in the wee hours of morning. Or Edith may ask Rolly why he doesn't throw that pitch-black undershirt in the wash and he'll laugh and say there's no point changing until his turn for a bath.

They never squabble about how to raise the children. Their own parents were unusually strict, allowing them few liberties and stressing school and work. The Powerses want their offspring to know the value of education, but, says Edith, "We'd like them to learn more about people, how to live with them, how to handle them, what to expect from them."

So far the children have not developed any special problems. Rolly cured Jimmy of sucking his thumb by bandaging it with adhesive tape, but he hasn't found so simple a remedy for the two-year-old's quick temper. Carmen, a minx with flashes of charm and imagination, is alternately docile and devilish. On the latter occasions, her parents—particularly Rolly, the disciplinarian—may resort to paddling. Reasoning, they figure, will come later. Snub-nosed Janice Marilyn, originally named Edith Marilyn, seems to thrive on a minimum of attention. "That'll change when she walks," Rolly predicts, "then there's trouble." *(Continued on Page 216)*



"Maybe there's something wrong, but we just don't spat. Maybe we haven't time." Rolly won't let Edith do heavy work on the land. "She could do it," but he feels she does more than her share of work now.

HOW AMERICA LIVES

It's a half mile to the mailbox, but that doesn't seem far since the "sunk well" at the end of the lane is fixed—it used to mean a 2½-mile detour. In bad weather even the children's doctor couldn't get through.

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HAM BAKED IN FOIL

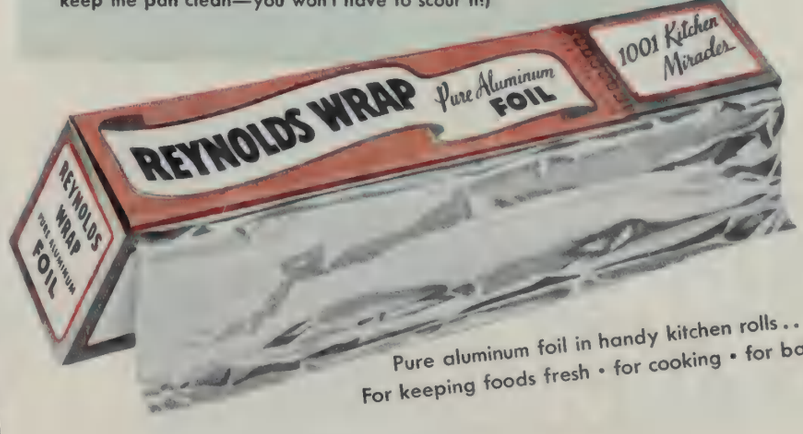
(recipe developed for baking in Reynolds Wrap only)

Wash and dry ham thoroughly. (Soak old-fashioned ham several hours; tenderized ham is ready to bake.) If very fat, trim off excess. Place ham lengthwise at one end of a long sheet of REYNOLDS WRAP. Rub with a mixture of ½ cup brown sugar, ½ tsp. pepper and 2 tbs. each ground cinnamon and grated orange rind. Bring foil over ham, seal edges firmly.

Bake on rack in pan in moderately hot oven at 400° F., as follows:

Whole Tenderized Ham	—12 minutes per pound
Half Tenderized Ham	—15 minutes per pound
Whole Old-fashioned Ham	—20 minutes per pound
Half Old-fashioned Ham	—25 minutes per pound

When baked, remove from oven, open REYNOLDS WRAP and carefully pour off all grease. Score fat diagonally, stick with cloves and cover with a mixture of 1 cup brown sugar and 1 tsp. dry mustard blended to a paste with 2 tsp. wine, fruit juice or vinegar. Return to oven and bake uncovered just long enough to brown and glaze. (REYNOLDS WRAP will catch syrup—keep the pan clean—you won't have to scour it!)



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No more gravy failures! Make *perfect* gravy *every* time . . . *any* time . . . with Franco-American Beef Gravy. Made from fine, selected beef. Has that real, roast beef flavor. And it's all ready to serve—just heat it.

Serve this rich, brown gravy to *your* family . . . over Beef Burgers and potatoes, for example. Use it with roasts, meat loaf and for hot sandwiches. It's grand good-eating in stews, or added to your own gravy to make it S-T-R-E-T-C-H!

Good cooks everywhere praise Franco-American Beef Gravy and so will you first time you try it! *Get* several cans at your grocer's the next time you shop.

Franco-American BEEF GRAVY—READY TO SERVE!

Ham goes a long way

By LOUELLA G. SHOUER

ROLAND POWERS won his bride over a meal of fried ham and cream gravy. Ham is still Roland's and Edith's favorite food—when they can afford it.

Cooked ham in the refrigerator is like money in the bank—there to provide for many tomorrows. Maybe you've had a whole baked ham for a party or a half for family Sunday dinner. There's still plenty left to create a number of good dishes—that is, if there hasn't been too much snacking going on.

And you don't have to have ham day after day, either. That's one of its virtues. Wrap it well in wax paper or aluminum foil and it will keep a week. There are so many good ways of using cooked ham right down to the bone that you'll run out of ham before you run out of recipes.

Reeling off the old favorites—how long has it been since you've treated your family to ham and potatoes scalloped together? Hash is no laughing matter, either, when it's made with ham—moist and succulent under a crisp brown crust. And when you're down to the bone—you guessed it—split-pea soup, or maybe you make bean soup at your house.

All these you may know and will have often, but now and then you'll want to be more adventurous.

Ground beef doesn't have a corner on spaghetti casseroles. Here's a good one made with ham that rates being as popular with the family as the old faithful of ham recipes—scalloped potatoes and ham. You know the way layers of thinly sliced raw potatoes, onion and slivers of ham—the layers seasoned with salt and pepper, sprinkled with flour and dotted with butter or margarine. Then milk to come to top layer and a slow bake in the oven.

HAM-AND-SPAGHETTI CASSEROLE

Sauté ½ cup chopped onion and ½ cup chopped green pepper in 3 tablespoons shortening until onions are golden yellow. Season with ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper and ¼ teaspoon paprika. Add ¾ pound diced cooked ham (½-inch cubes) and brown a few minutes with vegetables. Cook ¼ pound thin spaghetti in boiling salted water. Drain and add to ham and vegetables with 1 No. 2 can tomatoes. Simmer together 10 minutes. Dice 4 ounces sharp Cheddar cheese and combine with ham mixture. Pour into well-greased 2-quart casserole. Sprinkle with grated Cheddar cheese. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., about 30 minutes. Serves 6–8.

Ham, sweet potatoes and apples have a natural affinity for one another and blend perfectly in another oven medley.

Ham and Spinach Cutlets



APPLE, SWEET POTATO AND HAM CASSEROLE

ook 1 pound sweet potatoes in boiling lted water. Drain, peel and slice them to a greased baking dish. Or you could e canned sweet potatoes, if you're in hurry. Cover with about ½ pound ed, cooked ham. Combine a 1-pound-ounce can sliced apples with ½ cup own sugar, ⅓ cup cider vinegar, ¼ p pineapple juice and 1 teaspoon pre-red mustard. Bring to boil and simmer minutes. Pour over ham and sweet tatoes. Bake in moderate oven, 0° F., 30 minutes. Serves 4.

A dish from the Southland! Ham ds flavor and goodness to a pot-urri of vegetables. Serve it with rice.

HAM GUMBO

it off enough cooked ham from the ne to make about ½ pound. Cut it in ips and brown in 2 tablespoons ham t in a Dutch oven. Add ⅔ cup opped onion, ⅓ cup chopped green pper and 1 bud garlic, minced. Sauté til onion is golden yellow. Push vege-bles to side of pan and stir in 2 table-oons flour. Then add 2 cups canned matoes, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, teaspoon black pepper, ⅛ teaspoon yme, 1½ teaspoons gumbo filé pow-r. (This is a gumbo-seasoning mixture herbs used in gumbos. It adds a ecial flavor, but is optional if not avail-le in your stores. A Louisiana cook, wever, would not be without it on her pboard shelf.) Then add 2 cups icken broth (canned, or you can use ck made with chicken-bouillon cubes water), 1½ teaspoons salt, ½ bay af and a dash of red pepper. Simmer vered over low heat for 1½ hours. ncover. Add ½ pound green beans t into 1-inch lengths. Simmer an-ner 30 minutes. Just before serving, r in a 12-ounce can whole-kernel rn. Heat. Reseason to taste, though



Split-Pea Soup



Scalloped Ham and Potatoes

OS BY STUART

th the above seasonings and a slow mmer it should taste just about perfect now. Serve over or with boiled rice in wls or deep plates. Serves 4–6.

Remember Mrs. Sheheen—August, 50, How America Lives? She gave us r recipe for lentils and rice, which is led *judra* in Lebanese. Every cook es to add her own touch. Ours was slivers of ham. A wonderful casserole, we think—easy to make and not expensive.

LENTIL-AND-RICE CASSEROLE

Cook 1 cup lentils with 5 cups water until almost tender—about 30 minutes. Do not drain. Add ⅓ cup washed, raw rice, 1 cup tomato sauce and ½ cup more water. Season with 2 teaspoons salt and ⅛ teaspoon black pepper. Cover and simmer until rice is tender. In the meantime, fry 3 onions, chopped, in 3 tablespoons bacon or ham drippings. Add to lentils and rice with ½ pound thin slivers of cooked ham. Pour into a 2-quart casserole and bake 20 minutes in a moderately hot oven, 375° F. Serves 6.

Sooner or later you'll be cutting closer to the bone—sliceable pieces of ham have gone into other good dishes. But there are still good pickings that can be chopped or ground and combined with rice in cabbage rolls. Mixed with spinach and Parmesan cheese, chopped or ground ham makes a good croquette or cutlet.

(Continued on Page 216)

HOW AMERICA LIVES



No other well-known cereal, hot or cold, is so rich in protein—the master body-builder.

The great new protein cereal that helps you have

a fine body

ENJOY KELLOGG'S CORN-SOYA, THE NEW TOASTY-TASTING CEREAL WITH THE HIGH PROTEIN FACTOR



"A *cereal*," you ask yourself, "that can help me have a fine body?"

It's happened. It's here. It's Corn-Soya. It's life itself in cereal form. Sure, it has B vitamins, iron, energy value . . . and tastes just wonderful.

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In years to come, its benefits can be measured in the fine bodies of men and women who are boys and girls today. It can help *you* have a fine body now.



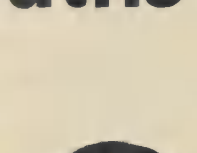


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I just hated to wash work clothes until I tried Fels-Naptha Soap.

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IMPROVED

Fels-Naptha Soap

also makers of FELSO, the new, White Instant Sudser

HAM-AND-SPINACH CUTLETS OR CROQUETTES

Mix together 2 cups finely chopped or ground cooked ham, 4 tablespoons grated Italian Parmesan cheese and 1 tablespoon grated onion. Add a thick cream sauce, using 3 tablespoons butter or margarine, 3 tablespoons flour, ¾ cup milk, ¼ teaspoon salt and pepper to taste. Cook one 14-ounce package frozen chopped spinach according to package directions. Drain very, very well. Add to the ham and sauce. Mix well and chill the whole business until thoroughly cold. Shape into cutlets, patties or cone-shaped croquettes. Dip in beaten egg and milk (2 tablespoons milk to 2 beaten eggs will be enough). Roll in a mixture of 1 cup cracker crumbs and 2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese. Dip in egg again, then back in the crumbs. Sauté to a golden crusty brown on both sides in shortening or salad oil. Serves 6.

HAM-AND-CABBAGE ROLLS

Combine 1½ cups finely chopped or ground cooked ham, 3 tablespoons washed raw rice, ⅓ cup chopped onion, 1 tablespoon minced parsley, ¾ teaspoon salt, a good dash of pepper and ¼ cup canned tomato sauce. Set aside. Gently pull apart the unblemished leaves of a 2½-pound head of cabbage. Pour boiling water over them and simmer until the leaves are just wilted. Drain. If leaves are large, cut in half and remove hard center rib. Place a spoonful of the ham-and-rice mixture in each cabbage leaf, fold the leaf over and tuck it in at ends, then roll up into a small, compact roll about the size of a sausage. Place the rolls carefully in a saucepan, which you have first lined with a few of the outer leaves of the cabbage to prevent scorching. Add 1 cup boiling water and ¼ teaspoon salt. Lay a small plate on top of the cabbage rolls to keep them in place. Cover tightly and simmer over low heat about an hour until rice is tender. There will be very little juice left—just enough so rolls are moist and not dry. If pan is not heavy and lid is not a tight-fitting one, you may have to add a little more water now and then during cooking. Serves 4–6. This makes about 25 small cabbage rolls.

When you're really down to the bone, it's time for a tureen of good soup. Here is one of our favorites:

SPLIT-PEA SOUP

Put the ham bone on to cook with 1 cup split peas, 1 large onion, diced, a handful of celery leaves, a pinch of thyme and one of marjoram, and water to cover. Let it simmer several hours to get out the goodness of the bone. Remove bone. Purée the soup through a sieve; season with salt and pepper. Dice bread and toast in oven until crispy brown for croutons. Have plenty to serve with each bowlful.

HOMESTEADERS 1950

(Continued from Page 212)

"The *main* trouble," and Edith puts her finger squarely on it, "is that children have all the time in the world and we think we're rushed."

During the good weather, Jimmy and Carmen play outside in the sand pile or romp with the black-and-white-spotted mongrel called Punk because Carmen can't pronounce "Spunk." From her kitchen door, Edith has to keep a sharp eye on the kids. Her great concern for the children's safety centers on the water. Last year eight Magic Valley youngsters were drowned in irrigation ditches. Rattlesnakes do not worry Edith as much, although Rolly smashed one with a stone not a hundred feet from the house and another homesteader, Eugene Costley, killed several hundred on his place.

With the nearest neighbors three quarters of a mile away, the Powers children rarely get a chance to mingle with contemporaries except on irregular visits to the Baptist Sunday school at Eden. This tiny village five miles away is also the location of the inadequate county schoolhouse where the Hunt Project sends its students. The Powerses hope that educational facilities will be improved by the time Carmen is ready for first grade.

The Powerses are much admired by the other settlers for sticking it out on the roughest land at Hunt. Edith, pregnant annually the first years on the project, is not too well known. She has attended few of the community potluck suppers arranged by the local Woman's Club. Rolly, however, is both well known and popular. Norm Johnson, the beefy, good-natured young farmer who tills the strip next to Powers, gives Rolly the project's highest accolade: "He neighbors well." That sentence means many things: the other men like to trade equipment back and forth with Rolly; they listen closely when he speaks up at class or during meetings of the local Farm Bureau. "He don't beat around the bush," rangy Harold Hilliard observes about Rolly, "he tells you what he's got on his mind."

Few of the neighbors have guessed that Rolly and Edith are both former schoolteachers. It was while teaching in Riverside, Washington, that volatile Roland Harrison Powers and shy Edith Bennington first met. He'd thought the pretty science teacher with the deep-set blue eyes and high cheekbones was "stuck up" when she barely acknowledged the principal's introduction and later didn't deign to greet the new math instructor in the school halls. Rolly was "baching it" with two friends in a tiny apartment and they decided to date three of the female teachers "in a spirit of mischievousness" to see how they'd behave out of school. The girls, including Edith, knew more about peninsulas and paramecia than pot holders and were agreeably surprised by the home-cooked ham dinner which Rolly fried in a borrowed pan.

Edith warmed to Rolly's chatter as well as his cooking. She listened to him ramble on about his experiences clerking for the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, selling Fuller brushes, carpentering, running a dry-cleaning establishment, and riding a motorcycle from India into China during his two years overseas with the Air Force. When he talked about the future, a dreamy look came into his eyes. Teaching wasn't for him: salaries too low to support a wife and four kids, and besides, a man was too pent up; he wanted to be his own boss, wanted to work with his hands, wanted to farm as his forefathers had.

"Then one day," Edith recalls, "he asked me to marry him, and I guess I said 'yes.'" She helped him pick out the engagement ring, setting a precedent for their attitude toward future birthday, anniversary and

"A DOCTOR YOU CAN TALK TO"

HE'S "Doctor Charlie" ("Doctor Ernest's" son) to most people in the small town where his father began practicing medicine in the horse-and-buggy days. He works a 12-hour (minimum) day at everything from delivering babies to removing tonsils. Meet the Sheppards, of Hutchinson, Minnesota, in

COUNTRY DOCTOR

By Betty Hannah Hoffman

How America Lives in the November LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

stmas gifts. The gold band with a small-diamond cost $125—a sum which now ns like "too much money" to Edith.

hey were wed early on the morning of twenty-seventh birthday at Edith's e church, the Evangelical, in Missoula, ntana, with only the immediate family ent for the simple ceremony. The bride e a wedding gown which she had de-ed and made from a lovely cream-red silk brocade sent home from China er brother Kenneth.

fter a hurried honeymoon, Edith con-ed teaching and Rolly hired out as a tor driver. They were only marking time. had filed an application for one of the omestead farm units being opened by Government on the Hunt Unit of the idoka Project in Southeastern Idaho's ic Valley. So completely was Rolly con-ed he would win a farm that he made no r plans. More than 1000 other veterans 9 different states shared the same hope.

n the 43 lucky es were plucked a cracker box June 17, 1947, and Harrison ers was not ng them.

wo weeks later, school over unemployment ality, Rolly and h were visiting Powers family lorthern Idaho. phone rang. y swears he had eling inside—ell, here it es!" His name been forty-fifth he draw, and two applicants d of him were ving their ms, Roland ers was entitled ecome an "en-an."

Dad Powers' l truck, Rolly Edith headed rd Magic Val-to gaze upon future. First t out they slept a bank of the tte River, and full moon was brilliant that h woke up ask-Rolly to turn he light. Shortly after sunup they drove the rutted roads through the treeless ches, past the scraggly clumps of persist-desert sagebrush, following the twist-ourse of the deep-canyoned Snake River ne Hunt Project.

last their feet were firmly planted on own soil. Rolly, who walks with t, springy step and always appears to v where he's going, led Edith to the est boulder in sight. His friendly blue-eyes sparkled behind his steel-rimmed es as he surveyed the flat contours of his under the blazing July sun. Edith turned wide blue eyes on the distant hills, im-sed by the jagged white daggers of snow ting down the bald peaks. Rolly did not notice them. He was too elated counting fairly clear and leveled fields previously ed by Japanese *évacués* who had been ned at Hunt during the war. Then, with ift encircling movement, he picked up h and hugged her joyfully.

IR joy was short-lived. An error had discovered in the Hunt office: the ers unit was not the one shown to them. ir rightful farm was hilly, embedded with s, its small fields awkwardly cut up. Un-the others, these 160 acres were entirely oken and thickly covered with shoulder-sagebrush. Rolly felt sick, sick in the of his stomach and sick at heart. Clutch-his hand, Edith also experienced a wave of discouragement. Before breaking the stunned silence, Rolly shoved his Sunday pork-pie hat farther back on his big, out-turned ears. "It can't be done," he groaned; "this place cannot be farmed." Not knowing exactly what to say, Edith squeezed his hand. "Let's tell 'em to keep it," Rolly said.

Back at the Hunt office, Rolly, never noted for his calm, roared his disappointment.

"Our engineers say it's feasible to farm that unit," a gruff Reclamation Bureau agent informed him, "but it *is* the roughest one on the project. I don't blame you for dropping out, if you want to. Let someone with more brawn and less brain take it."

THAT advice stung Rolly's pride. He shot a quick glance at his wife. She nodded. "We'll take it!" Rolly shouted. "You say it *can* be farmed. I don't know how, but we'll try it!" That was the first of three important turning points in their efforts to establish their right to the land and a home of their own.

Powerses' Budget as Prepared for FHA Advance
(yearly basis)

Food	$600
Clothing	150
Personal care (includes tooth paste, haircuts, etc.)	150
Health	100
Household	150
House repairs and sanitation	25
Minor equipment	50
School, church and recreation	120
Life and burial insurance	32
	$1377

Powerses' Budget as Given Author
(monthly basis)

Food	$45.00
Clothing	6.00
Rent or taxes (prorated figure for construction costs, operation and maintenance)	11.00
Electricity	6.00
Insurance	1.64
Health (paying off $125 each delivery charges for Jimmy and Janice)	5.00
Recreation	0.00
Church	4.00
Telephone	0.00
Magazines, etc.	2.00
Fuel	10.00
Total for year	$1087.68

The second came as the culmination to a long series of hardships which the Powers family endured during their initial winter on the homestead. For a month, they lived with other settlers, dormitory-style, in a former Japanese barracks. Then, with the aid of Vern Chenowith, Rolly selected a homesite. Each entryman had been awarded two 120-foot-long barracks, and when Rolly's were transplanted (at a cost of $400), he set up various buildings which he designated as house, barn, chicken house, garage and machine shed, brooder and coal-and-wood shed. Three days before Christmas, Rolly carried Edith across the threshold of the "barn," the first place they could really call their own. It was March, 1949, before they actually moved into the "house."

They dipped into their modest nest egg to buy a walnut-finished bedstead for their bedroom. Most other furnishings were free pickups from the internment camp: dilapidated chairs, a bed and cot, Army blankets, dishes, utensils and a U. S. Army stove not sufficiently pot-bellied to warm the drafty living room against the cold. In winter they close off this room and live in the dinette and kitchen.

To this day the Powers buildings lack foundations and insulation, the thin pine-board frames being covered only by frayed and ripped black tar paper. Adequate plumbing, as well as insulation, had to be by-passed. Their loot from the camp included bathroom fixtures, but the $200 installation cost has not yet been squeezed into the family budget; instead, Rolly built an outdoor privy.

Electricity was available almost immediately, but the telephone company kept promising "Next season you'll get a line." One would have been mighty welcome those memorably bitter first winters when the snows blanketed the earth at Thanksgiving and the last drifts melted in April. During the worst spell, food, hay and medicines were dropped by air, and schools closed for two weeks. Twice Rolly contacted civilization by strapping on homemade skis and scrambling to Vern Chenowith's telephone, two miles distant. The day the snowplow failed to get through after six hours of plugging, little

(Continued on Page 219)

3 TIMES YOUR MONEY BACK

if you don't agree with Mrs. Thomas McDonough (below) of 318 Third Street, Union City, New Jersey



Biggest Thing in Ironing since Starch was Invented!

SATINA

What it is . . . How it works . . .

It's blue in color—yet takes the "blues" out of ironing.

It's lightly perfumed to make clothes smell fresher.

It comes in a bar of four little sections—one section for each starching.

It's quickly, easily melted in boiling water or a boiling starch solution.

Added to hot starch, SATINA lends miraculous *ease* and *speed* to ironing.

No sticking! No pulling! No caking! Because SATINA gives starched things a satin-smooth finish that really adds wings to your iron!

Yet this "Little Miracle" of ironing costs you only pennies a month!

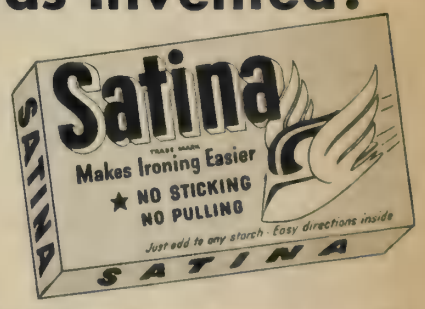
—AND LOOK AT THE RESULTS!



Ironed with ordinary starch! — messy, rumpled, soiled after ordinary wear!



Starch plus SATINA! — dirt-resistant gloss helps keep clothes fresher, cleaner *longer!*



ACT TODAY on Sensational Triple-Your-Money-Back Offer

Offer is made *for a limited time only* to introduce millions more women to the "Little Miracle" of ironing! It's effective *right now* on your first purchase of SATINA!

Easy As 1-2-3

1. *Buy* SATINA at your grocer's—look for the little blue-and-white package with the *Winged Iron!*
2. *Try* SATINA in your next starching.
3. *If* you do not agree with housewives from coast to coast that SATINA added to starch makes ironing *3 times easier*—simply mail unused portion to SATINA, Box No. 1540, New York 46, N. Y.—and *you'll receive* TRIPLE *the purchase price you paid for your first package of* SATINA!

A Product of General Foods

BUY-TRY **SATINA** NOW!

Martha Logan's

ZIPPY HAM BAKE

with rice-cheese molds

Gash fat on 1½" center slice of Swift's Premium Ham. Bake 1½ hrs. in mod. (350° F.) oven, gradually drizzling ½ c. honey over top. In last 15 min. of baking, spread with 2 tbsp. prepared horse-radish. *Molds:* To 3 c. cooked rice, drained but not rinsed (1 c. uncooked), add 1 c. grated sharp cheese, 1 beaten egg, 1 tsp. salt. Chill. Form in balls; roll in crumbs, then in 1 egg slightly beaten with 2 tbsp. water, in crumbs again. Indent tops; bake on greased baking sheet at 350° F. last 20 min. ham is baking. Serve hot with tart jelly.

Dinner's on the table

...and it's bound to do you proud

No need to look to your laurels when there's Swift's Premium Ham for dinner. You know *beforehand* that every bite will be rosy-rich, fork-tender. You're sure *in advance* of matchless flavor.

For thanks to a unique system of quality control, Swift's Premium is *always* perfect. From the careful choosing of each ham, through the Brown-Sugar-Cure and oven-smoking over hardwood fires, a long series of controls assures uniformity.

Swift's Premium is dependably, delectably the same wherever or whenever you buy it. No wonder, year-in year-out, *it's America's best-liked ham!*



New kind of branding shows on slices too

SWIFT'S PREMIUM Ham is perfect every time



EPICUREAN HAM: Cook 1 c. apple sauce and ½ c. light corn syrup till thick, stir constantly. Add 2 tsp. prepared mustard. Spread on Swift's Premium Ham baked and scored according to directions on tag. Brown 15 min. in mod. hot oven (400° F.). *Garnish:* Baked onion and tomato slices, mushroom caps.

America's favorite ham comes in 2 styles:

Blue Label, for easy home cooking;

Red Label, fully cooked.

NOTE: Not so-called "ready-to-eat" . . . but really, deliciously, fully cooked as you'd do it at home!



HAM & EGG PIE: Combine 3 c. medium white sauce, 1½ c. cubed cooked Swift's Premium Ham, 4 hard-cooked eggs cut in eighths. Cool; pour in shallow baking dish or pie pan. Top with lattice-strips of pastry. Bake 15 min. in hot oven (450° F.) till crust is golden brown and filling is hot.

Swift's unique system of quality-control assures you the same superbly mellow flavor the same delicious tenderness, in every Swift's Premium Ham

(Continued from Page 217)

mmy Powers had an attack of convulsions llowing a cold and fever. Partly by nature nd partly by necessity, Edith Powers is a laxed mother. She heated a tub of water nd quickly dumped the infant into it, othes and all.

The project has had no doctor, and those om the closest towns refused to venture it—bad roads, bad weather, bad risks. "It's een easier to get a veterinarian than a doc-r," Rolly recalls with slight bitterness. fter three years, they still have to go all ie way to Twin for a physician.

The convulsions, which proved more ightening than serious, and being snow-ound do not constitute crises in the Powers manac of headaches. Rolly and Edith were repared to cope with such troubles. Their cond real crisis—and Rolly now admits he asn't prepared for it—came with the water.

THE only magic in the Magic Valley is the ater. To reach the Powers land, it must ow 27 miles from the point where the canal aves the Snake River. That first hopeful ring when the liquid magic gurgled down ie canals, Rolly thought he was ready. He ad painstakingly "set" his best fields ac-rding to verbal instructions. But words nnot assess in advance what a given flow water will do in a new ditch on an un-easured grade

The water nearly washed them out. At ur A.M., Rolly was in the fields, checking ie head ditch, the stilling basin and the zens of corrugates, or small trenches sup-sed to distribute the water evenly through ie planted fields. As he stood there, his art pounding wildly, a center ditch washed it. Furiously Rolly shoveled to patch it, then ashed inside to gulp his breakfast. When he me out, the trench was spilling over again.

Thus it went all day, seven separate wash-uts, the final one at eleven that night. When the water is running," Rolly learned, you can't turn your back even to eat. It'll ash everything away unless you're right ere packing a shovel."

When Rolly dragged himself home that ght, his face was blacker than coal and he ached in every muscle. He was not only dead beat, he was disgusted and ready to call it quits. "I'm no farmer," he told Edith. Listening while he berated himself, Edith realized it was up to her "to turn Rolly around."

His hands were so swollen and cracked from "handling the water" that he couldn't bend them. Edith tenderly coated on Vaseline and wrapped the puffed fingers with torn sheets. Lovingly she soothed his weary anguish, insisting that he not blame himself for inexperience, that everyone had a lot to learn. Presently Rolly fell asleep in her arms. Next morning when he awoke, full of good cheer and fresh resolve, Edith knew she had accomplished "what a wife must do—make her husband understand she has not lost faith in him." And the second crisis passed.

As might be expected, the Powerses' balance sheet for that first crop was pretty grim: a gross balance of $469.37. "Jack rabbits and mismanagement of the water took care of the rest," Rolly recalls. "From seventeen acres of wheat, I got only eleven sacks."

Rolly had spent three months and $400 just clearing rocks and brush. The well cost $700.70 to drill. Equipment ran very high, the secondhand International combine setting Rolly back $1600. The Ford tractor ate up another $1000. And all this time their only regular income was the $97.50 a month that Rolly received under the GI Bill for attending the state-run vocational-agricultural school on the project. That monthly check was a lifesaver for all the entrymen during 1948.

But Rolly would not have pulled through without the valued assistance of the project's two "godfathers"—Vern Chenowith and Sandy Sandberg, of the Farmers Home Administration. The Powerses borrowed $2310 from FHA in November, 1948, and another $1535 in October, 1949. From Vern, Rolly picked up sound advice on soil, seeding, crop rotation and irrigation. With other homesteaders, Rolly poisoned, trapped and shot the pestiferous jack rabbits. In a four-hour drive, Rolly and a group of neighbors accounted for nearly 900.

The 1949 Powers crops—peas, beans, grain and clover—grossed $4000, about average for the county. Additionally they had their own milk, butter, eggs, vegetables and some meat, chiefly chicken plus a deer and a few birds which Rolly shot. This year they plan to slaughter the fatted hog which Rolly raised from a suckling as "a handy garbage-disposal unit."

The third "turning point" came unexpectedly in August, 1949. Rolly's father died. Dad Powers had assumed that one day Rolly would take over his thriving 200-acre dry grain farm in Mohler, Idaho, and Rolly's widowed mother definitely expected as much. Rolly and Edith accepted fate without complaint. A local farmer agreed to rent their homestead. They informed Chenowith and other friends of their decision. Nobody blamed them. Rolly, who hadn't been too well, was under his usual 150-pound weight. Managing a dry farm, Vern assured him, was 50 per cent easier than ditch farming.

When she started to pack baby Janice's pretty blue-and-white piqué dress, Edith knew they couldn't leave. "This was home to us," is the way Rolly explains their change of mind. "Our roots were already too deep."

Staying meant much to Edith, reaffirming the sense of security and confidence which marriage to Rolly had given her. In her heart she felt that they had "proved something" to each other by not leaving for a softer life. "We'd have been back even if we'd left," she says in retrospect.

That decision definitely behind them, the Powerses are more convinced than ever that they will succeed. Many unsolved problems face them, but nothing, they think, that courage and hard work won't lick.

They recognize that it may be quite a few seasons before they can relax long enough to enjoy themselves. Now their daily escape from reality is the comic strip—"the screwier the better." Most of their news comes from the little white table-model radio during breakfast. Edith is not ashamed to admit that last year she read only one book, Pearl Buck's Pavilion of Women. She liked it, Rolly didn't. He tries to keep up with several farm journals and relies on The Reader's Digest for what he calls "a bird's-eye view of the rest of the world." On Sundays, when they remember, they spice this diet with Winchell and Pearson, whose agitated pictures of global goings on often make them feel fortunate to be where they are.

If and when they have time for leisure, they intend to read more and dabble with hobbies. Rolly, a graduate of the Northern Idaho College of Education, would bone up on animal husbandry and fool around with guns or photography. Edith, who majored in general science at Oregon State College, wants to learn more about home economics and says she often dreams of a life in which sewing and gardening are just hobbies.

THE two men who know most about the homesteaders' prospects, Chenowith and Sandberg, have faith that the Powerses will get patent to their land in a year or two. Thus far Rolly has had no trouble meeting requirements of the Homestead and Reclamation Laws. His crop this year should gross about $7000, above average. With another loan from Sandberg (this one under a recently approved low-interest 40-Year Farm Development Program), he hopes to "get out from under a bit." To do this, he plans sprinklers instead of ditches for certain fields, more leveling, erection of fences and the purchase of six milk cows. Gradually, Rolly will shift his farm's emphasis to dairying so that when the GI school income terminates next year, the family will have another regular source of revenue.

After the water is shut off this year, Rolly intends to put a solid foundation under their hand-me-down house, insulate it, install the furnace and bathroom, cover the rugless floors and, in general, pay more attention to living. "We've got to make an investment in comforts now," Rolly says. "Gosh, you gotta live. You only live once. I don't know how we're gonna do it, but we'll sure try."

And Edith, her eyes warmly reassuring him, adds, "That's all anyone can ask, isn't it?"

THE END

★ ★

Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

THE deal was this: any member of the family who complained about the food must wash dishes for a week. Next meal, the most habitual offender began, "This soup is as salty as brine ——" He blanched, and hastily added with gusto, "But I *like* it!"

There's kinship in being the recipient of another woman's recipe. Every time you bake Fronie's cake or make Mary's icing you telegraph a thought in her direction.

When a child comes up missing, today's parent doesn't call the police station—he calmly telephones the nearest neighbor with television.

Children should know there are dogs whose bite is worse than their bark.

A woman who is an assistant dean of a well-known college and a successful parent told her own mother recently that she'd been frustrated growing up. The surprised mother's query: "Is that why you are the fine person you are?"

One family's hard-and-fast rule: No one answers another from a remote corner of the house.

The well-organized wife and mother carries shoe and sock sizes in her purse, knows by *heart* her husband's neckband and sleeve length.

Two sisters, now in their eighties, admit they still quarrel about washing the dishes. Where once they quarreled over not doing them, they now quarrel over *doing* them.

Our youngest daughter writes a business letter:

"*Dear Sir:* I am sorry but I misunderstood the directions in the paper as to how to get your hand puppets. I sent in $00.75 and *1* box top instead of *3* box tops. I am enclosing the extra two that I forgot to send. If idenity is needed I am enclosing a piece of paper that is the same as the paper I wrapped my coins in.

Thank you,
"C---M---C---"

The family finally prevailed upon mother to take a vacation, the first in twenty years. When she returned they informed her that lightning had demolished the chimney. "Just as I expected," she said. "I knew if I left home something would happen."

A woman waited twenty years to tell her husband his habit of throwing matches on the floor was a thoughtless one and received this amazing reply, "I've been thinking about that."

It really doesn't make a lot of difference how many women there are in a neighborhood who start gossip, as long as there's just *one* woman who stops it.





1

Gentler bleaching action.....

added protection for linens! There's a special reason why economy-minded housewives launder their costly linens with Clorox. For Clorox *conserves* precious linens . . . it's free from caustic, *extra gentle!* So if it's cotton or linen, white or color-fast, trust Clorox to make it beautifully snowy-white, color-bright . . . with a gentleness that means maximum life for your linens!



2

Greater disinfecting efficiency...

added protection for health! After dinner come the dishes... and disinfection of sink and drainboard with Clorox. That's a health habit in millions of American homes because Clorox not only removes stains and deodorizes, it *disinfects*... better, quicker *than any other product of its kind!* There are many such ways to protect your family's health with Clorox. You'll find them on the label.

Copr. 1950, Clorox Chemical Co.

CLOROX AMERICA'S FAVORITE BLEACH AND HOUSEHOLD DISINFECTANT



STAYING FREE

(Continued from Page 11)

more of their time restricting freedom than extending it; a great leader should have little effect among a people that has a true understanding of freedom. Masses of individuals save and build freedom, by wanting it, by understanding its nature, by being able to laugh at themselves and every frill and fancy of government they set up.

It is not so easy to be free. One must first be free to think and then able to think freely. Freedom of thought grows somewhere out of the long, slow history of western civilization, and it is bound by certain moral precepts that have stood the test of centuries and stand the test of day-to-day living: these are matters of honor and honesty, of belief in the worth of man as a man and so in the sanctity of human life, matters of faith, of human sympathy, of tolerance, of loyalty, all the things that go to make human behavior predictable to the point at which men can deal safely with one another. To be able to think freely one must understand these things, their origin and their worth; and beyond that one must have some understanding of the nature of truth, of the variability of dogma, of the steady growth and change of all phases of human thought.

It is hard to achieve all this late in life, so I believe that the first obligation of a family that believes in freedom is to ensure that its children are taught these things both in school and at home. And I believe that this obligation is more urgent now than at any other time in history, because the technique of lies and the dissemination of lies have reached a peak of efficiency never before known.

It is easy to write of freedom in high-sounding terms and generalities, far more difficult to live it. As a family we believe that all prejudice is a highway to slavery. I know we believe this, each in his own fashion; I know we understand it, each to his or her own capacity, at forty or thirteen or eleven or seven. But it is enormously difficult to be completely tolerant and unprejudiced, and none of us is or is ever likely to be. One has to have some convictions to be a worth-w human being at all, and the dividing between the virtue of conviction and the of prejudice is often too fine to be measur by the owner of either.

This on the broad plane, toward an id in the narrower plane of daily living we both more and less certain. We are politicians, though we follow politics q closely. I vote conscientiously, but rarely to a political meeting of any kind, because local people believe, most honorably, I thi that a magistrate should not reveal political preference. Ann, preserving An ican citizenship, does not vote in Cana though she holds stronger political con tions than I do. The children will vote w the time comes and I know they will v independently, out of their own thought effort.

We speak, all of us, publicly or private as the need arises, against prejudice, whic easy enough to do and not always ineffecti We have done our little part, with pleasu to ensure that Indian children are taugh the same schools as our own. We go to so length to try to learn the problems unpopular minority groups such as Dukhobors so that we can speak and intelligently if the matter comes directly us. We have been and are rigidly and ope opposed to the treatment of Canadian Ja nese on the west coast. We are, in f prejudiced against prejudice. If people ar a minority and in trouble, we assume t have a case and a cause.

There is no special virtue in all this. I rooted in self-preservation, because every is a minority and a member of sev minorities—his family, his church, his tr or profession, the organizations he belongs his city or province and, ultimately, nation. Under modern conditions it requ only a minimum of imagination to rea that he can be attacked at any or all of th points. And once that is grasped, the portance of minorities becomes an emotio and intellectual conviction.

ANN HARRINGTON

(Continued from Page 70)

onlookers, Ann's success would not be a surprise. Good-looking and slim as a fashion model, she also has the energetic, friendly personality that makes high-school popularity—plus all the material props to go with it.

Her father, a handsome, white-haired executive in his forties, is treasurer of The Shaw-Walker Company, largest exclusive manufacturers of office equipment in the world. Her mother, an aristocratic woman with short-cropped dark hair and a preference for flat shoes and tailored clothes, has sharp blue eyes and a sense of humor to match. It was in New York that the Harringtons met. Guy Harrington had been graduated from Grinnell College, in Iowa, and his wife, who had the unusual name of Tillie-Engman Stoll, had studied at Northwestern University and was working as a librarian and statistician for a Wall Street firm. When they moved to Muskegon about 18 years ago, the house on Webster Avenue was ideal for the kind of life they both liked.

Built as a farmhouse nearly 100 years ago, the house was originally L shaped. One night Mrs. Harrington "dreamed about" the big, pine-paneled recreation room they later built to make the house square. Now that room has a piano and phonograph with a collection of dance records, the windows are hung with a jitterbug print fabric, and on party nights, often after a prom, Ann and her 14-year-old sister, Kay, invite as many as thirty or forty teen-agers to jam into it to dance, eat sandwiches and drink soft drinks. (Only preparty instructions to the girls on prom night were "Everybody *has* to be gone by two-thirty.") One wall is built with bookshelves, there is space for Ann's menagerie of china skunks and Kay's miniature-angel collection, there are two built-in desks with spe overhead lighting at which the girls do t studying.

The rest of the house is furnished in cas Early American with many personal touc (Mrs. Harrington needle-pointed the ch in the dining room herself—"two listen to the Republican Convention, two for Democrats and one sitting up all night lis ing to the election returns.") Ann and K share a bedroom with twin beds and clo roomy enough to house their expensive co girl wardrobes.

Ann, who loves clothes and wears th well, is considered one of the best-dres girls at Muskegon High. Though she m stay within a $3-a-week allowance for mov school expenses and lunches, there is no budget on her wardrobe. In the past th years it has grown to include 11 sch dresses, 11 date dresses, 10 sweate 9 wool skirts, 4 coats (with her mother's jacket for winter formals), 23 blouses, 8 h and about 15 pairs of shoes, plus a num of evening dresses, sport clothes and cidentals.

Though she and her mother often sh together, Ann is free to make selecti alone, sending things home for approval the family charge accounts. Once her mot and father drove 7 miles to nearby Gra Haven to do some last-minute shopping special checked slacks for a beach party.

From June to September each year, Harringtons move to their summer hom brown-log house perched high on a sa dune on the shores of Lake Michigan ab 10 miles outside town, in what some tow people call "the sophisticated section."

e is designed around a two-story, pine-
d living room centered by a huge stone
ce with a collection of brass candle-
on the mantelpiece. "It's a perfect
for parties," Ann explained, "and we
ots of them." On summer evenings, she
s many as twenty teen-agers at a time
imming and a grilled-hamburger sup-
n the sandy terrace beside the house.
Harrington acts as cook, toasting the
rs over a charcoal grill (the hamburgers
naped beforehand and put between
s of wax paper by the family butcher)
the rest of the party serves the potato
nd sliced pickles and opens soft drinks.
Harringtons are used to teen-aged ap-
s, and in planning menus, three ham-
rs and two cupcakes are allowed
ch guest, with plenty of second help-
f "the trimmings."
er, down on the beach, the crowd can
r driftwood for a fire, listen to the
ole radio or take an after-dark swim.
s a windup for most parties, the phono-
is turned on for dancing in the living
of the cottage. Once, when Ann was
ger and one of her parties got off to a
start, her parents tolerated a water
until the guests relaxed and felt more
ole. ("They just threw water at one
er off the top of the sleeping porch—
y the time someone thought of throw-
around the living room they were
for dancing.") Now, if the parties get
oisy, Mr. and Mrs. Harrington retreat
riend's cottage just a few yards away
ome back to help break up the party
d eleven-thirty.
en on nonparty evenings, the Harring-
is a favorite hangout
their daughters'
ls. Both parents are
natured and very
l at home and treat
een-agers, as nearly as
ole, as contemporar-
ne night, after a date
Ann, a boy from
igan State stayed on
wo in the morning
ussing Vannevar
n's Modern Arms and Free Men
her mother and her. And when
vorite date from North Muskegon
School came to serenade Ann at
o'clock one spring morning with a
t rendition of Some Enchanted
ing, it was Mrs. Harrington who woke
tried to get *somebody* to appreciate that
tiful music!" But when Kay came home
lay to announce that she was now going
ly (the boy is a sophomore at Muskegon
and son of the society editor of the
paper), Mrs. Harrington said, "I
in't help myself. I just sat there and
ed."
n also went steady about two years ago,
ly and for the first and last time. (In
omance confidence, she told her parents
she and the boy, whom she had met at a
c contest at East Lansing, had been
ing along the beach of the Harrington
ner home one evening. He asked if she'd
gone steady. When she said "No" he
ested romantically, "How about going
dy with yours truly?" Several weeks
, when Ann wanted to date someone
she explained tactfully to the boy that
parents don't really approve of my
g steady" and he answered with some
f, "That's funny. Neither do mine!")

EN though "the girls have begun to
up," the Harrington family still have a
f fun together. Sometimes it's dinner at
Century Club, an exclusive men's club
sed in an elaborate brownstone in the
n's business district. Sometimes it's a
y at the Muskegon Country Club, pa-
rched by L. C. Walker, one of the found-
of The Shaw-Walker Company, and to
ch the Harringtons belong. More often
a game of bridge together or a night visit
ne local ball park to watch the Muskegon
sies take on another girls' team.
n the Harrington family, every privilege
balanced by a responsibility, for, as
s. Harrington explained, "I certainly
would not want my daughters to grow up to be snobs."

Both Kay and Ann must take daily care of their bedroom and help iron their own underthings each week. In the summertime, they sometimes take turns cooking and planning menus ("though last year we decided we had enough when Kay served us creamed sardines on toast"). On Saturdays the girls sleep till 11, but on school days Ann wakes herself at 6:45, makes her own breakfast, cleans her shoes and presses her clothes for school. Then she studies a little and skims through the Grand Rapids Herald from front page to comics. At 8 o'clock she's ready to leave for school, tagged after by Kay, who is "the lazy one."

FOR Ann, life at the moment revolves around three things: schoolwork, music and a variety of dates. With the high IQ of 145 (an IQ of 140 is considered genius), she has a straight-A average, but works hard and worries hard for every top grade that goes on her record. In class she rarely takes notes because "I think I learn more if I listen and realize I won't have notes to come back to," and crams for tests directly from the textbooks. Once last year, after getting up at 4:30 in the morning to study, she got a grade of 99 in a Latin exam—one point short of perfection because of a grammatical error.

Ann and her friends frequently "like to get into sort of intellectual discussions." Recently, after seeing Gregory Peck in Twelve o'Clock High, she sat up with a group of girls till one o'clock in the morning "trying to figure out our own distinction between right and wrong. We decided *belief* is most important —not form." Ann, who herself is an Episcopalian, explained, "Then we got talking about whether or not we believed in life after death, and what we thought it would be like. I'm confused lately, because to me the Old Testament, with Noah's ark and everything, sounds just like mythology. Our conclusion? Just no conclusion, I guess!"

If we take men only as they are, we make them worse than they are; but if we treat them as though they were what they ought to be, we raise them as high as they can be raised. —GOETHE.

Next to schoolwork itself, music is Ann's second love. At Muskegon High, about one out of seven students takes music as part of the regular school course. Through special funds and competitive musical events, the state of Michigan has promoted musical interest until band and orchestra activities in many schools closely rival sports in popularity. Three and a half years ago, after six years of piano lessons, Ann switched to the violin and now plays second violin with the school orchestra. Besides work in class, most music students take private lessons once or twice a week at about $1.50 a half hour (Ann's teacher lives two blocks from school and Ann can take her weekly lesson during a study hour) and spend three weeks each summer at music school at Michigan State in East Lansing. Music classes are so popular at Muskegon High that many students use the band room for afterschool gathering, and two of Ann's favorite dates are a cornetist and a cello player, while last year's prom date was a top clarinetist with the school orchestra.

When she was a junior, Ann—with a girl friend and two boys—formed a group called The String Quartet to play for school assemblies and local functions. Most of the practicing is done in the recreation room of the Harrington house, and the group once earned $42 for an hour and a half's entertainment. On another evening, however, they got only a five-dollar bill to split among them for a two-hour session at a wedding. (Said Ann, "We didn't care too much because we got in a lot of practice, but it seemed sort of insulting.")

Two of the five formal dresses in Ann's wardrobe, one a black satin with a double net skirt and the other an aqua taffeta, are saved for appearances in school concerts, dates with the quartet and for concerts given by the West Shore Symphony, a local, partly professional group which gives eight concerts a year and with which Ann plays



For fine food and a festive table



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Here's the newest 1950 edition of Pyrex Ware's prize-winning Hostess Set. 1½-quart casserole in a handsome modern design, complete with heat-saving, streamlined cover and four individual dishes (7-ounce size) —for every baking and serving use. In red or yellow.

5-piece set, gift-boxed **$2.95**



The casserole you couldn't live without!

Casserole dishes are getting to be America's favorite way to cook—and eat! And *this* Pyrex Ware beauty shows off your food at its appetizing best! Use this dish for baking cakes and puddings, and as a sparkling serving dish, as well. It's wonderful *every* way!

PYREX CASSEROLE 1-quart size **79¢**



It boils and brews and graces your table!

Mighty talented teapot, this one. Pretty enough to be just for serving. Makes tea so delicious you'd love it just for *that*. But this amazing Pyrex Ware Teapot does the whole job, from boiling the water to pouring the last fragrant cupful.

PYREX FLAMEWARE TEAPOT **$1.95**

PYREX FLAMEWARE
for top-of-stove cooking

PYREX OVENWARE
for baking and roasting

PYREX
If it's Pyrex Ware the trade-mark is on it
WARE

"Corning," "Pyrex," and "Double-Tough" are trade-marks in the U. S. of Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y.

A Product of
CORNING GLASS WORKS

"I've seen a great woman's picture... and I urge you to see it!"...

By **Jane Goodell**



EIGHT YEARS AGO I met a man and a woman who walked straight into the place in my heart reserved for my dearest friends.

True, they were only figures on a motion picture screen . . . but to me they were as real as though made of actual flesh and blood. Their name was Kay and Clem Miniver; the picture was "Mrs. Miniver".

Now I have had the opportunity to renew my acquaintance with these charming people. M-G-M has made another picture about them—"The Miniver Story"— with Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon once again in the roles they made so true.

And nothing has changed with the Minivers themselves—they are as gay and spirited as ever—but it was fascinating to find how the world had changed around them. Time brought more than its share of tests and challenges.



However, with their wit and wisdom —and that well of courage which was always theirs—all these problems are solved in "The Miniver Story". I found it absorbing and unforgettable, a woman's picture if ever a picture deserved to be called that. I urge you to see it for I know that the Minivers are undoubtedly your friends too, and that you will richly enjoy this peacetime postscript to their wartime adventures.

M-G-M presents
GREER GARSON • WALTER PIDGEON
in "THE MINIVER STORY"
Co-starring
JOHN HODIAK • LEO GENN with
CATHY O'DONNELL • REGINALD OWEN
and HENRY WILCOXON
Screen Play by Ronald Millar and George Froeschel
Based on the characters created by Jan Struther
Directed by H. C. Potter • Produced by Sidney Franklin
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

second violin. The Harringtons want their daughter to fit in as much music as possible in high school "so she'll be able to make up her own mind about whether or not she wants to make it her lifework." For that reason Ann spent eight weeks at Interlochen, Michigan's famous music camp, last summer (the course costs about $450) to study theory and orchestral work.

Though neither of the young Harringtons is allowed to date on week nights, Ann is allowed "to have boys walk me home from music things, and that adds up." One month last year such "music things" took her out every night except one, but "I'm always home from practice by ten and I always get my homework done before I go."

It is on week ends that Ann has "regular dates," sometimes cramming in as many as three to five from Friday through Sunday. Because both her daughters go out so often, Mrs. Harrington has become an avid detective-story fan, and sits up reading in the living room until each girl gets home, even last New Year's Eve when Ann stayed up till 4:30 at a party at the country club. It was Ann's first big country-club evening on her own. Her date was the son of a club member, her dress was an off-the-shoulder orchid-and-green-plaid taffeta, and she drank cola, ate a "scrumptious" buffet supper at 2:30 and danced in the high beamed club ballroom until 4 in the morning

Every Christmas Eve the Harringtons go to a traditional Christmas party given at the club for members and their families, with a tree and presents for the children and a tea dance for more grown-up members. The big, rambling clubhouse in dark brown shingle, with its brick terrace and rolling fairways, has become a favorite summer hangout for Ann since she learned to play golf. Though neither of the older Harringtons plays, Mr. Harrington uses the club for weekday lunching when the weather is good, and Ann and some of her friends from school whose parents are club members, for Saturday-afternoon dates. (On one occasion, when a caddy, a classmate from school, answered a "How're you doing?" greeting with "I'm working. I'm not lucky like you rich kids," Ann was completely surprised and commented hopefully, "I'm sure he didn't mean it.")

Most of Ann's closest friends are the same girls with whom she goes to school each day. Some, like Ann, are members of Carmenta Literary Society, a girls' club of 40 members; Carmenta and a corresponding group of 48 girls called the Senate Fine Arts Society are the two top social clubs of the school. Carmenta was founded about 25 years ago as a literary group, but has since become an almost purely social club. (Explained the teacher who was the original sponsor, "Years ago the girls hit on the name 'Carmenta.' They thought it meant 'head of the muses' and they were so pleased that I never had the heart to tell them that Carmenta is really a water goddess, who is also the guardian of women in childbirth!")

IN her sophomore year, Ann applied for membership in the club for the first time and was turned down because, as she puts it, "I didn't really know many of the girls." Last year she applied again and, according to club rules, gave an oral book review for the group (her selection was The Running of the Tide), was considered on the merits of her book review and "my general personality" and then voted on by a membership committee of four students and one teacher. This time she made it.

As part of her initiation, she was asked to dress in a bathing suit and a jacket from a pair of Chinese pajamas and walk down a Muskegon business street, holding a bottle of cologne and asking passers-by if they would "like to smell my perfume." One of the people she met was Mr. René Robert, handsome exchange French teacher, who was considered very attractive by the high-school crowd. He recalls, "It was very embarrassing for her to have to beg of me— such a ladylike girl." But Ann remembers the afternoon as "just a lot of fun."

Membership in Carmenta means a certain amount of social prestige and fun during the school year, since the girls wear club pins and the club sponsors an annual football dance and a Cotton Ball in spring. Out of the approximate 40 girls who apply for membership in the club each year, about 15 are accepted. New members are told of their acceptance through a letter sent to them in their home rooms. Rejected members receive no letter. However, because of Michigan's strictly enforced anti-high-school sorority and fraternity laws and the genuine concern of Superintendent of Schools C. W. Bemer, both Carmenta and Senate stress that they are not sororities and try not to function as such.

Carmenta meets once every two weeks at noontime in a classroom and with a teacher-sponsor present. Once, years ago, the group brought Vachel Lindsay and Arthur Guiterman to town as literary speakers. Now their activities vary from making bookmarks for the library to collecting books for the local children's home to (as last year's special project) selling carnations at a school dance to raise $25 to buy a used desk for a teacher in Winesap, Tennessee, through the Save the Children Federation. This year Ann was elected historian of the club. Her duties, as she explains them, are clear-cut and simple:

"According to the constitution I take all the articles and pictures pertaining to the club that appear in the Muskegon Chronicle or the school paper and paste them in a scrapbook."

Last year the girls of the Senate Fine Arts Society "discovered" and sponsored Art Summerville, a Negro boy who subsequently beat out three non-Negro candidates to become this year's senior-class president. The club heard about his fine voice, bought him some sheet music and arranged to have him appear on a school talent program. But students say it was his campaign-speech version of Lucky Old Sun, sung at a school assembly, that finally won him the election. As one teacher explained, "You know how teen-agers are. They hear so much about democracy and equality—right now this group would vote for any Negro, even if he wasn't very popular. But Art happens to be popular too."

Most of the 1600 fellows and girls at Muskegon High are very fond of their school. Since it is the only public high school in town, the students range from the children of wealthy industrialists (one girl has had her father's factory, the Kaydon Corporation, named after her brother and her) to the sons and daughters of men employed in the factories or of men who work in season on the fruit farms or celery fields outside town. In school, the students are given enough freedom and are allowed enough activities to make their high-school days seem exciting, senti and important.

A football game between Muskeg archrival Muskegon Heights will ja stadium with a crowd of 15,000 studer townspeople, and there is a gym danc every game. The monthly school paper ideal scrapbook news on athletes, pro class plays, corny jokes with a loca (such as the one about the school's drinking fountain, nicknamed "Old Fac and earnest, idealistic editorials (on torial thanked an attractive faculty sartorial example to students, then p out that "the fact that teachers are no very much is certainly not evidenced way they dress"). Radio classes, with cording studio in the school, bro weekly high-school shows over a loc tion, discussing with vigor such proble cheating in school, going steady and " curfew working in Muskegon?" The servation Club, which purchased 239 a land at $1 an acre for back taxes, us land as a laboratory for biology classe interested students spend part of their tions replanting it with oak and pine.

MUCH of the responsibility for the getic but relaxed atmosphere of the scho be traced to Principal George A. Mann nattily dressed man extremely popula the students, whose educational philo stresses that "experience is what is tant, curricular and extracurricular." 100 students out of the total student are part of the co-operative work pro going to school half days and workin days. (Explained one of the boys, "W hard to get. The unions won't let th into the factories unless they're union bers like everyone else.") The H Manual Training School, an old red building on a campus donated by lumbe Charles Hackley round the 1900's, home-ec for girls and manual trainin boys. In the home-ec room, some Oriental rugs, Haviland china and st silver donated by Hackley still remain the shops have been fitted with the m machines (the printing presses turn ou school annual) and one of the most com miniature foundries in the world. Wh they major in manual training or aca subjects, all students receive diplom the same ceremony and become s "graduates of Muskegon High School.

Because the town boasts a junior c with a semester's tuition of only $7 within walking distance of most o students' homes, about 35 per cent of high-school graduating class goes on t lege. Each year several graduates regis such schools as Notre Dame and N western in the Midwest, Yale, Princet Harvard in the East, as well as at Mic state schools.

When Ann Harrington goes off to c next fall it will probably be to Oberlin, or Carleton ("I just couldn't go to a with sororities—I don't believe the right") to major in English or history music as a minor. College for Ann will ably mean two things: further stimul her already well-developed intellectual osity, and training for an at-home caree Ann hopes to get married "right away a year or so after college," and her re ments for a husband are simple and rea "I wouldn't care what he did, and I wou try to work after marriage if it mad family secondary. I'd just like him to h sense of humor and I'd like to have no vations about him—so I could admire h a group."

Part of Ann Harrington's success wit ing—so far—has been pure luck. Bu greater part has come simply from the that she *is* the kind of girl she is: a respo and responsible individual who would ably be a successful human being even out her initial material advantages. teen-aged friends say they like her be she is attractive, friendly and fun, teachers because she is intelligent, inter and dependable. And with that combin of qualities to work with, her luck with ing will probably hold. THE

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

To H. K.

¡Lo bailado nadie me lo quita!

By Polly Toland

Peaches will rot,
No pearl's priceless,
Our skin will shrivel and bones grow frail;
But the day dawned
Is dancing always,
Though our bodies are buried our loves prevail.

The dance once danced
Is music forever,
For foot not falters nor slippers fade;
The hour grown crystal,
The waltz more perfect,
Its love more lovely as years cascade.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Elsie Scores with 2 brand-new desserts!

Hearty, quick, and so tasty . . .
relax and make 'em a day ahead.





New Dessert Surprise

Cherry Mince Meat Mold

made with

None Such Mince Meat

2 packages Cherry Gelatin* **½ cup broken nutmeats**
4 cups hot water **9-oz. pkg. None Such Mince Meat**

Dissolve Cherry Gelatin in hot water. Pour ¾ cup mixture into 2-quart mold. Chill until firm. Chill remaining gelatin until slightly thickened. Meanwhile prepare None Such Mince Meat according to directions on package; cool thoroughly. Fold in mince meat and nutmeats. Turn into mold over firm gelatin. Chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish with whipped cream and mint leaves. Makes 10 to 12 servings.

**Or use any gelatin flavor your family prefers.*

Old fashioned *good* coffee
. . . without cooking

Borden's Instant Coffee

You'll always get compliments on your coffee when you serve *Borden's!* It gives you all the rich, hearty flavor of old fashioned coffee.

Borden's Instant Coffee tastes so downright good because it's 100% *pure percolated coffee* . . . concentrated in powder form. No bulky fillers are added to change the precious flavor.

So don't be fooled by the size of the jar. You actually get as many cups from the regular size jar of Borden's as you do from a pound of ground coffee . . . yet Borden's saves you up to 20¢! Get Borden's Instant Coffee *today* from your grocer.

2-Way Magic Cookies

Quick 'n' easy with

Borden's Eagle Brand

1 ⅓ cups (15-oz. can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 tablespoon grated orange rind **Dash of salt**
3 ½ cups corn flakes, coarsely crushed **1 cup shredded coconut**
1 cup (6-oz. pkg.) semi-sweet chocolate pieces, melted

Combine Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, orange rind, salt, cornflakes. Divide mixture in half. To one part add coconut. Blend well. To second part add melted chocolate. Blend well. Drop cooky mixtures by teaspoonfuls onto well-greased baking sheets; shape with fingers. Bake cookies in moderate oven (350 F.): Coconut Cookies 10 min., till golden brown; Chocolate cookies 12 to 14 min., till firm. Remove from pan at once; cool. Makes about 5 dozen.

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Dream girl, dream girl, beautiful Lustre-Creme Girl

Hair that gleams and glistens from a Lustre-Creme shampoo



Tonight!...Show him how much lovelier your hair can look...after a

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Exclusive! This magical secret-blend lather with LANOLIN!

Exciting! This new three-way hair loveliness . . .



Better than a soap! Better than a liquid! Kay Daumit's *cream* shampoo with lanolin. Jars: $2, $1. Jars and tubes: 49¢, 25¢.

1 **Leaves hair silken soft,** instantly manageable . . . first wondrous result of Lustre-Creme shampoo. Makes lavish, lanolin-blessed lather even in hardest water. No more unruly, soap-dulled locks. Leaves hair soft, obedient, for any style hair-do.

2 **Leaves hair sparkling** with star-bright sheen. No other shampoo has the same magic blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin to bring out every highlight. No special rinse needed with Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

3 **Leaves hair fragrantly clean,** free of loose dandruff. Famous hairdressers insist on Lustre-Creme, the world's leading cream shampoo. Yes, tonight, show *him* a lovelier you —after a Lustre-Creme shampoo!

COMMUNITIES FACE THEIR SLUMS

(Continued from Page 23)

Garbage collection was erratic, due partly to failure of residents to wrap it and put it out. About the rickety apartments and under the broken floors of the older houses trash of all sorts accumulated year after year. Flies bred in the open privies. Rats and mosquitoes bred in the trash and garbage and infested the houses, of which more than 70 per cent had defective screens, or none at all. Grocery stores with their accumulation of broken crates and rotting vegetable trash were crowded among homes, with no zoning to prevent them.

In the middle of it all a run-down city incinerator spewed out its reeking smoke and sooty ash over and into the nearby frame houses, making a fire hazard. There were no regularly assigned colored policemen.

The combined elementary and high school was ten years behind the average white school in equipment in Dade County, although four members of the faculty and the principal held masters' degrees. Today, two years later, the school is rated five years behind the average white school; nine members of the faculty and the principal hold masters' degrees. The school has always been overcrowded and inadequate.

There were white doctors in Coconut Grove to whom the colored people could go, but few made house calls. There was a colored ward in Jackson Memorial Hospital in Miami (now taken over and improved by the county, which has invited colored doctors to practice there). There were a small Christian Hospital in Miami and an excellent colored ward in the Dade County Hospital in Kendall, south of Miami. (Today the Mt. Sinai Hospital, which opened in Miami Beach in 1949, also is open to colored people.) Nursing services were almost nonexistent (the county health department now has a nurse who visits the George Washington Carver School for Negroes, goes to the homes of patients with TB, VD or other communicable diseases, sees expectant mothers who are unable to attend the local clinic). There was no visiting-nurse service (now one colored visiting nurse, paid from Community Chest funds, is attempting to care for all calls for bedside nursing not only in Coconut Grove, but in all Negro sections of Miami).

Health officers said the only thing that saved the residents of Coconut Grove, white and colored, from epidemics of disease (rat-borne, fly-borne, mosquito-borne, or carried by Negro washerwomen, cooks, gardeners, and nurses to white babies) was the sterilizing force of the tropic sun.

Few white citizens took the trouble to find out what was going on in Colored Town. It did not occur to many that the increase of Negro delinquency, disease, disability, crime, the overcrowding, hunger and cheap bad food were increasing their tax bills, increasing costs of welfare, hospitals, police, law enforcement and fire departments.

Then, in the summer of 1948, a white woman listened to a talk by the Rev. Theodore R. Gibson, minister of the Christ Episcopal Church (Negro), describing conditions in the Negro area. A sentence kept her awake that night—"My people are living seven deep."

Next morning she went to ask Father Gibson, "What can I do to help?"

Elizabeth Virrick is a small woman with dark brown hair and intense blue-gray eyes. She and her husband, Vladimir Virrick, an architect, own property in the Grove but live in a small house in the country. They have a daughter who was graduated from college last June. Mrs. Virrick, a business woman, is resourceful, courageous, tenacious—a worker, in short.

Following her talk with the Negro minister, she called a meeting at her house of twenty-four white people and Negroes to plan a general meeting at the American Legion Hall, one of the few places in Coconut Grove where white people and Negroes are allowed to meet together. A friend gave money to have mimeographed a thousand notices, at the top of which a new penny was stuck. The notice read:

"A Penny For Your Thoughts—Citizens of Coconut Grove and Vicinity—Here Is Your Chance—to say what you think, hear what others think and help get something done about—THE CROWDED, SUBSTANDARD INSANITARY CONDITIONS in the Coconut Grove Colored Section—How long are we going to close our eyes to this potential source of epidemics and menace to the health of every resident in this area? Let's wait no longer for others to act. This is your invitation to an OLD FASHIONED TOWN MEETING—to form THE COCONUT GROVE CITIZENS COMMITTEE FOR SLUM CLEARANCE—August 30 at the American Legion Hall."

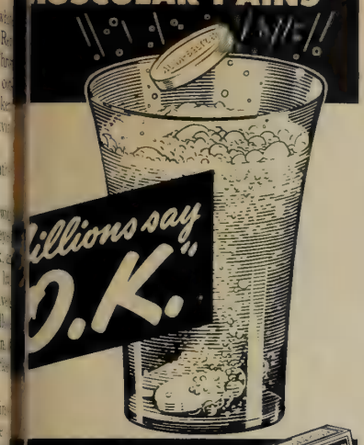
Two hundred people, Negro and white, crowded the hall. They voted to incorporate as a permanent nonprofit organization called "The Coconut Grove Citizens Committee for Slum Clearance." Mrs. Virrick was elected chairman.

An executive board was elected of thirteen citizens, some Negroes and some white, both men and women. They were ministers, a doctor, a teacher, a housewife who was also a mother, businessmen, a policeman, a dry cleaner, a dentist, a writer, a lawyer and a welfare worker.



"Filet mignon means herring, Bill? I hate herring."

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HEADACHES
OLD DISCOMFORTS
MUSCULAR PAINS



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The work to be undertaken was assigned in four parts to a Survey Committee, a Rezoning Committee, a Sanitation Committee and a Committee for the Study of Rents.

Each person present was asked to write a letter to every city commissioner asking that colored policemen be assigned to Coconut Grove for twenty-four-hour duty, and to each of the five members of the city commission, as well as to the head of the county health department, requesting an immediate inspection of and report on all privies.

Both requests were granted. The Miami Police Department immediately appointed a Negro policeman and later added a Negro patrol car.

The city commission appointed Mr. Russell Broughman, of the Bureau of Sanitation, Dade County Health Department, to make a housing-and-sanitation survey to include the Negro section of Coconut Grove. His survey was made from the fall of 1948 to the spring of 1949. It confirmed and emphasized the extreme slum conditions in this area.

Among the cold facts presented, these were of the first importance:

Of the 37 blocks in this enclosed area, only 1 could be said to be good, and that did not rate grade A; 13 blocks had substandard, and 23 blocks extreme substandard, housing. The report showed that 52 per cent of the houses indicated extreme slum conditions. "A high proportion of the families living under slum conditions are in dire need of better housing, either through repairs or rehousing," the report stated.

The report further showed that 27.2 per cent of the houses were occupied by owners (this number is cited as a healthy sign that makes improvement easier); 11.6 per cent of the families had incomes below $100 a month; 16.2 per cent, incomes of $100 to $150 a month; 25.6 per cent, $150-200 a month; 16.6 per cent had from $200 to $250 a month. In all, about 70 per cent earned less than $250 a month at the height of Miami's winter season, when most were employed as domestic, yard, hotel or laundry workers, at high seasonal wages. This leaves 30 per cent who earned $250 or more a month during the height of the season.

In the fall of 1948 the Citizens Committee set about getting the city commission to pass ordinances requiring people to connect with water mains wherever possible and to install flush toilets, sinks and septic tanks.

Mrs. Virrick spoke before the city commission, on the day the ordinance was presented, with the room jammed with white and Negro committee members. "Two miracles have saved us so far from the consequence of all this filth," she said. "The sun, and the fact that conditions have not been made public in Northern newspapers. No one has a guaranty from the Lord as to how much longer these miracles will be sustained. We have not come here to ask you to pass these ordinances. I am not going to insult you by arguing about it. We think you know how important it is. All these people have come here for the pleasure of witnessing your unanimous, affirmative vote."

The city commission, which a few months before had voted down the water-mains ordinance, now voted for it unanimously, along with the requirement for toilets, sinks and septic tanks.

At once the city began laying water mains in the six streets then without them, thus making all residents in Coconut Grove subject to the ordinance requiring toilets, sinks and septic tanks.

Meanwhile, the committee itself was at work. First came the cleanup campaign by the sanitation group under its chairman, Dr. Franz Stewart, and its cleanup chairman, Mrs. Charles H. Baker, Jr. Leaders were appointed for every block in Colored Town. Judges were appointed from a Negro garden sorority in Miami. Prizes were begged from merchants everywhere, to be awarded to the person in each block making greatest improvement.

The mountains of trash piled up along the streets were moved out every night. The

(Continued on Page 227)



Aroll

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Hollywood style Coloramic, $99.95* with 4 chairs. Bronze or silver gray legs. Daystromite top in limed oak, chartreuse, gray or green wood grain finish. Chairs upholstered in red, green, yellow, chartreuse or gray Stardust.

Daystrom's own Coloramic

You'll love Coloramic, the wonderful new Daystrom furniture that combines the strength of metal with the soft beauty of wood finishes! Coloramic is sturdy steel, smoothly sheathed in rich-hued plastic. Coloramic's loveliness resists fading, chipping, cracking—blooms for years even with the hardest wear! Restful chairs are covered with washable upholstery. The sleek-lined table is topped with oak grain Daystromite, the wonder plastic that begs for hard wear. At your favorite furniture or department store.



Daystrom's new Playdine

Entertaining? For dinner at 8, or cards at 9, the answer is Playdine! For dining, it's a handsome table with the wonderful, durable Daystromite top. Later, the top slides smoothly and easily aside—and you have a versatile game table with two convenient playing levels, both felt-covered! Safe, secure places for glasses, chips, ash trays, too. Remember, only Daystrom has Playdine!

Playdine in 2 different sizes, with 4 chairs, about $124.50* and $144.50.* Triple-plated chrome legs. Daystromite wonder top in gray pearl. Chairs in a wide selection of colors and patterns.

**Prices slightly higher in West, South and Canada*

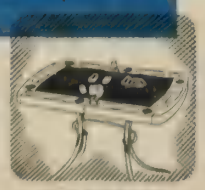
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SLIDES OPEN EASILY!



TOP SURFACE FOR CARDS!



TOP SURFACE LIFTS OUT!



LOWER SURFACE FOR DICE!

(Continued from Page 225)

nty Health Department moved in to kill
s and give advice on the eradication of
s and cockroaches. In a dump lot, piled
feet high with weeds, rocks, tin cans, old
lsprings and assorted junk, the men strung
its and worked nights cleaning and haul-
. They made benches and swings, planted
es and bushes, and created a small park
l playground.

E cleanup campaign began with a pa-
e and a band. It ended with a bigger
ade and three bands from the Miami
gro high schools with high-stepping ma-
ettes in bright-colored uniforms. There
s a mass meeting with speeches, band mu-
chorus singing and prizes. The grand
zes to homeowners were two septic tanks,
toilets, two sinks. There were furni-
e, lamps, grocery orders and cash for the
ters.

The Citizens Committee was keenly aware
t the expensive installation of septic
ks, toilets and sinks would work a hard-
on many of the Negro homeowners. The
ney necessary for septic-tank installation,
which rock often had to be dynamited,
l for the plumbing and almost always a
all bathroom addition, added up to sev-
l hundred dollars.

First the committee faced the problem of
ts to individual owners. The Coconut
ove Exchange Bank agreed to lend the
ney on home mortgages to some of the
ners. Plumbers were able to place more
ns with credit agencies. But for the real
dship cases the committee set up its own
n fund, borrowed from white residents, to
loaned to the people at only 2 per cent in-
st. Monthly collections, which the bank
eed to handle, were set at amounts of-
d by the Negro borrowers themselves.
ne were only $5 a month and will take
rs to pay off, but to date every payment
been met promptly.

The gratitude and enthusiasm of the col-
d people were touching and tremendously
rtening. A colored woman telephoned
s. Virrick, "Thank you for everything,
mostly because I have had my first bath
a tub."

To this point, success had been compara-
ely easy. The committee corrected evils
ich needed not so much argument as the
ve of an aroused and informed public
nion. But now the committee's work be-
n to cut deeper.

They believed that what the colored area
Coconut Grove needed most, before any-
ng else could be done, was rezoning.

This area had been zoned only for business
l for multiple housing. Although 83.8 per
t of the land area was occupied by single-
ily houses, they had no zoning protection.
sinesses could be carried on anywhere. No
estor or would-be owner would be likely to
ld single-family dwellings without zoning
tection. More important, it was felt that
A-insured loans would not be granted for
gle-family dwellings here, where there was
zoning for single-family houses.

The Rezoning Committee was made up of
l-known Miami architects who also had
de studies in city planning: Alfred B.
rker, chairman; Marion I. Manley, Robert
w Weed and Robert Fitch Smith, former
irman of the Dade County Planning
ard.

Their final report called for the restriction
business property to certain main streets,
h old and new multiple housing bordering
and moving out from that, like the spokes
a wheel, duplexes, and then single-family
ses in as much area as possible (these
uld border the areas next to streets occu-
d by white people, where in too-congested
ces racial tension may develop).

For the necessary public hearings before
City Planning Board, after fifteen days of
vertisement, the Citizens Committee con-
cted its usual painstaking telephone poll,
ling every Coconut Grove resident who
s listed in the greater-Miami telephone
ok. They explained the idea and urged at-
ndance at the meeting.

Response was overwhelming. The com-
ttee's rezoning plan was received with en-
thusiasm at a packed meeting of both races. Opposition, however, was raised by a few builders who wanted to erect multiples instead of single houses as called for in the committee's rezoning plan.

Two years before the Citizens Committee for Slum Clearance was organized, the Episcopal diocese of Southern Florida sold for $25,000 a tract of empty land which had been in its possession for many years. Father Gibson, anxious for the development of new housing to help alleviate Colored Town's problem of overpopulation, used his influence in getting the diocese to sell the property, but he says he did so with the verbal understanding that only single-family houses would be built. There was no written agreement. And before the committee's rezoning plan could be presented to the city commissioners, the purchasers put up three duplexes, each with six outside doors.

The rezoning plan was discussed in at least four hearings. Finally the committee was assured that its plan, with a few minor changes, would be approved at the next hearing. The committee heads were so certain of this that they did not bother to rally their usual crowds of members.

But only three commissioners voted for the plan, while two were against it. Four votes were necessary for its adoption.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Drudge

By Norman R. Jaffray

To see you toil, my precious own,
With unremitting care,
Working your fingers to the bone,
Is more than I can bear.

It pains me so to watch you,
dear,
Slaving in such a style,
I think I'll tiptoe out of here
And just lie down awhile.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Then a plan offered by the builders of the duplexes was presented. Four members voted for this plan.

The dismayed Citizens Committee held a meeting to determine what they could do. An attorney advised they could invoke the right of the Initiative Petition. That meant obtaining signatures of 10 per cent of the registered voters of the city of Miami, which then numbered about 107,000, and having them notarized and verified by the city clerk. The petition would then be presented to the city commissioners, who would be required within thirty days to pass it as a law, or, failing to do so, put it to the referendum vote of the people. If there was no election within six months, a special election would have to be called. The board of the Citizens Committee voted unanimously to put the question to a general meeting.

About sixty discouraged people came. The chairman called for all members who would pledge themselves to do the work. About forty stood up. There were more women than men, more white- and gray-haired than younger ones. Many said afterward they stood there with sinking hearts, wondering how on earth they could tramp innumerable strange streets, ring innumerable strange doorbells, argue with uninterested strangers. But they thought of those other people, crowded and miserable in that neighboring Negro area. They decided to do it.

In the days after, something happened. The resentment of everyday citizens at what they considered injustice grew. Eighty-five people, Negroes and whites, many of whom had not attended a meeting, came to the next one purposefully. When the chairman of the Initiative Petition Committee asked how many present were prepared to work, every hand went up. He called for people to volunteer for special committees, and appointed chairmen. People stood up to say, "I think that is something I can do." The meeting recessed so that the committees could meet separately then and there.

Something vigorous and electrical had leaped into life. It was felt by every person there—a realization that individual workers were not being called on to bear the whole burden, but only that part they could do best. It was one of those curiously exciting experiences which happen in a community when the force and purpose of the whole become greater than the mere sum of its parts—the irresistible, fused strength of democratic action.

This meeting took place at the end of February, 1949.

A central office, complete with telephone and typewriter, was set up. An office staff and clerical workers volunteered to man it every hour of the working day. Two hundred petitions, each with space for 130 signatures, were given out.

Blocks of streets were assigned to neighbors who went from door to door getting signatures. Tables were set on sidewalks outside grocery stores and motion-picture theaters, where day after day squads of people explained and answered questions and took signatures. The committee's chairman of speakers made appointments for talks to be made before women's and civic clubs, church and other groups. Newsboys, milkmen, delivery men volunteered to carry petitions about with them. Hundreds of signatures were taken among crowds attending a big homeowners' show.

At the end of May, 1949, the filled petitions, properly notarized, were turned in to the city clerk. They were found to be 528 names short. In the ten legal days more committee members went out and got 1319 additional names. The petition was certified by the city clerk and taken to the commission.

Four votes in the commission still were necessary for passage. Three commissioners voted for the ordinance. Two voted against.

The ordinance went on the ballot for the November election. The November vote was, in round numbers, only 2000 against and 12,000 *for* the rezoning plan. The committee's rezoning plan became law.

MEANWHILE, other things were happening. A special committee was working for the improvement of the nursery. The Negro citizens (under the direction of the Citizens Committee) organized a Negro civic group and got free adult-education classes in reading, writing and arithmetic. The Dade County Board of Public Instruction (as part of its regular maintenance program) not only repaired the school building, but bought 2½ adjoining acres on which it is planning a $500,000 new school plant. And several Negro and white lawyers worked together to strengthen the already existing free legal-assistance program.

Still the greatest need of the Coconut Grove slum area and the single greatest problem of the Citizens Committee was that of low-rent housing. The committee decided that the only means of solving the pronounced overcrowding and high-rental problem in Coconut Grove Colored Town was to get from 50 to 100 units of well-maintained, low-rent Federal housing.

They circulated a new Initiative Petition which received overwhelming support. They placed on the ballots a referendum upon which the citizens of Miami voted in special election, June 27, 1950. Legislation favoring Federal housing was passed by a majority of 4078—14,367 for and 10,289 against.

The Citizens Committee has awakened in the Coconut Grove slums the realization of the Negroes to the true value of citizenship and the importance of working together to help themselves. It has brought white people and Negroes together in hard work and understanding and true neighborliness. But its work and its story are not finished.

For democracy is not a set plan or a fixed system, but a living process by which the well-being and freedom for the people, by the will and hard work of the people themselves, can be established and will endure.

THE END



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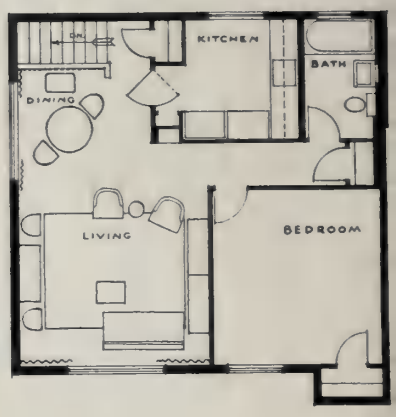
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$500 and no "Make-Overs"

By H. T. WILLIAMS



PHOTOS BY HAROLD ROWLER

BY the time most young couples have bought a rug, a sofa and two armchairs, $500 has melted from their savings, and not a lamp or curtain is yet in sight. Because of this, hand-me-downs or second-hand furniture is refurbished in order to leave enough money for a few accessories, but that takes time and talent! "What about us?" say young wives who don't have the know-how or the time. The story of how much $500 bought for this room will provide some of the answers.

That handsome striped material on the armless settee (lower picture) is cheap and durable denim. Ticking would do as well. The twin chairs are *(Continued on Page 230)*

Here inventiveness, persistent searching and a lavish hand with col are used for money. The full-length curtains are 59¢ percale. The cotton woven rug: $48.45.



HERE, AT EMILY POST'S OWN HOME, Canasta has a hearty welcome. "What a blessing it is for the hostess! Everyone can enjoy it . . . strong players and weak, older people and young people. And no problem if there's an extra player or one missing. *One firm rule,*" Mrs. Post adds: "*Fresh playing cards, always.* I would no more think of offering old cards than to provide soiled dinner napkins!"



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FACTORIES IN CARTHAGE, MISSOURI AND NEW CASTLE, PENNSYLVANIA

(Continued from Page 228)

upholstered in a heavy cotton dress fabric. Those opulent floor-to-ceiling draw curtains were possible only because their material is percale; and since we chose it in eggshell instead of white, they don't look like your best sheets hung up to dry. The coffee table is a luggage rack topped by a pastry board, and we're not kidding. The elegance of the double chest (upper picture) is due to a subtle shade of paint, new legs and new brass knobs. The dining table is secondhand. Its natural-wood top and black iron base mark its original habitat as a restaurant. The other furnishings are more orthodox. Their low cost is due less to inventiveness than to unremitting leg work. But it's good for the arches, the bank account and lasting satisfaction not to try to buy everything at once. Piece out your expenditures and your shopping safaris.

Besides inventiveness and shoe leather, another thing you can use for money is a lavish hand with color. This particular young couple is lucky. The management obligingly paints the walls of these apartments any color the tenants wish. But if you're not so lucky, wall paint is cheap and almost any color in the spectrum is less depressing and impoverished-looking than landlord buff or landlady green. And there are innumerable combinations of colors, subdued or dramatic, that you may like better than our own combination of dark emerald, lime, eggshell, natural, dark blue and geranium red. Just don't be timid about slapping them together. Courageous use of color is so attractive that it looks expensive.

But the location of the wood-slat roll-up blind and the device by which we hung lamp over the dining table are strokes of genuity at any price. A stair well gives a f ing of transience, being associated wit hall. And in a living-dining room you wan feel that you can settle back in peace. this reason we hung the blind from a stri lath nailed above the railing of the stair this second-floor apartment. The result conviction that you can eat your dinner read your paper undisturbed. As for the ing lamp, there is no electrical outlet ab the table, but there is an outlet in the b board under the nearby window. So hitched the lamp to a length of brass ch looped the chain through four brass eye screwed into the ceiling, and threaded lamp cord through all. Then we brought cord down behind the blind and along floor to the baseboard outlet. This trick m be something to remember, since hang lamps are coming back and dining rooms going out, and there is seldom an electr outlet above the right place for a dining ta

In view of the budget, surprisingly li homework went into this room. We plan for you to make the two pillows on the se and the cushions on the tavern chairs. Th chairs, of solid birch, come unfinished, b single coat of shellac is all they need. If have a sewing machine, you could make curtains. But percale is so inexpensive could afford to have them made. You or y husband could paint the chest, and he c replace its legs and knobs. And the sh supplying the twin chairs and the se upholster them free of charge in your material.

BUDGET

7½ Yards cotton print on armchairs @ 49¢	$ 3.68
2¾ Yards cotton texture for cushions and seat pads @ $1.90	5.23
46 Yards eggshell percale for curtains @ 59¢	27.14
7½ Yards striped denim for settee @ 79¢	5.93
1 Floor lamp	7.95
1 Hanging-light fixture	5.00
3 Yards brass chain for hanging fixture @ 40¢	1.20
1 Iron lamp	5.49
1 Shade	3.99
1 Brass table lamp and shade	9.98
1 Woven cotton rug 8′ x 10′	48.45
2 Benches (wood and iron) @ $21.00	42.00
4 Unpainted birch side chairs @ $16.97	67.88
1 Cherry-and-iron occasional table	12.50
1 Hardwood chest of drawers, unpainted	49.95
8 Brass drawer pulls @ 35¢	2.80
4 Turned legs	2.00
1 Armless settee	93.95
2 Armchairs @ $39.95	79.90
1 Dining table	10.00
1 Wood-slat porch shade	17.00
1 Coffee table (luggage rack and pastry board)	5.49
1 Serving cart	9.98
10 Pounds cotton @ 35¢	3.50
22′ Curtain track	3.52
7 Dozen carriers @ 30¢ dozen	2.10
	$526.61

SOMEONE TO COME HOME TO —

(Continued from Page 57)

and her father, Joe, had tried to do the shopping. But he had funny hours on the force, and, besides, he forgot the little things like salt and a vegetable and soap, so she had started to handle it.

After a while she did it quite easily. Mr. Kelley, at the corner grocery, helped her a lot, and she got so that she could cook pretty well—except the steaks that her father always did—and she kept things so very neat and clean around the three rooms that there was no reason to have anyone in. They could save the money for The Place.

There was only one thing that she wan wanted ever so very much. One thing she might have if they ever got The Pl She spoke about it to Joe when they finally on the subway, starting out for country.

"Perhaps," she said, trying to make hear over the roar of the cars, "perh when we get The Place I—we can have animal . . . for a pet and—and to care of."

She said it somewhat doubtfully, beca of course there were a lot of things that c

now
a pleasanter
task, still!



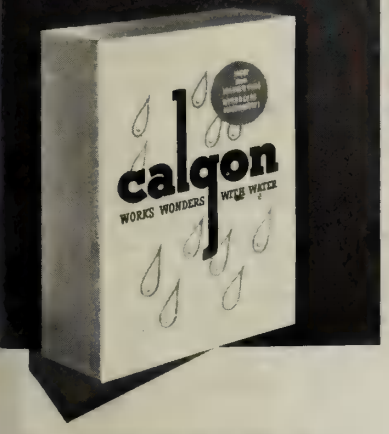
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first, but she couldn't help saying it because it had been growing in her for so long now—the wanting to have an animal that would be there when she came home, and that she could talk to and take care of and have for her own. Something—someone—to come home to. It was such a strong feeling that she had to tell Joe about it.

And he nodded now. He sat very straight beside her and she liked him in his regular suit, liked him even better than in his uniform, because he did not seem quite so official and because it meant that they could have fun together. His black shoes were very big and square, and his head towered two feet, almost, over hers.

"Maybe," he said, nodding, "maybe a cat or a dog." And that would have to do for now. Because first they had to find The Place.

They were going to a new piece of country today, one where they had never been before, and that was fun and exciting and exploring, and you never knew what you would see. At the end of the subway they got on a bus, and the sun was very bright and warm now, and there was grass, quite a lot of grass, and some boys in Boy Scout uniforms with knapsacks, and handkerchiefs at their throats, and very excited too. Most of the people got off the bus after a while, but she and Joe rode almost to the end. Out there it was truly marvelous.

Of course there were houses, quite a few houses, but they were different from the city, white with green or blue shutters, and with land around them, land that you could really run over. And, in the distance behind, the woods. The woods were part of a big reservation, her father said, and there were miles and miles of them, with brooks and streams and maybe even caves. Perhaps they would find a cave, a real cave.

They walked into the woods, and there were soft dirt paths and the trees just coming into bloom, and birds flying and calling, and the small brooks burbling hurriedly, and rocks that you could climb up on. Twice while they were walking they had to step off the path because people came by riding on horses, and that was very fascinating. She had seen that only once or twice before.

"Is it fun?" she said to her father, watching the horses gallop off down the path.

And he said, "Yep, it's good fun. I used to ride, in the old country."

She thought about that quite a lot, examining the riders very carefully when they went by, and when they found a place to eat their lunch, she and her father, she said, "Tell me some more about horses."

Her father had his coat off and his sleeves rolled up, and was lying very comfortably in a sunny spot by a brook. He was sleepy. "When I was about your age," he said, "on the farm in Ireland, I rode them for the boss. Used to jump them some."

He tried to go to sleep, but she would not let him. She made him tell her more. "Is it hard?" she said finally. "Could I do it?"

His eyes were closed. "Sure," he said lazily. He put an arm over his face, and relaxed. And she sat there, thinking and, suddenly, her mind was made up.

It was a horse that she wanted. A horse of her own. It was a silly idea, of course. She would never have one, probably, but that was what she wanted. That was what satisfied that feeling she had, that wanting to own an animal all her own. A horse. Somehow, somewhere, sometime, she would have a horse.

It was after three when her father woke up. And they took that turn in the path, that most important turn. There is always that turn for everybody. The turn that can change so many things.

They took the turn, and she was very tired now because it had been a long day, and perhaps her feet scuffed just a little. Her father looked down at her and smiled. "Tired?" he said, and his voice was gruffly soft because he loved her very much and because she was very small.

And she said "Nope," brightly, walking just a little faster, and he reached down, suddenly, and took her hand in his, and they went on down through the trees and around

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For Men, Women, Children and Infants



the bend, walking side by side in the sun. And then—there was The Place. She knew, somehow, that it was The Place.

There were perhaps a dozen small houses scattered over the mile into the woods, and they were all new houses. All except one. The One. That one was low and shingled and old, and it had a big chimney in the middle and it was small and weather-beaten and worn, but it was The Place.

It was back fifty yards from the main road, and there was a lilac bush at the front door and there was a shed, quite a big shed, out behind. And there were the woods and an unfinished house not far away. An unfinished house with men working on it.

"Joe," she said quickly, "Joe, it's The Place. Isn't it, Joe?" And he had stopped, too, looking at the little old house with the granite slabs for a foundation, and the roof where the shingles warped up just a little, and the windows that had the small panes.

"Yeah," he said, half to himself, "yeah, maybe it is—The Place." They went over, not saying anything, and stood there looking at it, and there was an old well, and apple trees that were broken, two apple trees, and it had been there a long time, the little house. "Maybe it is," Joe Walsh said.

One of the men working on the new house was watching them. After a while he put down his tools and came over. "You come out from the ad?" he said.

Joe shook his head. "Nope," he said, "we were just walking by."

"Oh," the man said. "A lot of people come out." He waved a hand. "I built all them new places," he said, "ten of 'em. Sold 'em all but the one that we're workin' on now."

"How about the old one here?" Joe said. "That for sale?"

The man shook his head. "Plannin' to tear that down," he said. "It ain't modern. People want modern houses," he told Joe. "Insulated. Cabinet kitchens."

She stood there very quietly, not daring to hope. She didn't care about cabinet kitchens, about any of those things. It was The Place that she wanted. This place. It told her so.

"I'm handy with tools," Joe was saying. "Mind if we take a look?"

THE man was not enthusiastic, but he did not care. They went on in. There were only four rooms downstairs. Four rooms and a fireplace and, upstairs, an attic floored with great wide boards.

"Old couple lived here," the man was saying, "owned all the land. Died a while ago. I bought it."

The old house was very clean, scrubbed clean. It was quiet and warm and the ceilings were low. It was The Place.

"Oh, Joe," she whispered.

"Sh-h," he said. When they went out he said, "Sure you wouldn't let this place go—as is?"

The man looked at him. At her. He was a nice enough man. He just didn't understand. "Well ——" he said doubtfully.

She felt a great weight go from her shoulders. It came off with a long sigh. Perhaps there was a chance. Just a chance. Joe and the man went over by the shed and talked for a long time. She stood and looked at T Place. Just looked at it.

"The bus only comes to here," the m said. "The rest of 'em up there have to wa down—for now. Bus goes right by t school. You go to school, young lady?"

"Yes," she said.

"Give me a call," Joe said to the man.

SHE did not say anything until they w on the bus. On and sitting down. "Will sell it to us, Joe?" she said then, when s could not wait any longer.

He shrugged. "He'd want more'n i worth probably," he said. He looked at h "Do you like it?" he said.

"Oh, Joe, yes," she said.

"You wouldn't be too lonely way o here? You'd be by yourself a lot."

She shook her head very quickly, ve firmly. "Oh, no," she said, "I wouldn't lonely. I—there'd be so many things to so much ——" Th she looked at hi "But would it be t far out for you?" s asked. It might too far out for him

He grinned do at her. "I think could handle it," said. "It's on twenty-five minute His grin stayed clo around her. It wa very warm grin. made her move clos to him. He und stood a great ma things, Joe did.

He understood th she hated, really, t third-floor brick wa up, and the clangi trolleys and the gre trucks that roared b and the schoolya that was cement a fenced in high again the traffic. He und stood that what s craved and loved we the trees and the gra and the country whe there was room walk and run, a the earth with th smell, and the bree that blew so ve clean. He was cou try people, Joe w He knew. She s very close beside h all the way hom She could only ho now. Just hope.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Rock and Tower

By Burnham Eaton

From time before my days, I know that you
Were rock upon whose substance was our home,
As bedrock cradles water, clay and loam.
My mother told me so. My brother knew.
Though in our life the honeyed words were few,
All were contained in that firm honeycomb
Of understanding. Nonsense bright as chrome,
Reason and song, we shared them as I grew.

And every way you walked was a quiet way
Where strife and anger had no place at all.
You came, at six, unhurried through the hall,
Hands in the pockets, calmness in the gray,
Smile-wrinkled eyes, as punctual as a chime.
And we were glad. And it was dinnertime.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

He was very busy, Joe was, all during t next two weeks, so that she had a great de of time to sit at home after her lessons a work were done, and wonder if ever th would get The Place. When she asked h father about it, as she did every day, all would do was shrug his shoulders and sha his head.

"I dunno," he would say. "There's a l of complications. A lot of things in the wa I dunno."

That was all that she could get out of hi Until the next every-other-Sunday, when had his day off.

"Like to go out and have another look The Place?" he said that morning, and s could not wait. She simply could not wa The subway and the bus ride were ten tim as long as the first trip. They would nev get there. And then, there they were, and t little house almost smiled at her, welcomi her, as they got off the bus. The grass w high in the yard, and the new house near was almost finished. She started up t walk and her father said, "Guess we mig have another look inside anyway," and the at the doorstep, he stopped her. He had very funny grin on his face and he stoop down and, suddenly, she was in his arms a he was laughing and they were going throu the door. "Supposed to carry your bride ov

(Continued on Page 235)



One of society's best-dressed women

Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton says . . .

"*I live in Washington... I sleep in Utica*"

Mrs. Hamilton's bedroom combines the old world charm of French Provincial with the wide-windowed spaciousness of contemporary design.

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you get more head and leg room...

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*TRADE MARK

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(Continued from Page 232)

orstep," he said, "and you aren't any yet a long while, but—well, it's your honey." And he put her down and od there in the bare rooms and looked

rs, Joe?" she said, and then she could nd it any longer, and the tears came n down her cheeks and she was so that she could not stop them, ever. Joe," she said, and she clung to him s hand was gentle on her shoulder and ce was very gruff.

u like it, punk, eh?" he said, and she nly nod her head up and down, fast. -I love it, Joe," she could say, finally, love it." And that day was the very he highest day, the brightest day the nad ever known. In The Place. Their Home. She believed that then—she t that she was sure. Until another a day that came later. So many things

moved in two weeks, on the next other-Sunday, and then there were things to do: the painting, that Joe did f; the curtains to get up; the furniture nge; and, of course, the outside, the nd the shed.

shed was the most interesting. It had floor, worn hard, and the rafters were d poles, very old, and it was a big It was big enough for . . . the animal. arcely dared think about that. That have to wait, of course.

then two things happened. The first appened because of the bus. Her father fore she did, usually, or after, depend- when he was on duty, so that she took s to school alone. The bus stopped n front of The Place and, as the man id, the people in the houses beyond walk down there and wait for it. And, first morning, there was the girl.

girl was a woman, really, and quite d very, very pretty, with dark hair es, and a mouth that was perhaps a arge, but that was very friendly and and that smiled at you as if you were tranger or a newcomer at all. For the w mornings they had just smiled at ther, and then one morning the girl

ve your little house," she said. "It has and it looks like home. I think it's the ne on the street."

Patricia had felt very happy about nd they sat together on the bus and the girl said that she worked in town, in an office, and that her family had just bought one of the new houses farther up the line. It was nice to have someone to talk to on the way to school.

School was a little hard at first, because it was new and the end of the term and she did not know anybody. She did not stay at school in the late afternoons, because all the others had their friends and their plans. She wanted to come home anyway, because there was so much to do.

There was only one trouble about coming home. Her father was never at home when she got there, and it was very quiet and still in the little house, and it would have been nice to have someone, something, there to talk to and plan with. After a while she tried to solve that by talking to the house itself, and telling it what she was going to do and why, and how wonderful it was just to be there. How very wonderful. Talking to the house was all right, except that it couldn't really answer, or respond, and it was just a little silly to be talking to yourself all the time. Especially when the mailman or someone selling things stopped by. But she was not lonely. She kept telling herself that she was not lonely.

And then the second thing happened. The most important thing.

There was a small store half a mile farther down the bus line, and she walked there almost every afternoon, late, to buy things. A very nice man, Mr. Cohan, owned the store, and he told her what was priced too high and what was a good buy, and she got to know him quite well and he was her friend.

She had two friends now, the girl on the bus and Mr. Cohan.

One afternoon there was a crowd in Mr. Cohan's store, and they had on riding clothes. Boots and breeches for the men, and the girls in long, strange trousers that were tight from their knees down to their shoes. She waited until they had gone out, and then she said, "Do they ride near here?"

Mr. Cohan nodded. "There's a stable back a piece," he said. "Place where they rent horses. Not much of a place, either," he went on disgustedly, "if you ask me."

She did not ask him why it was not much of a place, but she did know one thing. She was going up there. She was going to see the horses. It was the most thrilling thing since The Place. The next day was Saturday and, in the afternoon, she walked down to the stable.

It was a very battered and tumble-down building, set in the scrub oak and pines on the edge of the woods. Most of the windows were broken, and there were great piles of manure, and tangles of old haywire, and rickety buggies and sleighs stuck out in the open, warped and sagging. It was a very dreary place. A group of men and girls was standing around, talking very loud, and she kept away from them and stayed over by a fenced-in place and just watched.

In a few minutes a lot of horses came out of one of the trails, and the people got off in the dooryard. The horses just stood there, motionless. It was a hot day, and the horses were steaming and their heads were down. Patricia watched them. After a minute one of the horses saw a dusty bit of grass near her and, very slowly, he edged his way over.

He was a black horse and very tall, Patricia thought, and very thin. His ribs stood out clear and sharp, and there were great hipbones that stuck up high with the skin tight over them. The hairs around his mouth were gray, and there were deep hollows over his eyes, hollows that pulsated in and out as he nibbled at the sparse grass. As he stretched his head down she could see, under the front of the saddle, a sore that was rubbed raw.

He came quite near her, and she did not move and he ate the one bit of grass, his reins dragging over his neck. There was some more grass beyond the fence, and Patricia picked a great handful and held it out to him and he ate it, his gaunt head close to her, his eyes big and brown and expressionless. When it was all eaten he kept his head out toward her, and she touched his nose. It was very soft and he did not move. Not until one of the men yelled:

"Hey, get that horse. Get Ben. He goes out with this gang."

Someone came over and grabbed at the reins, hard and snatching, and the horse turned and walked over to the group, walked very slowly. Patricia noticed that he sagged just a little as some man got on. Then the man was urging him out of the yard with the others, and Patricia watched them go. He was very tired, she thought, to have to go out again. Ben, the man had called him. Ben. She waited there for an hour until the horses came back again. Until Ben came back.

It was five o'clock when they did come back, and she should have been at home, starting the dinner. But she had to wait. A boy took Ben and led him down into the cellar of the barn, down through a narrow, sagging door. Patricia waited, gathering her courage. Then she went on down and into the cellar.

It was quite dark in there and the floor was muddy and there were cobwebs everywhere and a dank, swampy smell. It took minutes before her eyes were used to the darkness, and then she saw the boy come out of a narrow stall, with Ben's saddle and bridle over his arm. The boy went up some stairs, and Patricia went over and stood behind the black horse.

For a minute she could not see his head or neck, and that puzzled her until she realized that the stall slanted down in front so steeply that Ben's front feet were in a deep hole. It made him seem even more gaunt than before. It was such a narrow stall that there was barely room for him to turn his head. And he did not turn it. He just stood there, one hind hoof turned up dejectedly. Standing. Standing. She wanted to touch him, to do something for him, but she did not dare. She would have to squeeze in there, past him, and he might move. Then she thought of the grass.

She went outside and gathered two great handfuls. It was thick and moist and smelled of the woods. She took it down into the cellar and stood there, gathering her courage. After a minute she said, "Don't move now, Ben," and, her heart in her mouth, she squeezed by his ribs and up to his head.

He did not even notice her at first, not until he smelled the grass, and then his ears

(Continued on Page 237)



"Why can't we ever have a fair argument? Why must you always drag in a lot of scientific facts?"

After 25 BEWARE of Dry Skin

After 25 every woman ought to use her mirror with a more critical eye.

From 25 on, the natural oil that keeps skin soft and pliant, starts *decreasing*. Before 40, skin may lose as much as 20% of its own softening oil.

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3 features: These 3 features make Pond's Dry Skin Cream so effective: 1. It is rich in *lanolin*—very like the skin's own oil. 2. It is *homogenized* to soak in better. 3. It has a softening *emulsifier*. 89¢, 49¢, 29¢—Trial size 10¢ (plus tax). Get *your* jar—today!

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Sofa bed in rugged Gold Dust, rich new BOLTAFLEX *finish flecked with gold. Note* SEALTUFT *on wall.*

Boltaflex* means Covered with Lasting Beauty

*ALL-PLASTIC MATERIAL

(Continued from Page 235)

ıp, slowly, wearily, and his great head
around and he nibbled tentatively.
ad came just to the top of hers, and
od there and fed him all the grass, her
humping excitedly within her.
r a while she began to talk to him, just
words, not words that meant any-
eally, just sounds that she wanted to
ıd she rubbed her hand along his neck
leaned a little against her. Her hand
ery dirty from rubbing him. She
there in his stall for a long time, and
he realized that she must get home,
e gave him one last pat.
l be back, Ben," she promised, and she
n home. She had another friend now.
ıd Ben.
dreamed about him that night. Ben
ery lovely. Ben was her horse. She
what she was going to do the next day.
ıer father.
next day was the every-other-Sunday,
r father was very busy working in the
and it was not until afternoon, quite
ıat she dared to say, "Will you go for
with me?"
put down the spade and mopped his
"Good idea," he said, and she said,
nt to show you something."
had planned just to take him up and
him the awful stable and let him see
ust let him see him, so that someday,
ay a lot later, she might get the cour-
suggest something more. That was all
d planned, but it did not work out that
Getting him to the stable was, of
, the most important thing, but on the
omething else hap-

ey were walking
one of the paths
the sound of a horse
up behind them.
moved to one side,
hen she saw that it
he girl, her friend
the bus. The very
girl with the brown
and the smile. She
ı a very handsome horse, and he had
ad up and was alive and alert and the
ıt very straight and her coat fitted
fully. When she saw Pat, she waved,
ıat smile broke wide.
ho's your friend?" Joe said, as the girl
eared down the path, and Pat said,
name is Nancy Carver. She lives up
d us. I ride on the bus with her."
father did not say anything for quite
le. He seemed very thoughtful. It
ice to find that Miss Carver liked
too. She had not known about that.
hen they came to the stable. Her fa-
norted.
fine kind of a place," he said dis-
lly.
re was a big crowd standing around
se it was Sunday, the day everyone
out from town to ride. Her father
d to move on, he did not like the place,
e said, "Oh, please, just a little while,"
se she wanted him to see Ben. If she
And then—Ben came in.
came in with a whole crowd, riding
and he was dripping wet, exhausted.
suddenly, as he came closer, she saw.
she cried out, involuntarily, a strange
urt and anguished choking little cry.
se he was hurt. Hurt badly.

had fallen, obviously, and the sharp
s had cut his knees and one shoulder,
ey were bleeding, dirty with ground-in
l, and she ran to him, Patricia did, not
ing to think of the people crowding
d, not thinking of anything except that
s hurt. Her horse was hurt.
e man on his back was saying, "You got
ve, renting out a horse so tired he can't
up. You got a nerve," and she was wip-
the cut legs with her hand, and there
people all around and she did not even
em. She did not know that they were
until she realized that her father's hand
n her shoulder, and then she moved
with him and she could not see because
as crying, crying so hard.

Besides Socrates and Jesus, the great teachers of mankind are mankind itself—your parents and mine.

—JACQUES BARZUN:
Teacher in America, Atlantic Monthly Press, (Little, Brown & Company).

"Never mind, Pat," her father was saying. "Just let's keep away from a place like this. Just let's keep away," and she could not stop crying.

"But he's hurt," she said, "he's hurt and they won't do anything for him. He's hurt and he's my horse. He's Ben."

Her father looked at her. "Your horse?" he said, puzzled, and she told him.

SHE told him, and the words broke out through choking sobs, and she told him things that she had never meant to tell him, had never meant to worry him with.

"I fed him," she said, "yesterday I fed him. And he loves me and I want to have him. I want to take him and keep him because—because he's unhappy here. Unhappy and tired and no one takes care of him or loves him. Can't we get him? Couldn't we?" And her father looked at her.

"Keep him, Pat?" he said. "But we couldn't. Where?"

"In the shed, Joe," she said, "there's room in the shed. And I want him so—more than anything that I have ever wanted. Because"—and now she was telling him the things hidden deep in her heart—"because it's lonely there, Joe. Lonely when I come home and you aren't there. Lonely on Saturdays and on the Sundays you're away. Maybe—maybe a house, just by itself, isn't enough home. I need him so, Joe. Just to talk to him. Couldn't we?"

Her father stopped there by the broken fence. He seemed very tired suddenly. "I was afraid you were, kid," he said slowly. "I was afraid you were lonely." And she tried to tell him that it was only when he wasn't there, and he just nodded and his mouth was very grim. "A man can't do it alone," he was saying, almost to himself, "a man just can't do it alone."

And then he had her hand tight in his, and he was saying, "Yeah, kid, you can have him. I don't know how, quite, but you can have him. Wait here." And he was gone, back to the group around the stable, and she stood there alone, trying to make the sobs stop coming, trying to make her eyes clear again so that she could see.

Her father was talking with the man who owned the stable, and he did not look like the father she knew. His face was red, his jaw set tight, and the man moved back a step, suddenly very respectful. She went closer.

"There's a law about running a place like this," her father was saying, "and either you sell me that horse and clean this place up, or you'll be in trouble. Plenty. Get it?"

The man's eyes shifted. "Well, O.K., officer," he said. "O.K. I try to run a decent place. I——"

Her father cut him short. "You send me down a bale of hay and some grain," he said, "if you've got any in the place, and some straw, to get me through tomorrow. And have it there soon. Understand?"

And then they were walking off down the path and her father was leading Ben. He was leading him and they were going home now, the three of them, and he was her horse. Ben was her horse. It couldn't be true. And it was true.

They worked all that evening, cleaning his legs and shoulder, putting antiseptic on them and, when the truck arrived, bedding him deep in straw, giving him water and hay, and just standing there looking at him. Her father mopped his brow.

"Honey," he said, shaking his head, "I don't know why I did this." He looked at her then, and his smile went very soft. "Or maybe I do," he said, "maybe I do. But—this is an awful old horse," he told her. "He's old and his back is gone and maybe other things. He's in bad shape. Honest, in bad shape."

And she said, "But I don't care, Joe. I don't even want to ride him. Not for a long time. I—I just want to keep him here and take care of him and . . . see if I can't make

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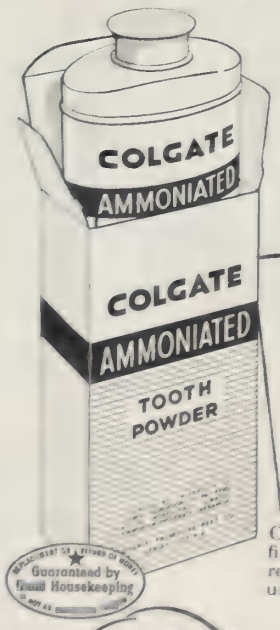


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him happy. He ought to be happy. Especially if he's old, Joe."

Her father nodded. "O.K., kid," he said, "O.K."

And that night she lay in bed and she could hear the black horse moving in his shed, and she said, "Thank you, oh, thank you," not saying it just to Joe, sleeping in the next room, but saying it up to the stars, to everyone.

In the morning it was even better. In the morning it was real again, and she had to hurry out and make sure that it was real. Joe was cleaning the stall, getting water.

"I can do that," she said stanchly, "I can take care of him." And Joe said, "Sure, sure, kid. You'll do it mostly," and she was so busy that she almost forgot the bus. She barely caught it. The girl was on the bus when she finally did get to her seat, breathless.

The girl smiled at her and said, "Wasn't yesterday a beautiful day?" and Patricia said, "Oh, it was wonderful. It was the most wonderful day." She couldn't stop the words. She had to tell her friend.

"I have a horse," she said. "I—we got him yesterday. His name is Ben. He's black." And her friend was excited, too, and listened. And, as she listened, her eyes went very soft and she turned away, just for a second, and looked out the bus window.

"I'm going to make him happy," Patricia said. "I'm going to make him so that he looks happy."

And the girl, Nancy Carver, said, "I know you'll make him happy, Patty. Very happy. He's a lucky horse."

That day was very long. So very long. Because there was Ben to come home to.

It was a wonderful summer that stretched ahead, wonderful because now there was Ben in his shed, Ben to take care of, Ben to talk to. He was stiff and lame from his cuts for a long while, and he moved slowly on the rope that she took him out on every day now that school was over. Then her father fixed a fence so that Ben could get out by himself, and he stood in the warm sun on the soft turf and she brought him apples and carrots and talked to him for the long hours, talked to him and patted him, and the sounds that she made were strange and, again, not words, but sounds that the old horse came to know.

So that it was not long before he would turn at the sound of her voice and come over to her, standing contentedly as she brushed at his dull coat and combed out the thin mane. She had a box that she climbed up on to brush his back, and he did not move.

"Aren't his eyes happier?" she said to her father. "Doesn't he look happier?"

And her father said, "Sure, kid, he looks great. He's a swell horse."

It was August before she got on him. Her father brought an old saddle from in town and, on an every-other-Sunday, he put them on Ben and . . . she got up. She was very nervous, but she was not afraid. She rode him up the block, up to where her friend, Nancy Carver, lived.

"Isn't he lovely?" she said, when Nancy Carver came out, and Nancy said, "He's beautiful, Pat. Really beautiful." After a while she rode him home, and that was just the beginning.

Because now she could ride her horse out into the woods and paths, and the days were not long enough. They never could be long enough. And they explored back into the deep hills, not coming home sometimes until very late, until time to get dinner for her father. She could talk only about the days they had together, she and Ben.

Her father watched the old horse very carefully. The horse was not getting much fatter. He never would. And his back winced under sudden weight. Not much, but it was not good. Her father did not say anything. There was nothing he could say. Until the Friday night that he came home and Patricia was waiting for him, so eagerly.

"They're going to have a horse show," she said. "Nancy Carver told me. She's going to be there. Sunday. At another place. A good place. And I want to go. I mean, could we? Could I ride Ben?"

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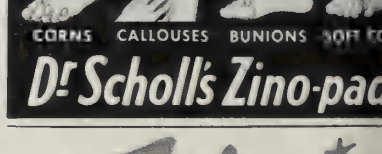


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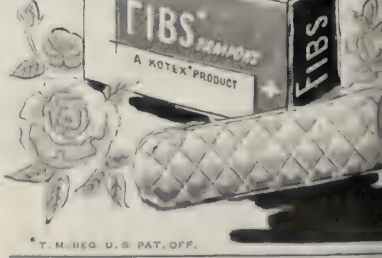
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or become—malignant. Second, because a cyst sometimes becomes twisted at the point where it is attached to the broad ligament, from which it receives its blood supply, like an apple hanging by its stem; and having its blood supply cut off, it becomes gangrenous, as would any other part of the body under the same circumstances. That would constitute a real emergency."

"I suppose you are working up to the point where you are going to advise me to have this tumor taken out."

"I certainly am."

"Then I'm going to surprise you by saying, right away, that I'm going to follow your advice."

"It certainly does surprise me to find a patient so sensible. I'm sure you'll not regret it. Go to the hospital tomorrow. We'll operate the next day."

(To Be Continued)

IF WOMEN WERE IN CONTROL

(Continued from Page 67)

"Time we discarded the clichés about women, their having to have the last word, their bargain hunting, telephoning and general scatterbrainedness. They're not valid, nor are they even funny any more. Like jokes about beards. Actually I suspect that women could do no worse than men. Maybe better. Women, if less creative than men, are sharper. Have a better sense of detail. Having learned to be less cavalier in their speedy affections, the well-brought-up girls are more dignified.

"Also they're better-looking. The male politician is unattractive and wears those awful neckties. Women will give us charm in government. I think that might save the world. Charm doesn't negate tough-mindedness. It's a combination of manners, smiles and diplomatic consideration of the other fellow.

"No, the idea proposed isn't comical, it's practical. But like all practical suggestions, it will never be adopted by men."

—Howard Dietz.

"I believe women are more beautiful, more intelligent and sometimes are better managers than men. But if they ran the world I think everything would go to pot.

"I come to this conclusion for the simple reason that women talk too much. They make four phone calls where one would do. Gossip is their chief occupation—over the back fence, across the tea table, under the drier.

"Everything must wait on words. If women were in charge they'd talk the world to death. Therefore I think the world is better off being run by dumb, homely men than it would be if it were run by beautiful intelligent women." ***—Rube Goldberg.***

"How wonderful when women take over: I can stay home and do my own writing without feeling responsible for the poor women staying at home. No more listening to the cries of how lucky men are to be choosing their interesting jobs. How comforting to have women in the superior positions, no longer feeling inferior to men, able to release their frustrations (which surely must go back to the days of 'Now you stay in the cave, dear, and I'll take care of the tigers') in direct action.

"How romantic to receive government notices which have a faint odor of verbena and tax forms with a tiny smudge of red where the lipstick has sealed them. Suddenly all our male drabness will be illuminated with the feminine glow rising out of the darkest and most dreaded offices—where we pay our dog licenses, our sewer tax, our paving assessments. But won't women be paying them?

"The best of all possible worlds will then arise, for men will be freed of responsibility while women, because physical changes will certainly not occur, will go on having to bear children.

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PARTY MERINGUES WITH ALMOND FRUIT SAUCE: To syrup from No. 2½ can Stokely's Finest Fruit Cocktail or Cling Peach Halves, add water to make 1½ cups; stir into mixture of 2 tbsp. sugar, 1½ tbsp. cornstarch, ⅛ tsp. salt. Stir while it boils slowly, 5 minutes. Add 1 tbsp. butter, ¼ tsp. almond extract. Cool. Fill 6 meringue shells with chilled fruit; serve with sauce.



"Men will then become treasured and indulged creatures, kept apart from the rigors of the world, useful for the unavoidable task of keeping generations going, but without the actual burden of childbearing. Under those circumstances I will be perfectly willing to be as gay as I can when the weary woman comes home at the end of a day's work.

"And how glorious to contemplate the humiliation when *men* will have to be consulted in a few matters. As men take three hours for lunch with a few hands of cards afterward ('Sorry to break up the game, but I've got to get home before my wife does.'), I'll be grateful for a woman's world.

"Once women take over, clothes will become efficient and practical for them, while 'style' will be devoted to the pampered men who can lie around reading fashion magazines. Color and line will return to men's clothing; we can once again wear red and yellow and the bright witty colors with flowing lines and ease of wear and, above all, whatever variety we want, freed at last from the rigid monkey-mimicking 'business suit.' Let women wear the pants; I'm glad to give up anything so tight and awkward and unattractive."

—Paul Engle.

"The women would do just as bad a job as the men and none would notice the difference."

—Gerald Warner Brace.

"If women ran the world, we would very likely go along pretty much as we have in the past. I wouldn't expect very many radical changes. It is difficult for either men or women to escape the traditional patterns of thinking which have been built up over a period of many generations.

"I do think there would be less corruption in government and more efficient service if women were in charge. In fact, everything considered, I think women could do a better job than men."

—George Gallup.

"God help us!"—***William L. Shirer.***

"I don't think there'd be much difference in the relations between labor and management in American industry. The problems that arise from our economy unfortunately are not susceptible to solution merely through substitution of the charm and wit of womanhood for the less charming, less witty character of American men.

"That is not conjecture. Women have been active leaders of many CIO labor unions. Like the men, their attitudes and abilities vary with the individual; they are right wing, left wing, energetic, lackadaisical, capable and not so capable. Women industrialists and businesswomen are like other employers, some generous, some stingy, some broad-visioned, some narrow-minded.

"I think that the emergence of women into key positions in labor and industry is fine—but, by itself, it will not effect many fundamental changes."

—Philip Murray.

"The quiz shows would probably give away a live man to every jack-pot winner."

—Arthur Godfrey.

"Why ask us to imagine a condition which is already in effect—except for the vote, which men still retain? From early Massachusetts days, this great country has been ultimately run by woman's public and private opinion; and it is, I dare say, a very tolerable tyranny." ***—Jacques Barzun.***

"If women actually came into complete power, the immediate and obvious effect, of course, would be the piling of unutterable chaos upon confusion. All vestiges of honor, fair dealing, *noblesse oblige* and idealism, as we know them today, would be under suspicion, and the she-Gestapo would make every effort to extirpate them once and for all.

"But this would be only a situation. What would follow is the important thing. This would be the damnedest conspiracy and revolt the world ever saw. A few brave and determined men, I among them, would plot and scheme, against the most terrible odds, to restore a decent world. We would fight the matriarchs, the crones, the polyandrists, the jill-flirts, the frustrated fan dancers, the amazons, the transvestites, the Hokinson characters, the Eleanor-worshipers—fight the whole kit and caboodle: in the forest and on the bathing beaches, in the chaparral thickets and the deserts, in the caves and in the cocktail lounges, in the alleys and atop the penthouses. And we would win. We would be fierce in battle, stern but just in victory. And if the world lasted another million years, thoughtful historians would still say, wonderingly and admiringly, 'There, by the Eternal, were Men.'"

—Stanley Walker.

"There would be no more government by pal or crony; women don't work that way. There would be no more sacred cows around unless they gave milk. The need for a good five-cent cigar would vanish. The pork barrel would be in the cellar instead of in the Treasury Building. Pants would probably be still hanging in the closet, but surely there would be no bow ties hanging over the mirror. The presidential chair would no doubt be done in chintz and equipped with rockers, and I'm afraid the inaugural ball would be knocked for a home run.

"And, finally, I predict that no more than a single term would be needed to prove to a smashing plurality that a woman's place is really in the home."

—Bellamy Partridge.

"In the nature of things one sex must be more refined, more delicate, more persuasive than the other.

"If women people the smoke-filled rooms, browbeat minorities and pass out the checks, then every evening they will have to reckon with the menfolk, who, after a day of watching the kitchen gadgets do their work for them, will become at last the dominant sex. Women will be as wax in their caressing hands.

"You can see I am all for this revolution. A clean apron and a quiet day will be a great relief to me.

"You have given me a gleam of hope."

—Ellery Sedgwick.

"I fear we would be in a constant state of civil war. For if there is one truth that has been well established by ten thousand generations of our ancestors, it is that no woman ever willingly takes orders from any other woman." ***—Paul I. Wellman.***

"I believe we would be better off than we now are. I base this opinion on a long list of

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Nocturne

By Marya Zaturenska

And now no more. The evening
song is over,
The silver night with many shining
eyes
Of starry light descends. The
moon's flambeau
Floods widening terraces in a deepening glow
And the lake waters sing as to a
lover.

Pierced by the keen, articulate
surprise,
We'll go no more where tranquil
waters flow,
Or where the enchanted hills drink
burning snow,
Or where long-stemmed and lovely,
white and cool,
The water lilies tremble on the pool.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

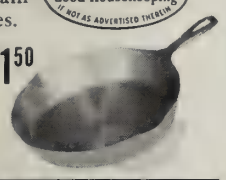
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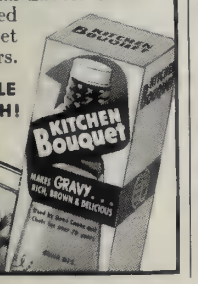
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facts; our researches indicate that the female sex is:

"1. *More intelligent.* Girls and women make higher scores on intelligence tests; they speak earlier and better, have larger vocabularies; read more books from college and university libraries than men students.

"2. *More peace-loving.* By their nature, they have proclivity to gentleness. Traditionally women have invented and nurtured the household arts, have hated war because of its devastating effect upon family life. Women are more optimistic about the future and more self-sacrificing.

"3. *More prudent in the management of money.* Women manage the family budget in America; they own, incidentally, the majority of the stocks of our great enterprises. They pay the taxes on their homes to the tax collector. They predominate in an attendance at P.T. A. and community meetings that discuss school budgets, and so on. It is quite possible that with their firsthand knowledge of the value of the dollar they would do something constructive about the deplorable state of the national debt.

"4. *Less eccentric.* Women inmates in institutions for the feebleminded and the insane are fewer than male inmates. There are also fewer female geniuses, that species of Homo sapiens that has always caused most of the world's headaches.

"5. *Fast being saddled with higher responsibility.* As the premium on brawn in modern civilization has gone down, the premium on brains has gone up. and this accounts for the ascendance of femininity, rather of feminine leadership.

"America is thus fast becoming a matriarchy. American business is virtually managed by the secretary, the boss' boss. Women carry heavy responsibility with fewer stomach ulcers, with less fatigue. A chorus girl requires much more endurance than a prize fighter. Any man who believes women are the weaker sex was born yesterday." ***—James F. Bender, Ph.D.***

"The country is in bad enough shape without having women going around asking men what the country would be like with the women running the country the way they run men now." ***—Tom Lea.***

"I have thought long and hard about this calamitous suggestion. Now I am calm again. Should the women take over, I doubt if it would change anything much except two details.

"Men would of course be compelled to do the stenographic work, and the quality of typewritten letters would greatly deteriorate. But they would also be compelled to do all the cooking, so the meals would be much better; and since meals are more important than letters, on balance it would be an improvement. But please give us two weeks' notice." ***—Rex Stout.***

"The male sex has done all the swaggering and made the big decisions and run the earth. The records show that until recently, at least, its representatives have not made out any too well. I cannot imagine the female of the species doing worse. I can't fancy a diplomacy of women trafficking in the lives of their sons and husbands.

"Of course, there are some terrible shrews and monsters among women, too, and I could name a few American horrors among candidates for the Ilsa Koch Award; but by and large women seem less cold and cynical in their approach to life and its problems than men. Their hysterical tendencies are more than compensated for by a deeper understanding of the dignity of life; for after all, they grow it in their vitals."

—Norman Corwin.

"Women would insist that the American 'economic system' should stop being a slogan, should become a system, and should become economical. They would insist that it cease to be either a rat race, a lottery or a shell game, and that it be judged solely by whether it enabled the American people to feed, clothe and house themselves and one another.

A Black Bottom Pie ...for your favorite guy



IT'S NOT ONLY HEAVENLY . . . but it's *easy-as-pie* to make! All you do is use a package of your favorite chocolate pudding—the kind you get at your food store. Prepare in your usual way . . . then add a few drops of rum flavoring. When cool, pour into baked pie shell. Top with meringue and plenty of Durkee's Coconut. Pop in oven until brown. Ummm, dee-licious!

Durkee's Coconut adds that extra sparkle to other fine foods. Its sealed-in sweetness stays fresh till the last bite.
And you can buy it in the regular carton—or extra moist, in the can.

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Sprinkle Durkee's Coconut over puddings for a rich, tropical flavor.

Snow under fresh or canned fruits with Durkee's Coconut.

Frosting makes the cake... Durkee's Coconut makes the frosting.



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SALAD to tempt every Eve you know!

RITZ CRACKERS

Apple Cup Salad

Clear away the cards for the winning trick of all! It's easy and *effective* this salad right from Eden. Just core and score an apple into cup-shape—mix diced ham, pineapple chunks and mayonnaise for filling—then bed it down on greens. Add RITZ CRACKERS and pass a *peerless* party plate! No other cracker is so crisply *crunchy*—so tangy-tasting that it gives "flavor flair" to *every* other food. Order RITZ CRACKERS today . . . it's "in the cards" you'll love 'em!

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"They would remember that the word 'economics' so glibly used today is ultimately derived from the Greek word for housekeeping, and that neither sales talk, double talk nor trick bookkeeping can be eaten, worn or lived in.

"They would never subscribe to the masculine delusion that hunger for profits creates employment, which creates purchasing power, which creates more employment, which creates heaven. They would know that intelligently directed human labor creates the food and clothing and shelter that women—and even men and other children—need.

"They would judge harshly any 'economic system' under which a willing worker could not get plenty to eat, enough to wear and a house to live in. And, given the resources of the national household, they would think of a better gag than 'Where would the money come from?' And they would have time left over to keep the children off the streets and maybe even keep the men out of mischief.

"I don't know why I am so optimistic about women except that women have babies, and I should think that anybody who had given birth to another human being would know that something more important than another customer had entered the world, something more important than additional purchasing power, or a proletarian, or a party member, or a potential sales manager."

—Stringfellow Barr.

"God forbid!" ***—Bruce Barton.***

"I disagree with those who say leadership by women would bring an end to war. Women are basically bellicose; there is truth, more than humor, in the old symbol of the poised rolling pin. Ninety-five per cent of all spite fences have been built by women, or because of women, and spite fences are, in one form or another, the cause of most wars.

"In my opinion, however, women would do better at governing the world than men. So would cocker spaniels, or tree shrews, or armadillos, or katydids."

—H. Allen Smith.

"Women are tough, resilient, stable. They don't live in the cake-and-soup fairyland which is the abode of many men. They're less inclined to be pious frauds. If they believed in free enterprise and competition, I'm sure we'd have it. I don't think they would yell for it in public and, like some men, work day and night to destroy it in private.

"Women can be despicable in small things, but they usually rise to the occasion in great. I don't think they would carry their petty concerns to important things. Government in their hands would probably be much more truly representative of people as a whole and not so much the agency of favored pressure groups—agriculture, labor, industry.

"I think war would fade away. Women have no desire to see their homes broken up, their men roaring off on some dubious crusade.

"Most important of all—women are interested in ideas. The world could stand a few ideas in government."

—Mark Hanna.

"Gynecocracy, or rule by women alone, was even envisioned and feared by the ancient Greeks. Actually, there is nothing fearful in such a situation. Perhaps direct political rule by women would be a relief for males; for men then could address themselves to lobbies, hunting, clubs and business."

—Frank C. Hibben.

"The prospect of a completely dominated and disenfranchised male bodes happy days at last for all of us in pants: a bit of peace and quiet, a corner to lie in, a roof overhead and a bit of casual affection along with daily bone. Goodness knows we've had bit of quiet coming for some time now.

"Yet that same prospect raises the do right sinister possibilities of just what suc conquering matriarchy might venture u to obtain unbroken males. Certainly s women aren't going to be content any lo with the beaten and fawning creatures of corners. What will no doubt be as hig prized to them as a case of true Scotch t bootlegger in 1925 will be the unridden untamed male of the hills and the caves the open plains.

"No legal obstacles are going to hin such amazons from actual man rustling. sheer adventure of hauling a young clawing wild male out of his mountain a will provide a satisfaction over and beyo his actual cash value on the open market. what you're running into head-on, you is the very real danger of reviving the slave traffic with its raids and midnight t ror along whatever barbarian coasts wh the male still stands up on his hind legs barks back. Please reconsider your plans."

—Nelson Algren.

"Absolutely the worst thing I can th of—the world would be exactly the same."

—Irwin Shaw

"Everything would be ju[illegible] And it is n Because women apparently want things as they are now. Yes, even war.

"A woman can get a man to do anyth she wants him to, and if women didn't re want war, if women really wanted a be break for more children, if women re wanted a better life for more people, would have it tomor even if women never h the vote. The sad, ha cold fact is that wom are content or too la to make their influe felt.

"Never underestima the power of a woma if and when she rea wants to use it. Which am sorry to say, is often enough on t things which really matter."

—Gabriel Heatter.

We have failed to grasp the fact that mankind is becoming a single unit, and that for a unit to fight against itself is suicide.

—HAVELOCK ELLIS: My Confessional. Copyright, 1934, by Havelock Ellis. Reprinted by permission of Random House, Inc.

"I have a notion that if women exclusive ran the country, they would be so busy w matters strictly feminine that this nati would never be in trouble, never be bother by or even interested in hot or cold wa never afflicted by depressions."

—Howard Collins.

"Whenever women, as a group, have h an opportunity to express themselves a exercise independent judgment, they ha been on the side of right. They are the r progenitors of idealism and their comm sense approach has never been given its served recognition. For the proof we need no further than survey the homes where mothers have managed to hold their famil together in the face of, at times, seeming insurmountable obstacles. When homes ha failed, for the most part, it has been becau of outside forces and over the protests a objections of good mothers.

"When women have either by their ow choice or by force of circumstances soug careers in the business world, in medicin in public affairs or in other walks of life, th have given an excellent account of their ab ities. Certainly if they were in control ma of the harrowing events of the past where women have been the first to suffer would more vigorously resisted in the future. T emancipation of women, and the recogniti of their rights, historically parallels society greatest advances. I believe if women took more active part in civic, state and nation affairs a greater security and progress wou inevitably follow." ***—J. Edgar Hoover.***

"It is inconceivable. Women were made be seen and felt—not heard."

—Elmo Roper.

THE E

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URITIS
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HOW COULD I KNOW

(Continued from Page 40)

someday —— But it was not only possible, it was a fact. Phil Ransom was engaged. The wedding was to be held sometime in December.

Even now she could remember, with a kind of painful gratitude, that Jim had taken her dancing that night. They'd gone to the Cascades, and sat together at a small wooden table, and Jim had told her his dreams. Before long, he'd said, he hoped to start his own electrical-contracting firm; he thought he could get a GI loan, and there was sure to be a building boom. . . . And in his fine gray eyes she had seen a humble pledge: *Everything I have is yours.*

He hadn't asked her to marry him that night, but she'd known he loved her. She wasn't alone, she wasn't completely rejected. . . . Yet was it fair to Jim? Even now she didn't really know. But she'd made him happy. She was sure of that.

Now, watching the dry leaves swirl over the ground, she wondered, suddenly, if she weren't being rather childish and melodramatic about this whole thing. An old friend was in town on business; a family dinner would be of inestimable value to her husband. Why not be offhand and casual about it? Show herself, and Phil, too, that the past had been simply a pleasant interlude, with no regrets, no resentments, no heartbreak.

What's a couple of months out of a lifetime? she thought flippantly—remembering, nevertheless, with a heavy heart, the way the surf had pounded on the beach.

She chose eleven as the best time to phone; and when the hour arrived she rang the Barberry House, and asked for the Ransoms. A woman's voice answered, but she'd been prepared for that.

"Mrs. Ransom?" she said. "This is Mrs. James Farwell. Linda Farwell, that is. I used to know Phil several years ago. And when my husband and I learned you were in town, we thought it would be awfully nice if we could see something of you."

"Why, how thoughtful of you, Mrs. Farwell!" Lorraine Ransom's voice was well modulated, and pleasantly cordial. "I don't know just what our plans are. I'll have to speak to Phil."

LINDA laughed easily. "You'd better tell him Linda Barton. That was my name in those days. And we'd love it if you could come to dinner, any night this week."

After that she had to wait a full moment, and for the first time it occurred to her that they might refuse. If that happened she would have done her best; no one could blame her. *It wouldn't be my fault,* she thought. But her heart was beating too fast.

"Phil says of course he remembers, Mrs. Farwell, and we'd love to come. Would Thursday do?"

"Thursday would be fine," Linda said, in a voice as pleased and well modulated as the one on the other end of the wire.

A little later Jim phoned. "I just wondered," he said, "if you'd had a chance ——"

"Yes, they're coming Thursday."

"They are? Well, good! And look, Linda, I want you to buy a new dress, like that green velvet you had a couple of years ago. I suppose that's too short now?"

She laughed. "Yes, it certainly is."

"Well, get another one, honey. It just matched your eyes. Make it special."

"All right."

A new dress, and fried chicken, and Mrs. Wade to serve. And after that, possibly—probably, in fact—a contract for Jim. His firm needed it too. The building boom hadn't materialized. Everything had been very slow. But, as Jim had explained to her at the breakfast table, this was a real break. The first they'd had.

And of course there was no reason to feel so troubled. It had all happened too long ago—a pleasant interlude, an episode. Now she was older, almost twenty-six—a member of the women's club and the church guild, an excellent cook, a fair housekeeper. And what was it Phil had planned for them? That they

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would buy another sailboat, a bigger one, and sail around the world. "We'll stop at some of the islands and stay as long as we please. Do you think you'll like the South Seas, darling?"

When Thursday came she spent the morning shining silver, and part of the afternoon explaining various details to Mrs. Wade. Jim returned early from the office, to build a fire.

"They'll probably be late," he said; "New Yorkers generally are."

"That's true. But we can't count on it."

"We can't count on anything," he said firmly. But she knew he was thinking of the contract, trying to steel himself against a possible disappointment. "It isn't often a small firm can get in on the ground floor of a thing as big as this," he added. "That's why personal contacts are important."

"I suppose that's so."

Her head ached slightly, and mingled with the dread was a vague resentment. Jim shouldn't have let her in for this—but of course he hadn't known. And she was the one who had misled him, quite deliberately. "How well did you know the guy?" he'd asked that morning at breakfast. And she'd answered, with superb casualness, "Oh, there was a crowd of us. We used to go sailing and swimming together." And then, to complete the picture, she'd added an embellishing touch: "Phil was crazy about a friend of mine, Mary Watts, though a few months later he married someone else." Jim, so single-minded himself, so steady and predictable, had believed every word of it.

Now she saw that he had chosen, inevitably, his one hand-painted tie—her last Christmas present—and was knotting it with meticulous care. "How about the new dress?" he said. "When do I get to see that?"

"Right now."

She lifted it from its hanger, and slipped it over her head. He watched critically, and then he grinned. "I wish I could buy you a new dress every week," he said. "With a figure like that you deserve it."

Linda turned away abruptly, and stood in front of the mirror. Her arms and shoulders were faintly tanned, her eyes were as green as the dress, and her hair curled softly behind her ears. . . . And what was it Phil had said? "You're the loveliest thing that ever happened to me."

Now, remembering that, she thought angrily, *Tonight I'll show him. I have a good husband and a good home. I'll show him it didn't mean a thing.*

BUT of course that wasn't possible, because tonight she was going to be a gracious hostess and serve a delightful dinner. And afterward Jim would have a contract, the kind that really started you off in the world. . . . The strange part was that she had never really resented Phil before. Perhaps because the loss had been too devastating, and too complete. And certainly this was no time to begin ——

It startled her when Jim put his hand on the curve of her neck, and she jerked away. "Watch out," she warned. "You'll muss my hair."

"Don't be nervous, honey," he said. "Everything is going to be fine. Do you want me to go downstairs and take a last look around?"

"Yes. I wish you would."

When he had gone she did her make-up all over again. Then she joined Jim in the living room, and saw that everything was in perfect order—cigarettes, silver matchboxes, three vases of flowers, a brand-new fire on the hearth. Jim was looking around him with vast contentment.

"Maybe in a few months we'll be able to buy this place," he said.

"You mean if you get the contract?"

"That's right. So we'd better not count on it."

"But you are," she accused him. "I know you are."

Jim sighed. "When a thing means so much, you can't help hoping, Linda. And having a chance to entertain Ransom in my own home is a real break."

"Well, here they are," she said, pressing down hard on a sudden flame of bitterness. Because this never should have happened. Jim shouldn't have let it; or perhaps she was the one at fault. . . . But she'd wanted to see Phil, just once more. She acknowledged that, now that it was too late.

Jim's voice boomed out cheerfully. "Hello, hello. Do come in. Watch that step. We had some rain this afternoon ——"

Linda stood beside her husband in the open doorway, welcoming their guests. "How do you do?" she said to Mrs. Ransom. (And she saw that he hadn't changed in any way. He was still powerfully built, with strange jutting planes to his face. He was still the most attractive man she'd ever met.) "Hello, Phil," she said. "This is my husband, Jim Farwell."

She showed Lorraine where to put her wraps, settled them all comfortably, then went out to the kitchen to get the hors d'oeuvres, which were rather special and had to be grilled.

The evening started well. In fact, Linda assured herself, nothing could have been more promising. The fire crackled prettily on the hearth, and before long Phil and Jim were deep in conversation about the Chamber of Commerce, town politics and the new development. "Perhaps you can help me out in some of these matters, Farwell. You know the town, and the way things are run around here."

Linda's heart skipped a beat. This was exactly what Jim had been hoping for—a chance to be in on the ground floor. And of course that was much more likely to happen when you were sitting together before an open fire.

She found Lorraine very friendly and easy to talk to. She wasn't a particularly pretty girl, and she was almost certainly older than her husband. But the simple beige dress she wore was exquisite, and the diamond on her finger so large that it looked like glass.

They talked about a summer cruise the Ransoms had taken. "It was heavenly," Lorraine said. "All up through Norway and Sweden. Phil loves salmon fishing, so we concentrated on that." She glanced at Phil, and he smiled at them both indiscriminately.

"Linda is partial to the sea too," he said. "I hope she hasn't forgotten the Pandora!"

"The sailboat?" Linda's heart thudded against her chest. "Of course not."

"Nor have I," he said.

She wondered angrily if he was making fun of her, or just what he meant to imply. But then she told herself that it was her own fault, inviting him here.

She stood up. "I think dinner is ready," she said.

The candles gleamed on the table, reflected from their best crystal glasses. And while Mrs. Wade was passing the fried chicken, Phil said to his host, "I hope you aren't too tied up with previous contracts, Jim. We're after quality above everything else in this project. So your firm would be right down our alley."

"I'd certainly like to look over the specifications," Jim agreed.

"Come around tomorrow, then, any time after eleven. Our offices are in the Brent Building."

"All right, I'll be there."

Just like that! she thought. Everythin actly as they'd planned!

Phil Ransom dropped his napkin, bent to pick it up. And for a brief mo his hand rested on her thigh. It was fleeting, the vaguest kind of caress, an one could possibly have noticed. But Li nerves tightened angrily. How cheap! how ridiculous! But it wasn't only ange felt, for the whole room seemed to have d ened, and for a moment even the candle flickered. Yet she didn't seem able to any of it—the feeling of tension, or the lessness, or the weak remembering.

Lorraine was talking to Jim now, and was helping himself to gravy. But when finished he looked up, his eyes seemed in way to possess her, and he said, very "You're more beautiful than ever, Lin

SHE pretended not to have heard. joined in Jim's conversation with Lorr about the Russians and the United Na and television. But her heart was beatin fast, and she couldn't sort out her thou She could not understand any of it. Th after all she was the one who had invited here, and four years ago she had loved desperately and completely.

Certainly he was behaving badly, but didn't seem to make any difference. Fo kept remembering, remembering. And was going to start all over again, the h ache and the desperation, she simply cou endure it.

"Let's have our coffee in the living ro Jim said. (As though they hadn't planne that minutely!)

"The strawberry mousse was delic Linda," Lorraine added.

"It's easy, and you can make it ahead sides, it's always been one of Jim's favori

The distance from the small dining a to the center of the living room was app mately ten feet. It wasn't necessary for to tuck her hand through his arm, to down at her, to press her elbow agains side. And probably if anyone else had that she would have laughed it off and some kind of joke. But now she couldn' cause his whole presence was so unbea familiar.

"Four years is a long time," Phil "But Linda in a sailboat was somethi man could forget. She was good at it, Jim. We ran into a storm once, and Linda to take down the jib. She was drenched –

Don't tell anything more, her heart ple with him. For now she knew what Phil like—cheap, dreadful, impossible. But knew something else too. For if they alone, and he wanted to take her in his a she would have no way of resisting.

Perhaps Lorraine was accustomed t husband's actions, for already she wa ting on the sofa with a rather strained on her face.

Linda poured the coffee. "Sugar?" said. "Cream?"

(Continued on Page 250)



"Oh, what a beautiful morning, oh, what a beautiful day ——?"

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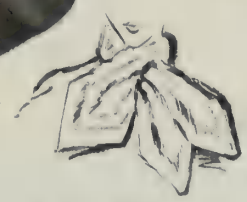
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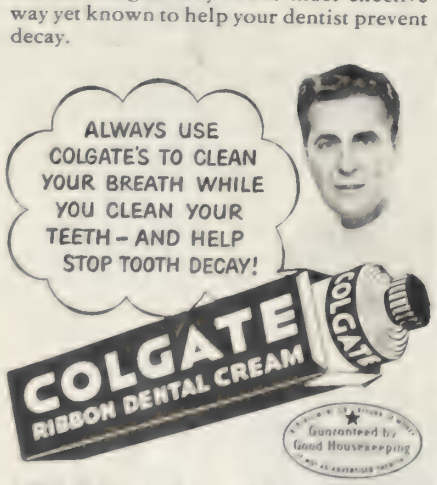
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*YOU SHOULD KNOW! While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in the research reported in July Reader's Digest.

(Continued from Page 248)

Suddenly Phil had an idea. He looked at them all as though something really splendid had just occurred to him. "Lorraine, why don't I run back to the hotel and get those blueprints? Then Jim can have a chance to look them over. . . . Linda, you come along and keep me company."

There was a moment of rather constrained silence. Jim said nothing. Lorraine said nothing. Phil stood up.

"Come along," he said. "It won't take long."

"But it's too stormy," she protested quickly. "I think I'd better stay here."

"Because of a little rain?" he asked in astonishment.

She realized it would look foolish to refuse, out of all proportion to the request. Nevertheless, she turned to Jim. But he was offering Lorraine a cigarette, then cupping his hands to light it for her. He was smiling, too, and wearing his hand-painted tie, and he was going to get his contract.

"All right," she said.

It was dark and wet out, but Phil shielded her, helping her down the slippery walk and into the big, comfortable car. He shifted gears easily, and drove off.

"I had to think of some way of getting you to myself," he said. He glanced down at her. And then he said, "That husband of yours is a nice guy, Linda. And I'm going to see that he gets the biggest contract he can handle." He took her hand and held it on the seat between them, firmly, but gently too, caressing her fingers with his thumb. She shivered. "Cold, honey?"

"No. But it is a stormy night."

When they reached the hotel he said, "Come up and help me find that stuff."

"No," she said firmly. "No, Phil."

He smiled, and even in the dim street light she could see that look of possession in his eyes. "You think you're just a small-town wife, darling," he said, "but I happen to know better."

He swung off into the hotel then, a big, powerful man, a man she had never recovered from. Linda watched him helplessly. And she thought that perhaps when you have experienced something, it becomes part of you. Perhaps the love she had felt for Phil, the devastating shock when she'd lost him, was something she would never be without. *He's no good*, she thought, *he's no good*. But still she watched the door of the hotel, because soon she would see him again.

He was back almost at once, sliding in under the wheel of the car. "How's that for quick work? I didn't want to waste any time."

He drove through town to the outskirts, parked the car, and took her in his arms. Simply, but not casually at all. Linda put her hands against his chest to push him away. But it wasn't any good. Because she mustn't make him angry; Jim had to have that contract. And somehow the resentment she felt was all mixed up with this heavy, aching knowledge in her heart.

"Just one kiss?"

"All right. All right, Phil."

"You see, I haven't forgotten. You didn't think I'd forget?"

"How could I know?"

He held her a long moment, hard against his chest. "We'll have to find some better way of seeing each other," he said. And then he started the car.

They were gone less than an hour, but it seemed much longer; so that it was surprising to find Jim and Lorraine in the very same places before the very same fire.

"Here are the blueprints," Phil said jovially as they came in the door. "I'd like to know what you think of them, Jim."

After that the two men studied specifications, the two wives chatted, and the fire burned cheerfully. And though Lorraine still had that strained look about her mouth, she talked pleasantly about any number of things.

At an appropriate hour, just before twelve, the Ransoms said they must leave. Lorraine held out her hand. "It's been such a pleasant evening!" she said. "I've enjoyed every moment of it."

Phil turned to Jim. "Come in tomorrow," he suggested, "and we'll draw up a contract. How about eleven o'clock?"

"I'm afraid not," Jim said. "I'll be pretty busy. The fact is, we have all the work we can handle."

Phil looked puzzled. "Make it next week, then. But I'd like to have you in on the ground floor of this thing."

Jim shook his head. "I think you'd better count me out," he said firmly.

"You mean you're passing the whole thing up?" Phil asked in astonishment.

"That's right. I can't include it in my schedule."

There was a moment of blank silence, and Linda started to protest. All the words rushed in a blur through her mind. *Don't do it, Jim. This is your big chance, your future, the thing you've been dreaming about all these years.* But she couldn't say any of them. Her throat seemed to lock shut.

Phil said finally, "Think it over, Farwell. Take your time about it. But we want you with us. I know a good man when I see one."

Jim's smile was as friendly as when they'd arrived. "Thanks, Ransom. And good luck. It's been nice knowing you."

It was dismissal, firm and courteous, and somehow very final. Phil Ransom even looked slightly foolish as he put on his hat, and took his wife's arm to help her down the steps.

As soon as the car had driven off, Linda turned to him. "Jim, why did you do it? How could you?"

"I had no alternative," he said.

She watched him empty the ash trays and straighten the screen in front of the fire, working methodically, but looking very tir
And there was fear as well as shock in
confusion of her thoughts. For she felt n
as though she didn't know him at all.

When she couldn't stand it any longer
said, "Jim, are you angry with me?"

He glanced up at once, and smiled reass
ingly. "Of course not, Linda. You were
love with the guy once, and he took adv
tage of you. Some men are like that."

"I know. I suppose that's true," she sa
But she was still frightened. For Jim had
assured her with a smile, but he had
touched her. . . . All along she'd thought h
so predictable, but suddenly he had beco
like a stranger, a tall, serious young m
quietly arranging glasses on a tray. A m
who just a moment before had turned
back on all his dreams. . . . She said, "
can ruin you, Jim. Force you out of busines

"In that case we'll go someplace else a
start again."

"Just because he made a few passes
me?"

"Put it that way if you want to."

"But I don't want to," she cried. "I wa
to understand. I want to know what y
think and how you feel." And she added
easily, "I didn't mean to hurt you, Jim."

"I know you didn't, so let's forget abo
it."

"But we can't!" she said desperately.

He looked at her, and she couldn't end
the sympathy that she saw in his fa
"What's the matter, Linda?" he asked gen
"Are you still in love with Ransom?"

"No! No!" she protested. "I don't kn
why I ever was." And she realized, wit
vague feeling of surprise, that that was tr
Phil Ransom was expert and counterfeit, a
wholly predictable. Because if you prob
beneath the surface, you wouldn't find a
thing at all. . . . And how easy it was fo
man to be cheap and ruthless, to force
wife to sit quietly by, with a strained sm
on her pale lips! "I don't know why I e
was," she said again, in a low, unstea
voice.

But Jim still hadn't touched her, and in
face she could see pity and discernment, b
nothing more. She wondered if she had l
him, if she had let all the good in her life s
by. And she knew suddenly that sympat
wasn't enough, and discernment was
enough. She had to have Jim's arms arou
her; she had to know that he still belonged
her.

But when he did put out his hand, it w
only to give her shoulder a reassuring p
"We'll weather this," he said.

Linda trembled slightly. As though it h
happened a long time ago, she remember
the wind-swept car, and Phil's arms stra
ing her close. But even the faint repugnan
she felt faded almost at once. She turned
look at her husband, and she had never
so lonely.

"We'll weather this," he said again, che
fully enough. And then he picked up the tr
of glasses. "I think I'll rinse these out. I
be easier in the morning."

Foolishly, inadequately, she followed h
to the kitchen. She saw that he was clum
rinsing the glasses, and that his big should
were slumped with fatigue.

He turned around finally and said, "Y
look tired, Linda."

She managed a smile. "Do you still like m
dress?"

"Of course. It's first-rate."

She kept on smiling. "And do you still lo
me, Jim?"

He regarded her steadily. He said, "I
ways have and I always will, Linda. Y
know that."

She sighed, and her voice was strained.
didn't know how it felt before. I didn't kn
any man could be so good, or any wife
much in love." And she added unhappily,
just didn't know."

"Well, it isn't always easy."

"I know that now," she said.

He took her in his arms then, in the midd
of the bleak, untidy kitchen. He put his ha
on the curve of her neck, and ran his fing
through her hair. And she thought, *I am j
beginning to live.*

THE E

A Little Boy Died

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

The little boy I knew was no
longer there,
It was a narrow man in
dungarees
Made for a boy but taut now with
deep quiet
And like old bronze in their
worn seat and knees.

He drew his bead beside the man
he wanted
To prove he was a man to. His
tin gun
Was only an air rifle, but he
turned it
By bulging passion to a blue-steel
one.

I was not sure I wanted a fellow
man
Instead of a boy with dew upon
his ears;
There are too many rampant
random boys
Lost to those inveterate thieves,
the years.

I wanted to shout, to tell him not
to fire,
I ached to tell him what the risk
would be
Being a man, but it would have
been leaning
My weight against the leaning
weight of the sea.

His ears stood still, he bent with
one eye tight,
The one upon the barrel opened
wide,
He fired, split the target,
straightened up,
And never knew a little boy had
died.

When you see this on this —buy it!



. . . *because Durene*★ means extra strength, extra comfort, lasting lustre, and easy washing—not only in underwear but also in socks, sweaters, T-shirts and other top quality merchandise. And you can count on that because anything bearing the Durene name is backed up by Durene's Quality Control Plan, which includes regular, impartial laboratory tests. That's why you can be sure of complete and continued satisfaction—why merchandise made of Durene is *always* a better buy!

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PREVENT RAW BUTTOCKS
PREVENT DIAPER RASH
PREVENT HEAT RASH

Now, with regular daily use of new Johnson's Baby Lotion, you can help safeguard your baby from discomfort of the four major skin afflictions of infancy!

This new-formula lotion offers protection never before available. It actually *kills* the germs that commonly cause impetigo and diaper rash. And it is highly effective in the prevention and treatment of excoriated buttocks and heat rash. A soothing, snow-white lotion that won't irritate tender baby skin.

Give *your* baby the advantage of new Johnson's Baby Lotion care!

New Lotion halts impetigo epidemic in hospital!



Doctors impressed by results. An impetigo epidemic had been raging for four months in an Eastern hospital, affecting as many as 70% of the babies. All ordinary methods of treatment failed. Then new Johnson's Baby Lotion was tried. Within a week, the epidemic was over!

Reduces many kinds of skin irritation. Tests in 8 leading hospitals for over 15,000 cumulative baby days showed that new Lotion care reduced skin irritations to an average of less than 2%. (With other generally accepted methods, irritation in some instances ranged as high as 55%.)

Give your baby Johnson's Baby Lotion care!

Keeps skin functioning better. A few velvety drops of Johnson's Baby Lotion smoothed over baby's body after bath and at diaper changes will keep him soft, smooth—free from troublesome rashes and painful irritations.

Prevents "ammonia diaper" odor, too. This amazing new Lotion ends that unpleasant nursery odor, keeps baby sweet, fresh, and cuddly. No other product known offers such *complete* protection. Start using it on *your* baby now!





Available in 49¢ and 98¢ sizes

JOHNSON'S BABY LOTION

Johnson & Johnson

PHOTOGRAPH BY MYRON I



Today's babies can get virus pneumonia and live. Aureomycin has almost eliminated the dread of the disease.

Virus Pneumonia—
A New "Miracle Drug" Reduces its Dange

By Dr. Herman N. Bundesen

President, Chicago Board of Health

ONE more disease with special dangers for youngsters has now been brought under control. One more cause for maternal anxiety has been largely eliminated. Virus pneumonia, which is just another sickness for grownups but may be fatal to babies and serious for small children, has met its match in a recent "wonder drug," aureomycin.

It was not until World War II that this ailment was first distinguished from other illnesses affecting the respiratory tract. Doctors noticed that one of the most widespread infections was one which involved the lungs, and yet was plainly different from the recognizable forms of pneumonia. The onset was gradual, whereas typical pneumonia strikes suddenly. The symptoms were less severe, but persistent. It was not often fatal, except for babies; and seldom attended by complications, except for infants and very young children. In this, too, it differed from typical pneumonia. None of the known pneumonia bacteria were ever found in the sputum coughed up by those who were ill. And none of the "miracle drugs" available after the war—the sulfonamides, penicillin and streptomycin—so marvelously effective with many respiratory conditions, seemed to be of any particular value in combating this one.

Yet in other respects the mysterious malady resembled pneumonia. It was therefore given the imposing label "primary atypical nonbacterial pneumonia." Later it was found that a virus was responsible, and the title was shortened for general purposes to the much more manageable one of "virus pneumonia." It is also called "pneumonitis."

Since World War II ended, the dis has been increasing. The virus—an org ism so tiny that it cannot be seen thro an ordinary microscope—is passed f person to person in droplets of moist sprayed into the air from the nose mouth. But this kind of pneumonia c not appear in seasonal outbreaks. It oc in summer as well as in the winter mon Apparently the organism that causes present a great deal of the time, so as there are no specific control or preven measures to *(Continued on Page*

GRATEFUL young mothers from Maine to California tell us that Doctor Bundesen's baby booklets have been of the greatest help to them in caring for their own babies. The first eight booklets cover your baby's first eight months. They sell for 50 cents. The second series of booklets covers the baby's health from nine months to two years—seven booklets for 50 cents. A complete book on the care of the baby, a necessary supplement to the monthly booklets, OUR BABIES, No. 1345, is 50 cents. A booklet on breast feeding, A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER, No. 1346, sells for 6 cents. Information on prenatal care is given in BEFORE THE BABY COMES, No. 2383, which is priced at 50 cents. Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.

Bringing Up Baby



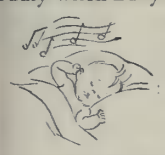
Hints collected by
Mrs Dan Gerber
(Mother of 5)

WHY PLAY HIDE-AND-SEEK with those opened containers of Baby's foods? A muffin pan will help you keep them all together in one convenient spot in the refrigerator. Be sure to use your pan for *large-size* muffins. And *cover* each container of Baby's fruit, vegetable, meat and dessert.



NEW USE FOR ANOTHER OLD STANDBY. If your doctor should prescribe aspirin for Baby, grind the required dose into a fine powder. Mix with a bit of Gerber's Applesauce or one of the other Gerber's Fruits you have on hand. This plan makes it easier for Baby to swallow his medicine.

NOTES ON MUSIC. Anything short of a brass band probably won't jar your tot out of his much needed sleep. So you don't have to stop playing the radio—just keep it from blaring too loudly when Baby's in Dreamland. The sooner he (or she) gets used to regular household sounds, the better for all concerned.



DON'T RUSH ME! Keep mealtimes happy, unhurried, so that Baby's early eating associations are pleasant. Allow at least 20 minutes for each meal. Of course, many babies clean their plates faster than that, particularly if Mom serves a variety of good-tasting Gerber's. These True-Flavor Fruits, Vegetables, Meats and Desserts are all prepared to retain natural goodness plus a high degree of important nutritional elements.



SWEET THOUGHT: Honey will give that bit of extra sweetness to Baby's foods when and if he seems to require it. Many infant nutrition experts prefer honey to sugar for tiny folks.



GOOD START—FREE! Long before your young hopeful is ready to enjoy the wide variety of Gerber's Strained Foods, you can start him on Gerber's Cereals with the Perfected-Texture tots like. I'd be delighted to send you samples of Cereal Food, Strained Oatmeal and Barley Cereal. Just drop a card to Mrs. Dan Gerber, Dept. 810-0, Fremont, Mich. In Canada, Gerber-Ogilvie, Ltd., Niagara Falls, Canada.

ACCEPTED COUNCIL ON FOODS AND NUTRITION AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION



First step towards grown-up foods—

Unsure of his feet—but mighty sure of what he likes to eat. With thousands of babies, Gerber's are lip-smacking favorites right from the *first* Cereal feedings. It's the Perfected-Texture that pleases their tender tongues. Then as Baby's sense of taste develops, the natural goodness of Gerber's Strained Foods gets gleeful acceptance.

Next step forward—the gradual change-over to Junior Foods. Gerber's tiny, tempting, bite-size particles make trying out new teeth lots of fun. And while Baby learns to chew, he gets the same important vitamins, minerals and proteins from Gerber's Junior Foods, as from the Strained.

Walking off with honors at every meal. Gerber's True-Flavor Vegetables, Fruits, Meats and Desserts. They're strained to a purée smoothness for beginners; evenly chopped for juniors. And, all Gerber's are accepted by the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.

Babies are our business . . . our only business!

Gerber's
BABY FOODS





(Continued from Page 252)

be taken against it. During the years that virus pneumonia resisted our efforts to understand and cure it, about all that doctors could do was to lessen the discomfort of the sufferers as much as possible.

It is therefore a great pleasure to report that aureomycin is effecting the miraculous cures with virus pneumonia that penicillin has brought about with the other types. Furthermore, it seems to be just as useful when taken in capsule form as when it is injected into a muscle (though the latter may be done occasionally). In most cases it does not produce the unpleasant reactions or "side effects" that have sometimes interfered with the usefulness, with children, of some of the other new drugs. This latest chemotherapeutic agent seems to have been designed especially to relieve mothers of worry and of nursing a long, serious illness. But of course they need to know the danger signals so relief measures may be started quickly.

Usually the first sign of virus pneumonia is a hard, dry cough that comes on gradually and grows in severity. After a few days, there may be pain in the chest when coughing. With infants, before aureomycin came to our aid, death might come within a few days.

In older children, headache, chilly sensations (as opposed to definite chills), "achiness" or general sickness is felt. The temperature may rise to 102 or 103 degrees, or even higher, by the end of the week. This is when the infection spreads to the lungs.

The doctor, tapping the chest with fingers, hears a dull, flat thud instead o hollow, resonant sound of the normal c Listening to the chest sounds with his st scope, he may hear *râles*, or rattling no from the affected areas. In general, the onset as opposed to a sudden one, the pe ence of symptoms and the hard, dry c are usually enough to tell him that a has virus pneumonia.

When allowed to run its full course lung involvement often lasts from one to weeks or even lo But that was b aureomycin. This l miracle drug us clears up the disea from 48 to 72 hours in some cases has it disappear overn When a baby's dry cough is broug the doctor's atte early enough, the ger of death is gr lessened, if not away with altoge

"Will my child to go to the hospi This question ca be given a positiv swer where virus p monia is concerne most cases, hospita tion may not be essary, especially now that aureo can so greatly shorten the course o disease But in any particular case advisability of hospital care depends the severity of the symptoms, the home ditions, the general condition of the and, above all, the doctor's judgment a the likelihood of additional complicatio

While aureomycin rarely has reac that may follow when other drugs are it does cause nausea in some cases, and few instances this may be accompanie

SMALL FRY

George Klump, 9, of Goshen, Indiana, heard a Salvation Army speaker tell of the need of self-denial, then went home and mailed the Salvation Army a package. It contained 561 sticks of bubble gum.

Jimmy Hopkins, first-grade scholar, Atlanta, Georgia, after being assigned the job of learning to print his name, raised his hand. "I believe you will have to give me another name," he said. "I can't write this one."

Fifth-grade students in Oklahoma City, asked how they stood on punishment, voted 34 to 1 in favor of a spanking rather than a friendly talk.

—HAROLD HELFER.



Warming up for an E-Z sleep!

Mothers wink at a little fun, especially if youngsters are warm as toast in E-Z Sleepwear. Dreams are sweeter when children snuggle in E-Z sleepers of soft knit fabric. Choose two or three piece Sleepers in pastels or red.

A wide range of E-Z pajamas for girls and boys, too.

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Kids feel gay in colorful E-Z socks, knit to fit them perfectly. Bright, bold stripes or good-looking solids in a full range of styles. Take your pick!

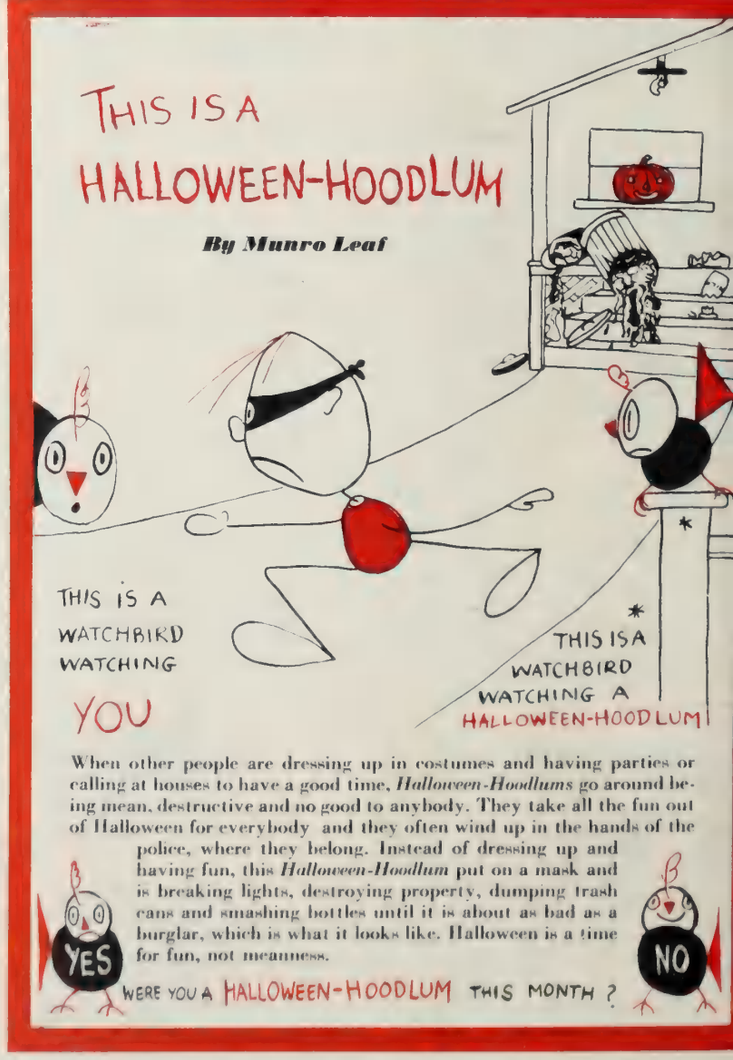


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"for any child at any age"

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



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Q-TIPS

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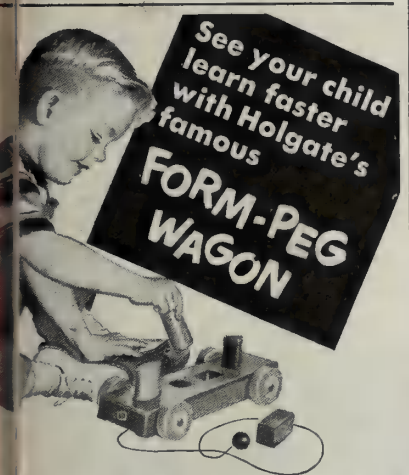


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Dresses & suits for morning, street, afternoon, or sports, $2.95 to 22.50. Also maternity corsets & lingerie. (Catalog mailed in plain envelope.)
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FREE samples of knitting YARN
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CHERRY ST., PHILA. 7, PA.



This sturdy, *reversible* wagon will develop his perception, hold his interest! On one side, he learns to fit four differently shaped colored pegs into corresponding holes. On the other side, he has a wagon on which to load the blocks. Pediatrician-approved for tots 1½ to 3 years. At better stores. $2.00

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FREE Folder showing large assortment of Holgate Toys. Or send 10¢ (to cover mailing cost), for complete 24-page catalog, including selection chart showing toys suitable for each age from 6 months to 8 years.
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abdominal pain and diarrhea. Any of these reactions should be reported to the doctor right away. If the nausea is severe enough to cause vomiting, the drug will have to be injected so it will be absorbed, and it may be necessary to take the child to the hospital for a few days.

But except for unusual circumstances such as the foregoing, if home conditions are proper, the child's need for nursing care can often be met as well at home as in the hospital. As a rule he needs to be kept quiet in bed, given lots of water and orange juice, and encouraged to eat a normal diet, with plenty of milk, fresh fruits and vegetables. Your doctor will tell you what you should do; follow his directions faithfully.

In addition to the medicine he will give to combat the infection, the doctor may prescribe aspirin to keep fever down and reduce general discomfort. If coughing is especially severe or painful, he may prescribe a medication to relieve it.

However, as in any serious illness, this rule should be observed: *Don't give aspirin, cough medicine or any other remedy without the doctor's approval.* He knows best whether, when and how such remedies should be given.

In the case of aureomycin, the doctor will leave explicit instructions as to how much is to be taken, and at what times. Follow such instructions to the letter! I am frequently astonished at the otherwise intelligent mothers who will give a sick child a capsule whenever they think of it, instead of at the intervals the doctor has ordered; or who read "after meals" for "before meals"; or who give more or less than the amount of medication prescribed. Hospitalization could often be avoided if doctors could be sure that mothers would obey simple instructions as carefully as nurses do.

Finally, although aureomycin quickly reduces fever and clears up the lung infection in virus pneumonia, the cough may last for several days afterward. When it does, the child must be kept quietly at home, though not necessarily in bed.

While there is no way known at present to prevent the spread of virus pneumonia, children have a better chance of avoiding it if they are well fed, are not allowed to become chilled or overfatigued, and are not exposed to crowds needlessly. Keep in mind also that a hard, dry cough which gets more severe should be brought to your doctor's attention at once. If it is virus pneumonia, aureomycin can very often turn a serious attack into a comparatively light one.

NEWS ABOUT CHILDREN

By Irma Simonton Black

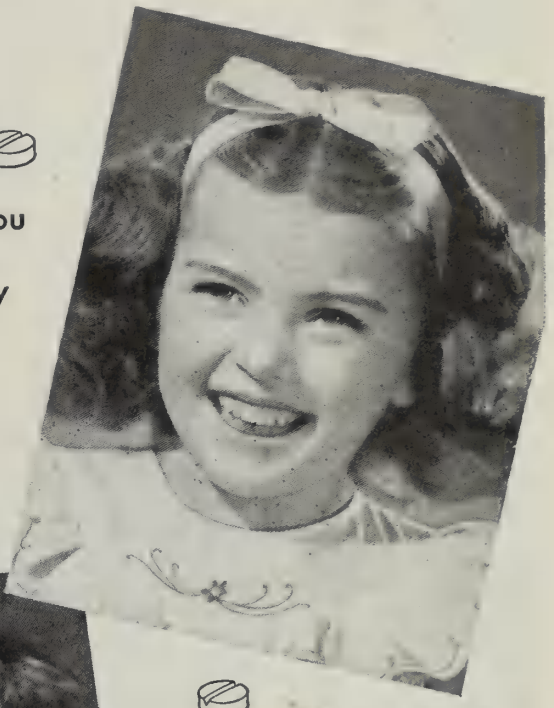
R. S. Illingworth, writing in the British Medical Journal (4645:96), says that much needless worry is caused by calling a child underweight when he may be perfectly normal for his age, sex and birth weight. Tables of average weights do not usually take birth weight into account, but Doctor Illingworth found it an important factor in assessing the physical growth of more than 1000 children up to three years of age.

He found, for example, that a boy weighing 5½ pounds at birth will normally weigh 20 pounds 12 ounces at one year, whereas a boy weighing 9½ pounds at birth will normally weigh 24 pounds 7 ounces at one year. This does not mean that the larger baby is necessarily healthier or better developed than the smaller one.

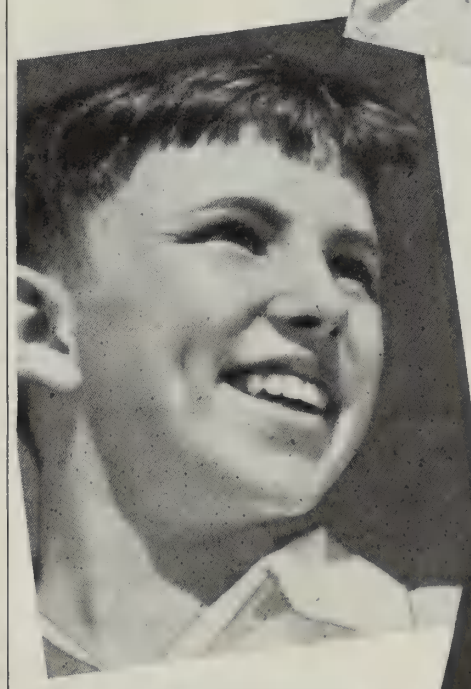
The prevalence of poliomyelitis in camps and boarding schools is no greater than among boys and girls of the general population, according to Thomas H. Ingalls and A. D. Rubenstein (American Journal of Public Health, Vol. 40, No. 5). They base their opinion on observations made on 46 occasions when the disease was introduced into camps and schools. In 32 of 36 instances when only one case developed (or was recognized) during the first five days of the outbreak, no secondary spread occurred. THE END

3 Ways Best for Your Child

BAYER ASPIRIN
Children's Size Tablets

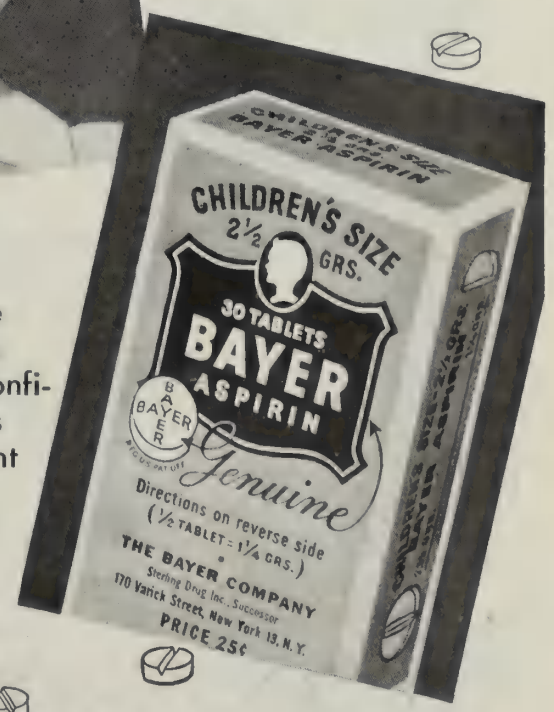


Best because each tablet assures you of the proper dosage as often prescribed by your doctor, for each tablet is "half an aspirin"— *half* the amount of regular size Bayer Aspirin.



Best because each tablet is uncolored and unflavored—cannot be mistaken for candy.

Best because each tablet is genuine Bayer Aspirin—can be used with complete confidence. Bayer Aspirin's single active ingredient is so gentle to the system that doctors prescribe it even for the smallest children. 30 tablets, only 25¢.



CHILDREN'S SIZE BAYER ASPIRIN

BREEZY DOES IT WITH Snap knitwear



Dressing's fast as a wink, when toddlers' clothes have snap fasteners. They're more convenient to manipulate, put an end to button fumbles. And these fasteners are on to stay through many wearings and washings. When choosing knitwear—or any wearables for wee ones—ask for the "breezy-does-it" styles that have Dot Snappers.

SMART SEW-AT-HOMES!

Put Dot Snappers on the clothes you make, with the Dot Snappers Kit. Complete with professional attaching tool, at notion counters. $1 a box.



Laundryproof **DOT** SNAPPERS ®



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NEW GIRL, SUMMER NIGHT

(Continued from Page 36)

There'll be hikes, swims, picnics. "Cathy." Her voice came high and gay, then, from the hall. "That was Muriel Shannon calling, and little Peggy is home. We're invited to tea."

"That's . . . lovely, mother." Cathy's voice was muffled.

Peg Shannon turned out to be a pretty girl who called "Hi" to them when they drove in. She had eyebrows like dark wings and her tongue raced, leading them to a terrace at the back of the house. "The folks had me in stir, you know." She reported it gaily. "At my grandmother's out in Ohio. Too many late hours." She tilted her head back, laughing. There was something infectious about it, and suddenly Cathy was laughing, too, and Myra released her breath in a long, relieved sigh.

"Just think"—Cathy leaned her head back in the car going home and her voice was changed—"I have a date and it's in a foursome, and Peg fixed it up by phone. We're going to a barbecue party. The boys are Johnny Case and Link Forrester, and Link is what they call 'between girls' here in America. It's all a little different"—Cathy's voice slowed—"and do you suppose I shall do all right?"

"I don't see why not," Myra said heartily. "High-school boys aren't too ——"

"They aren't exactly high-school boys." Cathy explained it more fully in the kitchen, helping with dinner preparations. "They're through with Shroon Hill High, and have had a year at a prep called Chilson. They're ready for universities, or in them—Peg's friends. Peg . . . seems to think it important that I do all right." Cathy moved just a little closer to her mother. "If Link Forrester invites me to a certain beach party tomorrow I'll be 'in,' Peg thinks. In Shroon Hill there's just one crowd, really ——"

"Child, you're babbling." Myra called it gaily. They must hurry, she reminded. It was so late, and what would dad say?

TIM Weston didn't say anything at all for a while, looking down at his wife on the porch at about nine o'clock. "Let's get this straight," he said at last. "Who went to the party?"

"Don't be silly, Tim. Cathy went to the party. Well"—she laughed a little—"perhaps Cathy's mother went, too, in a way. She's been waiting so long."

"Waiting to see a child take off at nine at night in a contraption like that one." Tim was merely reflective. "They seemed to be spilling out of it. A couple of those boys must have been twenty or older."

"I'm sure it's all right, dear." Myra's faint smile lingered. "They're the little Shannon girl's friends. You don't suppo she laughed to cover a catch in her vo "I'm going to lose Cathy here in Amer

"Ah, to be a mother," Tim teased. " worried sick over a child's loneliness. going to lose her on one party."

"You know what I mean, Tim." N voice sobered. "We were so close, the of us, all through the European years. American parents have the opportuni had to mold a child."

He did know what she meant, Tim He'd come up behind her and she reach to cover his hand on her shoulder. moved the lass right into the adult co at age eleven, didn't we?" His chuckl tender. "If you ask me"—a note tha humbly proud sounded in his voice worked out all right too. Cathy's stanch loyal ——"

"And independent and warm of he Myra added it softly. Their silence hel a while.

As they drove out into the country wind whipped the laughter of Peg Shan friends backward. The car raced along was guided nonchalantly by but o Johnny Case's arms. Top down, it was toward the farm where a boy called Morgan summered with his parents.

This crowd was too young and carel be frightening, Cathy decided tentat Link Forrester was just a tall, nice-lo boy who liked to razz her, and every she looked up at him it was to see lau lurking in the gray eyes behind short, c lashes.

"'Do you want to meet a girl n Cathy?'" Link quoted Johnny Cas lightedly. "'She's been more places th GI.'"

"She hasn't ever been to a barbe Cathy's dimple began to show.

"She's going to one now."

The car seemed filled with a freigh laughter and its freight kept spilling ov all spilled into one big pool of mirth they reached the Morgan farm. Kip gan's parents were out of town. There some talk about Kip's married sister an husband coming home sometime, but talk was a little vague and the party ceeded in high gear.

Link went on teasing. He went on just a nice boy something like Oliver dock, and about eleven o'clock he se final seal of his approval upon Cathy viting her to go to the next day's beach with him. After that, since there was to dance at the beach in the evening, the t them practiced dancing on the farmh porch. A juke box was blaring in a base



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playroom and its music could be heard over half the farm.

"Now was that bad?" Link would stand swinging her hand between records. "What"—a certain hypnosis of new girl and summer night kept slowing his voice as he looked down at her—"are you laughing at now?"

"There it g-goes again. The—the juke box." Each time a new burst of music came Cathy had to catch at her lip helplessly. It never did any good and her laughter went on pealing up here on the porch just as it had in the rumpus room. "Link, please—couldn't we go down and watch it?"

"We could not." He caught her other hand, held them both. "Never did take a girl out and have her fall in love with a juke box before."

His voice was bemused and a fleeting wonder showed on his face. It was the sort of wonder that comes to a man sometimes when he is just about to turn nineteen. It's very young and tender. It hasn't anything to do with things like the cans of beer stacked in laundry tubs full of ice in a farmhouse basement—still less has it anything to do with small bottles like those beginning to show here and there as the Kip Morgan party rounded midnight. As to the lost couples in the big living room inside—the TV screen long since dark—Link's look was in a far country from those.

He and Cathy watched the moon from the end of the porch for a while, and Link wanted to know if she'd had moons like that at any of her whistle stops. "Whistle stops?" she asked gravely, and "Cathy, Cathy ——" Delighted laughter caught him. "Baby, are they buzzing down there now." He spoke half to himself, watching portions of the party still milling down by the barbecue pit. "Cathy Weston." He held her hand rather carefully under his on the porch rail. "And Kip Morgan's." He was quiet for a moment. "But you'll get hep, won't you?" His voice changed, and was careless again. A new record sent music splashing. "The next voice you hear will be Forrester from the middle of the Sahara," Link chanted. "Come on." He pulled her, laughing, all the way down to the Morgan laundry. He fished in the ice water and brought up bottles of beer and pop.

It was very late then, and Peg Shannon was moaning things around the finger with which she smoothed her lipstick in front of a dressing table upstairs. It was after one o'clock, Peg moaned, and they'd collected two more to take home. "Darling"—she took time out to shake her head wonderingly at Cathy—"that juke-box act of yours was out of this world."

Juke-box act, Cathy thought sleepily. *Out of this world.* "Link wants to take me to the beach party tomorrow," she said softly.

"Wonderful," Peg approved. "Link and Johnny like to double-date," she said thoughtfully, "but Sally Vincent's mother packed her off to a camp."

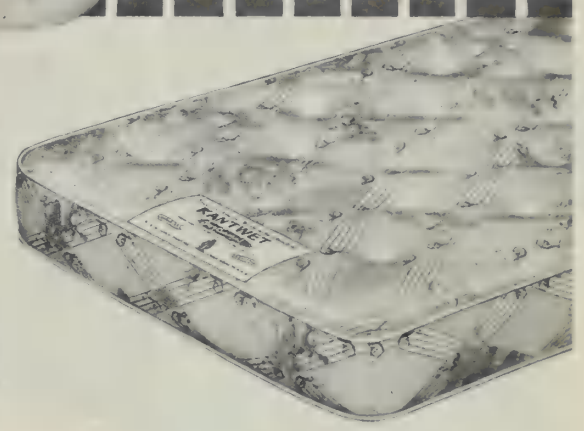
All Cathy's thoughts were sleepy and happy ones, riding home. It was exciting to ride through the June night with her hair blowing and with Link singing. "I'll call you in the morning, sugar," he said at a quarter past two, and *sugar*—her lips trembled with smiles over it, tiptoeing up the stairs. Cathy's first party in America was over, and the backfiring of Johnny Case's car sounded like pistol shots down the street, and her mother was a ghostly figure standing in the upper hall.

"Gracious, mother." Cathy smiled mistily at her. "Nothing happened. We were a million miles out in the country and we took a million people home. . . . Something did happen, mother," she corrected it softly, after a moment. "I met the nicest boy in America, I expect."

It was the beginning of Cathy's rush. The days raced into weeks and she was Link Forrester's girl and invitations rained upon her. The Weston drive was clogged with cars and the Weston phone rang continuously. Tim and Myra joined the vast army of American parents pushed out of their living rooms, circumscribed in their use of telephones, wishing they might have more sleep.

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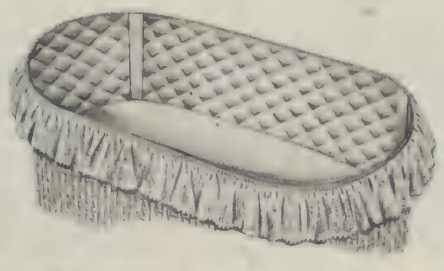
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They were philosophical about it, at first. "What on earth cooks?" Tim had held in for nearly two weeks before giving way to a minor explosion.

"I don't know." There was a frown between Myra's eyes. "I have to sort of feel my way, Tim." She said it uncertainly. "We're—we're sort of rusty as American parents, you know."

For the most part they were patient. There'd been a certain number of inescapably lonely times for an American child in Europe, and Tim and Myra didn't forget these. They weren't in a mood to cavil, or to look too critically at the children of their new friends and fellow members of the nice Shroon Hill Golf Club. The children tore around in cars all the time, and that seemed to be the accepted thing. Well, it was vacation time, and summer, and there were huge distances to be contended with about this new Eastern city. Now and then the Westons' eyes would meet frowningly, though.

Why can't they get home at nights? Tim summed it up in his second explosion.

Two weeks, and three, and all traces of Tim and Myra's first amusement had fizzled out. They'd become watchful. A certain perplexity kept gnawing at them. Uncertain conversations got started in the Weston house, and these were never finished.

"I'm sure it's all right, Tim." A weary edginess was creeping into Myra's voice. "Muriel Shannon always knows the score."

"Does she?"

"You sound so short."

"Do I? Oh, I want Cathy to have friends and a good time too." Tim would assert it grouchily, thrusting at his hair. "Where is she tonight?" he'd ask, or "Does the Forrester boy live here?"

It was at about eleven P.M., of course, that the climate of the Weston house changed, with Cathy out. The tormented waiting period set in at about that time. Nothing about Cathy's new social life seemed quite so casual after eleven, and by midnight the wellsprings of light comment would have run completely dry in Tim and Myra.

The engaging adolescents of Shroon Hill—Myra would think of them frowningly, slipping out of bed sometimes and pacing out her vigil in another part of the house, in order not to disturb Tim. The adolescents who seemed to have figured out to the last iota just what the traffic in parental worry would bear. *A series of too late nights, and then a few early enough to take all the wind out of one's sails,* she thought ruefully. The adolescents who had whole gushers of luminous and ingenious alibis on tap, and who seemed to have shared with Cathy the secret of touching these off at will. "*Hard for one girl to say when everyone is to start home. . . . Mother, do you realize where Kip Morgan lives?*"

Myra didn't know at just what point the definite bur of unease moved in upon her daytime life, too—just when tires grinding on the gravel, phonograph needles playing the same record over and over, and the phone's incessant shrilling set up an actual friction against her nerves. There was a nagging loneliness too. No more talks with Cathy, and no more huddles of three Westons over a kitchen table at bedtime now. Cathy hadn't touched the treasured collection of books Tim and Myra had brought out of storage, and neither had she so much as dipped into their cherished store of records. Her failure ever to touch the piano remained a sore spot in Myra's heart, and no doubt she was being silly about at least some of all this.

It's midsummer, she'd remind herself dryly. *What sort of an old fogy are you turning into, Myra Weston? Just so the child isn't—isn't charting her course in America.* One flippant and superficial summer, one gay vacation season of playing the great American game of running away from oneself wouldn't harm Cathy too much. But a certain wistfulness settled about Myra's mouth, watching.

"It was time for Cathy to tie loose from us." She pointed it out to Tim lightly one night.

"Tie loose?" He tried to match her grin. "She seems to have latched on to a flying saucer." They were having a bedtime snack for two and Tim went for fresh coffee. "Seven kids hurt in two car accidents within a twelve-hour period right here in the vicinity of Shroon Hill." He said it with his back turned and his voice tight. "Six picked up with liquor in their car and taken to the police station night before last, and all under age. Sam Hastings had to drive down to that Gretna Green across the state line and bring —— Oh, never mind." He came back with the coffee and was trying his grin on again. "Here we are back home," he said with mock solemnity. "So let's get out all the soapboxes and beat all the drums about the younger generation, huh?" His eyes sought the clock, though, and fatigue and worry seemed to have washed some of the color out of them. "Have another try at making the curfew stick," he mumbled.

July was very hot in the Shroon Hill section, and early August was worse. Tim sat on the edge of his bed one night and smoked a cigarette while Myra stood at the window looking up the street and, though it was half past one in the morning, their poses weren't too unfamiliar. In the half-light the Westons seemed perhaps a little lost, blurred.

Going Away

By Ann Batchelder

How can I leave my lilacs
That perfumed all my spring?
Now they are sweetly sleeping
Like a bird with a folded wing.

How say farewell to my roses
Each in its mossy bed?
They are only resting as bluebirds nesting,
They are waiting, they are not dead.

How shall I leave my garden
With no word said?

"No dance and no particular party." Tim crushed out the cigarette he had barely started. "Just a routine summer night. Is this the only bunch of kids in this part of the country, Myra?"

"It's the top bunch, and when were you young last?" she said dully. "And Alice Thurston said they had run into the same thing with their three girls in three different parts of the country," she added after a moment.

She pleated folds in the curtain, and thought how hateful the view from a certain window could become. From this window she couldn't see the border out of which she had picked an empty liquor bottle the morning after Cathy's party, though. The border was under a den window. The punch bowl had been in the den. Tim didn't know about that episode.

Myra leaned her head against the window frame now, closed her eyes. "*It must have belonged to the boys who crashed the party, mother. They call them the Midnight Boys. They're always crashing.*"

She had to trust Cathy, didn't she? Suddenly Myra Weston didn't know, standing at her bedroom window between one and two o'clock in the morning. Had Cathy's face been too carefully blanked, too much on the defensive, talking about party crashers? Myra didn't know that either.

"In the men's locker room out at the club ——" Tim stopped short, and rubbed at his face tiredly.

"What, Tim?"

"Oh, nothing. Lot of old hens, probably. Talk about drinking, even among the high-school kids." He yawned miserably, tried to push it from him. "Beer at parties the accepted thing. This roadhouse selling hard liquor to minors and that one losing license because of ——"

"Here the children are now, Tim."

"All right, but don't call them childre He was grouchy with relief. "Children do bat around in the middle of the night. I'll starting at six tomorrow, Myra, and it be a hard drive." He checked on his ala clock again. "I'll wire you if I can't mak back tomorrow. Come to bed, Myra. you want me to go out and ——"

"No." Myra came slowly from the w dow. "Get some sleep, Tim. I'm going have a talk—to end talks—with Cathy morrow."

It was nearly noon next day, and was dressing for a bridge luncheon for benefit of the local hospital with her fing all thumbs. There'd been no chance for sort of talk with Cathy. A carload of yo people had descended upon the house bef she was up and they had more or less ta possession. The house throbbed with pla music, and Myra's head throbbed with She'd gone to great pains to make the yo people feel at home in the house. She had remind herself of that, moving her should as though to dislodge a weight.

She was a smartly slender woman gett ready for a luncheon, and having trou with the clasp of her wrist watch beca her fingers were shaking. *What's the ma with me?* She put the question to the mir *There are always problems. Tim and I s them together. Tim and I, and Cathy.*

She missed her favorite cologne, went i Cathy's room. The girls must have smo her daughter out of bed, and she started clean their ash trays one more time, mov in slow motion. It wasn't that cigarettes w so important. She shook her head impatien over the stacked crimsoned ends. A sixte year-old's taking up smoking to impress new gang wasn't enough to rock M Weston's world, either. Yet she came t dead stop, holding Cathy's bedside tray was a young face, changed and inscruta and half lost behind cigarette smoke—t was what was important. That was what minded. *Cathy's changing.* Myra had to st in the girl's room and hold the burdened tray and face up to something. Why talk Cathy and ask her things, and seem to and prod? She emptied the tray with sud weariness. Why tempt Cathy's voice into new and careful range, the one even had been able to do nothing about?

Downstairs she had to call above a rec asking Cathy what her plans were. Th were no plans at all, the girl called b hazily.

The bridge luncheon was being held at Women's Club building and Myra dr there miserably enough. She parked car and retouched her make-up before go in. She tried to summon a smile, advancing a group of women clustered about a c table. She became conscious of a voice, she stopped uncertainly, and her smile fad

"—— racing on the Beach Road." clear and carrying voice was caught betw shock and laughter. "The Case boy dr one car and the Morgan lad the other the police had set up a road block ——" voice was lost and then it emerged ag "—— not a thing but beer, the boys s as though —— How the Morgan stat wagon could leap the ditch and not t turtle ——"

Eva Mont's voice, and it became part a continuing and intangible summer nig mare, and Myra ate her luncheon and t played cards mechanically. *The Case boy—* It kept repeating itself stupidly in her mi "*We had to take Kip Morgan home.*" could hear Cathy saying that, over and ov

She felt reasonably brisk and efficient ready to cope again by the time the pa was over. It was a shock to find the ho quiet and deserted. Tim's wire, pushed un the door, said that he would not be able get back that night, after all. Cathy's no tacked to the kitchen bulletin board, sta that they were all off to the beach. "Tried call you at club but line busy –home earl was the way the message ended. Myra sto

(Continued on Page 260)

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(*Continued from Page 258*)

reading and rereading it, and biting her lip, and the false feeling of efficiency vanished. She moved listlessly then, straightening up the house. "Home early" was a phrase which didn't mean a lot in Cathy's book these days. If she had to wait up tonight she would do it without Tim, and doubtless Eva Mont's high voice would be ringing in her ears.

Myra got into gardening clothes, fixed a little food, and ate it in the kitchen. She began to think of kitchens in Europe. There'd been one with a big built-in bench piled with worn cushions and there Cathy had nestled with a book. There'd been one with an old wooden table worn into shining hollows and the three Westons had gathered about it at bedtime, sipping treasured chocolate and talking energetically.

For goodness' sake! Myra moved briskly, shook things back into focus, and rinsed her dishes. She worked in the garden until it was too dark to see. At midnight she was merely wandering through the house again, and at one she was at her upstairs-window post. At two o'clock she was trying to write a letter to Helen Murdock in London, and at half past two she had left the letter and was moving rather uncertainly toward the telephone.

"Will you be all right, Cathy?" Kip had leaned against the car at the entrance to the lane leading into the Morgan farm. "Forrester can always drive, you know. Come on, boy." He'd reached in and had given Link a shake behind the wheel, and Link had sat erect. "There you are. All okay." Kip, relieved, had vanished quickly into the darkness of the lane.

Link could always drive. Cathy had tried to hold fast to that thought through a tortuous two miles of weaving from side to side on the highway. In the end she'd had to give up, and coax and cajole Link into pulling the car off to a level space, half in and half out of a field. It had taken some doing, and she'd had to lean back to draw in a long and painful breath when they were finally stopped and safe. "You promised, Link. You promised." It was merely a miserable half moan, and addressed to no one. There was no answer, and immediately Link was asleep.

She had locked the car doors and had settled herself to wait, staring straight ahead at the highway, ducking down a little when the lights of an occasional late car swept around the curve ahead. She'd kept feeling a little sick through the first hour of her wait, thinking of her mother, checking the watch on Link's limp wrist. *Home early.* She had underlined it in her note. If Link slept for an hour, though—surely then he would be able to drive. She'd eased him around, settling him in the most comfortable position possible against the back of the car seat.

It got to be three o'clock, and it was still impossible to rouse Link sufficiently to be able to trust him at the wheel, and Cathy was snapping his cigarette lighter order to be sure of the time. The hand watch were racing now.

Cathy's thoughts didn't race, bu kept up a painful and steady marchin went over the evening, and over it Link had broken two promises. He that they wouldn't be with Kip again, and that he, Link, wouldn't dri thing at all. They had brought Kip the shore, though, and Link had give Kip's pressure about stopping at t House, and at the Log House they into Kip's sister's crowd. "High" wa they called it here in America. Th crowd had been high. Not that a pa to be that way to close in on Link lighted and possessive sort of way. considered it soberly, her mouth wis was a thing which happened all the

She snapped the lighter again and at the sleeping boy's face. Curled aga back of the seat with his hair rough his mouth serious now, none of the Link had taken to be a good fellow crowd at the Log House showed. cocktails, and not the stuff someo brought from Mexico in a bottle.

America was a lot of things, she uncertainly. It was a girl marooned with a boy who had passed out, a rounded by moon-washed fields and of woods. It was a girl touching th hair rather sorrowfully, and remem things. "*I've met the nicest boy in A mother.*" It was still true, and her fir spangled summer would always be Link. He had shown her her first A moons and oceans and beach bonfir taught her to square-dance, and t dive, and to samba. The night filled his laughing voice. "*We're going to down, woman. . . . That's a Coke flo We've got a lot of American dancing to Now look, it's your backhand we're on. . . . Every whingding of the winte dated up for. . . . Mother, come dow Cathy Weston!*"

Link had too many friends. It was the leader of the parade to turn bac Cathy supposed. She tried to rou again, sadly this time. She leaned aga back of the seat herself then, and sle next she knew of anything, Link's rue contrite voice was in her ears and fog was seeping over the fields.

The light looked lonely in the hall a too, and her mother's voice was "I won't cry if you're all right, cert She was moving toward the telephon have to call back and tell the police been no accident." Her voice was "Do go to bed, Cathy."

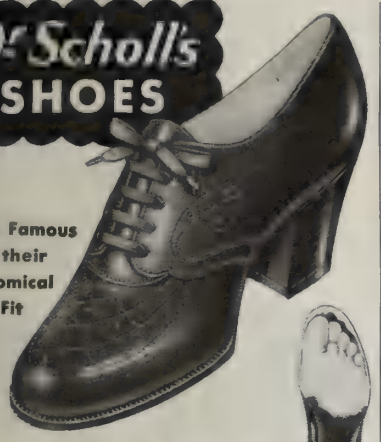
It didn't seem possible to go an that note in her mother's voice, and lingered. "Should I . . . have let Link she asked haltingly. There was no and she tried again. "You've been to Aunt Helen, haven't you, mother

Other views, sizes and prices of Vogue Patterns on Pages 62 and 63

Vogue Design No. 7186. "Easy-to-Make" blouse; 12 to 20, 30 to 38, 50c.
Vogue Design No. 7172. "Easy-to-Make" skirt; 24 to 34 waist, 50c.
Vogue Design No. S-4119. One-piece dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38, $1.00.
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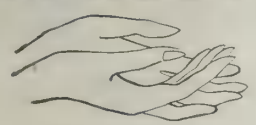
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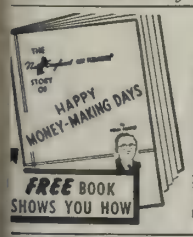
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touched the letter on the hall table. "What a fat air-mail letter." Her mother didn't turn from the phone, and Cathy went slowly up the stairs.

Tim had driven through without dinner next evening and it had been an exhausting trip in the heat. Now that his late dinner was before him he didn't touch it, but sat looking frowningly at his wife. He kept saying "I see" in a fagged sort of voice. "Come and sit down, Myra," he said at last. "I'm sorry you had such a bad night. We always talk these things over together, though, so we'll wait for Cathy."

"We won't wait for her this time." Myra's voice was colorless and defeated. She stood turning a letter over and over in her fingers. "Out all night"—she winced—"and the police searching the shore road. I just want you to read this letter before I mail it. It's to Helen Murdock, and I'm asking her if we may send Cathy back to her in London."

"You're asking ——" Tim pushed his hair back confusedly. "Wait a minute ——"

"Helen would be glad to have Cathy even if she didn't need the money. As we know, she could use that very well. One year or"—Myra's head was down and she bit at her lips to steady them—"or two, and Cathy can finish school with Sheila. She can go on with piano under Buehler. I'm not able to stand . . . seeing her changed and spoiled —— What are you doing, Tim?"

He'd crossed quickly and had taken the letter from her. "I'm tearing up this brainstorm," he said. He started to tear it, but then stopped and stood smoothing it thoughtfully. "This isn't the answer, Myra." His frown deepened. "You wanted to get Cathy back to learn to live in America," he reminded. "Now she's back and, so help me, she ought to learn to live here. Shroon Hill's America. These are American boys you seem to be plowing under."

As we grow in wisdom, we pardon more freely. —MME. DE STAEL.

"I . . . don't know what you mean."

"I just mean we're giving it a little more time." He sat down, went on frowning at the letter. "We're leaving it to Cathy."

"You're leaving it to a sixteen-year-old girl to keep a car from pancaking, to handle a boy who's —— Tim, Tim—it's not good enough."

"It's good enough if the way we brought Cathy up was good enough," he said patiently. "You're saying it's not. Seventeen years of the best we could muster, and now you don't trust it. You don't trust your daughter to come through in a situation which could well have caught her off balance. I do. I say she's going to work it out. Just give her some more time. Cathy's too much an individual to run all the way with any pack, or that's my bet. We'll stand by. We'll certainly work on the curfew ——"

"You can't expect ——"

"I do expect." He said it stubbornly. "You see, Cathy's a girl I know. We've been hashing things out together for a long time. You keep this letter." He smoothed it again. "You'll be bringing it to me to make a little bonfire of, and before too long. Heads up, now. Where's Cathy tonight?"

"She's baby-sitting—next door." Myra's head refused to come up. Her voice was heavy. "I suppose that after last night even the fabulous Forrester ——"

"Baby-sitting." Tim exulted. "Does that mean we get a full night's sleep, by any chance?"

Myra heard Cathy come in from next door at about eleven-thirty. She didn't hear anything else until just before six in the morning. Something startled her then and she sat up and blinked at her dresser clock. The sounds coming up from downstairs turned out to be real ones, and not dreamed, and the fragrance of coffee was real too. If Cathy were planning to run off with her



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*Based on an embarrassing episode of Mrs. Edna M. Dunbar of Fort Belvoir, Virginia, to whom we have sent a check for $50. Sets of 3 slips have gone to five other letter writers



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crowd to the beach again, and without having said a word ——

Myra stood in the kitchen doorway, pulling a robe about her, having to swallow something that felt like tears. Here was the girl she no longer knew, and she was moving about the kitchen with a grave and rather defensive expression on her face—and Tim was wrong, wrong.

"Can't you wake up, mother?" Cathy laughed a little. "Come on in and have some coffee. I thought I was being so noiseless."

"You were." Myra moved slowly. "It was a shame I had to wake up. You might have stolen away on one more all-day and all-night ——"

"Please, mother." Cathy came over and touched her arm. "It's just a—a bird walk I'm starting out on. It's a sort of club anyone may join, and the directions for meeting at the end of the Merriam trolley line were in the paper. Now drink this." She looked young and awkward, setting the coffee down. "I suppose I shan't be going to the beach again, or anywhere else with the crowd. I don't imagine"—her voice caught—"I'll be going anywhere, ever again, with Link." She talked now from the window, her voice even and her back turned. "That's the way it is, mother. I'm sorry."

"Sorry?" Myra said it stupidly, burning her tongue on the coffee.

"Sorry it didn't work out better. I . . . shan't be the popular sort of American girl. If I kept trying a long time . . . it was because of Link. But in the end I have to be friends with Cathy Weston, and proud of her, and never—never lonely with her. You and dad helped teach me that. Now—now you're stuck with it."

"I can't think of anything more lovely to be stuck with, darling."

"I'll be quite the drip, and don't think it isn't going to show up in Shroon Hill." Her voice came small from her window post. "I took out a library card, though." She straightened a little. "Five mothers can use me for baby-sitting right on this block. We might look up a piano teacher, too, and not wait. . . . Oh, mother! It's Link"—it was a frozen sort of murmur—"he's coming up the walk. You talk to him." She turned in a panic. "Tell him anything ——"

"I think you'll have to handle it yourself, dear."

Myra opened the door to find Link picking up pebbles to throw at Cathy's window. *One of the engaging youths*, she thought with some bitterness. *One of the frightened kids* was the helpless thought that followed, as Link stood looking at her and trying to smile. His eyes were darker than usual and he asked in a none too steady voice if Cathy were up. He saw Cathy then and went slowly into the kitchen and stood motionless there. The girl stood without moving, too, and Myra began to feel invisible as their silence held.

They talked in short and almost rude sentences then. "I told you not to come," Cathy said. "I can't go to the beach. You were silly to drive over ——"

"I didn't drive over. I hitched a ride on the paper truck. I'm not driving for a long time. My father says I can't be trusted with a car, and he's right. I signed that paper, Cathy"—Link took a step forward—"the one promising my father not to drink anything for five years. You—you can't be a lush and a doctor. You can't be a lush and know Cathy Weston, either, can you?" Link's mouth twisted into an anxious smile. "Now look—you said something about a bird walk, and when do we start?"

"You don't care about bird walks, Link." Cathy twisted her fingers.

"I just invented them, that's all. My egg collection's in junior-high museum right now."

"The bird walk . . . is only one thing." Her voice had slowed. "I'll be coming home

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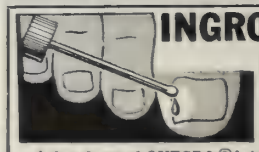
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at night. I'll be studying piano. My wanted to take me places like Gettys- and Valley Forge, and we'll be going week ends. I ——"

can dust off my violin. I'd love to go to ysburg and Valley Forge, if anyone ed me. Cathy ——" He waited. "Mrs. on, don't you think she ought to try me ist one bird walk?"

t's up to Cathy. I do think"—Myra n to move lightly about the kitchen; a ng note had come into her voice—"I do that if you are going on a bird walk you t to eat some breakfast, Link."

e had bacon sizzling and toast browning he wink of an eye. A delighted sort of nuring was getting under way at the behind her. This got off to a slow start it was interrupted by frequent silences, but when Myra turned with plates of hot food she saw that the silences were all right too. Link and Cathy looked into each other's eyes during these. Their lips kept struggling with laughter.

She stood in the doorway then and watched them hurry across the porch, and what stretched between them and the bus stop was easily the most beautiful morning of the summer.

Halfway down the walk Link turned, and made a magnificently sweeping gesture westward with his thumb. "If the gang shows," he called gaily, "we went thataway."

"There's not a chance," she called back.

"You'd be surprised." He megaphoned it. "It's a new bandwagon, and they climb on fast." He set his hand against Cathy's elbow and they sprinted for the bus.

NITED NATIONS: SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE

(Continued from Page 12)

s, each must abandon the sovereign to do as it pleases; courts must subte judgment for violence; and internaal decisions must be enforced by the lawing majority against an outlaw. If the sed outlaw can sit on his own case and lidate judgment, every principle of law ks down. St.-Pierre proposed that an essor be defined as one who refused to rate or accept judgment. Like most eenth-century thinkers, including the rican founding fathers, St.-Pierre was nable and logical.

: Have all projects for Leagues of Na- against war provided for enforcement?

: Yes, without exception. Enforcement, e have seen, is implicit in every concept order substituting justice and law for chy and violence. The inherent diffies of enforcement were always, however, mous. In the domestic affairs of states, reakers are individuals or groups of inluals, who can be brought before the bar stice by relatively peaceable means. If, ever, a sufficiently large number of armed ens flout the laws of even their own s, the result is a civil war which cannot ettled by a law, a judge and a lightly d police force, but by armed force—war.

he same difficulty attends attempts to ce laws governing the relations between reign states. If a state transgresses a law ibiting armed violence in settling rela- with another state, and refuses to acjudgment, it is not individuals who must rought to justice, but the whole state . The enforcement, therefore, of laws ibiting war implies recourse to war if ns of arbitration and reconciliation fail. ming, however, that all members of a ed Nations sincerely agree that aggres- as defined in law, is a punishable crime, are sincerely committed to bringing a reaking state into line, the combination rce against a would-be aggressor would ys, theoretically, be sufficient to deter aggression by its mere existence and t, since states do not embark upon agions except upon a fair chance of success. t this condition implies, of course, such national limitation and regulation of uments as would prevent one state or bination of states from becoming powerough to defy all others.

: Why did the League of Nations fail?

: Students of the defunct League ade many explanations, in all of which, no pt, there is an element of truth. Among e are that the League started, originally the United Nations), as a League of rs, banded together to enforce peace ies, which, being dictated by conquerors not negotiated, were regarded by the uished as having no foundations in ce; that although it brought to a temry halt much political anarchy, it did ing to halt economic rivalries, which ened clashes of interest; that the First ld War contributed psychologically to cult of violence; and that the absence he United States rendered the League otent.

However, almost all students are agreed that the unwillingness of member states to stand together, in a showdown, in unitedly enforcing sanctions against an aggressor was the basic reason for the League's demise.

The dissolution of the League followed a whole series of unpunished aggressions: the Japanese invasion of Manchuria; the politically inspired murder of Chancellor Dollfus in Austria, and the consequent conquest of that country; the conquest of Abyssinia; the remilitarization of the Rhine; the participation of League members on both sides of the civil war in Spain; the German invasion of Czechoslovakia; the Russian invasion of Finland, and so on. In each case, confronted by the need of coercion, League members backed down.

In the League of Nations, as in the United Nations, there was no international force responsible directly to the international body, but member states had to commit their own forces. Nor was there any legal compulsion upon them to do so. And, until directly menaced themselves, none cared to accept the responsibility.

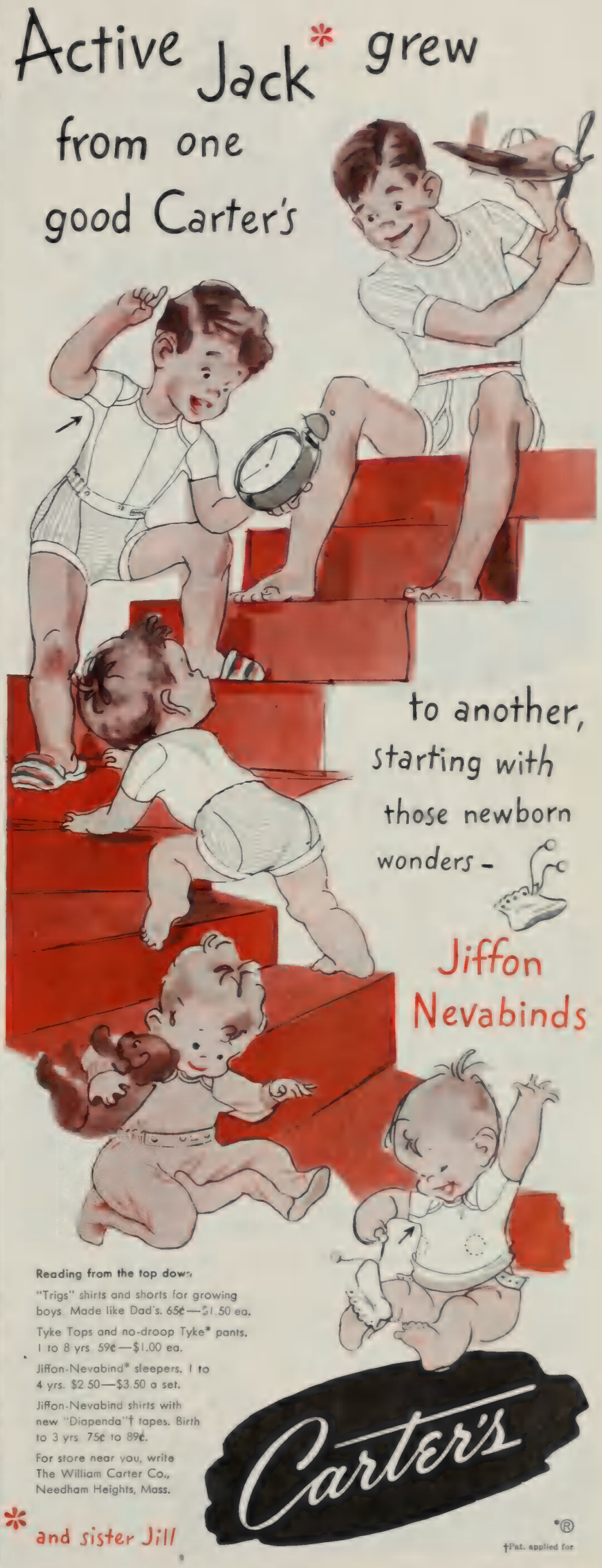
Regarding the British and American attitudes toward the original invasion of Manchuria, where the United States was apparently, though not a member, prepared to back, with force, a League of Nations action, the British and American Foreign Minister and Secretary of State gave conflicting reports. The British were justifiably dubious whether an action proposed by the State Department would, in a showdown, be ratified by the American Congress. But Sir John Simon also said, "The object of my policy is to keep my country out of trouble." And later, when Abyssinia was attacked, he refused "to risk one ship for the sake of Abyssinia."

None of the League members—except the weakest and smallest—was willing to entrust its defense to the League. Each had, or made, its own separate agreements and alliances. France, obsessed by fear of Germany, rested her security in an alliance with Germany's surrounding eastern states—Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania—while these for reasons of "hereditary enmity" excluded the strategic link of Austria.

The existence of this eastern anti-German "cordon" was the chief impediment to a fundamental reconciliation between Germany and France, which was the enlightened goal of the German and French foreign ministers, Gustav Stresemann and Aristide Briand. When, however, a German aggression occurred upon one of the members of this French alliance, Czechoslovakia, neither France nor the League moved, nor did they when Germany took the directly menacing move of remilitarizing the Rhineland. Finally, French and British treaties with Poland involved them in war.

League members made unilateral moves without consulting each other. Britain, for instance, signed a naval treaty with Hitler Germany permitting limited naval rearmament, without consulting France.

And, in the final crisis, the Soviet Union made an agreement with Hitler Germany





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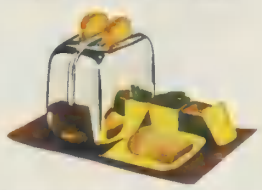
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which completely shattered the remains of any common front.

Each successful aggression made the aggressor more powerful to commit another. Thus, from being the only disarmed European country in 1918, Germany was, by 1939, the most militarily powerful country in Europe, having acquired this power in a step-by-step process at the initial points of which she could have been halted, probably by the mere threat of combined League force, certainly by the use of it. Eventually, of the League members in Europe, France and Britain, and in 1940 Britain only, stood alone against anti-League forces infinitely more powerful than they, and the balance was swung only by a member outside the League: the United States.

Finally, the peace-loving League members failed to see that commitment to a rule of law involves not only the will, but also the means to contribute to its maintenance. Between the two wars the concept of peace as an order protecting the law-abiding and the weak against the lawless, and involving strong responsibilities, gave way to a vague hope of peace based on universal reconciliation even with lawbreakers, accompanied by the disarmament of the law-abiding. Under pressure of economy, of public demands for ever-increasing social services, of pacifist groups that perennially fail to see that unilateral disarmament has never brought peace but is a standing temptation to war, the democracies allowed their defense forces to lapse, or, as with France, sought refuge, exclusively for themselves, in an outmoded system of trench fortresses called the Maginot Line, to the point where, even if willing, they were unable to fulfill their League obligations. And when war came, overwhelming force was not on the side of the League, but on the side of the aggressors.

Q.: Why do you give so much space to pre-League and League of Nations history instead of to the United Nations?

A.: History is valuable to the extent that we can learn from it, and we are likely to be more cognizant of the errors of the past—and of others—than of the present, and of ourselves.

THE United Nations has been, from the first, afflicted with the same diseases which ultimately consumed the League of Nations, but in an even more virulent form

Even more than the victors of World War I, who founded the first League, the victors of World War II were divided, from the outset, on basic issues of principle, in government, justice and law. The closing months of the war saw a series of concessions of principle by the democracies, in the hope of attaining permanent reconciliation with the Soviet Union, even at the sacrifice of other small wartime allies. The recognition *de facto* of the conquests which the Soviet Union had made in alliance with Hitler Germany, in Finland, the Baltic States, Rumania and Poland, was based upon no principles of reason, equity, justice or the rights of nations. The setting aside of the Polish government in London, involving the dissolution of the army of General Anders which had fought heroically against the common enemy, could not be justified by any principle whatever. The division of Poland in the east, without the consent of any Polish government and in violation of prewar treaties between the Soviet Union and Poland, led to the division of Germany, again without regard to any principles of nationality or equity. At Yalta, the concession to Stalin in Manchuria of all the conquests and concessions that nineteenth-century Russian governments had won from a weak China, and which had been denounced by Lenin himself as indefensible Czarist and Russian-bourgeoise grabs, was also indefensible in principle.

It is an error, I believe, to attribute these concessions primarily or fundamentally to pro-Russian or procommunist influences on western negotiators, though these were certainly present and played a role. But President Roosevelt was, I think, so concerned to create the United Nations together with Russia that he—very largely unwittingly—sacrificed to that end the very substance of a



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ssful United Nations, which must be equity and justice, as equally for the *and even for the defeated* as for the strong he victorious.

e United Nations opened at San Fran- . in fact, under ominous circumstances. luncheon-meeting of the three foreign sters, Mr. Eden, Mr. Stettinius and Mr. tov, the Russian foreign minister lly announced that the Polish under- nd noncommunist parliamentary lead- who, according to the Yalta agreement n response to the suggestion of President evelt, had presented themselves to the ian forces, to co-operate in forming a Polish government, had all been arrested transported for trial to Russia!

it again the shadow of great-power unimity" seemed preferable to the sub- e of equity and law. While the delegates framing a charter affirming the uni- l protection of human rights, no one ed more than the finger of feeble protest fense of loyal and innocent men who still n Soviet prisons—if, indeed, they live at

gain, the aggressions which the United ons was called into existence to prevent not even clearly defined in the charter. maintenance of "fifth columns" and the nting of civil wars within other coun- are obviously incompatible with any gue or Union of countries aiming at e with one another, and clearly violate y law of nations. Yet before hostilities ceased the Soviet Union gave open notice the Comintern, dissolved by Stalin in ement with Roosevelt, was being revived s prewar form, under another name.

TIONS committed to living at peace with another do not draw down "iron cur- s" over all their plans and doings, or t spies in the government services of one her, but these the Russians did, and n the substance of deeds was obscured by shadow of a United Nations actually in se at its outset.

nd while a struggle was honestly—even ically—being made by some of the ted Nations to evolve a law protective of equal rights of states and persons to life, ty, equity and happiness, the responsi- y for enforcement was, again, evaded. counselors of states, civilian and mili- , were unwilling that their nations should mit their own armed forces to the up- ing of law. The so-called "veto right"— ined only to the great powers—was, in nce, a desire to avoid such commit- its, as, in the case of the United States, mpatible with the right of Congress alone declare war. But no international force provided.

gain, as in the League of Nations, pro- als looking toward universal disarmament e torpedoed by the desire of each mem- state to abolish the chief weapons of others, but not its own, and to avoid external control of its interior affairs, including armaments.

Again, alliances and blocs formed within the new League, first the so-called "Eastern bloc," eventually countered by the Atlantic Alliance.

And, again, the same public pressures which influenced the statesmen representing democracies in the League led to these assuming ill-defined commitments while dissipating the means for their execution.

THE United States, in particular, while assuming commitments to uphold United Nations law, all but totally demobilized its Army, Navy and Air Force, depending upon its great industrial potential and the atom bomb to deter aggressors. But a force potential is not a force in fact; stopping aggression is not the same as reversing it; and no one knows how you can reverse aggressions with atom bombs without destroying the aggressor and the aggressed-upon alike.

Thus outlaw states have again succeeded, even while remaining juridically within the United Nations, in building a preponderance of force against, not in behalf of, law. Again, therefore, the awful choice of liberty and civilization, or war, confronts all nations. But this time the choice is narrowed. For liberty and civilization would appear to be the probable fruit of neither victory nor defeat.

Q.: Does this mean that all framers of league-of-nations projects were Utopian dreamers?

A.: No, unless the very concept of nations united in liberty under law is a hopeless dream. If it is, civilization itself is a hopeless dream, and man himself, whom the Creator endowed with the powers of reason, one of His least fortunate experiments.

And this writer believes that whatever waves of barbarism and darkness may eclipse the earth, somewhere, somehow, in some minds and breasts, the dream will live on, awaiting another birth, when another Age of Reason will produce its own St.-Pierres, Benthams and Kants, for states that will have learned from the disasters of their predecessors this great human and political lesson, expressed in the words of Gilbert Murray:

"There are but two main tests of a social order (national or international). These are, first, how far it protects the weak, reduces human suffering, and promotes good will; and, secondly, what heights it reaches or is capable of reaching, in the things of the intellect and spirit."

There is no protection of the weak, without the good will of the strong. No good will between nations and no reduction of human suffering are possible under the menace or in the reality of war. And every cult of violence is the extinguisher of mind and spirit.

THE END



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The table here is a round slate core on a concrete block, and the chair is Chinese rattan; the tea set, Spode paste.

Personality Plants

By RICHARD PRATT

A LITTLE garden like this in a protected corner can be as intimate as a boudoir, and can be furnished with plants that have the personal quality of prized possessions. Colorful caladiums, bright begonias, a feathery palm or two perhaps. And no other kind of garden can be easier to keep. But the place should be chosen with care—out of the wind, and out of the way; a mild amount of shade, dappled rather than dense, such as you would get through a trellis (above) or an overhanging branch of a lightly leafed tree, like a dogwood or mountain ash or laburnum—flowering trees with an intimate quality themselves. The garden should be dry underfoot—gravel, flagstone, brick—with room enough for a small table and chairs, to make it a pleasant place for reading, knitting, tea, talk. The plants you can get from a grower, in pots, or you can grow your own begonias and caladiums from bulbs, in the ground if you wish, but preferably in pots, to be stored away over winter and started afresh in the spring. You can get the feeling about both caladiums and begonias that you would get from any personal collection of beautiful objects. From a mixture of caladium bulbs you will find yourself with a collection of fancy-colored leaves, from a pale green, almost white, to dark-veined greens and reds; delicate tints like the green-veined pink ones in the corner above, and others with richly mottled effects. While with begonias, of course, the varieties and types are endless—the most spectacular bloomers being the tuberous kinds, like the pink and the yellow in the picture.



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Sister Annestasia

By VIVIAN COSBY

THEN I first saw Sister Annestasia standing in the corridor outside my hospital room, I thought she was the severest-looking woman I had ever seen. I judged her to be in her early fifties. She was tall and slender. The white overall apron she wore to cover her dark blue Sister of Charity habit, and the white coronet with stiff wings on her head, gave her a regal appearance. Indeed, she was a queen over all she surveyed, for the entire hospital was under her supervision from 7 o'clock in the evening until five the following morning.

Every night she followed a routine of looking in on each patient to extend a curt good evening, then she was quickly on her way. During the first eight months of my stay these momentary glimpses were all I had of Sister Annestasia. Then to my surprise, one evening she stood a bit uncertainly at my door, looking at some flowers in a vase standing on my bedside table. Without uttering a word she walked to the vase, took out the flowers and methodically rearranged them. This action was so contrary to her brittle personality that I began to wonder what she was really like as a woman.

A hospital is a world of its own where the only concern is the business of life and death; and like all communities, it has its share of intrigues and gossip. I had been in the hospital so long that the staff regarded me as a member of the institution instead of a patient. My room became a sort of haven for the interns and nurses, a place where they could come to rest a bit and listen to a record or two on my portable phonograph.

During their visits I asked about Sister Annestasia as much as I could without seeming to pry. Feelings among the hospital staff were mixed. Some feared her and dreaded being under her supervision, for she was a strict disciplinarian. Others respected her and gave her great credit, for besides having a thorough knowledge of the physical body, she had a wonderful understanding of the human mind. One intern told me that she was liked more by men patients than by women. "She wastes no words of sympathy when a patient is suffering," he said, "but asks some pointed questions, then sharply issues an order to administer something to relieve the pain."

Early one morning, while I was having breakfast, a nurse stopped in to chat a few moments before going home. It had been a hard night, for her patient had passed away—a young mother who had given birth to her first child.

Her husband just sat by the bed staring at her," the distressed nurse said. "It was as though he was trying to *will* her to live. I felt sorry for him, but I didn't know what to say to him. Then I was amazed to see Sister Annestasia come in with a cup of hot coffee for him. Her thoughtfulness gave him more comfort than any words I could think to say."

In time, Sister Annestasia and I became good friends, and from observation I discovered that little thoughtful acts were her key-note of living. Invariably she would neatly fold my discarded evening newspaper to give to a patient having a sleepless night, and when I offered her candy she never refused. These sweets, however, I knew Sister never ate but instead took them to some sick child to help soothe the pain.

Whenever her duties were not pressing she would sit in my room and visit with me. On these occasions she would talk about herself, and so I learned that her father was a florist and she had developed a phobia about seeing flowers poorly arranged. In her middle twenties she had joined the order of the Sisters of Charity.

"This order of sisterhood interested me more than any of the others," she said, "because they devoted their time to caring for the sick and helping humanity."

"Don't you ever get tired of people?" I asked.

"When I'm feeling very weary I sometimes wonder if humanity is worth helping," she replied. "But after I've had a good sleep things look different. All people have some good in them. Sometimes you have to dig deep to find it, but no matter how bad the outer crust looks, there is a spark of good buried inside."

DURING the daytime I did a lot of thinking about Sister Annestasia. Getting to know her as a person was like putting together a jigsaw puzzle, for it was a gradual process built up by gaining knowledge through many small things. Even though we lived under the same roof, I had no idea what her living quarters were like, as none of the staff were allowed in that section of the hospital. But I imagined that they consisted of only the bare necessities, with absolutely no luxuries. I wondered how this really affected a woman who had been used to the niceties of life, and I knew that Sister Annestasia had. Not that she ever mentioned it, but the fact that she always smelled my perfumes and noticed whenever I had a new bottle made me realize that though she wore the habit of a Sister, underneath she was still a woman.

Often during our visits Sister would just relax and look at movie magazines. She had a keen interest in movie stars who were patients in the hospital. In fact, her eyes would sparkle when she talked about them, as their goings on were always a source of amusement to her.

This I could well understand, for Edgar Bergen brought his own dishes to the hospital and had his meals cooked by a Chinese cook. Dolores Del Rio insisted that her room always be filled with gardenias. Hedy Lamarr, on a diet, threw a tantrum over having to eat cottage cheese, and Bing Crosby crooned a song as he was being wheeled to the operating room. All this Sister Annestasia would tell me with great delight. But what she did not tell me was that she handled these celebrities with the same firm hand she used on the other patients.

One evening the night switchboard operator telephoned my room to inform Sister Annestasia that she was wanted in the lobby. The night operator's name was Ruthie, and whenever I could not sleep and her board was not busy we would talk. So it was from Ruthie that I learned what happened in the lobby that night.

Rosalind Russell had come in so tired she could hardly walk. She had been under a terrible strain of work and was suffering from insomnia, so she decided to come to the hospital where she could have some peace. The attendant at the desk informed her she could not be admitted without an order from a doctor. Miss Russell thought this a silly rule and said so.

When Sister Annestasia arrived on the scene she explained to the actress why it was necessary for a patient to be admitted by a doctor. Rosalind listened quietly. Taking a small black book from her handbag, she passed it to Sister Annestasia.

"There's a half a dozen doctors listed in there; take your pick," she said.

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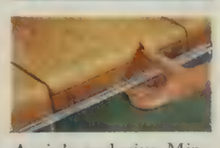


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Sister Annestasia calmly took the book and with a sweet smile said, "Let's pick the best-looking one."

Miss Russell could not help but laugh, and she realized that hospital rules must be enforced for the protection of all people. She called a doctor and was properly admitted, then Sister Annestasia marched her off to bed.

There were many things that Sister Annestasia did which took me a long time to understand. Whenever a patient was the least uncooperative, she always passed by his room without bothering even to peek in the door. She never verbally expressed an adverse opinion of a person, but her actions in regard to him spoke volumes. Neatness was almost a mania with her, and if the night table next to my bed was cluttered when she came into my room, she would just bid me a professional "Good evening" and leave. I soon learned that if I wanted her to visit with me, my room had to be in perfect order.

Her most perplexing eccentricity, though, was that if she found an intern visiting me she would immediately find some work for him to do elsewhere. This was rather odd, as the Sister in charge of my floor during the day did not object to my friendship with the interns, so I did not see why Sister Annestasia should.

The reason for her strange behavior finally crystallized in my mind through a chance remark one of the interns made to me. He said:

"I passed by last night and heard you playing The Beer Barrel Poker, then a few minutes later I saw Sister Annestasia come out of your room. Is that her favorite record?"

I could not help but smile, for I now realized Sister had pulled a clever little trick. She could not relax in front of the interns, so she put them to work in order to get them out of the way for a while.

After that it was tactfully agreed between the interns and me that they would never come to visit during the time Sister Annestasia made her rounds. Therefore I was amazed when a haggard intern rushed into my room one night. He was dressed in a surgical gown, so I knew he had been assisting at an emergency operation. He did not speak—just paced the room. I offered him a cigarette. His hand shook as he lit it.

"I just saw a patient die on the operating table—from the anesthetic," he said bitterly. "What good is skilled surgery if that can happen?"

"What are you going to do about it?" Sister Annestasia asked from the doorway. I wondered how long she had been there.

"I'm going to give up being a doctor and go in the real-estate business with my father," the intern replied.

SISTER ANNESTASIA waited a second before she spoke. "Don't you think it would be more sensible if you studied to be an anesthetist? I'm sure you can manage it along with your other work, and the knowledge will be invaluable when you become a great surgeon. Suppose you sleep on the idea."

Although Sister Annestasia never mentioned the incident again, I felt she was secretly pleased when the intern took her advice. For when he left our hospital he became the head anesthetist in a large Los Angeles hospital. During the war he served as a doctor in the Canadian army, and his knowledge of anesthesia helped save many lives. Today he is on the staff of a large Chicago hospital. I know he is grateful to Sister Annestasia, for if she had not said the right thing, today a good doctor might be buried in the real estate business.

On occasion Sister's keen perception of human beings brought results the top doctors in the medical profession could not achieve. One case in particular became a hospital legend. A wealthy old man, with a terrible temper, was brought to the hospital after having suffered a slight stroke. To anyone who would listen he would loudly proclaim that he was of Irish descent, and he seemed to think this excused his bad disposition. If he did not like anything a nurse did he would start throwing things until she was forced to leave the room for safety's sake. Whenever members of his family came to see him he was rude to them and issued an order that they be barred from his room.

TRYING to give him medicine that was absolutely necessary to help his condition was an ordeal every nurse dreaded, for it meant they were on the receiving end of plenty of abuse. During one of these medicine-taking episodes Sister Annestasia walked into the room. Before the old man could open his mouth to speak, Sister told him off in a torrent of words, then took the bottle of medicine from the nurse, poured some into a spoon and ordered him to open his mouth. To the nurse's amazement he obeyed, then smiled at Sister and said, "My, you're quite a lass."

He and Sister became firm friends. He was always thinking up new stories to tell her, and because he knew she would be pleased, he kept the altar in the little chapel beautifully decorated with flowers.

Things went on this way for about five weeks and the doctor in attendance was very pleased with the old man's improvement. He ordered the nurse to get the patient out of bed to start using his legs. But the stubborn old man refused to budge. It was the first real vacation he had had in years and he intended to go on enjoying it. At this unexpected turn of events the doctor was at a loss as to how to cope with the situation. There was no way of knowing how the patient had responded to his treatment until he knew how well he could use his legs. But no amount of reasoning could make the old man get out of bed.

That evening Sister Annestasia came in to see him as usual and he told her a new story. She laughed, then said she was in a rush because two new patients had just checked in. As she walked toward the door somehow she tripped and would have fallen on her face if the old man had not jumped out of bed and caught her in the nick of time. Sister thanked him, straightened her coronet, then leaving the room, hurried down the corridor to the floor desk. Here she picked up his chart and wrote, "10:15 P.M. Patient walked."

Sister Annestasia was always thinking up various ways to help the poor. One summer day a nurse took me up on the roof in a wheel chair so that I could get some sun. Here I visited with the hostess whom I affectionately called Granny. It was a terribly hot day and I remarked about it. Granny pointed silently to a box standing on a nearby table. A sign read, "Anyone mentioning this miserable weather kindly put five cents in this box for the poor." Boxes like these were all over the hospital, and during that hot spell the take for the poor was excellent.

Along about Christmas the boxes were again very much in evidence, for at this time people were usually in a happy and generous

(Continued on Page 272)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Nothing is Finished

By Joan Aucourt

Clearer than crickets, the leaves
click together,
Slower than dreaming, they fall
and lie still.
The mist and the sky are a single
gray weather,
A wall and a ceiling on top of
the hill.

Black as snuffed candles and
straighter than sorrow
The trees stand and wait in the
valley's cool room,
While patiently leading us back to
tomorrow
The leaves at our feet light a
path through the gloom.

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(Continued from Page 270)

mood. It seems strange to speak about happiness in a hospital, but Sister Annestasia, along with the other Sisters, always made the Christmas season a joyful event.

Each floor in the hospital had a large tree which was lighted at night. Sister usually brought me several small trees to trim for the rooms of the patients who were bedridden and could not get out to see the large tree. Among these was a young boy who had had polio for several years. Along with this he had a bad heart condition, so the possibility of his ever recovering was very slight. However, his heart was set upon having a pair of braces so he could stand up. It was a subject he talked about a great deal during the day, and I am sure he dreamed about it at night.

The people in charge of him decided that in his condition spending money for the braces was foolish. Yet one Christmas morning the boy awoke to Christmas carols sung by the choir of student nurses walking along the halls, and beside his bed he found the braces with a big red bow tied on them. And I am sure that everyone in the hospital agreed with Sister Annestasia when she said, "Even if they only give him ten minutes of happiness it is worth it."

Starting with my second year as a patient in the hospital, Sister Annestasia always gave me a Christmas remembrance. The first year it was a lovely prayer book, the second a knitting bag containing yarn and needles, and she herself taught me how to knit so I could make sweaters for her poor children. Her third gift, a fancy pair of satin bedroom slippers, puzzled me. It seemed a ridiculous thing to give to a person who could not walk. In spite of myself I could not help mentioning this to Sister. Her reply made me ashamed.

"When you were brought into this hospital after your accident four years ago, you were asked about your religion," she said. "You replied that you did not have any particular creed, but you did have tremendous faith in God. Doesn't that faith make you know that someday you'll be walking in those slippers?"

I looked at her a moment before I could speak. My eyes filled with tears and all I managed to utter was a choked "Thank you."

No matter where you are on this earth, love is something that just seems to come up. In this hospital it was no exception, and I watched the progress of many romances. One that especially interested me was that of a student nurse who was engaged to be married to the current resident doctor. They were to be married as soon as she graduated. As she gave me my morning bath she would tell me all about their plans for the future. She was naturally a pretty girl, but being in love made her almost sparkle.

Then one day I noticed deep circles under her eyes and she became strangely silent. By prodding I finally got her to tell me what was wrong. A wealthy young woman was a patient on another floor and her fiancé was paying a lot of attention to her. Without her telling me I knew what was going on in her mind. Young doctors, as a rule, need money to get started in practice, and she was afraid of losing him.

The girl's unhappiness bothered me so much that at the risk of being reprimanded I spoke to Sister Annestasia about her. She listened, but did not make any comment, and I wished I had kept quiet. A couple of days later the student nurse disappeared from my floor. I was afraid I had got her into trouble. Hoping to straighten it out, I asked Sister what had happened to the student nurse.

"Oh, I made arrangements to have her transferred to the floor that the other young lady is on," she replied. "At least that gives her a fifty-fifty chance."

I did not see the student nurse again the graduation exercises were held i small hospital chapel. The minute I sa come down the aisle looking so pretty white cap and gown I felt that every was all right. When she passed my chair I caught a glimpse of a diamond ri her engagement finger, and I am sure Annestasia, who was sitting in front o saw it too.

MAYBE Sister's gift of the slippers act magic, for four months after I received the doctors decided to try another oper which might possibly give me back th of my legs. To my great joy, the oper was a success, but this happiness was s lived, for when I started to learn to again the pain was almost beyond endur Every day a nurse would stand me o feet, hold me by the hips, and walk me a the room and back. Each time this pened I was glad to get back to bed. routine went on for about two weeks, one day the torture of the effort mad decide that I did not care whether or ever walked again.

All I ever thought about was to get from pain. I looked forward to takin sedative that was administered to me i afternoon and evening, for sleep repres a wonderful opportunity of escape. In f retired so early that for several eveni was not awake when Sister Annestasia her rounds. Then one evening the nur formed me that Siste going to bring me usual sedative.

The waiting for to arrive seemed en and when she finall come she carried a tray upon which was of hot chocolate. though I was happy t her, it was an effo smile. But she smiled passed me the hot c late; then, taking a y capsule from her po she put it on the nigh ble. As I sipped the c late, Sister talked. He remark, however, baffled me, for she wa to know if I had finished knitting the sw for one of her poor children. Surely, I tho she must know that right now it was im sible for me to put my mind on knitting fore I could answer, she went on to te about the graduating student nurses' pi They had played baseball and she had b pitcher. The mental picture of Sister p ing a ball game made me laugh so ha would have dropped the cup if she had rescued it. As she continued talking she my knitting from the bag and worked o sweater. In a short while I began to little pain, and glanced at the capsule o table.

Sister noticed my glance and asked, what does that do for you?"

"It puts me to sleep," I replied, thin her question a bit silly.

"Well, supposing you wait until af leave before you take it," she ordered.

Reluctantly I agreed and silently wat her make the knitting needles fly. I beg feel drowsy and soon it was a struggle to my eyes open.

The next morning when I awoke fr good night's sleep, I saw the sedative ca still lying on the night table, and besi was the sweater with a note pinned which read, "Why don't you try to finis today?"

When I finished breakfast I started to and became so interested that it was lu time before I realized it. And after lun fell asleep before the nurse had a chan bring me a sedative.

That evening when Sister Annestasia in I proudly held up the finished swe

"Good girl," she said. "Now, I ha seen you walk yet, so how about gettin of bed for a while?"

I started to say no, but the look o face warned me that it would do me no I let her help me into my bathrobe an

A spy at Little, Brown reports that one of their hoity-toitiest English authoresses had just swept out onto Beacon Street when a bemused pedestrian bumped into her squarely amidships. He apologized profusely, but she froze him with a look, and muttered, "How gauche!"

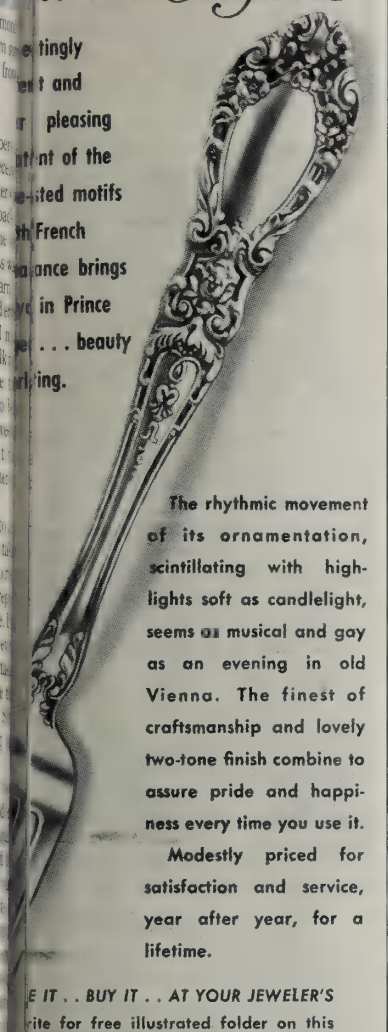
"Simply fine, lady," answered the pedestrian. "How gauche it with you?"

—BENNETT CERF.

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Christmas slippers and then I stood up. She took her place in back of me and I started walking slowly across the room. When I reached the opposite side she said, "That was wonderful." Something about her voice made me turn around. To my amazement, she was not in back of me, but on the other side of the room. *For the first time in four years I had walked alone!*

I stood looking at her, undecided.

"Walk to me," she quietly commanded. "You can do it."

Unsteadily I walked to where she was standing, then she helped me back to bed and remarked, "Lack of confidence is the most destructive thing in the world."

After this I was happy for a while, but without my knowing why, my outlook on life began to change. Maybe it was because I had been incapacitated for so long, or the strain of being a shut-in had finally gotten on my nerves, but I became gloomy and melancholy. If Sister Annestasia was aware of my different attitude, she never indicated it by a look or a word. Every evening she would come in as usual and sit awhile, thumb through the movie magazines, listen to records or knit. Neither of us spoke very much. Most of the time I would lie looking at the ceiling, feeling sorry for myself.

One day during this dark period a head nurse unjustly accused me of breaking a hospital rule. Ordinarily, I would have dismissed this incident immediately, but now I brooded over it. My mind was in a turmoil. I disliked the world and the people in it. It had even ceased to be important to get well and live a normal life again.

When Sister Annestasia came into my room that evening she stood at the foot of the bed looking at me. She said, "Time heals everything." When I did not answer she continued by asking if I would do her a favor. In a room down the hall there was a very sick patient who was terribly frightened and lonely. Sister wanted me to spend the night with her. I agreed.

THE patient was a pretty, sixteen-year-old Italian girl named Rose. This was her first time away from home. I sympathized with her and asked her to tell about herself. Grateful for company, she talked about herself and family. She knew they were frantic with worry about her sudden illness. She had gone to school that morning feeling perfectly well, then, while in her French class, without any warning she was seized with sharp pains. To try to keep her mind off her pain I kept her talking until the wee hours, when we both were so tired we fell into a healthy sleep.

Back in my own room the next morning, the head nurse who had accused me of breaking a hospital rule came to apologize. It had been a case of mistaken identity. I accepted her apology, but somehow the incident did not seem important any more. My mind was on Rose and what the doctor would find wrong with her after looking at the X rays they were taking that morning. With all my heart I prayed that her ailment would not be serious. All that day I asked every nurse who came into my room for news of Rose. But they either did not know or would not tell me. So I anxiously waited for Sister Annestasia's nightly visit.

It was almost midnight before Sister came. She was hardly inside the door before I asked about Rose. Without answering she calmly crossed to a chair and sat down. I looked at her impatiently, waiting for her to speak. Instead, she picked up a new movie magazine and looked at the cover. Then she quietly told me that Rose's ailment could be cured without surgery. I was so relieved that tears came to my eyes.

Sister Annestasia smiled. "You're feeling better," she said.

It was then I realized that she had shown me by an action rather than by words that if I took my mind off my own troubles and helped someone else, when I again looked at my troubles I would find they had disappeared. This lesson and the many others she taught me were to serve me well when three months later I left the hospital, at her urging and with her blessing, to start my life in the outside world again. THE END



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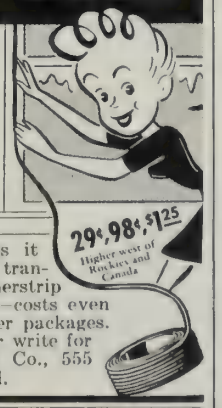
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My Wife and the Monetary System

By ROBERT S. LEE

BEFORE I start spilling all this, I want you to know that I didn't marry my wife for her brains. She's a good kid and I like her a lot, and I don't want to give anyone the false impression that her astounding lack of brilliance is in any way a disappointment to me. Rather, it is a source of constant amazement.

A dollar is such a tangible, calculable thing to me. I mean it's not nebulous—like a philosophy, for instance, which lends itself to free interpretation. A dollar is made up of one hundred pennies, or twenty nickels, or ten dimes, or four quarters, or two fifty-cent pieces, *or* a combination of any of these monetary units which, with a little elementary-school training, can be added together to make up the correct amount: one dollar.

But my wife doesn't see it that way. Being a totally feminine female, her fund of information on life in general is based on Feeling. She relies continually on something she calls her Insight. I appreciate that Insight, and God forbid that she ever lose it. Because it must surely be this special facet of her incomprehensible make-up which enables her to keep me from stepping beyond the last inch of sanity—on which I now stand.

But I can't help wishing that she could supplement her Feeling with just a smidgen of Fact; that instead of living in the twilit realms of the poetically abstract, she could tie her colorful mind to the dull hitching post of Reason. I don't ask that she repress her true personality in all instances. Only one—that being in her strange relationship with the monetary system.

Before we were married I sat her down for a discussion of my finances. I used reasonably simple terminology, employing such common words as "income," "budget" and "standard of living." She listened intently for a while. Then, quite suddenly, she broke in with:

"None of this matters at all, darling. If ever *you* can't swing it, I can always support us on my poetry money."

"I didn't know you made that much writing poems," I said.

"Oh, I just sold two," she told me.

"I know," I said, "but how much do you make *per year?*"

"Well," she answered thoughtfully, "I've never figured it all out on paper, but T. S. Eliot isn't starving. Maybe I could make . . . say, thirty thousand?"

SEE what I mean? I should have taken that small clue as an indication of things to come, but its real import was too fantastic to assimilate in a time of romance. Blindly I made my bed, and now I lie in it—until the little men in white coats remove me.

Let me tell you about her bank account. Now, I'm well aware that female bank-account stories are an overdrawn dime a dozen. Claudia couldn't balance hers, and no man in his right mind should expect that much of the woman he loves. I would count myself thrice blessed if it were merely a matter of balance. But listen to this.

One day last year I'm sitting happily in my office and I get a phone call. The harassed voice on the other end belongs to the comptroller of one of the big department stores in our city. "Mr. Lee," he says, "in going over our accounts this month we've discovered that Mrs. Lee has a credit amounting to four hundred dollars. Since we have no record of original charges for chases, and no record of the return of purchases, we can't figure out how accumulated four hundred dollars' wort credit."

I felt a little like a white rat on his day in the food maze, but I assured him I would have the matter straightened ou no time.

That evening my wife greeted me wi stricken face and two rubber checks: on $5.95, the other for $2.50.

"How could they possibly bounce?" wailed. "I've got about four hundred do in that account!"

"What account?" I asked her.

"The Gimbel's Bank," she answe "You know that."

INSIDE of about fifteen minutes of hyst I got the story. Gimbel's, the departm store, runs a separate establishment: nam Gimbel's, the bank. Both businesses place in the same building, with diffe street-number addresses. My wife, not kn ing the exact address (and probably ass ing that the telephone book lists only phone numbers), felt it would be "safer send her deposits to just plain "Gimbe There they were received and automatic credited to her store account. My naturally thought that a smart man Mr. Gimbel would realize what the mo was for. I say "naturally thought" bec that type of thinking is part of her nat

Well, things went smoothly for a months. (I guess she got scared when I all the windows and turned the gas on.) T one morning, I get another phone call. time it's the comptroller of Wanamak He can't understand it, he says, but Mrs. has a credit for $80 and there is a recor only one returned purchase in the amo of $5 made five months ago.

"Oh," I say, "have you got a bank to He thought I was being funny.

That one took me three whole day solve. In March of 1949 my wife return gift a friend had given our son for his b day. Since she had not used her ch account for some while and there was th fore no balance owing, the $5 credit c not be deducted from it. The follo month she received a bill with "$5.00" ty in the credit column. I have always told to pay her bills promptly, so she immedia sent Wanamaker's a check for $5. The month she received a bill with $10.00 in credit column. Still the methodical h housewife, she sent Wanamaker's a check $10. The month after, the bill came in w ing "$20.00." In went the check. Th days later, back it came: forty smacker was after the remittance of a check in last amount that Wanamaker's began worry. . . .

But things are not so black as they w seem. Just recently she made a real effo impress me with her financial prowess. stead of throwing her canceled checks the trash basket, as she usually does, matched them with her stubs. After whole Sunday morning she called me in handed me four sheets of typewritten fig with items and costs sitting neatly in t respective columns. I checked her total the bank statement and literally al passed out. It balanced! Then, just ou

id curiosity, I went over her list of
s: Eggs-chicken Farmer—$3.85; Milk-
—$11.25; Cleaner's—$4.60; and so forth.
ything was clear except for one item
ng E.S.P.—$24.56.
What does E.S.P. mean?" I asked warily.
Error Some Place," she answered.

y one consolation is the fact that I don't
to bear my burden alone. I have Mr.
bel, Mr. Wanamaker and the president
e National Bank of Narberth right in
e with me.
hat's more, I always have those wonder-
eelings of hers to fall back on. Ask her
6 times 7 is: she'll tell you 43. And
ve got to give her credit for having a
ng it was somewhere in the forties. By
t's a dull, pedantic 42, and I have no
ings whatever. Men are inferior that
. They just don't have the imagination.
ut life to my wife is just one long line of
rful conclusions—unscathed by science
logic. At present she is in the midst of a
iant campaign to get us both to Paris.
funds for this project she accumulates
mptying my pockets of any change or
I may have left at the end of the day.
ing the past three weeks she has scav-
d a total of $50.00.
You see?" she says. "Before you know
'll be sipping absinthe on the Left Bank,
the money will have come from no-
re!"

"Nowhere, alias the *National* Bank," I tell her. "Every day I find myself penniless and have to pay for my lunches with bank checks!"

"You live to eat," she says. "You have no soul."

The other day I had lunch with a friend of mine (he paid for it) and I tried to explain the situations I have just described to you. I chose him as my confidant because he has had four wives and I believed he would understand and commiserate with me. He didn't.

"Stop complaining," he told me. "Your wife is a genius. Put her on her own and chances are she could run the U. S. Treasury singlehanded. She just *pretends* to be incompetent because she realizes you're happier that way. She knows that the Emancipation of Women was brought about *by* women, not by men. She has the insight to understand that men have always felt and will always want to feel that they're the brains of the outfit. My first wife was a Phi Bet, my second was an industrial chemist, my third managed her own frozen-food firm, and my fourth ran for Congress. But not one of them was smart enough to play dumb. You're a very lucky man, Bob."

Can you beat that? I always did think that guy was peculiar. Imagine a darling, adorable, dopey little dame like my wife being able to sit down and figure out a complicated theory like that!

ONCE UPON A BEGINNING

(Continued from Page 35)

d-shoe way can hurt you so and you hurt
, and it's nobody's fault. I was really
ng now.
hat was the first night. The night of
fourteenth, when I was just fifteen. I
mber that that was how it was and I
mber it because it was the beginning.
t breakfast next morning neither Patty
I said anything. We sat across the table
each other, with our books propped up
nst the lazy Susan, reading with public
entration.
hen Biddy came in with the scrambled
, she said, "My gracious! Now the two
ou put your books down right away and
up like decent folks. You'll be having
n indigestion trying to use your stomachs
your minds all at one time."
atty just said, "Umm-m-m," and turned
page because she was reading The Lady
ished and I think
had got as far as
of *the scenes*.
ut I wanted com-
and sympathy,
besides, I was just
g dull summer
ing for school, so I
d Biddy whether
her was having
le in over the week
Biddy always
vs earlier than we
ecause of The Menu
blem. Biddy said
wasn't rightly sure,
it was as likely yes
o. No help in that direction, I thought.
went back to Manfred's silliness in The
le of Otranto.
I have a friend coming over," said Patty,
pectedly and in an unfriendly tone.
t made me more sorry about last night
use Patty would have been telling me
t *who* and *why* and *how* by now, not
ing The Lady Ravished (no matter what
ter she was on). I threw in the towel.
I'm sorry about last night, Patty."
iddy backed out through the swinging
with the cereal bowls, passing the
er of my eye, as Patty said, "Last
t?" as if trying to remember . . . last
t? . . . last night? . . . "Last night? Oh,
's all right. If you want to closet yourself
n a flood of tears, it makes no never
d to me. Except that I *do* think it's pretty
of people to ignore someone when they
just trying to help."

I didn't want to bare my new soul in explanation, so I said, "It was just one of those inexplicable crying jags women are subject to, I suppose."

"Which one of mother's books are you on now?"

"I like that!" I said. "Just who are you to talk I'd like to know? Who's reading rot about naked, ravished, seduced women, pray tell?"

It was friendly to have our relationship back on its old familiar footing.

I forgot all about the friend Patty had coming over and only remembered it as I was coming back from swimming at Ellen's. My hair was wet and it was a warm, thunderish late afternoon of the kind June loves. Novels always say, *if she had only known then, if she had only known;* if only I had known that afternoon, oh, if only I had known.

But I didn't.

I went in the front door, absent-mindedly drying my still damp hair and wondering whether the friend was sufficient enough for Pat and mother to work up something special. *I hope so,* I was thinking—I can remember that distinctly—when I walked straight into someone standing in the front hall. It's dark in there anyway, and after the bright outside it was like a tomb.

"The pleasure is all mine," said the person pleasantly, before I had a chance to apologize or even gasp a ladyish *Oh!*

"Mother! Please say I'll be down in just a sec!" shrieked Patty from upstairs, as mother came down at that dignified gallop which ladies-over-forty-in-a-hurry have, with Biddy right behind her.

"Mr. Williams . . . I am Mrs. Cooper," said mother, advancing, hand forward. "Why, Sheila, what are you doing here? . . . This is my youngest daughter, Sheila. Sheila, this is Mr. Williams. Now you run along upstairs, dear, and dress. Dinner is at *seven-thirty promptly* tonight, and we'll be having cocktails out on the terrace if you're ready sooner. Won't you come into the living room, Mr. Williams? Pat will be down in just a moment." All this was said in mother's most characteristic no-pause-for-breath voice.

A disgruntled schoolteacher handed in her resignation with the following comment: "In our public schools today, the teachers are afraid of the principals, the principals are afraid of the superintendents, the superintendents are afraid of the board, the board members are afraid of the parents, the parents are afraid of the children, and the children are afraid of nobody."

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BRILLO

gives TWICE the SHINE in HALF the TIME!

New "Scorchy Pan" Tests *prove* Brillo shines crusty pots and pans *faster* and brighter than other types of cleansers tested! Scientific shine-meter records show Brillo actually gives aluminums *twice the shine in half the time!*

Brillo has spunk! A square, metal-fiber Brillo *pad-with-soap* just whisks off gummy crust! The "jeweler's polish" in Brillo soap gets busy right away at the shiniest, fastest polishing job ever! No scouring! No soaking! Clean pots and pans with Brillo every day. *Get twice the shine in half the time!*



★ RED box—soap-filled pads
★ GREEN box—pads and cake soap

There's jeweler's polish in BRILLO

They retreated, leaving me with my towel still half under my hair, and I'm sure my mouth was open. I may have thought the stupor I was in was just surprise. I tore upstairs to change and reached my room as Pat came out of hers to go downstairs.

"One would think you were still in diapers, the way you behave," she said, wobbling on her newest pair of high heels.

My room was hot and green-shadowed from ivy grown too summer thickly over the window. It was right over the terrace and I could hear them talking below in the soft June hum of wind, leaves, birds and the sound of brittle crickets in the dry grass. There was the smell of the alfalfa they had raked in the pasture that afternoon. I wondered whether Pat had met Him at college or at one of her dances. *He must be at least six feet, the way he towered over mother* . . . oh, I remember how the room smelled, and how it sounded, the green shadows lying over the sound of their voices. I remembered what I wrote in my diary just the night before.

When I was dressed, I went downstairs and we had dinner.

. . . and that was the second day. . . .

In the weeks which followed, Bill came over to play tennis, to swim, to walk and to look at Pat (while I looked at him and tried to pretend I couldn't see what was happening). I wrote a list of alternate reasons why he might be visiting us so often, besides the real reason, and I put it in my diary:

1. He may think Pat is just a nice girl—the kind to play with.
2. He may just be lonely and want company while his family is away.
3. He may like mother. (Not a plausible reason, but *possible.)*
4. He may like me. (I wish, I wish I wish!!!!!!!! God, let him, *please!)*

. . . that was the third, fourth, fifteenth, twenty-fifth day. . . .

Often, when he was waiting for Patty, Bill would talk to me. He always treated me like a woman. Never like a child. Mother would come in late from one of her meetings and find us sitting on the back lawn under the cherry tree, or by the Big Rock, and she'd say, "Hullo, you two. Where's Pat?"

And one of us would say, "Up changing," or "Just coming," or "Doing her hair."

Pat had stopped telling me now about What She Did on Nights When She Went Out. If it had been anyone else but Bill, I'd have been sorry, but I suddenly didn't want to hear how He had tried to kiss her and how she had said, *"Don't you dare!"* I didn't want to know for sure that Bill had ever tried to kiss her. This way, not knowing, I could keep pretending. I could almost fool myself. Besides, I'd have had to tell Pat my secrets for hers, and I had only one now.

She didn't go out with Sidney Peabody any more, nor David Wesley. I'd hear her telling them that she was too busy, or too tired, or too hot. After a while they stopped calling up and only Bill came. One day, when Pat was in town shopping with mother, Bill came over. I was shelling peas for Biddy on the back lawn, sunburning my legs and listening to Road of Life on mother's portable.

Bill said, "Nobody home?" and I jumped so that I upset the pan with all the shelled peas in it. Biddy would have said, "Lawd, what a child for clumsiness!" but Bill said, "Here, let me help you," and we bent over together, picking up peas from between blades of short green lawn grass and brown curls of the mown. I picked up ants and bits of grass and the peas in the sieve were a mess.

Bill laughed in that way changing his eyes and mouth and not making a sound. I didn't want him to see me looking at him so, and bent quickly forward to finish collecting the spilled peas just as he did and we banged our heads.

"Ouch!" I said.

"Ouch," said Bill. "That hurt. But your head's softer than mine, so let me kiss you better."

And there, on our lawn in the summer, with Biddy singing, *"You ta-ike the hi-igh road, and I'lll ta-ike the lo-ooooooow road"* in the kitchen and Doctor Brent saying, *"No you won't, not while I'm in charge of this hospital!"* Bill kissed me. A tear that felt like a knife jumped up hot behind my eye. . . . *Oh, Bill, oh Bill, oh Bill, Bill, Bill, you've ruined everything for me for always, always and always.*

Then mother and Pat came home from town and we all four went over to Ellen's to go swimming. Patty was wearing a new bathing suit of yellow and she looked slim, brown and pretty in it. Ellen poked me in the ribs and said, "Is Bill in love with your sister?" and I said, "How should I know?" but both of us could tell without asking because Bill just looked at Patty and my stomach would have squashed inside me if he had ever looked at me that way.

That night I wrote in my diary:

I won't die of love because I am too young. But I'll wish a million million times that I was dead (just the way I wish now). When you are dead and dried up inside this way, you might as well be dead.

I wonder whether he kissed me because of Pat, or because of me. I am glad that the first real time a man kissed me, it was Bill. I may have lovers, lots of them later, but none of them will ever mean what you do to me, Bill. None of them will ever kiss me that way.

Oh, I could cry and cry and cry because I hurt so . . .

and I went to bed without having washed my face since afternoon.

On the third of August, Pat and Bill were going to a dance together. They had been out to luncheon somewhere and Pat came home about five o'clock to rest and dress.

I was sitting in my room, finishing up The Castle of Otranto (sillier as it goes along) and wondering whether I had gotten any more sunburn that day, and whether mother had been able to persuade Pat and Bill to stay to dinner with us, instead of going out. It was hot and sticky. I heard Pat call mother, and then call her again with still no answer, so I went along because of her tone of voice. She was sitting in her "boudoir chair," so called, looking green and heavish. Her hair was all sticking to her forehead, soaking wet.

I said, "Something the matter?"

Pat just managed a weak "Get mother!," got up and wove into the bathroom.

I went to find mother, on the double. She was down in the kitchen with Biddy, saying No No No the way she does when she is losing the battle. I said, "Patty wants you. She's sick to her stomach."

"Oh, gracious heavens!" said mother, starting to run to the door. Then, remembering, she stopped with her hand on the [illegible] and said with the command of a general who has unexpectedly found an extra regiment in the back pocket of his army, "I can't [illegible] now, Biddy, but remember what I said, I want the consommé jellied, *not hot.* Do you understand me?" and she continued victoriously up to Patty.

That night Patty lay unceremoniously with a hot-water bottle on her tummy, [illegible] no oysters left in it, while they danced their hearts away and the shoes off their feet at the party where she should have been. Bill had dinner with us and said he'd make up his mind later whether he wanted to go on to [illegible] or not, without Pat.

. . . and this was the night. . . .

Mother was upstairs with Pat, *poor thing, in this terrible close heat.* Bill, in his evening clothes, was playing the Andante Cantabile dreamily on the piano and I was sitting outside on the swing under the apple tree, trying to remember La Belle Dame Sans Merci instead of thinking about Bill. That swing under the lopsided old tree is the thing I remember farthest back into childhood.

It was dark, with the under-the-blanket dark-that-is-half-light, and the frogs were buggin' down in the hollow . . . *chug-a-rum, chug-a-chug, chug-a-whee* . . . there were about a million stars; as I looked up [illegible] were there between the leaves of the tree. Small, gold, nighttime fruit of country trees, and very bright and hard:

Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight
Alone, and palely loitering?

If I were Patty, I would never be sick on a night like this. If I were Patty, Bill would come out and find me here, under the tree, and he'd put his arms around me, with his face in my hair, and his arms around me so that I would be close, and he'd tell me he loved me. He'd tell me he couldn't live without me . . .

. . . Maybe, if Patty loved someone else or was away, or wasn't at all, Bill would come out tonight under this very sky, to the apple tree, to me. I closed my eyes. I [illegible] achingly inside.

(Continued on Page 278)



"—— white side walls, French horns, maroon paint job, radio—honest, Peg, he's real cute."

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Get Libby's...for real garden goodness at thrifty prices!

Peas • Corn • Lima Beans • Beets

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This growth and size are proving of extra value right now. One reason this country can outproduce any other is because it has the most and the best telephone service in the world.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

(Continued from Page 276)

And sure in language strange she said,
"I love thee true."

Just then I noticed that no one was playing in the house any more. Bill must have gone on to his dance, without Pat and without saying good night to me. There was no reason why he should have said good-by, but that he hadn't made me very sad. It was as if the knight had deserted La Belle Dame, in the middle of the Wild Wood, or as if he hadn't palely loitered afterward. Mother's radio was playing up in her room, so she must have gone to bed already. Life was too awfully wonderful to be lived that night—with the dark, and being in love, and all alone and knowing it was all too useless. It made me want to cry and so I did, and finished up the poem aloud to the frogs and the sleepy birds and the wind in the apple tree . . .

. . . the sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

with the tears pouring down my face and beginning to get in the way of my voice.

"Hullo, Sheila," and it was the same voice and the same dark that had met me in our own front hall so many weeks ago now, at the beginning.

I died quietly inside right then. All of myself turned to cotton wool, and softer, and there was real pain that was an agony of tears saved up in my chest. *Oh, Bill, Bill, Bill, go away or I will make a fool of myself and Patty will never forgive me and mother will be ashamed and I'll want to die. Go away!* I could see the bright tip of his cigarette, where he must have been sitting for some time, like a low orange star fallen off my tree. *Oh, Bill!*

"Hullo," I said, but a sob caught it in the middle and made a silly humpbacked word out of it.

"Anything I can do?"

"Nothing," I said. "Please go away."

"In a while," Bill said, "after I've had my cigarette. Come over here by me."

I got up and walked over as if someone were leading me, with the tear tracks still drying on my cheek. When I reached him, Bill put out his arms and took me down into his lap. My head was on his shoulder. My face was against the fine roughness of the dinner jacket, which smelled of other girls' perfumes, countless smoked cigarettes, and lots of parties that I had never been to.

"Oh, Bill!" I cried. And Bill didn't say anything but only tightened his arms and put his head down in my hair and the way he did it I knew he knew. Now I didn't even have my secret any more . . . *And sure in language strange she said, "I love thee true."*

So I had told him all about it, what I had written in my diary the first night; and how I had grown up when I'd come home from that movie so long ago where the girl marries the wrong man in Scotland and they walk up the road together holding hands; and how I'd gone to bed without washing my face the night he had kissed me in the garden. I told him all that and lots more about never loving again, and knowing a great deal already from books about how it felt, and not minding that I should ha known everything so young and that should have been over for me before I h really ever lived. "I'm not a child, y know, any more."

And he bent over me, so that I don't kn or remember what or how . . . and he kiss me. He kissed me on my mouth, the way one ever has, except relations by accide And he said, "I know you're not."

We stayed there, maybe a minute mo maybe an hour.

It was all quiet now because there w nothing I needed to say, nothing more. Bei there with Bill made me think, *The thi I've read about and guessed about are real, they aren't real the way I thought they would* Bit by bit . . . Bill talked, and it was as if wasn't talking to me at all . . . about how was young on a farm and how he felt wh he shot his first possum and it fell out of t tree, down . . . about the Army . . . abou lady in England who said good-by to h because there wasn't anyone else. Abo Patty . . . and how she looked in her bl dress that night (the taffeta which moth says is *much low*) . . . and h she talks . . . a the way she dr her eyes to the s when she is emb rassed. I'd nev thought of Patty t way. It was que She seemed son thing royal for a m ute. . . . "But this doesn't me much to you, guess, Sheila. I just my rather la way of telling a n girl to hang on ti for a while. We have to ride t bumps at the beg ning and maybe t is quite a tough on *What was it wanted? What was*

"And any ti you want a frien ear," he went "come talk to y brother-in-law-to- who loves you and is proud of yo Now . . . won't y dry your eyes a give me a smile? How is everything

"Just fi-ine," managed.

Bill jumped to feet, bouncing me mine, with his ha around my waist keep me from falli "Here's a small k for the trip," he said, "and another you pass along to Pat in the morning." Th he held me there, standing in front of hi "Thank you again for giving me someth and so much."

Then he bent and kissed me, like a l brushing, and walked around the dark t race and through the gate in the wall, stead of going into the house. A few minu after I heard the starter of his car catch a the motor turn over. All of a sudden I f awfully, widely, terribly empty and lone *Bill!*

And then I ran into the house and strai upstairs to my room. I could hear moth calling me to ask if I'd locked the doors, bu didn't stop till I had my own door lock behind me. I turned on the light and pul the books off the second shelf, took the k from where it was safety-pinned inside t pocket of my bathrobe and opened my dia On the third of August I drew a big line red pencil across the top of the page a wrote:

THE END

and then, right underneath it:

THE BEGINNING

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Sonnet

By Rhina P. Espaillat

Your memory is brief, and yet I miss
Your footsteps where we two have never gone,
The words unsaid, the things we left undone,
And the imagined sweetness of your kiss.
What folly, or what miracle is this:
That the blind man should turn him to the sun
And mourn for glories that he has not known,
Describe the rose, and sense what heaven is?

Love's memory is strange, in that it peers
Not back to meager joys lived in the past,
But onward to the days of other years,
And counts the winnings ere the dice are cast—
And so we breathe the scent of next year's flowers,
And miss the lips that have not yet been ours.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Printed in U. S

OVEMBER, 19

JOURNAL

The Magazine Women Believe In



Undiscovered

AMERICAN BEAUTIES

Rumer Godden — begins a new serial — **Breath of Air**

Good reasons **Why I Like Women** — by G. M. White

Richard Rodgers — the man who wrote the **South Pacif**

The girl who nearly died cheating the doctor — by **Maria**

We started with a bed and 3 barrels



Pull the curtains and wardrobe shelves are right in front of you with everything within easy reach. Close the curtains, and they're hidden away. Always on view is the floor of Armstrong's Spatter Linoleum—smartly beautiful and wonderfully easy to clean. Even those little bedroom fuzz-balls wipe up in a hurry when you have Armstrong's Linoleum on a bedroom floor. This floor is Tuscany Tan, Style No. 5007. There are seven other stunning color effects in Armstrong's Spatter Linoleum. Write for free room plan.

THE NIGHT Tim asked me to marry him, he told me how much money he had saved. "Don't know whether it will be enough to completely furnish a place to live, but . . ."

"Of course, it's enough," I said. "We'll get along."

Down at the furniture store, I began to wonder. I'd never realized how many things it takes to furnish a home.

"Let me give you a bit of advice," the salesman said. "Don't spread your money too thin. Buy good things that will last even if you have to wait for other things."

"That's what I've been saying," Tim agreed. "Take that floor in our bedroom. If we go ahead and put in that Armstrong's Spatter Linoleum we were looking at, we'd have something that would last for years and years. Any makeshift would just be a waste of money in the long run."

"But then what will we do for furniture?" I asked, remembering how much money I'd budgeted for the bedroom. "Of course, I do have that old bed of mine . . . but I did have my heart set on those barrel chairs."

"We've got the three barrels that your wedding presents were packed in," Tim grinned.

He said it as a joke, but to me it was an idea—and the start of a lot of others. With a little prodding, I got Tim to do the carpentry work to turn two of the barrels into chai and the other into two hassocks. I found a gay chintz for m upholstering, and when I discovered that I could buy th rest of the bolt at a bargain price, I used it on one wall, to

Instead of building in a big wardrobe closet, as we originally planned, we saved money with curtain-covere shelves that are as handy as can be.

After the room was done, Mr. Collins came out from th store. "I'm glad you put in this Armstrong Spatter Linoleum Looks fine now, but it will look even better when you bu your regular furniture."

You should have seen Tim's face. He's so proud of h "barrel" furniture that he can't imagine my ever wantin anything else, so I just winked at Mr. Collins when Tim back was turned. Blond mahogany is going to look wonde ful with my Armstrong Floor.

Write for the "Decorator's Answer Book"— it's packed wi thirty-two pages of full-color illustrations of beautiful rooms designe by the noted decorator, Hazel Dell Brown. There are decorating an remodeling ideas for every room whether your house is new or ol Slip 10¢ into an envelope right now (outside U.S.A., 40¢) and mail Armstrong Cork Company, 5011 King Street, Lancaster, Penna.

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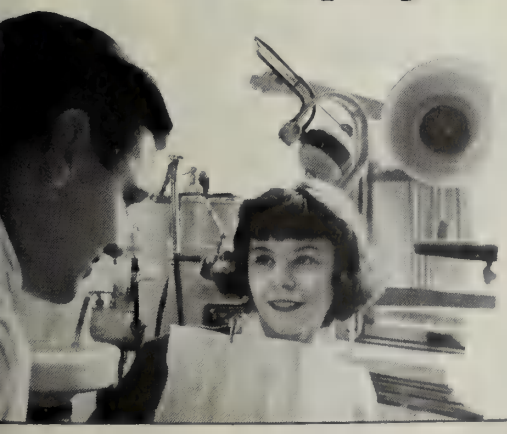
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To keep your mouth and breath more wholesome, sweeter, cleaner, guard against tooth decay and gum troubles *both*. Never risk halfway dental care. Use doubly-effective, doubly-protective *Ipana* care for healthier teeth, healthier gums — better all-around protection for your whole mouth.

Fight tooth decay and gum troubles both—

to keep your Whole Mouth Wholesome!



Teach your children *doubly-effective* Ipana care

To help your youngsters grow up with healthier, cleaner mouths, show them how to fight tooth decay and gum troubles *both*. Remember, tooth decay hits *9 out of 10* children before the age of six. And later in life, gum troubles cause *more than half* of all tooth losses. So start your children today on the Ipana way to healthier teeth and healthier gums *both*.

Only one leading tooth paste is designed to give you this double protection!*

If *you* want a healthier, more wholesome mouth, take the advice of dentists—fight *gum troubles* as well as tooth decay.

With one famous tooth paste—*with Ipana and massage—you can guard your teeth and gums BOTH.

No other tooth paste—ammoniated or otherwise—has been proved more effective than Ipana to *fight tooth decay*. And no other leading tooth paste is specially designed to stimulate gum circulation—*promote healthier gums.*

Remember, Ipana is the only leading tooth paste made especially to give you this doubly-protective, doubly-effective care.

Now, today, start this *double* protection—keep your whole mouth "Ipana wholesome." You'll like Ipana's wholesome, refreshing flavor, too. Get Ipana!

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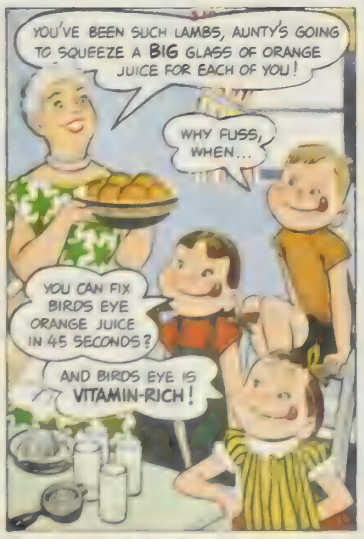
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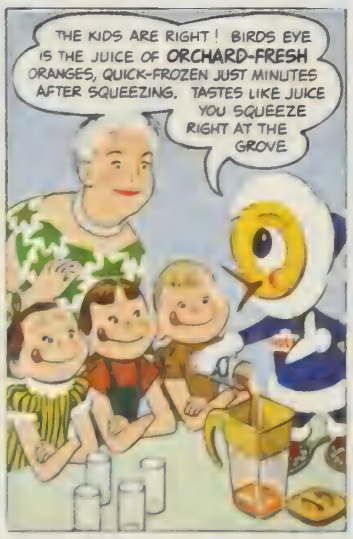
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VOL. LXVII, No. 11

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NOVEMBER, 1950



Miss Leech and luggage

From time to time the JOURNAL *cover features an Undiscovered American Beauty—a girl who has never previously modeled for money. Nominations are submitted by photographers throughout the country.*

Patricia Leech is the most elusive Undiscovered American Beauty it has yet been our pleasure to feature. Daughter of a Marine Corps colonel, she has followed her father from one post to another, and managed to attend a different high school each year.

Pat now lives in Norfolk, Virginia, but she was discovered by a JOURNAL scout during the intermission of the Monday-night hop during June Week at West Point. She was photographed in New York by Fashion Editor Wilhela Cushman, then sailed to Europe on a Holy Year pilgrimage of 750 young Catholics. They toured France, Germany, Austria and Italy, saw the Passion Play at Oberammergau and had an "audience" with the Pope.

We tried to catch up with Pat for an interview in Paris, but she had laryngitis, so we had to wait and meet her aboard the S. S. Roma as it pulled into New York Harbor, with the result you see above.

Pat has completed two years at Mary Washington College of the University of Virginia, but doesn't plan to return. She's aiming instead for a husband, and has one all picked out—although he doesn't know it. ("He'd die if he knew.") We're doing our best to drop him a hint.



Betty Hannah Hoffman

"I landed a job on the JOURNAL as a secretary shortly after graduating from Smith in '39. Ten years, one husband, two children and many pages later, I still love to go buzzing across country in search of another How America Lives (Page 179)."

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Cover Photograph by Wilhela Cushman

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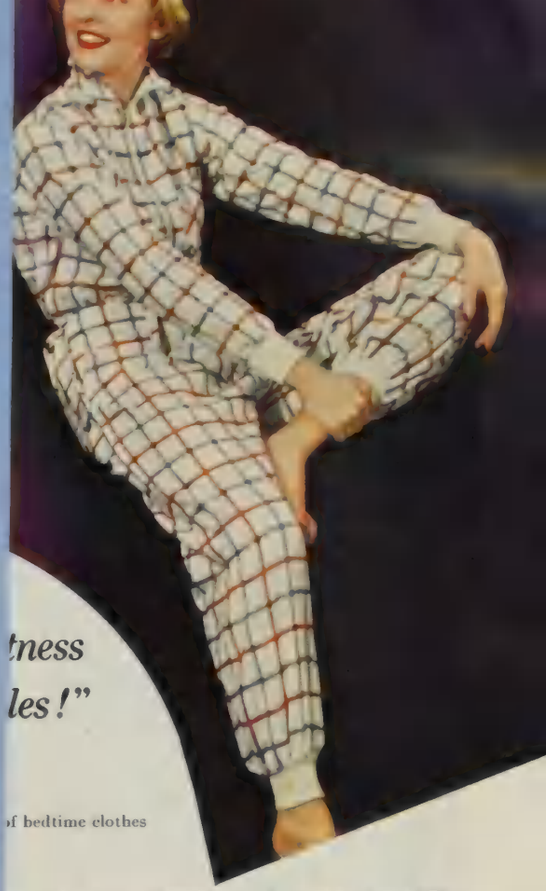
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Your daytime dresses pick up a sunny new radiance. All your party-pretty washables—fine silks, nylons, precious wools have a bright future when you wash them gently in new Ivory Flakes with "Radiant Action." It's the mildest, safest soap you can buy—the *only* flake soap with the famous Ivory name! You'll find helpful washing directions on every package.

Longer wear for nylons. Change from strong soaps to gentle, nightly care with Ivory Flakes and keep stockings looking fresh up to twice as long!

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AUTOMATIC WASHER

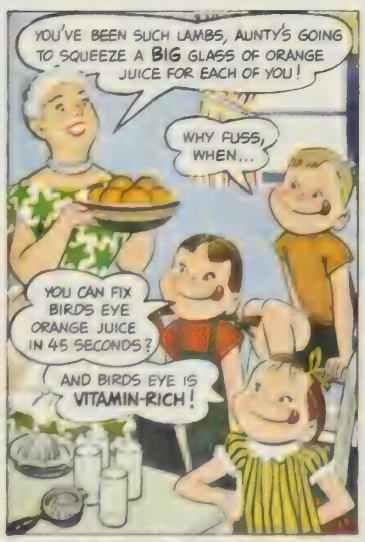
YOUR CLOTHES
YOUR MONEY

Door that
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wash.
WEIGH-TO-
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dromat gets
clothes so sparkling clean. Thanks to the inclined washing action . . . found in no other washer . . . clothes are kept constantly in motion during the entire washing cycle. Gently and thoroughly, they are washed *dirt-free*. Then the dirty, soapy water is drained *away* from the clothes . . . *never through them*. Clothes are triple-rinsed (equal to 1,500 hand rinsings). Come out as clean as a whistle and damp-dried . . . many ready to iron *immediately*.

Arrange to see a load of *your* clothes washed the Laundromat way. It's free. Phone your Westinghouse retailer today. Westinghouse Electric Corporation, Appliance Division, Mansfield, Ohio.

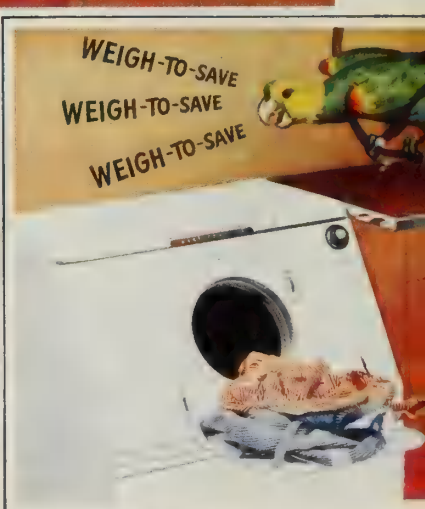
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***FIRST* . . WEIGH clothes on WEIGH-TO-SAVE D**
few pieces or a full load is accurately we
You know *exactly* the weight you are wa



***NEXT* . . READ load size on WEIGH-TO-SAVE**
Small, *medium* or *large* . . . you can be sure
ing right amount of water and soap for th



***THEN* . . SET Water Saver for size of load,**
on scale. No wasting hot water and soap
thrifty Water Saver measures the water r



Our Readers Write us

uestion for Thanksgiving

Lakeside, California

Dear Editors: What do we as Americans ılly want? Ask the next person you see ıat he would ask for if God granted him st one wish. I have been doing this among / relatives, friends and acquaintances. Do Americans want peace above all e? Maybe I don't ask the right people— ey are just middle-class Americans as I ı, of average intelligence, earning aver- e incomes.

Peace, nor any related desire, has not en mentioned yet. Material *things* top e list by 90 per cent.

To me it seems that we put our prime erest in financial security. Everything ints to getting the best job at the most oney. How many of us have been taught ıt what happens to our souls is more im- rtant than what happens to our pocket- oks? If we are willing to die for our ıntry, couldn't we do much more for it living courageously by *true* democratic eals? Death of the body is not nearly so gic as death of the spirit.

Sincerely yours,
ROSEMARY RUSSELL

r Husbands to Steal

Portland, Oregon

Dear Editors: The Rebecca West article the British National Health Service ngs to the women of America some new as which their husbands, as George rnard Shaw once reminded, will even- lly steal from them.

Every issue of your magazine makes ry substantial contributions to good nking and good living in America and I ve been meaning for a long time to let u know that here is one man who ad- ts to reading the LADIES' HOME JOUR- L. Very truly yours,

CARL E. HOPKINS
Associate Professor of Public Health and Preventive Medicine, University of Oregon

other Has Ideal Vacation

Oakland, California

Dear Editors: Let me highly recommend ıding the family away from home while other has her vacation. I have just ex- rienced such a vacation and I never felt relaxed and refreshed after any other cation!

I spent five blissful days at home, alone cept for the cat. I slept as late as I ased and sometimes I even went back bed after breakfast (better than having ull-time maid!). One memorable day I pped into the kitchen only because it s the means of getting to the car in the rage. Of course, being a woman, I invar- ly spent much time shopping. Not hav- to hurry home to prepare dinner or ep an "eye" on the youngest, I didn't ctly save money.

Lest I give the impression that I don't e and enjoy my family, let me hasten to l you that one of the best parts of my y came when the cards arrived from the ldren, saying, "Having a wonderful ne. Please send me some more money. th love ——" Yours,

JESSIE G. TOBIAS

ggable Huigs

Haarlem, Holland

Dear Editors: Here are some pictures of bsie and Marcelien Huig, who live in Dutch coast village of Landvoort. th have blond hair and blue eyes. Gabsie hree years old; Marcelien is four. They e to make coffee for their parents and y themselves are fond of sweet coffee th much cream. Sincerely,

KEES POT

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Gabsie grinds the coffee beans . . .



And adds boiling water.



Marcelien pours for daddy and mother.



Ready for bed, they brush their teeth.



And daddy tells a bedtime story.



"Wonderful! Gives sparkling new brightness to your fine washables!" says TOMMIES

of New York, world-famous maker of bedtime clothes

New IVORY FLAKES
with Radiant Action

"Simply amazing! Gives new life . . . longer-lasting beauty to lovely washables!" famous manufacturers of fine clothes say about this new washing care!

Now, after washing, gay sleepytime clothes wake up with a *sparkling new brightness!*

Your daytime dresses pick up a sunny new radiance. All your party-pretty washables—fine silks, nylons, precious wools have a bright future when you wash them gently in new Ivory Flakes with "Radiant Action." It's the mildest, safest soap you can buy—the *only* flake soap with the famous Ivory name! You'll find helpful washing directions on every package.

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where elegance is good taste . . .

Cambridge etched Crystal

Do you aspire to be a perfect hostess . . . with the finest of table appointments for your family and guests? Then, please do consider Cambridge Etched Crystal. Of beauty rare, this exquisite American handmade glassware is truly the crowning touch for festive settings, and the most appreciated of bridal gifts. The delicate lace-like designs are etched on clearest crystal and highlighted for extra brilliance. Choose from eight exclusive open stock patterns, available in complete settings, moderately priced.



Cambridge Bridal Place Setting

Goblet, Sherbet, Cocktail and Salad Plate in your bride's chosen Cambridge Etching. Attractively packaged for convenient giving, and for protection too.

The Cambridge Glass Company, Cambridge, Ohio

GENUINE HAND MADE Cambridge

Westerner's Viewpoint

San Francisco, California

Dear Sir: Of all the bigoted, presumptuous letters I've read, that one titled Southerner's Viewpoint is the worst! Since when has poverty or even untidiness been an excuse or a reason for segregation? Negroes are Americans and have been for generations. They should have the same rights and privileges as any other American, and not have to prove themselves any more than other citizens to obtain what is rightfully theirs—equality!

I live and work right among colored people and my observation is that they, and especially their children, are neater, cleaner and better behaved than the same economic group of any other class of people.

Yours truly,
EDNA RUTH WITTERS

Can You Bake a Muddy Pie?

North Hollywood, California

Dear Journal: I wish you'd take a survey to discover just how many of your readers have fun with their children. I've recently become a housewife, after eight years of teaching, and I'm having the time of my life.

I have two children, aged three and one, both girls, and I spend most of my time making mud pies with the older one and taking walks with the baby.

What bothers me is the absolute grimness of the women living near me. They spend most of the day cleaning house. I have a housekeeping schedule, but I usually don't follow it. When I vacuum, Gayle wants to help, so it is usually she who pushes the cleaner around the floor. She does a terrible job, but who cares? I think the neighbors disapprove of my "careless ways," but I notice they never laugh with their children or take time out to play with them.

Sincerely,
ADELE HALL

Unwed Mother Looks Back

San Antonio, Texas

Dear Editors: So many people just "look down their noses" at unmarried mothers. They usually think—or say, "Of all things, what a disgrace to the family and the town." . . . "Why, that girl isn't fit to live on earth." I have heard all those remarks—not through gossip but from people who are "better than everyone else." Most of those statements have been thrown directly in my face sometime or other during the past year. You see, I am one of those unmarried mothers.

I love my daughter dearly and no force on earth could take her away from me. I'm sure that as she grows up she'll never be as lonely as I was as a teen-ager, even though I lived in a house full of people. I want my daughter to have love and understanding during her growing years, as well as all through her life. That is something I guess I've never had, or maybe it was from such a distance I didn't recognize it. I don't think I've kissed or been kissed by my parents more than a couple dozen times in my almost twenty years of life.

What I know about sex, I found out by myself. My mother told me very little. When I became the datable age, which was seventeen to my folks, I dated. Where I went, with whom and when I came home seemed to make no difference to them. When I told them I got teased. I soon became quite sensitive and told nothing. I never even discussed my problems with them as they always seemed so distant. I tried to figure them out as best I could, but the reasoning of a teen-ager isn't the best.

If you don't give your children the love, understanding and the secure feeling they need, your daughter may be the next unmarried mother, or your son the cause of one.

Yours sincerely,
(Name withheld by request)

Talking It Up

Chicago, Illinois

Dear Editors: Like many other women, I appreciate being considered intelligent. I never get the feeling that I'm being "talked down to" when I read your magazine. I admire the courage you have in tackling controversial subjects—things most magazines and most people find easier to ignore.

Sincerely,
MRS. ROBERT VILLWOCK

(Continued on Page 8)





1

Gentler bleaching action . .

added protection for linens! Come w
day, U.S.A., millions of housewives r
for Clorox. For Clorox makes w
cottons and linens snowy-white (br
ens fast colors), removes stains, dec
izes, makes linens sanitary, too! Cl
does even more! It *conserves* costly li
. . . it's free from caustic, *extra gent*
fabrics . . . made by an exclusive for
protected by U. S. patent.



2

Greater disinfecting efficien

added protection for health! Don
a dirty dishcloth wipe germs onto
dishes. You can make your dishc
clean-looking, fresh, *and sanitary*
with Clorox. For Clorox bleaches
moves stains, deodorizes and *disin*
And your family gets *extra* health
tection in Clorox because it's *extra*
cient . . . *kills germs quicker* than any
product of its kind! Directions on

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CLOROX AMERICA'S FAVORITE BLEACH
HOUSEHOLD DISINFECTAN

Fall Festival

OF IRISH LINENS



Leading Stores to Celebrate with Lavish Pre-Holiday Displays at Most Inviting Prices!

It's really an event when you can get luxurious Irish Linens at today's attractive prices! And just look at the lovely new patterns and colors . . . right in time for Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's entertaining . . . and for yuletide giving, too!

Now, at the Fall Festival of Irish Linens, you can have all the real Irish Linens you want. But be sure you get the *genuine* . . . marked "Irish" or "Made in Ireland".

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IRISH LINEN



You'll find endless variety and unusual values in genuine Irish Linen place mat sets at the Fall Festival of Irish Linens.

uisite damasks in traditional, ning white, in beautiful modern rs, and in gorgeous hand-painted gns . . . the choice is yours at the Festival of Irish Linens.



Ask to see Irish Linen luncheon cloths in soft, new pastel tones, in gay patterns, and in dramatic solid colors.



Beautifully embroidered luncheon and bridge cloths and napkins of real Irish Linen . . . and so modestly priced!



Small wonder more women use Dorothy Gray creams than any other salon creams in America! For at Dorothy Gray, not the whim of a single cosmetician, but the combined know-how of many beauty scientists creates cosmetics you can trust.

Trust Dorothy Gray

For skin as lovely as yours can be . . . follow this famous "Rule of Three"

1. Cleanse.



Dry skin? For you, wonderfully effective *Dry-Skin Cleanser*. For normal skin there's luxurious *Salon Cold Cream*. If your skin is oily, it needs the beauty-cleansing ritual of *Cleansing Cream* (Liquefying). Priced from $1 to $4.

2. Stimulate.

Both dry and normal skins take on a glowing, younger appearance from patting with *Orange Flower Skin Lotion*. Oily skin gets the same stimulating "lift" from *Texture Lotion*. Priced from $1 to $3.75.

3. Lubricate.



If skin is either dry or normal, coax it to a more perfect softness and smoothness with *Special Dry-Skin Mixture*. $2.25 to $8. If oily—yes, oily skins do need lubrication—smooth in that *very* special *Suppling Cream*, $1 to $2.75.

All prices plus tax



(Continued from Page 6)

She Knows the Answers

Kensington, Maryland

Dear Editors: Mother found my problems big, I guess; she got the JOURNAL for its Sub-Deb Page (for me) when I was just fifteen. I "bought" the Sub-Deb articles on clothes and boys and what's the best retort when girls are mean and boys are fresh. I can still quote them all.

One day The Man arrived on the scene and liked the verses and quotable quotes I had saved for just that day! Now I am a more ardent JOURNAL fan than ever. No other women's magazine has such coordinated, timely, open-minded reading matter. Yours sincerely,

CHARLOTTE EASLEY REEDER

Eternal Triangle

El Paso, Texas

Dear Editors: Why don't you publish fiction that an intelligent reader won't gag at? There's more in the world than the eternal triangle. Same old formula—all alike—*ad nauseam!* You underestimate the public. Sincerely,

ROWENA BRIDGERS

Some Do, Some Don't

El Paso, Texas

Dear Mrs. Gould: Just why is there a supercilious attitude taken toward triangle stories? After all, they fill a psychological need. It is usually the happy wife who enjoys them. She says to herself, "Well, it hasn't happened to me—yet—but if it does I'll show *her.*" Give us some good triangle stories, and may the best member of the triangle win!

Yours very sincerely,

MAUDE PROTZMAN

Beauty by the Barrel

Alhambra, California

Dear Ladies' Home Journal: My mother buys the JOURNAL and I see all the pretty girls on the cover, so I want you to see my



sister. She is 21, and I think she is very pretty. She can cook too.

Yours,

MARK FRICKER

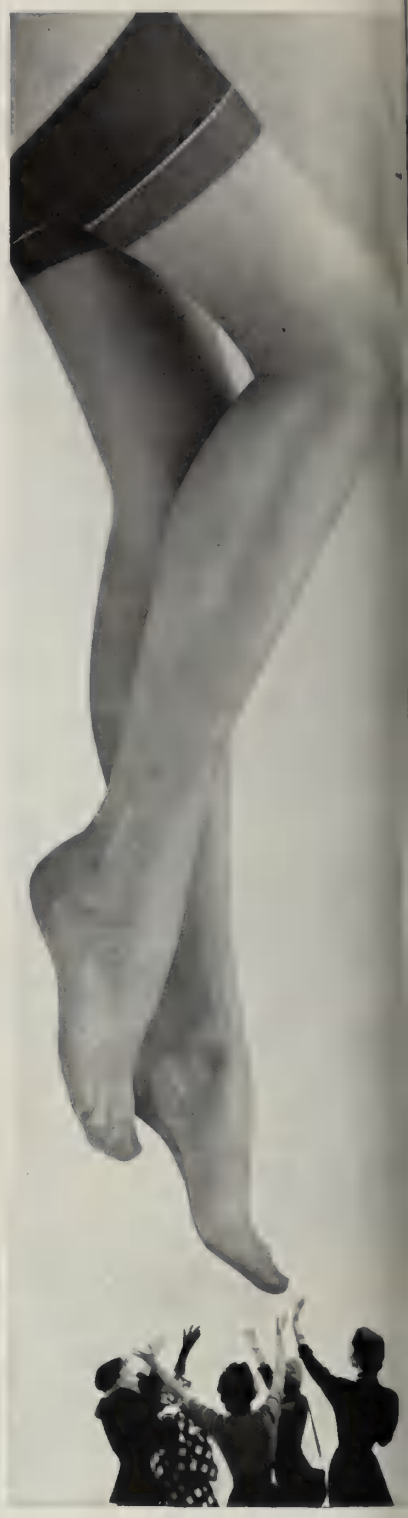
Americanized Daughter

The Duke's Cottage, Rudgwick, England

My dear Bruce and Beatrice: Daughter June duly arrived home for her vacation, and I can never thank America enough for all it has done for her. She looks so well, so happy and so smart. (American girls, says June, manage their glamour much better than English girls!) Her reactions to England are amusing. The food, except at home, she finds horrible. She notices the sad absence of young people, inevitable in so small a country after so large a war, and she is amazed at the politeness of everyone. In the small village where we shop, and have done so for the last twenty-five years, everyone knows her, and everyone, as she says, disconcerted her very much by bowing from the waist when she appeared. ("I am not," said June, "accustomed to being saluted by the cops.") She has now hired a gimcrack old car, and gone off for a tour, driving, as *she* now says, on the wrong side of the road.

With my love to you all,

DOROTHY BLACK



more women ask for

GOTHAM GOLD STRIP

nylons than for any other bra

Clear, flawless . . . made with t finest twisted yarns . . . the clear fashion-right colors.

At fine stores everywhere.



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GOTHAM GOLD STRIPE
BEAUTIFUL STOCKINGS



How could he treat her this way?

HER FIRST DATE with a most attractive man . . . and here she was, back home, and on the point of tears, by half-past ten. What had she said . . . what had she done to change his eagerness to indifference? She would never know . . . didn't even suspect!

Can You Be Sure?

How dare any woman assume that her breath is always beyond reproach?

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) has a habit of cropping up when you least expect it . . . of putting you in the worst sort of light when you want to be at your best. And you, of course, may not know when you're guilty.

Isn't it foolish to risk offending when Listerine Antiseptic is such an *extra-careful*, wholly delightful precaution?

You merely rinse the mouth with it night and morning, and always before any date and, lo! your breath becomes fresher and sweeter. Moreover, it stays that way, too . . . not for seconds . . . not for minutes . . . but for hours, usually.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Missouri*

Before any date

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

. . . the extra-careful precaution against offending



NOTHING LIKE TIDE!

TIDE WASHES CLOTHES MIRACLE CLEAN

WITHOUT RINSING!

Just wash—wring out—hang up! Cuts washday work in half!

No other washing product is made the way Procter & Gamble's Tide is made. Just try Tide without rinsing! Take your wash out of the suds—wring it out—hang it up! You see, Tide keeps the dirt *suspended* in the sudsy water. When you wring out the clothes, the dirt runs out with the washwater . . . and clothes come bright, white, and *clean!* And they dry soft and fluffy . . . iron easily! What's more, this method saves wear and tear on clothes. Saves time, work, and hot water! Get Tide today—and remember! Other products may look like Tide . . . others may talk like Tide . . . but they just aren't the same as Tide!



WHICHEVER WASHING METHOD YOU USE...

with-or without-rinsing

TIDE DOES A BETTER WASHING JOB THAN ANY SOAP ON EARTH!

Two Faces

By JOHN A. O'BRIEN, Ph.D., LL.D.
The University of Notre Dame

In his letter to the Galatians the Apostle Paul brings the ethical teachings of Jesus to a superb and dramatic climax. "Be not deceived," he says, "God is not mocked. For what things a man shall sow, those also shall he reap. For he that soweth in his flesh, of the flesh also shall reap corruption. But he that soweth in the spirit, of the spirit shall reap life everlasting."

This is a truth which needs to be kept forever before the eyes of men, especially the young. It expresses a law of the moral universe, which is as basic and inescapable as is the law of gravitation in the physical universe. He that soweth in the flesh reaps corruption, ugliness, misery and death.

This truth is illustrated by an incident in the life of Leonardo da Vinci. Determined to paint a picture of the Christ Child, the artist searched for an appropriate model, a youth whose innocence and beauty of countenance would inspire him to capture and imprison upon the canvas the radiant face of Christ.

At last he found in the choir of the Florence Cathedral a youth, Pietro Bandinelli, whose striking beauty and innocence of countenance held him spellbound. Into those fair blue eyes no foul image had ever entered; on his cheeks the very glow of heaven seemed to rest.

Many years later da Vinci was painting a picture of Judas. He had found an appropriate model: a criminal with a dissipated countenance, repulsive in its sinister ugliness. Something about the model struck a chord of long-buried memories and brought them struggling to life again.

"Where have I seen the profile of that face before?" he asked.

Then the horrible realization dawned upon him with all its stinging bitterness.

"No! No! God!" he cried. "It can't be! It can't be! And yet . . . those eyes! That face! That profile!" Turning to the ugly, evil-looking man with the Judas face, da Vinci asked: "Your name is ——"

"Pietro Bandinelli. But drunkenness and sensuality have changed me from a Christ Child model to a Judas . . . bound for hell."

It was but a striking illustration of the age-old truth enunciated by the Apostle Paul: "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is life everlasting in Christ Jesus our Lord." THE END

On Living Dangerously

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

AMERICANS visiting the "Old" World are struck with the relative calmness with which Europeans view a situation obviously much more immediately menacing to themselves than to Americans. This is not because they are less cognizant than we of the circumstances. Everyone in Western Europe is thoroughly aware that with nine East European states actually or factually absorbed into the anti-European Soviet Union, adding over 100,000,000 former Europeans, together with their immense resources, factories and armies, and with West Germany a vacuum of power between this juggernaut and themselves, the Europeans of the west are in desperate danger.

It is quite unnecessary to remind an Englishman that if a great power which stretches from the heart of Central Europe, across land to the Pacific, and whose rear is secured in China, were to reach the English Channel, Great Britain would be the world's most vulnerable target for atom bombs. The people of Great Britain have not forgotten the "Blitz" of World War II.

Yet Americans, with their similar awareness, often seem to Europeans to be "hysterical." And when I asked a European, recently commenting on this, for an explanation, he replied, "Americans have never had to live dangerously."

That has been true in the American past. Never has any country had such a break from history as the United States.

Geographically we inhabit (together with other nations of the Americas) the only world islands of continental size. Nowhere have we ever had powerful and rapacious neighbors who could seriously threaten us on our own frontiers.

We won our independence and nationhood under the lucky circumstances that those who opposed it were embroiled in continental wars in Europe, diverting their ships and armies.

In America itself we had to overcome only a sparse population of semisavage tribes; nations, to be sure, but nations hopelessly inferior in organization and weapons to the white Europeans who had landed on these shores, determined here to build a new nation, from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The consolidation of the continent created the American heroic, epic period. It entailed adventure, sacrifice and blood. It created the American myth, and most of the American folk ballads. But it was never "dangerous," in the sense that our very survival as a nation was in question.

In our beginnings, we were possessed of such leadership as it has seldom been the good fortune of a nation to throw up at one time. That a handful of colonies, living under rude conditions,



And—

New tests by leading skin specialists PROVE the amazing mildness of Cashmere Bouquet on all types of skin!

Yes, in laboratory tests conducted under severest conditions on normal, dry and oily skin types . . . Cashmere Bouquet Soap was *proved* amazingly mild! So use Cashmere Bouquet regularly in your daily bath and for your complexion, too. It will leave your skin softer, smoother . . . flower-fresh and younger looking! The lingering, romantic *fragrance* of Cashmere Bouquet comes only from a secret wedding of rare perfumes, far costlier than you would expect to find in any soap. Fastidious women cherish Cashmere Bouquet for this "fragrance men love".



Cashmere Bouquet —In a New Bath Size Cake, Too!

could produce such a galaxy of statesmen and soldier-philosophers as Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Franklin, Madison, Jay and Clay remains a mystery of sorts. For they were men not only of great vigor, but of extraordinary culture and learning, by the most refined standards: men who could give an account of the human past and did not conceive or build a state by rule of thumb.

Almost exactly midway in our national life as so far run came its only tragic period. That was the great War Between the States.

But there, again, history was kind to America. The greatest threat that hung over us was foreign intervention—specifically British intervention—to tip the scales in behalf of a permanently, or long to be, divided country. It came perilously close to occurring, before wise conservative counsels prevailed in Great Britain. And so again America escaped serious danger to its survival—though this period produced the only American President with a profoundly tragic view of life (despite his humor): Abraham Lincoln, who knew that no nation and no civilization has an eternal lease on life, and that in the mystery of time and within the great cycle of birth, growth and death, states and civilizations, like human beings, rise, flourish, wane and die.

America has not yet fought a really dangerous war, of dubious outcome to her very survival. America has never been invaded by an implacable fanatical foe of more than equal strength. In both the First and Second World Wars, the balance of American strength was computably sufficient to redress the imbalance of the contending foes. This might not have been so—it is dubious whether it would have been so—had Hitler's Germany been able to maintain a status with Russia, to protect the German rear, or actually to expand a benevolent "neutrality" into an outright military alliance. But when we entered World War II, Germany was already deep in Russia; Japan was engaged in China; and the balance was swung by America.

We should all be interested about the future, because it is where we are going to spend the rest of our lives.
—CHARLES F. KETTERING.

All this experience has colored the American mind. It has made us profoundly, even recklessly, optimistic. It has given us the half-conscious feeling that no matter what happens, things will always turn out all right for America. It has made us impulsive. Suppose our leaders in impulsive optimism *do* make grave errors: we become indignant when the result of the errors is demonstrated—but then, we think, errors can always be undone! Are we not the richest, best-fed, most technically advanced, most scientifically adept and happiest people on the globe? Has anyone ever dared to pick on the United States with impunity? Where are our enemies of yesteryear? Where is Germany? Where Japan? Where Great Britain, the original foe of our national freedom? What would *she* do today without America? Does not the whole free world today depend upon our material and military aid? Is that not proof enough of our power?

But this characteristic optimism contains an element of great weakness. Suppose this picture is not quite true. Suppose destiny, hitherto so beneficent, may turn away her face. Suppose, instead of an "ever-expanding" economy, we may face great restrictions. Suppose the balance of military power may already be turned against us. It is difficult to realize that never before has the United States, or western civilization, faced an unchecked foe controlling in one centralized integration the land mass of Eurasia from Central Europe to the gates of India. Suppose errors have been made that cannot be redressed, or can only be redressed at the most *hazardous* sacrifice, without any certainty at all of what the outcome may be. Suppose we are going to have to live dangerously, really dangerously, possibly for years, possibly for decades. Are we prepared for that? Can we gaze into the abyss, without the abyss gazing back into us? Do we know *how* to live dangerously?

Peoples who have had perpetually to live with danger develop, I think, a philosophical fortitude lacking in younger and more fortunate peoples. They love their countries not only for their glorious achievements but as Desdemona loved Othello, "for the dangers he has passed," and as he loved her, "that she remembered them."

In more ancient countries the sticks and stones of ruins perpetually testify to the passing of all earthly glory.

Where is the glory that was Greece, and where the grandeur of Great Rome, whose empire only encompassed the civilized world? Where the empire of "the Golden Horde" that once ruled from the gates of Muscovy to Peking and the heart of India? Where lie Alexander and Philip of Macedon? Where the vast realm of the sultans that once stood astride the whole Mediterranean basin? Where is not only the Third Reich but the first one, the "Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation," which once ruled Europe from France to the Balkans?

One treads the soil of the "tight little island of Britain," and remembers the original Britons and Celts who gave way to Saxons, Romans, Vikings and Normans—and yet there was always an England, and there were always Englishmen.

And out of melancholy memories of defeat comes a stubborn strength, less brittle, I think, than a more facile optimism produces. Winston Churchill, in the spring of 1941 when London was being ravished by bombs and there was nothing but bad news from every front, said to me, personally, something very great. In answer to a question he said candidly, "I do not know how we are going to win this war. I am only concerned now not to lose it." Then, after a pause, and almost in a whisper, "But if we lose, we shall be remembered. Ages from now, new states will be founded on Anglo-Saxon principles, because we shall be remembered." Mr. Churchill believed that *no matter what happened*, something English and *immortal* would fuse itself again into the life of mankind.

In Vienna, posed precariously between the frontiers of two hostile worlds, people say, "The Romans came, and stayed, and went away; the Turks came, and stayed and went away; Hitler came, and stayed and went away; and now the Russians have come, and they, too, will go away."

In Greece, one of the most touching demonstrations of response to danger is the immense building activity going on. People do not ask themselves, "How long will we last in this outpost position? And what good is it all?" They simply assure, in the face of most dubious evidence, that they *will* last. Greeks speak of the Turkish occupation as though it were a rather trifling incident in a national history that began centuries before Christ. It endured for over four hundred years, yet in a profound sense it *was* only an incident.

Optimism thrives on substantially founded hope. But those who have learned to live dangerously live on faith, which is deeper and greater than hope, for it is "the evidence of things not seen." And they live on love, the greatest of the abiding things: the love that encompasses the neighbor, the village, the city, the nation, the civilization of which it is a part, the consciousness of its ideals, its hopes, its strivings, its great thoughts, its errors, its defeats.

No civilization is lost as long as its people, or enough of its people, remember it and pass on the memory to others. For as long as it is remembered, it can be re-created somewhere, somehow, in some time. Such memory never concentrates around

(Continued on Page 143)



"Just what we've all been wanting!" says **ANTONIA DREXEL EARLE**

"This new Angel Face case is a darling! Perfect to tuck into handbag—or muff!" says Mrs. Earle. "A delightful way to carry the makings of a new complexion right along with you!"

New!

Angel Face by POND'S

in a slim and lovely Mirror Case



Foundation and powder all-in-one
—in a perfect case for your handbag



Just out! Just *enchanting!* Your beloved Angel Face—now in this exquisite, new Mirror Case! Sleek and firm as polished ivory with golden tracery. Nicely clasped and hinged. Inside—a mirror, puff, and luscious, soft-tinted Angel Face! Ideal to carry, Pond's Angel Face is foundation *and* powder—blended into *one* velvety, easy make-up! No water . . . no greasy fingers. Goes on with a *puff*, clings *much* longer than powder! *Can't spill!* 6 heavenly skin tones. In its lovely new Mirror Case, Pond's Angel Face is **only $1 PLUS TAX**

In the much-loved blue-and-gold box—now in *two sizes*, 89¢, 59¢, plus tax.

Electre steem



All Plastic Base ONLY $5.95
AT DRUGGISTS and electrical appliance dealers
Safest Vaporizer Ever Made!

Now announces the *FIRST and ONLY*

10 to 24 HOUR* VAPORIZER

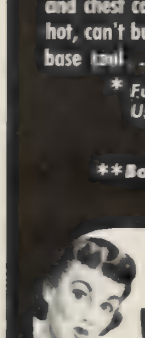
that triples as a **ROOM HUMIDIFIER-DEODORIZER**

Split-second steam action helps give almost instant relief from stuffy, distressed feeling of nose and chest colds . . . Absolutely safe! Water in "remote water reservoir" never becomes boiling hot, can't burn or scald. Only 1¼ oz. water in heating chamber. "Insuwall" construction keeps base cool . . . Automatically shuts off when water evaporates. Operates on AC only.

* *Furnished with 48½ oz. jar for 10-hour vaporization. Use 1-gal. Mason-type jar for 24-hour continuous vaporization.*

DeLuxe Model: Satin-finish aluminum, ceramic, plastic base $6.95

***Both models test run for over 12,000 continuous, grueling hours!*



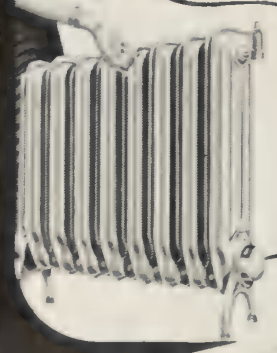
LIKE MAGIC! PORTABLE STEAM HEAT FROM ANY WALL PLUG!

and the

SAFEST SUPPLEMENTAL HEATER IN ALL THE WORLD!

Why risk the danger of burns from exposed, glowing element or flame-type heaters? Why chance carbon monoxide asphyxiation from faulty gas heaters?

Get an Electresteem — the *original* steel Portable Electric Steam Radiator for any average size room in your home that's hard to heat . . . for your office on holidays, for cabins, shops, motels, hotels, theatre ticket booths, etc.



8-Section Electresteem $34.95
(Walnut or Ivory Finish)

Smaller and larger models also available.
If your dealer doesn't have one, write us direct.

Electresteem BABY PRODUCTS

NEW! IMPROVED!

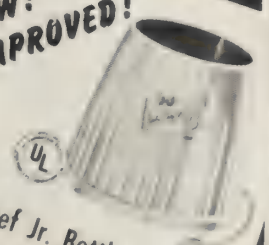
8 Baby-Bottle Sterilizer



Easier To Keep Clean
Only popular priced sterilizer that sterilizes 24 hour supply at once. Automatic safety shut off. AC Current. $7.95

NEW! IMPROVED!

Baby Chef Jr. Bottle Warmer



America's finest. Safest. "Insuwall" construction keeps sidewalls cool. Boils baby's nigg. Automatic shut off. AC Current. $1.99

ELECTRIC STEAM RADIATOR CORP.
No. 1 ELECTRIC AVE. PARIS, KENTUCKY

Under-Cover Stuff

By BERNARDINE KIELTY



"In a democracy such as ours, Clinton, I am free to vote for any candidate your mother and I like."

WITH elections close upon us, it's interesting to read in a pamphlet on THE OHIO WOMAN SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT, by *Florence E. Allen* and *Mary Welles*, that the first murmurs sounded just about a hundred years ago. It was in 1850 at the Akron Convention for Women's Rights that a tall old colored woman named Sojourner Truth stood up in meeting, took off her bonnet, and among sneers and snickers that soon died out into complete silence, had her say.

"Well, chilern, what dat is so much racket dar must be somethin' out of kilter. I tink dat 'twixt de niggers of de Souf and de womin at de Norf, all talkin' 'bout rights, de white men will be in a fix pretty soon. . . . Dat man ober dar say dat womin needs to be helped into carriages, and lifted ober ditches, and to hab de best place everywhar. Nobody eber helps me into carriages, or ober mud puddles or gibs me any best place. And a'n't I a woman? Look at me!

"Look at my arm! I have ploughed, and planted, and gathered into barns, and no man could head me! And a'n't I a woman? I could work as much and eat as much as a man—when I could get it—and bear de lash as well! And a'n't I a woman? I have borne thirteen chilern, and seen 'em mos' all sold off to slavery, and when I cried out with my mother's grief, none but Jesus heard me! And a'n't I a woman?"

The women of the country made a good fight and got what they wanted in 1920, and resolved their suffrage party (most of them) into the League of Women Voters. Now they work in factories and in offices and in the professions, they have their husbands and their children, and they live richer and fuller lives—thanks to a handful of their great-great-grandmothers who a hundred years ago didn't mind being laughed at and scorned.

■

We've always taken a dim view of books written by children. There are enough books, we always say, without

(Continued on Page 16)

REPRINTED COURTESY OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



"Mother, did you know you're a member of the lost generation?"

Enjoy this beauty on a modest budget

Luxurious Cushionized® Sofa and Chair

by KROEHLER

Make your living room more enjoyable and distinctive with this new Kroehler Crescent-Shaped Sofa and Chair. You'll love the beautiful deep sculptured "French-Knot" Mohair Jacquard Frieze . . . the soft moss edging . . . the heavy bullion fringe. You'll revel in the deep-seated comfort of Kroehler Cushionized Furniture. Ask your Authorized Kroehler Dealer for Suite No. 468-11. You'll be surprised at so much beauty at such a modest price. Choice of seven fashionable colors as illustrated.

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KROEHLER
CUSHIONIZED FURNITURE
Since 1891
WORLD'S LARGEST FURNITURE MANUFACTURERS

WORLD'S LARGEST FURNITURE MANUFACTURER

KROEHLER

(Say KRAY-LER)

Furniture

Kroehler Mfg. Co., Chicago 11, Ill.
In Canada, Stratford, Ont.

ONE name quality price

LESTER Betsy Ross Spinet

The LESTER GRAND PIANO is the Official Piano of the Philadelphia Orchestra



Every Home Needs a Piano

The genuine Betsy Ross Spinet is the perfect piano for your home because it is a superb instrument built in the quality tradition of the world's best materials. Here is an instrument famous for musical excellence and enduring performance . . . yet priced to please most families.

Knowing how to play builds self confidence and poise in your children . . . assures them a richer, fuller life. Both youngsters and adults find true playing pleasure in the glorious tone and responsive touch of the Betsy Ross Spinet.

See the newest models now . . . your dealer will arrange terms. Look for the Dampp-Chaser . . . Lester's exclusive moisture control feature.

Priced from $545.00; model pictured $595.00 f.o.b. Lester, Pa.

Guaranteed for ten years; made ONLY by the Lester Piano Manufacturing Company Inc., builders of world renowned Lester Grand Pianos.

sold by America's foremost piano dealers

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET

Lester Piano Manufacturing Co., Inc., Lester 13, Pa.
Send me your 24-page illustrated book showing piano arrangement in the home. (Enclose 10c for postage.)

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Address _____
City _____
Zone No. _____ State _____ LHJ

Foreign Sales Representatives: H. M. ASTLETT & CO., 39 Broadway, New York 6, N.Y.

a beautiful piano with magnificent tone

(Continued from Page 14)

taking authors out of the nursery. Give them a few years before they join the literary army. But there is an exception. HANDY GUIDE TO GROWNUPS is by *Jennifer Owsley*, an eleven-year-old girl growing on twelve. It is very short, as it should be. And authentic. No one but a child could possibly arrive at the point of view here displayed.

"Relatives are all the people in your family like parents, uncles and aunts, and grandparents. Some aunts and

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"We're sent to bed without supper for less than that!"

uncles are very nice to be with because they know all about you and like you very special the same as parents and yet they do not have to be bringing you up. If they have children too, though, it can sometimes get to be very complicated. Your cousins' parents like them better than you, no matter how good you are being or how much they like you. You might as well understand this and not try to do anything about it."

"The worst kind of teachers to have are the kind that like some children and don't like others. These teachers make a lot of trouble among the kids themselves."

"Adults like to talk more than children do. It is their chief amusement. The longest hours in life are spent when your mother has you by the hand and stops to talk to some friend of hers on the street. Or maybe when she is telephoning is worse. Hardly any mothers will stop talking until you bother them quite a lot. I think it is perfectly fair to bother them as much as you have to."

Jennifer wrote this book of advice for her friends. The camaraderie of the young is unmistakable. And it is almost too bad that grownups are going to read it.

•

"Peter Pan," with Jean Arthur and Boris Karloff, is out in a record album. And an abridged version is to be adapted for children of four to eight. We'd say, stick to the complete version for any age.

•

Children's Book Week—one of the few "weeks" we approve of—runs from November 12th to November 18th. We learned this from the Children's Book Council (50 W. 53rd St., New York 19), which gets out a quarterly Calendar with news and views about children's books, and also a small book: MAKE FRIENDS WITH BOOKS, which has sound articles from ***Dorothy Canfield Fisher*** (On Choosing Books for Children), ***Munro Leaf*** (Wean Your Child Off the Zip-Zam-Zowie Reading Diet), and many others. Both excellent items, we'd say, for librarians and teachers, booksellers and parents.

A new series of illustrated history books for children, nine to thirteen, is just being

(Continued on Page 18)

"TEN times the valu for just a few cents more?"



Right, young
You're that much
when you buy CLOTH window
instead of substitutes. Window shade
pretty much alike when new. The
ence is *below the surface*. CLOTH w
shades, whether oil-painted or
coated, have a base of firmly woven
fabric—a strong, flexible *backbone* m
take the punishment of constant ha
and exposure. That's why CLOTH w
shades in thousands of windows stil
their original, straight-hanging beaut
years and years of service and many
ings, while shades of substitute ma
get shabby and misshapen in a few
months. CLOTH window shades sa
money every time!

Feel that Fabric! At your de
the Joanna Western-Quality Demon
turns window shades "inside out".
you *feel the difference* between
CLOTH and substitute
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Has your child met the Presider of these United States?

Chances are the answer is, "No." But
child would not be thrilled to meet
American Presidents—and at the sam
learn all about these history-making

Here's how your child can b America conscious



"MEET THE PRESIDENTS" is the 1950
sational historical game with a map b
giant spinner, and a set of 32 g
presidential coins — a collector's ite
itself. Everybody should know the int
ing historical facts of all 32 presi
from George Washington to Harry Tru
Here's the game that's American al
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On sale at all leading to
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game today. Only $3.

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Set-for a Couple or a Crowd

with Samson *folding furniture*



'O, at cozy meals . . . or celebrations. Table tops atch dust. Smooth-as-glass n't snag nylons.



UR, at cards. Roomy Sambles and spring-cushion, e-shaped chairs make for a g evening.



X OR SIXTEEN – the more rrier. And the more Samson and chairs you have, the njoyable your parties!

rong enough to stand on!

Get set for a season of hospitality—for open house when friends drop in, for holiday dinners and party buffets. You'll treasure your Samson folding tables and chairs for extra seating and dining space—so smart in your decorative scheme. Vinyl Samsontex upholstery wipes clean with a damp cloth. You'll appreciate the sturdiness of Samson's electrically welded, tubular steel legs and frames. Choose any of the smart, new designer colors.



Folding Chairs, $7.95 each—Folding Tables, $12.95 each

Complete set of 4 chairs and table only $44.75.

Other Samson folding furniture space savers!

Piece Economy Set
mart, new designer ors. Electrically ded, tubular steel s. Chairs $5.95 h. Tables $5.95 h. 5-piece set only .75



Folding Armchair by famous designer
All-steel construction. Outdoor or indoor use. Weather-resistant enamel . . . Patio Green, Azure, Coral, Chartreuse. Only $7.95 each.





King-Size Folding Table
Seats six . . . for cards, entertaining, dining. Electrically welded tubular steel legs, frame. Smart, new designer colors. Only $17.95 each.



Folding Armchair
Spring-cushion seat, foam rubber padded seat and arms. Covered with stain-and-mar-resistant, washable vinyl Samsontex. Only $14.95 each.



There's a Samson institutional chair for every public seating need. For special quantity prices, ask your public seating distributor or write Shwayder Bros. for name of nearest dealer.

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3 TIMES YOUR MONEY BACK

if you don't agree with Mrs. David Colin (below) of 2613 E. Shorewood Blvd., Milwaukee, Wis.



Biggest Thing in Ironing since Starch was Invented!

SATINA

What it is . . . How it works . . .

It's blue in color—yet takes the "blues" out of ironing.

It's lightly perfumed to make clothes smell fresher.

It comes in a bar of four little sections—one section for each starching.

It's quickly, easily melted in boiling water or a boiling starch solution.

Added to hot starch, SATINA lends miraculous *ease* and *speed* to ironing.

No sticking! No pulling! No caking! Because SATINA gives starched things a satin-smooth finish that really adds wings to your iron!

Yet this "Little Miracle" of ironing costs you only pennies a month!

—AND LOOK AT THE RESULTS!



Ironed with ordinary starch! messy, rumpled, soiled after ordinary wear!



Starch plus SATINA! dirt-resistant gloss helps keep clothes fresher, cleaner *longer!*



ACT TODAY on Sensational Triple-Your-Money-Back Offer

Offer is made *for a limited time only* to introduce millions more women to the "Little Miracle" of ironing! It's effective *right now* on your first purchase of SATINA!

Easy As 1-2-3

1. *Buy* SATINA at your grocer's—look for the little blue-and-white package with the *Winged Iron!*

2. *Try* SATINA in your next starching.

3. *If* you do not agree with housewives from coast to coast that SATINA added to starch makes ironing *3 times easier*—simply mail unused portion to SATINA, Box No. 1540, New York 46, N. Y.—and *you'll receive* TRIPLE *the purchase price you paid for your first package of* SATINA!

A Product of General Foods

BUY-TRY **SATINA** NOW!

(Continued from Page 16)

launched. It is called Landmark Books, and even at our advanced age we'd like to read the lot. The first ten titles are:

THE VOYAGES OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, *by Armstrong Sperry.*

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS, *by James Daugherty.*

POCAHONTAS AND CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH, *by Marie Lawson.*

PAUL REVERE AND THE MINUTE MEN, *by Dorothy Canfield Fisher.*

OUR INDEPENDENCE AND THE CONSTITUTION, *by Dorothy Canfield Fisher.*

THE CALIFORNIA GOLD RUSH, *by May McNeer.*

THE PONY EXPRESS, *by Samuel Hopkins Adams.*

THE BUILDING OF THE FIRST TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILROAD, *by Adele Nathan.*

THE WRIGHT BROTHERS: PIONEERS OF AMERICAN AVIATION, *by Quentin Reynolds.*

LEE AND GRANT AT APPOMATTOX, *by MacKinlay Kantor.*

•

WALK WITH THE DEVIL, by *Elliot Arnold*, will no doubt make a super duper movie—a combination gangster-war-spy novel taking place in a sunny village and villa in wartime Italy. Complete with a beautiful woman, a sardonic German general, an idealistic American, and a ruthless Italian-American racketeer, it makes first-class reading excitement.

•

A short-short with a moral (Kindness pays—or does it?) is the story of Norman Butler, who did free plumbing for his old friend, Mrs. Skinner, for twenty-five years. Mrs. Skinner recently died at the age of eighty-four, and in her will left Mr. Butler her bathtub, sink and hot-water heater.

THIS WEEK



"I think I've located your trouble."

•

PARADE'S END comprises four novels (SOME DO NOT, NO MORE PARADES, A MAN COULD STAND UP and THE LAST POST) by *Ford Madox Ford*, now issued in one volume. This, you will remember, is the saga of Tietjens, "the last Tory, the man of principle who is a member of a virtually extinct species, who represents stability and a moral code, and who must now experience the anarchy of the present disruption." It is a story that reflects our own world, the disintegration of an entire way of life, yet it was written as the aftermath of World War I.

•

SON OF A HUNDRED KINGS, by *Thomas Costain*, should be enormously popular on three counts: its well-known author, whose name has come to be a guaranty of romance and excitement; its magnificent title—the best of the season; *and* its appealing story. This is not a historical novel, but

(Continued on Page 21)

Rid-Jid

OPEN MESH

makes all your ironing easier!



THERE'S ONLY ONE

Rid-Jid

AIR-FLOW IRONING TABLE



More than fifty million women have bought Rid-Jid ironing tables. And today, more than ever before, Rid-Jid *takes the work out of your ironing.*

Light and strong, the all-metal Rid-Jid Air-Flow is a lifetime product. Steam and moisture whisk away fast through its open mesh ventilated top. It's fire-proof . . . won't buckle or bulge, can't slip or wobble. It's available in adjustable models that provide correct height for easy ironing.

If it's faster, cooler, easier, safer ironing you want, be sure to look for "Rid-Jid"—a famous name in American housewares—on the ironing table you buy!

THE J. R. CLARK COMPANY

Spring Park, Minnesota



Have you heard what the *GIRLS* in the back room are saying?



...ALL-NEW MURRAY *Matched Steel Kitchens*

beautiful!"

, every part of your new Murray hen . . . the marvelous cabinet s, the streamlined electric ranges as ranges, the spacious wall and r cabinets . . . are all beautifully e-matched to form one harmoni- picture.
nd there's a Murray kitchen ar- gement to suit *your* special needs!



"So silent!"

ll drawers on Murray cabinets glide on ass runners...for smooth, silent action. ou'll like the solid feel of the doors, o...all sound-insulated! Spring-action tches *never* stick. Chromium-plated nges are easy-moving. As with the urray ranges, all edges are rounded . everything smooth to the touch.



"So strong!"

And why not . . . when all frames—ranges and cabinets—are made of *welded* steel! And to further assure you lifetime service, all sinks and ranges are covered with rich porcelain enamel . . . stain and acid resistant. All cabinets are coated with highest quality hi-baked enamel!

"So convenient!"

The cabinet sink above, being admired by the girls, has a two-level bottle or utility rack, five full-sized drawers, two cabinets, handy vegetable basket, breadboard, and cutlery tray! Units like this, combined with ranges with every modern convenience...will make your "kitchen-time" a pleasure-time!

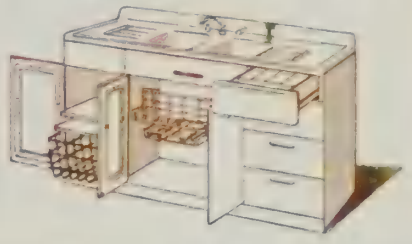
NO ONE MAKES KITCHENS LIKE

MURRAY

MURRAY CORPORATION OF AMERICA, Home Appliance Division, SCRANTON, PA.

MURRAY

CABINET SINKS form the heart of your kitchen . . . and so are designed to carry all important utensils . . . cleaning compounds . . . cutlery. They are made with double or single basins and drainboards. You can select the 66" long



model (above), a 54" or 42" cabinet sink, depending on the size of your kitchen.

MURRAY

ELECTRIC RANGES for completely automatic cooking! Big 6-quart Deep Well Cooker allows cooking a whole meal at once! Lifts up to become fourth 7 heat surface burner. Giant oven, 17" x 18" x 20", is fully porcelain-enameled for easy cleaning. Oven, Deep Well, and Appliance Outlet (for coffee-makers, and so on) are automatically timed.



As with the gas ranges, you can choose from three 40" long models, a 36" and 20"... to suit your kitchen!

MURRAY

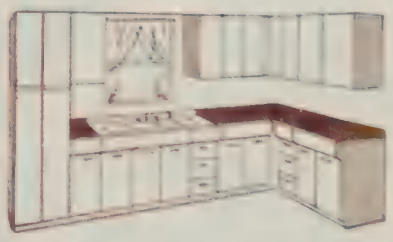
GAS RANGES, styled for easiest cleaning, finest cooking. Burner bowls are stamped right into one-piece top — no dirt-catching seams! "Waterfall" front, no seam at front top of range. Giant "smokeless" broilers, extra-large



ovens. *All* ranges are fully Fiberglas-insulated, have welded frames, are finished with gleaming Titanium porcelain enamel!

MURRAY

MODERN CABINETS for every need! Whatever the shape of your kitchen...whatever the



size...there's a Murray cabinet arrangement just for you. Floor cabinets have wearproof, stainproof Vinyl plastic tops. Wall units have adjustable shelves, concealed hand grips, provision for fluorescent lighting!



Wipe sticky drips from jugs, bottles, with damp ScotTowels. Helps keep cupboard, refrigerato

NEW ScotTowels—so strong when wet

YOU CAN USE THEM LIKE A CLOTH!



STRONG WHEN WET! ScotTowels are *grand* for scouring pots and pans—for *dozens* of chores. Use with cleansers, polishes, soap—ScotTowels don't fall apart when wet.



WORK-SAVING, TIME-SAVING! ScotTowels are so *handy* for wiping up spills, for keeping kitchen neat. After use—just throw towels away. No messy cloths to wash out.



WONDERFULLY ABSORBENT! Drain bacon and other fried foods on fresh ScotTowels. Grease soaks up fast—foods are crisper, more delicious. 150 ScotTowels to a roll.



SOFTER, MORE PLIABLE! Shine car windows and chrome with fabric-soft ScotTowels. So pliable, they mold to your hand like a glove. Scott Paper Co., Chester, Pa.



SOFT-TUFF

process keeps them soft, absorbent!

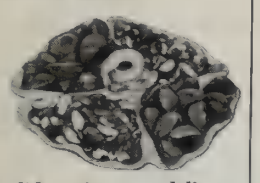
'T's BRAZIL NUT MAGIC

says Kernel Nut of Brazil



m Deep in Brazilian Jungles

up far reaches of the Amazon come
tic Brazil Nuts. And Nature packs
m so cleverly in thick, protective
ls, that once removed they defy
empts to reassemble them!



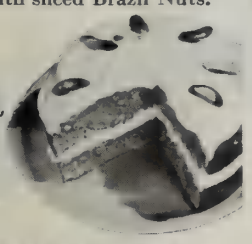
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sistible.



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e topping with sliced Brazil Nuts.



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ME.....
REET.....
Y.....ZONE.....STATE....

(Continued from Page 18)

a period piece. Subtitled a "novel of the nineties," it takes place in a town in Ontario, Canada—no doubt the town in which the author was born—and it has an air of provinciality which reminds one of Arnold Bennett's FIVE TOWNS. That it is the '90's you can never forget, what with the horseless carriages, the importance of the telephone, the dreadful architecture, and the rather charming ladies' costumes.

This is the story of a little English boy, sent to Canada with a sign sewed on his back:

THIS IS LUDAR PRENTICE.
He has no money.
He is going to his father,
Vivien Prentice,
at Balfour, Ontario, Canada.
BE KIND TO HIM.

Besides the inevitable comparison with Arnold Bennett, there is also an early suggestion of Dickens. We wouldn't dream of telling who Ludar really was, or what happened to him in Balfour, for that is the novel, but we recommend it to all who enjoy a leisurely, well-complicated story involving a bitter family feud, a love story that does not always go smoothly, a suicide, a murder, and some first-rate minor characters who enrich the whole with humor and tartness and sometimes with loving-kindness.

•

For the many readers of this column who have shown an interest in art books, we recommend **IMPRESSIONISTS AND SYMBOLISTS**, by ***Lionello Venturi***, a study of the work of Manet, Degas, Monet, Pissarro, Sisley, Renoir, Cézanne, Seurat, Gauguin, Toulouse-Lautrec. An important book about one of the greatest epochs in the history of painting. Fairly expensive, because of its 217 excellent reproductions.

COLLIER'S



"Okay, now draw a house on fire with a fireman carrying a lady down a ladder and a little girl carrying a kitten out the door."

•

A Statement on Modern Art **is a three-page statement of principles issued by three art museums "in the hope that it may help to clarify current controversial issues about modern art, which are confusing to the public and harmful to the artist." We recommend sending for it:**

The Institute of Contemporary Art, Boston.

The Museum of Modern Art, New York.

Whitney Museum of American Art, New York.

•

A BOOK OF CHILDREN'S LITERATURE, which we reviewed in the August JOURNAL, is a single-volume edition, instead of a two-volume one, as we erroneously reported. Sorry!

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SCHOOL HOUSING CRISIS...

State Help Lags

By MARGARET HICKEY

INTO kindergartens and first-grade classrooms this fall will be crowded the nation's biggest child enrollment. Many communities are unprepared for the school housing crisis. In too many places "war babies" will study in poorly lighted and ventilated basements, attics, corridors, churches, stores and other makeshift classrooms. This means danger to health and safety, impairment to education.

In Washington State, population has climbed from less than 2,000,000 in 1940 to nearly 3,000,000. Huge defense projects during the war, and later atomic-energy developments, added thousands to an already expanding population. From 1940 to 1949, the state's school enrollment increased by 88,586—enough children to fill nearly 300 ten-classroom buildings, according to Mrs. Pearl A. Wanamaker, who has been superintendent of public instruction since 1941.

Districts Tax Themselves

The Washington state legislature appropriated $20,000,000 in 1947 to help support the schools for the following two years. This money was stretched to help 67 of the most needy school districts—less than half of the number needing help. In 1947 there were 135 school districts that reported needing new buildings; in 1948 the figure had jumped to 185. By taxes and bond issues, people in the various school districts raised a total of $56,000,000 and expected the state to match it. But the 1949 legislature had to provide an unusually large budget for social security, so they slashed appropriations requested for other purposes. They allowed only about one seventh of the amount needed for school buildings.

Communities in the state are now awaiting the decision of the voters on two bills in the November general election. One would lift the restriction on the amount of bonded indebtedness for any school district from 5 to 10 per cent of its assessed valuation. The other would enable the state to float a $40,000,000 bond issue in order to match local school funds. Even if these two bills become law, it will not completely solve the problem, school officials say. The need grows faster than the money.

Education Comes First

Meanwhile, children must go to school. "We've had to compromise on buildings, but try to keep the number of children to 37 per teacher and to avoid double shifts," said L. D. Baker, superintendent of Highline, one of the new suburban school districts near Seattle. Highline will get the buildings it needs, Mr. Baker maintains, "because parents see public education as the first responsibility of the whole community and are willing to tax themselves to the limit."

"Next to a loving home, the best guaranty for the security of our children's future lies in the educational opportunities we make possible for them," Mrs. Wanamaker said. "Our parents must see to it that their children have the best."

THE END

Is Met in Longview, Washington

IN Longview, Washington, the Olympic School is a symbol—a symbol that when a group of parents take matters into their own hands, things happen. Big things. "Why, if you had told me four years ago that we'd be begging for an opportunity to increase our own taxes, I'd have laughed at you," a young married veteran said. "But that's just what we did. We had to have new schools for our kids."

The situation was serious. Longview's population had increased nearly 60 per cent in ten years, and was crowding 21,000. Five thousand school children were jammed into 129 classrooms. First- and second-graders, the hardest hit age group, shared classrooms on double shifts—one group in the morning, a second group in the afternoon. And school officials told the community that school enrollment would increase at least 400 pupils annually for six more years. "This is not a prediction," Superintendent of Schools E. J. McNamara said. "This is a fact. These children are already born. Our population increase, brought about mainly by expansion in our lumber mills, is not temporary. It is permanent."

In normal times the state of Washington could have been expected to pay part of the cost of a new school. But communities all over the state were begging for financial aid. And while state funds had helped to add eight classrooms to Longview schools in 1947, there was no chance of any state aid to meet present needs in time.

"We decided to take the bull by the horns and go after enough local money to build a new primary school ourselves," Floyd Brown, a school director, said. "It took a lot of nerve, but the school board voted to ask for two special levies of the legal limit of twenty mills each [a total of $700,000] at the primary and presidential elections in 1948. These elections were only three months apart, which meant we really had to get people interested and keep them that way. We didn't try to fool people either. We just showed them the figures and said, 'This is only the beginning, but if you don't help us now, heaven only knows what we'll do with all these children.'"

(Continued on Page 127)



A year ago primary pupils jammed classrooms beyond capacity. Today, half attend a new school. Concerned citizens, aroused by PTA mothers, voted twice to increase their taxes, build new schools.

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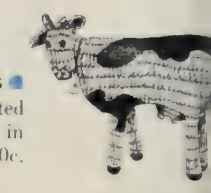
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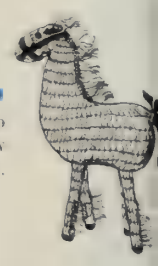
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Making Marriage Work

The toughest customer in the world is the man who doesn't want to marry. Here are some of the things it takes to sell him the idea.

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS
Ph.D., Pennsylvania State College, Department of Psychology

Winning a Man

ALL of us know at least one attractive, marriageable girl who, although she has dates enough, somehow fails to get a husband. Just as a man seems seriously interested, he drifts away, and she is unattached again.

It's little use to say he wasn't the marrying kind. A man usually dates because he wants companionship and diversion, not a wife. But he becomes the marrying kind when some girl makes him realize that marriage with her would be far more agreeable and worth while than bachelorhood.

If a man's interest in you fails to progress, even after several months of dating, these hints may help you find out what is wrong with your approach. They are simple suggestions, practiced by every successful wife, but overlooked by many girls eager to become wives.

Put his convenience first. Wives must, and so should you, for any man worth considering as a husband. Make dates to suit his schedule, and be on time. Don't scorn last-minute dates, for they are today's trend. And if it saves time and energy to meet him away from home occasionally, do so, rather than insist on being called for. If he has to postpone a date, be reasonable and gracious about it.

Don't break dates, either with him, or with another man on his behalf! Though many girls think it good strategy, most men resent it as highhanded and less than honorable.

Avoid dating monotony. First dates usually are planned around definite activities, but regular dating often slips into a monotonous routine of evenings spent together with nothing to do. Consider his pocketbook and his tastes in suggesting something beside movies and dancing—playing cards with others, reading aloud a book you think will interest him, exploring an unfamiliar part of town.

Show that you enjoy yourself in his company. If you allow yourself to be moody, or lackadaisical, or critical, neither of you will have a good time. Be enthusiastic about diversions he suggests; show your interest in his ideas; be responsive to his friends. If he sees that you enjoy life, he's likely to feel that he will enjoy life with you.

Don't try to make him over. To do so is futile in marriage, but fatal when seeking a husband. Don't criticize him, correct his grammar or his manners; don't point out his mistakes, and don't make smart cracks at his expense.

Make him feel at home. Many girls overlook this point, or go about it in the wrong way. Having some of your dates in the setting of your own home is desirable, but your role is to put him at ease wherever you are. If you try to impress him or to act superior, you will both be under a strain. But if you act your natural self, so will he—and this is what he wants.

End the evening on a good note, and end it before he is tired. His last impression of the date will be his clearest, so avoid last-minute arguments. If problems must be settled, discuss them early. And remember that he has to go to work in the morning. If he finds it too taxing to date you frequently and keep up with his work, it won't be work he quits

Be responsive but not aggressive. Show your appreciation by telling him you enjoyed the evening, but *don't* ask when you will see him again. Such questions are his prerogative. Many girls have lost their chance of marriage by pursuing it—and a man—too aggressively.

Seeking Counsel

AS civilization grows ever more complex, increasing strains and pressures accompany the routine requirements of everyday living. A few families, stable and well adjusted to their environment, never experience serious psychological difficulties. But most families sooner or later are confronted by a situation which they feel inadequate to handle.

For generations, people have sought help in dealing with their problems, consulting doctors about physical ills, lawyers about legal questions, ministers about spiritual difficulties. By the same token, they need help in dealing with the problems arising out of human relationships and emotions.

To seek help in solving a problem is natural, but to seek it from a friend is not always wise. Before consulting an outsider about personal or family problems, consider these pointers:

1. *Plan a program in advance,* instead of obeying a series of impulses, such as confiding in a stranger at a cocktail party (people do!) or committing yourself to conferences with a "specialist" whose qualifications you haven't investigated.

2. *Select your counselor carefully.* Because of his special training and experience, a professional marriage or human-relations counselor is a desirable choice, but by no means the only suitable one. However, any individual whom you formally consult should have recognized professional status in a field involving human nature and human problems. Some psychiatrists and clinical psychologists meet this requirement; so do some doctors, lawyers and clergymen.

3. *Be guarded about confiding in friends.* Often merely putting your problems into words helps to think them out, and there's a good bit of wholesome relief in unburdening yourself to a trusted friend. There's probably little harm in doing so if the friend is carefully chosen, and if you confide in *only* one. (Don't broadcast your troubles to your entire circle.) But service your friend offers beyond that of a sounding board is likely to do more harm than good. Remember, the amateur has no background of experience against which to evaluate and interpret your situation. The very fact of your relationship disqualifies any friend as an impersonal and objective adviser. And remember, your husband may resent your "gossiping" (as it will seem to him) about your personal affairs, whether he is directly involved or not.

4. *Co-operate with your counselor.* Do not confide in any counselor until you find one in whose personality and qualifications you have faith. Then, having selected such an individual, tell him the whole story. Otherwise you limit his ability to help. Follow his directions meticulously; if you can't or won't, tell him so. Honesty in your relationship is essential.

Whatever your problem there's someone somewhere who can and will help you either to solve it or to face it. But the ideal adviser probably is *not* the woman next door.

Do You Trust Your Husband?

By answering these specific questions with an honest *Yes* or *No*, you can get one measure of how close-knit and understanding your personal relationship is to your husband.

Without his knowledge, do you:

1. **Keep close tabs on his bank account?**
2. **Arrange to read his personal mail?**
3. **Question friends about his outside activities?**
4. **Search the pockets of his clothes?**
5. **Listen to his telephone calls?**

Does he:

6. **Volunteer reasons for any lateness coming home?**
7. **Seem to trust and believe in you?**
8. **Welcome questions you ask about his work?**
9. **Share confidential knowledge with you?**
10. **Accept your statements without question?**

Do you:

11. **Sometimes wonder if he is faithful to you?**
12. **Often feel sure he is lying to you?**
13. **Insist on reading letters he writes relatives?**
14. **Trap him into revealing things to you?**

Questions 6-10 should be answered "Yes," all others "No." With a score of 13 or more correct, you two would seem to trust each other fully. Any score of 10 or less indicates an urgent need for better understanding. If he fails to confide in you, as revealed by answers to 6–10, it may reflect your lack of trust in him.

Do You Agree?

Do blond-brunet combinations make good or poor marriages?

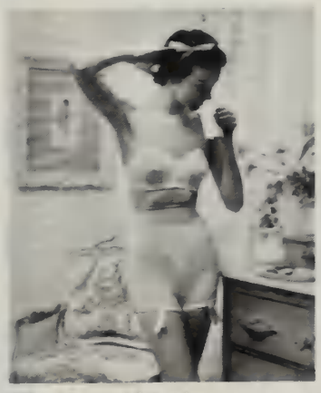
Color of hair and complexion has no bearing on married happiness. General physical characteristics are unimportant compared with suitability of character and temperament.



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My! What a buy! Satin elastic coming and going . . . airy "Veil of Youth" on the sidelines . . . long feather-light hipbones to the very top of its highwaisted hug. Pink or white with touches of blue. Le Gant #613. The bra: pink, black or white nylon taffeta frosted with nylon marquisette. #2299.





Thrifty nifties! *(Eyes left)* . . . all "Veil of Youth." Only 3½ ounces at that. White with blue trim. Le Gant #705. (Matching girdle #704.) Bra is white lace and broadcloth strapless #2083. *(Eyes right)* . . . Satin for flattenin' front and back. "Veil of Youth" on the sides. Pink, black or white. Le Gant #724. (Matching pantie, #725.) Cup-stitched white satin bra #2227.

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Tell me Doctor —PART 10

"Just what can I expect with the change of life? So many women say it causes all sorts of illness."

By HENRY B. SAFFORD, M.D.

THE doctor had an unusually pleasant greeting for the slightly graying woman who entered his consulting room.

"I am glad to see you, Mrs. Tow," he aid. "It must be several years since you've een here."

The patient smiled. "The fact is, Doc- or, I've been disgustingly healthy during he last several years."

"I am glad to hear that. I hope nothing ery serious brings you here today."

"Well, I don't know. I guess you should e the best judge of that."

The doctor leaned back in his chair. Tell me about it."

"Well, there are two things that have een troubling me. For the past three ionths I've been bleeding too much with ıy periods—something I've never experi- nced before. Then besides ——"

The doctor interrupted. "Suppose we ake one matter at a time. First of all, just 'hat is your age, Mrs. Tow?"

"I won't be forty until December."

"How old were you when you began to ıenstruate?"

"I was early—just about eleven."

"I have often noticed," said the doctor, that women who commence to menstru- te early in life finish early, while others ho start late—finish late."

"But I'm doing just the opposite. I'm ot stopping—I'm flowing too much."

"I understand. It could be, however, ıat you are working up to the stopping oint."

"Oh, I hope it isn't the change of life! ve been afraid of that ever since my next- oor neighbor had cancer with hers. And ıere are so many women I've heard of 'ho've had all sorts of troubles."

"The change of life is a great big buga- oo to many women. Certainly changes *do* ccur—the ovaries do gradually become in- ctive, with a resulting change in the alance of certain important glandular ecretions. But I've heard a lot of nonsense uilt up regarding insanity, heart disease, idney trouble, overweight, frigidity and ıany other things, to the point where even n intelligent woman like yourself gets ared at the very mention of the term."

"But my friend who died of cancer ——"

"It is true that cancer most commonly ccurs in late middle life," admitted the octor, "but I doubt if anyone can rightly ang it on the menopause as its cause. Call it a coincidence and you will be nearer right, I believe."

"I'm relieved to hear you say that, doc- tor, but—how about all those other things you mentioned?"

"Mostly wrong, or exaggerated. Frankly, I don't believe them. Take the matter of frigidity. In the course of my practice I've had a good many women consult me for that condition, and I don't remember that any one of them had reached the age of forty. In fact, it's been my experience that the average woman owns a greater sexual activity after the menopause than before, to the point where her life partner is often hard pressed to keep up, the reason probably being that she has had the fear of pregnancy removed. As to those other things—bosh! Some nervous phenomena—yes. Menopausal depressions—not uncommon, it is true. Paroxysmal vasomotor dilation of the surface vessels—hot flushes to you—yes. Indefinite muscle pains—possibly. But insanity and cancer and kidney trouble—all rot, in my humble opinion. Hobgoblins, in other words. Why, you know that the average *man*, too, has a change of life, don't you?"

"Doctor! You are trying to make it sound ridiculous."

"I'm not. It is a fact. Of course he has no menstrual changes, for obvious reasons. But he *is* likely to develop certain nervous phenomena, and he's quite likely to lose the edge of his sexual appetite before his wife does. Don't worry too much about these bugbears, Mrs. Tow. Now, let's get down to the matter in question. I'll make a guess right now that yours is a case of *premenopausal bleeding*."

"Wouldn't it be too early for that?"

"You mean as regards your age? Not at all. The average occurrence of the menopause is between forty-five and fifty. And you remember what I told you regarding your early menstrual onset."

"Yes. Tell me, if my trouble is due to approach of the change of life, what is it that actually causes the bleeding?"

"Most likely a hyperplasia—an overgrowth, that is—of the uterine lining, caused by a deficiency in the development of the corpus luteum—the egg capsule that is left behind in the ovary after ovulation has occurred, and which normally produces a very important hormone. Deficient corpus luteum—insufficiency of one hormone plus oversecretion of another hormone—overgrowth of the endometrial lining resulting. It's a rather complicated process, and

(Continued on Page 210)

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This wonderful, easy-to-use, SINGER* Vacuum Cleaner is first to bring you two fans . . . for the greatest dirt-getting action ever! Call your SINGER SEWING CENTER for a free, home demonstration.



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SINGER SEWING CENTERS

THERE'S ONE NEAR YOU TO SERVE YOU

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New Self-Washing

DREFT WASHES DISHES FOR YOU

SAVES WASHING...SAVES WIPING
SAVES SCOURING



Just SOAK···RINSE···and you're through
Dishes and glasses shine···even without wiping

Amazing "*FLOATAWAY*" Action Does It! It's true! New self-washing Dreft practically washes the dishes for you. You simply let dishes stand in warm Dreft suds for 2 minutes—give a swish of the cloth as you rinse—and you're through. You'll see your dishes and glasses shine—even without wiping.

These self-washing suds save washing, save wiping, save scouring. In fact, while Dreft is washing your dishes you can be doing other things . . . like putting the food away in the refrigerator, or sweeping the kitchen floor.

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Dreft is safer, gentler for dainty silks, nylons, lovely new wool sweaters than the mildest soap flakes. ★ Leaves hands beautifully smooth and white—because it's so mild and your hands are in the water such a short time.

NEW SELF-WASHING **dreft**

PRACTICALLY WASHES YOUR DISHES FOR YOU

...rty Years Ago In The Journal



November, 1900, Wall Street
aid off one million dollars in
·tion bets: McKinley was re-
·ted. Butte, Montana, had forty
:s of smallpox, and in Paris, Oscar
de died at the age of forty-four.

he November, 1900, JOURNAL, *Ed-*
·d Bok calls bric-a-brac "the curse
the American home." He adds,
'he average woman is a perfect slave
he useless rubbish in her rooms,
ch only offends the eye and accumu-
s dust."

narks the JOURNAL'S health ex-
t. Edward Warman, "I mount
wheel at six a.m. daily and
e a twenty-mile ride in a little
r an hour. On my fifty-third
thday I covered as many miles
ore noon."

·getables for children: Until a
d is three years old, vegetables
uld be given very sparingly, ex-
t for baked potato."

o keep lemons, put in a jar and
er with cold water. Change the
ter each week and they will keep
e and juicy for one to two
nths."

House for $6600: "The second
y has five bedrooms and bathroom
the family and a servant's bedroom.
e latter has a bathtub with a lid. The
ant's water closet is in the kitchen."

usecleaning: "Kitchen or pan-
floors may be washed with skim
lk."

shion note: "Beautiful are the new
ite capes for visiting and great
ture hats for evening of white felt
h broad brims."

od health: "The head of the bed
ould, when convenient, be placed
vard the north, especially for per-
ns suffering from nervousness."



Gossip about people you know, editors you like, and what goes on in New York

BLACK STAR



A big night for Gotham's balletomanes: Toumanova in Les Sylphides.

In the past decade this compelling city, which seems to get whatever it wants, has gradually wrested the honors away from Milan, Moscow, Paris and London to become the ballet center of the world; having now reached the point where, between the great ballet troupes and the finest modern dance groups, there are one or more major performances here practically every evening from the beginning of September to the end of May—not to mention matinees. Even so, it's a struggle to get in, as anyone can tell you here at the Workshop, filled as it is, like the country at large, with devotees of both the *Markova* and the *Martha Graham* schools. And it seems to us a reassuring sign in these troubled times that the art of the dance, like music and painting, should have never before in America enjoyed such widespread and passionate popularity. The only trouble is it's so hard to get tickets.

Hugh Kahler's wife has been coming with him into town from Princeton every Tuesday to do volunteer work up in a New York hospital library. Taking her book cart around from room to room one Tuesday, she came to a woman who was very unhappy about having to spend the remaining seven months of her pregnancy in the hospital, and told Mrs. Kahler, "Oh, you can't help *me*. What I want is an article in last May's issue of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL." So naturally, Mrs. Kahler called up Hugh, and the woman soon had the article she wanted—***Pearl Buck's*** The Child Who Never Grew. Seems she also has a child like Mrs. Buck's, and wanted the article right beside her for the whole seven months, to read whenever she started worrying.

A real-estate man and part-time inventor we met here in town the other day has come up with what he calls his Part-O-Show scheme. If you don't like the movie, you simply walk out; picking up a partial-refund ticket at the door, good for a portion of your admission the next time you come. Up to now, no theaters have taken a chance, but our inventor tells us it's only a matter of time.

The younger your mother was when you were born, the longer you may expect to live, according to a new study. If she was 20 or 25, you may get 10 to 15 years more of life than if she was 40. Today the average life span in the U.S. is over 65 years. . . . There are a million and a half Smiths in this country, not including the Smythes, Schmidts, Smitts, Smeds, Kovacs, Kowalskis, Gowans, Taliaferros, Haddads or Psmiths—which all mean Smith in their native tongue. They even have an organization named TNSDUNSPHI—The National Society to Discourage the Use of the Name Smith for Purposes of Hypothetical Illustration.

We hardly think the 150 How America Lives families so far are ever likely to get together in a group like a convention, almost 700 strong, but according to ***Ruth Matthews,*** who tries to keep track of them, they do quite a little corresponding between themselves, comparing notes. She just heard from the Florida ***Coeys,*** who wrote her that on a motor trip north last summer they dropped in on the South Carolina ***Sheheens*** and the ***Farmers*** in Wiscasset, Maine, one of the earlier families in the series. "It was fascinating fun," they said. "We never knew that perfect strangers could have so much in common."

DOUGLAS



The Coeys meet the Sheheens.

By far the most spectacular visit ever made by a member of a How America Lives family was made by *Max Conrad* (of those extraordinary Conrads, from September, 1944) when he flew solo in his tiny Piper Pacer from Minneapolis to Europe to spend two weeks with Mrs. C. and the children, who are staying at Vevey, Switzerland. His was the smallest plane ever to fly the Atlantic. And if nothing keeps him from making the round trip as planned, he'll have pinned up a double record, and had a swell reunion with his wife and kids to boot. Nine children now, by the way.

Betty Hannah Hoffman, *one* JOURNAL *contributor who always gets into conversations with her cab drivers, asked a driver the other day what he does when a woman starts to give birth to a baby in his taxi (a more common occurrence here than you'd think). "Do you just step on the gas?" Betty asked him. "Not at all," he said. "I stop the cab and deliver the baby, then get to a hospital fast." Seems he learned his obstetrics from a midwife when he was a boy, and has had two opportunities to put them to use—both successful. Says he always keeps a little sterile kit in his cab, just in case. "And what kind of tips did your patients give you?" Betty asked. "Tips!" he said. "Why, I didn't even get paid for their rides!"*

It appears from figures uncovered by the homemaking department that Americans give more parties than any other people on earth—600 million of them last year alone. We know that here at the Workshop, when the *Goulds* have opportunities to step from their offices into the party atmosphere of the Entertainment Room to greet guests from the diplomatic world like *Madame Pandit,* the Indian Ambassadress; famous correspondents like *Marguerite Higgins* and *John Gunther;* movie celebrities like *Samuel Goldwyn* and *Walter Wanger,* and stage stars like *Helen Hayes* and *Alfred Lunt,* the widenings of acquaintance and exchanges of ideas which take place there in social surroundings inevitably benefit the magazine which you're reading now. . . . Our feeling is that the more parties everywhere, the better for everybody concerned.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO



H.A.L.'s Max Conrad takes off for Switzerland.



The moment was held in time; the sun shone; nothing
there was no sound but the sound o
Then Charis knew it was her own sigh as she
Valentine walk tou



Love, when it came to the

islanders, was simple and decked

with flowers. For Charis,

the only white girl on the

island, it had to be different.

By RUMER GODDEN

part one of a three-part story

THE noise that the Water Star made as she came down out to sea sounded on the island like the humming of an insect, but it was in the very early morning when most insects are asleep. A few islanders, out early, looked up at the sky—they knew of airplanes—but, seeing nothing, they went on with their daily business. The men out with the fishing boats were more puzzled, but none of them was so far out to sea as the Hat, and no one saw her settle with a first splash on the water. They shrugged their shoulders and went back to their fishing.

The island was the island Mãnoa, now called Terraqueous, in the Indian Pacific, long. 123.15E, lat. 11.40S.

If a magician's stick had been waved and the island had appeared out of the sea, Valentine could not have been more surprised to see it.

"Did your father make a spell?" he asked Charis afterward. He laughed as he asked it, but then it had been no laughing matter.

They had been far out, over the sea, when the engine gave its first cough. Valentine did not turn back; instead, he flew on. "What made me fly on then?" he asked afterward. "It was stupidity. Perhaps I was lightheaded."

McGinty thought so. "You're flaming crazy!" cried McGinty. "If we come down on that sea we'll break up. And if we don't break up they'll never find us. Skipper! Val!"

Copyright, 1950, by Rumer Godden.

"Shut up!" said Valentine. He looked at the altimeter which had at last come to rest. It showed five thousand and dropping. The engine coughed again, and he looked down into the twilight gulf. "Look," said Valentine.

A mark lay like a slur on the horizon. Valentine had not seen it himself until that moment. The engine spluttered and in a minute or two ceased.

"Can you make it?" McGinty's voice was a whisper. His face was white.

Valentine did not answer. He was listening. As the engine ceased, the plane became all sound, the sound of flying; out of the air, muted, except for her own sound, the Water Star glided down on the island that seemed to rise, as islands in a transformation scene, out of the sea to meet her, assuming height and contours. Now Valentine saw it was too far away, but nearer was its satellite, a small rock island rising from a cream edge of lather, and as they circled, coming down on it, it was the shape of a hat, its brim the lather of breaking waves, its crown a hill of grayish rock from which floated a trail of smoke like a feather.

"Volcanic," said Valentine.

The other island was now impossibly far away, a long shape, blue with distance, rising into a mountain.

"We can't reach it," said Valentine, and presently, gently, he brought the Water Star down in the bay of the hat island. The water came up round the Water Star, deluging her, and then *(Continued on Page 70)*

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER

A Breath of


Air

How much competition can a girl take and still believe in herself?

By RUTH HENNING

MEN like Marcia. She's in a class with South Pacific, the Notre Dame team, and swank convertibles. She's tall and slim, with honey-colored hair, deep blue eyes: and when she smiles—that's all brother! Yes, men—unless they have rocks in their heads—like Marcia.

Women like her too. That is, they would if they weren't afraid of her. But they all are. That is, all except me. I live with her—have for three years. I like her fine—and, as the lion tamer said as he was about to enter the big cage, I'm not afraid. It's common talk among my girl friends that I'm not very bright.

"Ellen Carr must be crazy," they say to one another, shaking their heads.

I don't think so. Contrary to public opinion, I'm not ready yet for the man in the white coat—and besides, if he does come for me, more than likely he'll take Marcia instead. Most men do.

Meanwhile, my roommate and I are very happy. We have a small but attractive apartment just off Central Park West. The rent is more than we can sensibly afford—but we think it's important for two girls alone in the big city to have a good address. Besides, our other expenses are practically nil. Except clothes. Without an attractive wardrobe, a girl can't expect to land a good job in the big city—not to mention a husband. (And what girl would be foolish enough not to mention a husband?) Well, to get back to expenses—a person always has to—that's about it: rent and clothes! We rely on the eager male population for our entertainment—and most of our food. Breakfast is only juice and coffee—our figures, you know—and that we stubbornly buy for ourselves. As for lunches and dinners, it's first come, first served. Let me say right here that any girl who isn't a zombi should manage to be taken out to dinner at least four or five times a week. If she doesn't, she might as well pack her bags and go back home, because she'll never make the grade here!

Marcia is a model. You know, cold cream, hand lotion, smart fashion magazines, and plenty of tooth paste because of that high-powered smile. She earns big fees when she works—but she's always broke. Clothes, of course. I really can't blame her, though, because with a figure like hers, what else can she do? I mean, you wouldn't put a Rembrandt in a dime-store frame, would you?

Not being so generously endowed by nature, I earn my living by my wits; i. e., writing advertising copy. I work for Sloan, Markham and Bricker—and my specialty is jingles:

Like salad with garlic? Or onions? Or cheese?
Then eat it—enjoy it—but don't forget, please,
It's Anti-Breath Gum for the man who is wise
And his girl won't be dancing with tears in her eyes!

Hold your fire, folks! After all, I didn't originate the darn things. I only supply the current demand, which, Allah be praised, is *(Continued on Page 234)*



ILLUSTRATED BY


"Well, what did you expect, you dope?"
my other self taunted me.
Like Marcia


She thought smugly,
"I look seventeen
at least.
But I even look older
than Anne."

ELIZABETH brushed flakes of powder from the skirt of her new suit and took the clean white gloves out of her bag. She had never felt so grown up before, and, though she did not know it, she would probably never feel so grown up again.

It had all started last Tuesday afternoon. "There, you see!" Doctor Hendricks had said, handing her a mirror. "That's what you get for being such a good girl and coming week in, week out, for two years. Here you are, only—what are you, fifteen?"

She wasn't, quite, but she nodded, flattered.

"And I'm all through with you and you're a beautiful girl. Why, I've got some girls in college just starting to have their teeth straightened!"

Not bad! Not bad at all! she had thought complacently, looking into the mirror. It was worth having a sore mouth and a headache every Tuesday, worth not being able to chew bubble gum or eat cookies because of the elastics. Her mouth felt sort of sad and deserted now, and after hating it to begin with, she had got used to the toothy look the braces gave her; but just the very word "braces" had a babyish connotation that made her glad to be disassociated from it.

Honestly, it was wonderful the way things seemed to happen all at once! That very same day Anne's letter had come, asking her for the spring hall-dance week end at college. "I think I can get you a date for it from the Den," she had written—"the Den" being the favorite name for a small and famous men's college in the same town—"but if you'd rather just come for the week end and skip the dance it won't matter to me in the least."

The droop, Elizabeth had thought disgustedly. Honestly, just because Anne planned to major in political science wasn't any reason why she had to deliberately *avoid* these social occasions!

"It might be fun to go on a blind date," she said, "but only if it's understood she's not doing me a favor getting me a man."

"That's no way to talk!" Daddy rattled his paper scoldingly. "I think it's very nice of Anne to offer to have you."

But mother understood. She knew what a cross it was, having an older sister who was an eccentric. Elizabeth loved Anne so tremendously she would cheerfully be chopped into little bits to save her, but she would, even more cheerfully, be chopped into smaller bits before she would allow her sister to dominate, guide, advise or influence her in any way.

Honestly, it was amazing how big a suitcase seemed when it was empty and how teeny it turned out to be when you started to put just a couple of little things like loafers and a bathrobe in. Mother had mailed the new evening dress and slippers to Anne, special delivery, but she absolutely had to take her I Beckon nail polish and oily polish remover, and her little flask of Le Clair Mimosa and the bubble bath she'd got for Christmas. Anne lived in such a "life is real, life is earnest" atmosphere she probably didn't own more than two shades of nail polish.

Mother was very sweet and helpful, sealing bottles with cellulose tape and wrapping them in tissues, but she refused to even try to get the bunny-fur jacket in. "You can wear Anne's shortie." *Over a blue-net evening dress? Now, honestly, I ask you!* But she didn't argue the point, because, even as it was, she had to roll her jersey sack dress up into the bottom of her shoulder-strap bag. And, anyway, she had plans for suggesting wistfully to Anne that since she had worn her stenciled lapin coat all winter, wouldn't it be a "guestly" thing to let her sister wear it for just one night and wear the shortie herself?

Mother, as usual, had tried to foresee all eventualities. "I'm sure there won't be any drinking *(Continued on Page 135)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

By MEL HEIMER

THERE is a special brand of hot October sun that is dispensed over the Princeton campus on football afternoons, and Tim Carroway lolled in it lazily, on his seat in the top row of Palmer Stadium. By lifting his head, he could peer over the concrete guard wall and see New Jersey stretching out on all sides, cloudy green and golden. By dropping his head on his chest a bit, he could see the Princetons and the Pennsylvanians on the lush field, practicing passes and place kicks. And by turning his head slowly from side to side, like a cameraman making a panoramic photograph, he could see girls of all sizes, shapes and possibilities. It was enough to make a man feel young. Even a man of thirty-five.

Not that Tim was that imaginary character, the average man of thirty-five. There was an undergraduate air about him as he sat there in the October sun, head bare, pipe smoldering and, of course, flannel slacks gray. Birth certificates tell a grim tale and there is no denying them, but some men give in slowly, as in Carroway's case, to the Ravages of Time. You had to edge close to him to see the squint lines near the eyes from serving into the sun on too many Sundays, or to observe more surely the flat tightness of his tanned skin, long since pared of its adolescent fat.

If you had only his heart to examine, it is doubtful that you could tell. It was, you see, very light.

He put a fresh match to the pipe and peered through the clouds of smoke at the blonde in the dark blue wool suit, three rows below. There was a mum pinned to her lapel, but her hair was yellower than the flower. Tim thought, *Princeton men don't date bleached blondes.* Then he thought again. "Sweetie," that 52nd Street chorus girl had said, "Remember, I got to be back in town in time for that first show." *Sic transit gloria mundi, circa* 1937.

There was another blonde, five rows below, wearing heavy glasses and looking good. And a brunette off to the right. And another brunette about six rows down between two white-shod undergraduates. In the sky over the open end of the stadium's horseshoe another undergraduate was piloting a Piper Cub somewhat shakily, in his Saturday-afternoon flying lesson. The band left the field below and the stalwarts of the gridiron got ready to die for dear old Princeton/Pennsylvania.

Bud Kinnaird said, "Not Carroway?" The fat one paused, getting his breath after the climb, and pushed the girl with him onto the bench in front of Tim. "Carroway? At a football game here? I thought you said we could hang you by the thumbs before you came back to a game here."

"They're putting down the paddle-tennis courts at the club," Tim said *(Continued on Page 222)*

A girl just out of college may be in love with life, but she's more likely to be in love with a man

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

Bachelor

"I read in a book,"

he told her casually,

"that most young girls

actually are scared of being

kissed on a first date."



I TOOK IT LYING DOWN

By MARIAN SPITZER



When Marian Spitzer's doctor told her she had tuberculosis, would have to lie flat on her back for months, she pretended to agree, but crossed her fingers. "It isn't cheating if you don't get caught," she thought. Here is the story of a woman who cheated—and almost lost her life.

"I still have a checkup and X ray twice a year. So do my sons. To that extent, they're safer than children never knowingly exposed to TB."

IF anyone had ever suggested, before the blow fell, that I would spend more than a year of my life in bed, flat on my back and virtually incommunicado, I would have said he was crazy. Me, sick?

From earliest childhood I'd had what seemed an inexhaustible supply of energy. My working life began when I was just past sixteen. One of my classmates had an uncle in the publicity department of the old Fox Film Company. Somehow I talked him into getting me an interview with the No. 1 siren of the silent screen, Miss Theda Bara. That night, instead of doing my Latin, I wrote the interview and sold it to a fan magazine for $15.

Copyright, 1950, by Marian Spitzer Thompson. This is a condensation of the book soon to be published by Random House.



In Hollywood, Marian Spitzer wrote scripts for same studio where husband, Harlan Thompson, was a producer. . . . *Facing page*, on way to movie *première*.

After that, naturally, I was a writer. Actually I didn't write anything more until I got a job as a cub reporter on the Brooklyn Times so I could stay on in college. College, by the way, was the journalism department of New York University.

It meant getting up at six, traveling on two subways to Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn, staying at the paper from eight in the morning until three in the afternoon (with no time out for lunch, just sandwiches brought in by a copy boy); another subway ride to Washington Square, classes from four to seven, a snatched dinner and back to Brooklyn to cover a night assignment, and the hour's ride back to Washington Heights. That was weekdays. Saturdays there was no school, but we got out a Sunday paper and the hours were from morn to midnight. The salary was $12 a week. But I loved it!

On Sundays there was a certain amount of helping around the house, and after all, a girl had to have some fun, didn't she? I was always out of breath from running, but I made it. And I laid a firm foundation for my future illness. I was not quite eighteen at the time, the great danger period for picking up TB.

I kept on running. A New York paper next, The Evening Globe, and after that several years of theatrical publicity.

Then it was the thirties (the century's and mine). Having by this time a husband, a son and a Hollywood contract, I had to run faster than ever. But I still loved it. It was no trick at all for me to get up at seven to play with Tommy before leaving for work, spend an eight-hour day at Paramount, where I was in the story department, drive six miles home to Beverly Hills, bid a breathless good night to Tommy, change my clothes and dash off to a party that would last well into the morning. And there was always a script to read just before turning out the lights.

Sometimes the party would be at our house, Harlan's and mine. Harlan worked at Paramount too; he was a producer.

"I never lie down," I would say with a smug, superior air. "I just don't know what it means to be tired."

Well, that was true enough. I *didn't* know what it meant to be tired. The fact was, though I didn't have sense enough to recognize it, I'd been tired for years.

And that's where the lung specialist came in. I shall call him Dr. Henry Marvin, a reasonable approximation of his name. I was dragged, under violent protest, to his office by our family doctor, after I had failed to make a satisfactory recovery from the birth of my second son, Eric.

Eric was only three weeks old when, disregarding Harlan's plea and the doctor's orders, I stepped out of bed and into a new evening dress and went to a dance. It was Adolph Zukor's Silver Jubilee and everyone in Hollywood would be there. I couldn't resist showing off my new slim figure. I couldn't resist showing off my recuperative powers. I just couldn't resist showing off.

But it wasn't much fun. I felt awful. Tired, weak, irritable. For once in my life I suggested going home early. Then it developed that Harlan had to go to New York for the studio, so I invited myself along. My weight kept dropping and my temper rising.

By the time I got back to Hollywood I had a full set of symptoms: haggard face, afternoon fever, night sweats and a small persistent cough. I still didn't think there was anything really wrong, but Harlan called our doctor. *He* took one look and called Doctor Marvin.

Doctor Marvin, an eminent man in his field, had an air of pleasant paternal authority. With bored indulgence I submitted to his questions, his proddings and his *(Continued on Page 147)*

Our own young marrieds

This is third in a series of articles by young marrieds on the JOURNAL's staff. In this piece—ten of their pet decorating ideas, long on ingenuity, that can be yours, or anybody's, for very little money.

FOR some of us, a house in the country with a garden and vegetable patch is where the heart is; for others, like Ellie and John Simmons, for instance, home is a two-storied city apartment. We're brownstone-dwellers, suburbanites and housing-development citizens—and some of us have been all three, at one time or another, for we've all moved at least twice since our marriages (John and Mary Adele Morris hold the record—they moved fifteen times in one year while John was in the Army). So we'd vote unanimously for emptying the furniture kitty at the outset into one or two big pieces that could be the foundation stones for furnishing any apartment or house, anywhere—like a comfortable bed (an essential luxury), a really good couch, big enough to sleep a guest if need be, or a sturdy, expandable dining-room table, maybe. For the *(Continued on Page 130)*



Ellie and John Simmons



Polly and Todd Cooke



Mary Adele and John Morris



Nancy and Fred Russe

Pink sheeting-by-the-yard becomes a graceful, inexpensive fabric for dressing up your windows. The coffee table was once a junk-shop find—a Jacobean bench transformed with lacquer, a new top.





Split-bamboo blinds with a very special touc can take the place of draperies. This on is woven through with ribbon and knitting wool, tasseled at the sides

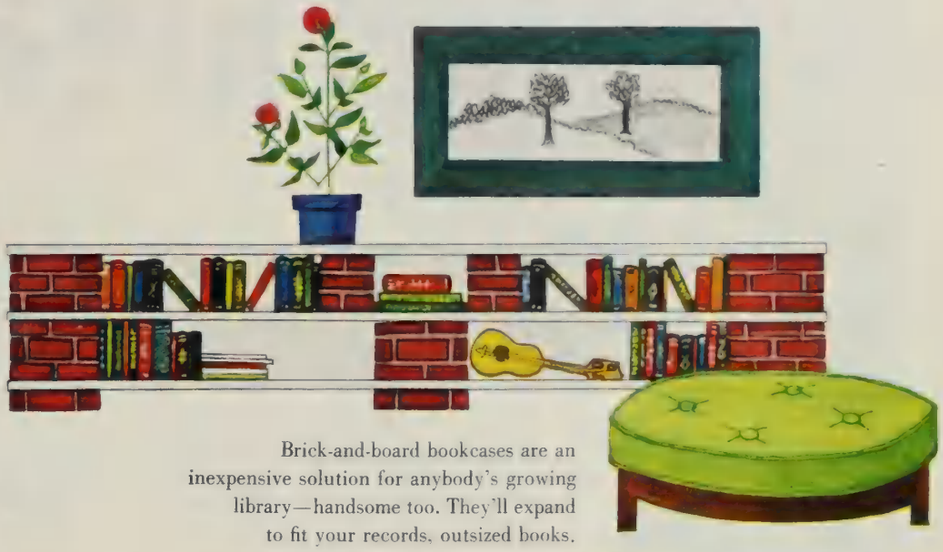


Another fourth- or fifth-hand bargain—
a grade-school desk, painted
and lined with flannel, is now a
cache for the family silver.

PHOTO BY HAROLD FOWLER

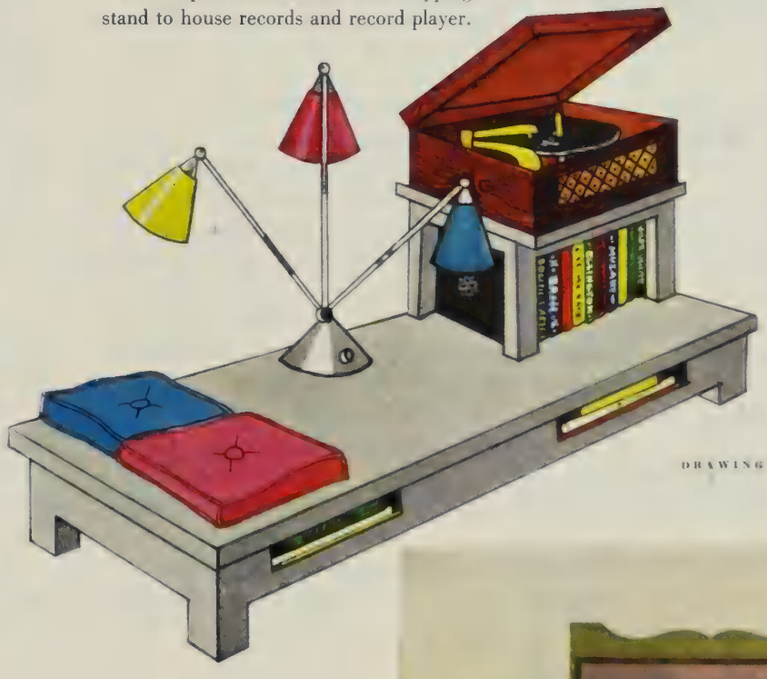


Two lamp bases to be made at home. These originated
in a local lumber company: one, a sanded section of a 6″ x 6″
pine board; the other, a cut-down stair baluster.



Brick-and-board bookcases are an
inexpensive solution for anybody's growing
library—handsome too. They'll expand
to fit your records, outsized books.

Two tables become one table-of-all-trades.
The base: a student table cut down
to 14″; its superstructure, a cut-down typing
stand to house records and record player.



DRAWINGS BY ELLIE SIMMONS



For a small Roy Rogers, etc.,
fan: a chest with leather drawer pulls,
a pegged board for hanging
cowboy hats and Indian headdresses.



A chest of drawers and an upended bookcase
become a two-in-one china cabinet; the
top shelves for decorative, pretty
things, the drawers for everyday dishes.

Refrain *(slowly)*

With Songs In


HALSMAN

THE STORY OF RICHARD RODGERS

His South Pacific music has become an obbligato to American life, but he once considered selling babies' underwear, decided against it because he's stage-struck.

by LINCOLN BARNETT

MOST critics agree that America has produced seven great popular composers. Four of these—Stephen Foster, Victor Herbert, George Gershwin and Jerome Kern—are dead. But the tradition they established is carried on today by three equally gifted men. Irving Berlin, Cole Porter and Richard Rodgers can each number his songs in the hundreds. Many of them will be heard as long as there is music on earth.

Youngest of the three is Richard Rodgers. At forty-eight—nine years behind Porter, fourteen behind Berlin—Rodgers finds himself now on a steadily ascending curve of success. His South Pacific music, which recently won him a 1950 Pulitzer prize, has been the obbligato of American life for the last year. Around the clock the graceful, unforgettable phrases of Some Enchanted Evening, I'm in Love With a Wonderful Guy, Bali-Ha'i and Younger Than Springtime arise sweetly from radios, phonographs and juke boxes, from bands in big hotels and small night spots, and from the lips of plain people whistling at their work. Soaring through the upper atmosphere, they circle the globe and bloom again into audibility in Cape Town, Melbourne, Tokyo and in lonely outposts by the Arctic and southern seas, wherever an antenna cuts the sky. Week after week last year they topped that barometer of popular esteem, the Hit Parade, which never before had been headed by so many songs by a single composer at the same time. Sales of the sheet music, according to a publisher whose house antedates Victor Herbert, have surpassed everything in the memory of the trade.

Granting that the qualities of music are difficult to translate into words, most musicians agree that Rodgers' melodies possess certain characteristics which set them apart from the work of other composers. Even untrained listeners vaguely sense the idiom that relates the music of South Pacific and Oklahoma!—and earlier Rodgers' songs like With a Song in My Heart, Blue Moon, Yours Sincerely and My Heart Stood Still.

"I could spot Dick's songs anywhere," Cole Porter once remarked. "There is a certain holiness about them."

By this Porter did not mean to attribute a liturgical mood to Rodgers' music, which is notably danceable; he referred to something rather more fundamental. A drama critic once defined it by saying, "Rodgers' melodies get inside people and do something to them." Tender and winsome, deeply romantic, delicate yet warm, his songs affect most listeners emotionally.

"Trying to compare different composers," a well-known New York music editor observed recently, "is like trying to compare different women, each of whom may attract you—or different jewels, say a diamond, a ruby and a pearl. All three of our great living

Songs from South Pacific

PHOTOS BY RICHARD TUCKER


Dites-Moi (Tell Me Why)


A Cock-eyed Optimist


Bali-Ha'i

His Heart



JOHN SWOPE

People ask Rodgers why he doesn't write more music. "If I wrote all the time," he says, "I suppose I *could* turn out a song every day. What would I do with them? Who'd want them?"

melodists—Berlin, Porter and Rodgers—have unparalleled natural talent. Berlin in particular has a genius for the pure, simple tune that will captivate your ear at first hearing and haunt you forever. Porter has written what is probably the most consistently witty, brilliant and sophisticated music since Sir Arthur Sullivan. But where Cole Porter electrifies you with his wit and Irving Berlin captures you with songs you will remember always, Dick Rodgers digs into your heart.

"You must not forget, moreover, that Rodgers is more than a song writer; he is a mature and versatile composer who can apply himself with equal facility to an overture, ballet music, musical dialogue or a *valse brillante.*

"To me the most astonishing thing about Dick Rodgers is that he is still growing; his stature increases with every score. I can think of no precedent in the entire field of music for this phenomenon of continuous self-transcending growth. After Oklahoma! many people felt he could never reach that peak again; now South Pacific is a still greater triumph. There seems to be no limit to the never-ending fount of his talent. But even if he never composed another note, he has added a chapter to this country's musical history. His music is timeless—it has already entered the realm of the folk art of America."

Among myths propagated by the movies and other sources of vulgar superstition is the notion that all composers fall into two types: the highbrow, a shrill and irascible aesthete with long, skinny fingers; and the jazz or popular composer who is generally a disorderly, profligate fellow with dirty nails and a taste for marijuana. Both types are completely impractical and sit up all night surrounded by unwashed coffee cups. In the light of this illusion, Rodgers is somewhat of a freak. He is a carefully barbered, punctual and punctilious man who likes to work in the daytime, drinks lightly, does not smoke at all, commutes between his New York apartment and a house in Southport, Connecticut, and dresses in well-tailored suits that run to Oxford gray with a pin stripe. He has been married only once and greatly enjoys the company of his wife and two daughters—Mary, who is a junior at Wellesley, and Linda, who attends the George School in Pennsylvania—both of whom have considerable musical talent. Rodgers is one of the best croquet players in the United States. He is also one of the most successful businessmen in the United States. His well-known partnership with Oscar Hammerstein II, over and above its fame as a happy artistic collaboration, is Big Business.

It is Rodgers rather than Hammerstein who is the active partner so far as actual routine is concerned. He signs pay checks, reads contracts, dictates letters and generally presides over the operations of their efficient office staff. These mundane activities rather puzzle Rodgers' friends, who often wonder why a man whose present and doubtless future fame rests securely on his musical accomplishments should choose to spend his time at a desk rather than a piano.

"He says he doesn't enjoy it," Hammerstein told a friend recently. "But he must. Otherwise why does he do it?"

Several reasons have been advanced. One is that Rodgers continues to adhere to his antecedents. He was not born to the theater. His father was a successful doctor, his grandfather was a successful businessman, and Rodgers has always cherished a great admiration for both of them. This allegiance to

(Continued on Page 194)



I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Outa My Hair



I'm in Love With a Wonderful Guy



Some Enchanted Evening



Stole-jacket fashion in Tattersall check by Schiaparelli. Suède-and-calf bag.



Sapphire-blue velvet bow pulled through a sealskin cuff. Fath taupe wool dress.

Pleated blouse, velvet jacket lined in mauve-pink chiffon. wool skirt, by Jacques Fath.



The touch of velvet on wool—rose-taupe with blue, Gres design: Matching gloves.



PARIS POINTS

By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal

Parma violets. flower of fashion. Gloves in a slightly paler tone, worn with pale gray wool dress designed by Gres.



TO FEMININE FASHIONS . . . and American women will love them. Look for gray, and more gray—it's so wearable. For beautiful blues, violet, mauve and purple. Town-tweed suits have becoming velvet collars. Although straight and full coats predominate, the fitted coat is a coming trend. The newest silk is winter-shantung, and soft wools are combined with satin, velvet and taffeta. The small detail, the way of a neckline, the way colors are worn—these are the fine points of fashion which Paris does so well. Prettiness, plus wearability—the fashion and the forecast.

ıe coat with fur—Molyneux's luxurious taupe-gray wool with atching fox scarf-collar. Voluminous but not bulky. Pale gray gloves.





The scarf-suit in light gray flannel with a black pin-seal belt. By Dior.



Balenciaga's feminine town-tweed, velvet collar. Winged calot.

VIOLETS are in season, on hat or suit or dress. Scarves are everywhere, and little satin cravats. Belts are straight, and wider. The fashion for gray is reflected in a soft gray veil, pale gray gloves. A black coat may have a yellow wool gilet, a black jacket be lined with red silk. Small hats, half pillbox, half toque, are often in color—dark red with greige tweeds, blue feathered toque with matching taffeta.

PHOTOGRAPHED IN PARIS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN

PARIS



Princess silhouette—Dior's *façonné* brown-and-black taffeta dinner dress, jet buttons and jewelry. Small black velvet Spanish-type pillbox.

Black accented with scarlet—red roses and scarf veil by Dior.

Pleats are still in fash

A winter-shantung by D







PHOTOGRAPHED IN PARIS BY WILHELA CUSHMAN

Dior's violet coat, significant

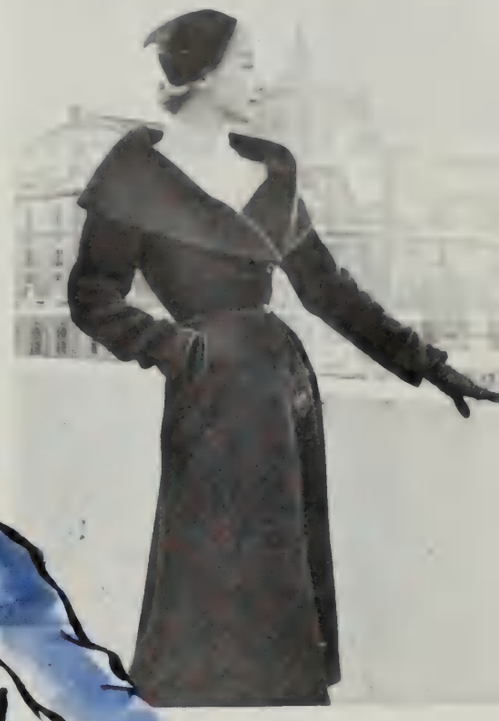
ette for day or evening. Na

POINTS

Black fitted wool coat with a cape shoulder neckline, yellow wool gilet, by Gres. Dior's velours skullcap.



ack sheer wool afternoon dress, deep aped neckline, white roses. By Fath.





Slate-blue faille taffeta for evening—Fath's princess dress with fullness in the skirt, side pockets. Matching feathered pillbox in deep blue.



Mrs. Warren at home in Sacramento, in afternoon black chiffon. Below—her slim gray wool travel coat.



Governor and Mrs. Warren with their six children.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT HER

The Governor's Lady, Mrs. Earl Warren, of California. There are many things about her—her friendly smile, her pretty hat, her natural gaiety, her younger-than-she-is appearance . . . the resourceful way she handles her constantly public-and-private life with the kind of energy that takes her through many an 18-hour day.



Mrs. Warren's San Francisco suit, right for travel anywhere for fall, winter or spring—gray-mixture wool. Right: navy silk-faille suit, with velvet hat and bag.







Brocaded silk dinner-and-evening coat, worn with jeweled veil.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN ENGSTEAD



Mrs. Warren has lived in the Governor's Mansion in Sacramento for nearly eight years. She has six children, four of them still at home. Her wardrobe follows a consistent plan, year after year. She is never without a chiffon afternoon dress, a silk luncheon suit, a lace or chiffon evening dress for dinners or receptions. She keeps them in black or navy blue, wears them with pearls, white gloves, suède or satin sandals. She adores hats, buys them impulsively, saves them "till they go with something." She has half a dozen rayon slip-on dresses, all alike, for breakfast and gardening. Her travel suit is usually gray flannel or worsted, her coat an all-season, all-occasion, not-too-heavy, straight-line style. • By WILHELA CUSHMAN
Fashion Editor of the Journal

Mrs. Warren likes evening dress with sleeves and with graceful skirts that sweep the floor. This one is blue lace over taffeta, worn with pearls.



What do you make of your basic dress?

The most valuable dress in any wardrobe could be a well-fitting *basic*. We feel that by starting with a good black wool daytime dress or a black taffeta strapless evening dress, you would have not just two dresses, but several. We have chosen two classic, timeless Vogue Patterns, and have surrounded them with JOURNAL ideas to show you the possibilities of these black dresses. ▪ BY NORA O'LEARY



White linen collar and cuffs, braid trim, 2667. Velvet halo, 2668.

Plaid bag, fringed beret, glove cuffs, 2666.

Turquoise velveteen cowl, hat; ball-fringe trim, 2669.



Red corduroy hat, crocheted crown, belt and bag, 2670.

Your black wool basic is slim and unadorned. It buttons in the back and has a self facing at the neck. The pockets are optional. Vogue Design No. 7189, 12 to 20. It has excitement worn with a checked-lined matching stole and checked hat, 2665. It goes to the office with plaid accessories . . . to lunch with white linen braid-trimmed collar and cuffs . . . to dinner with a velveteen cowl . . . looks sporty with red corduroy.

To order *Journal* Accessory Patterns, 15 cents each, turn to coupon on Page 24.



White pleated organdy attached to a velvet ribbon looks pretty, 2673.

Velvet-appliquéd net border bolero with velvet tie at neck, 2674.

A yard of 4-inch-wide heavy Venise-type lace makes a pretty border around top.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LESLIE GILL



© VOGUE

Plaid ribbon or fabric tied in a bouffant bow on the skirt, 2672.



Your basic evening dress is a strapless black faille taffeta with sweeping six-gore skirt. (The pattern also has detachable sleeves.) Vogue Design No. S-4118, 12 to 20. For entertaining at home you might wear it with a tiny bolero of gold velveteen with black tassels, 2671, or with a velvet appliquéd net jacket. For more formal evenings, add a white organdy ruff, a border of heavy Venise-type lace, or a great plaid ribbon or fabric bow on the skirt.

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order,* from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont. *(*Connecticut residents please add sales tax.)*

Other views and prices are on Page 209

Let's face it—

FOR many years—as a matter of fact, since before the First World War—it has been my business to follow carefully what public men and experts, what leaders of public opinion and journalists say about war and peace. I have learned how human it is to err. No one foresaw clearly the great wars and the tremendous revolutions of the twentieth century. No government has been well prepared to deal with them. No one has always been right. Even our wisest and most prophetic leaders, the men to whom the western world owes its survival, made many a serious misjudgment of the facts and fell into errors in policy that are costing us dearly.

In the sight of God we are all of us most fallible and no one has a right to say he told us so. I have noticed, too, that those who have most often been right—notably Winston Churchill—have been the least self-righteous about it. They remember how often they have been wrong. But those who have rarely foreseen what was coming are often the loudest and most unashamed in their hindsight. Senator Wherry and Senator Taft, for example, are not ashamed to make speeches in 1950 suggesting that if they, rather than Churchill and Roosevelt, had been at Yalta in 1945, how much better they would have handled Stalin! Two very baldheaded men selling a hair restorer would be equally impressive and convincing.

For my own part, I have come to feel queasy about anyone's estimates of the present and his predictions for the future until I know that he has faced up—at the very least among his intimate friends—to his own mistakes in the past. In these matters an honest man can be defined as one who is determined not to fool anyone, not even himself. The deep confidence which the country feels in Senator Vandenberg stems, I believe, from his honesty in recognizing instead of trying slyly to hide, how, why and when he changed his mind and his position. In this terrible century in which we are fated to live, a good working maxim is never to trust anyone who thinks he has always been right.

The world in 1950 and our own position in the world are very much worse than I thought likely when, in 1943 and 1944, I was writing a book on the settlement of the war. I have thought a great deal about where and how I went wrong. For myself at least this painful exercise has made somewhat clearer our present predicament.

My mistakes did not arise from thinking that the Soviet Union shared our ideals of world peace and of international collaboration. Before the war I had spent too many years of studying the totalitarian state in its Fascist, Nazi and Communist forms to have any illusions about that. The Soviet Union was an unexpected though, nonetheless, an invaluable ally in the war. But it was Hitler—not Churchill and Roosevelt—who made the Russians our allies. We were allies because we had the same enemy, and not because we had worked out an understanding and had entered the war as allies.

So in a book published in July, 1944, I advocated a showdown with the Soviet Union, using as a test of their intentions the response they would make to a proposal to incorporate in the United Nations Charter a bill of rights, saying, "If they refuse, we can still do our very best to get on with them, persisting through the ordinary channels of diplomacy in the effort to prevent a third world war. But if they refuse, it will be better not to deceive ourselves, and to become relaxed in the semblance, which will have little reality, of universal society for the maintenance of peace."

Even in 1944 it was evident that the Russians would refuse, that their ultimate aims were not compatible with our ultimate aims, and that our relations would at the best be difficult, tiresome and dangerous. So it was no illusion about Stalin and about communism and the totalitarian state which led me to think in 1944 and even in 1945 that the world situation could be made better than it now is.

My own mistake was, I think, fairly common at the time. I thought that immediately after the war Britain would be much stronger than she proved to be. I thought, also, that Chiang Kai-shek would hold a large part of China, even if not the whole of it.

The more serious of the two miscalculations was about Great Britain. Not realizing then how exhausting had been the brilliant and terrible exertions of Britain, I had always assumed, as I think Churchill and Roosevelt assumed at Yalta, that there would be two great world powers after the war closely allied on the main issues to keep the Russians in check. All the realistic hopes of 1944–45 rested on the belief that there would be at least three more or less equal world powers, and that two of them would be democracies. Even at that, the best I expected was an agreement to live and let live. Even that modest hope foundered when suddenly the exhaustion of Britain was disclosed. Britain had in fact been more badly hurt by the war than we realized she had been. And Russia, I might add, recovered faster from the war than we thought she would.

Our other disappointment was Nationalist China. We had counted heavily on China as a friendly ally on the mainland of Asia. Yet Chiang's government proved to be incapable of satisfying or of resisting the revolutionary forces inside China.

And so within a few months after the war ended it began to appear that there were only two great world powers left, the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A., and that all the countries of Europe and Asia in between were weak and were vulnerable. They had suffered too much. They had suffered too long before they were helped or rescued or liberated. They were too weak and too tired to be able to do much, even to think much, about settling the world immediately after the war.

Suddenly, not in the least expecting it or in any way prepared for it, Mr. Truman and this country were expected to contain Russia and to rebuild the shattered world. Yet during the war all our plans for the future rested on an understanding that in the British-American partnership each nation would, as in the conduct of the war itself, continue to have its special field of responsibilities. The Western Hemisphere and the Pacific north of the Equator had been recognized, of course, as the responsibility of the United States. The British had primary responsibility for the Middle East, *(Continued on Page 174)*

HOW MANY CHINESE?

Do you know the population of China? In a recent national survey, the Gallup Poll found that 52 per cent of all U.S. adults either have no idea what the population of China is or believe it to be less than that of the United States (150,000,000). Only one person in eight came reasonably close to the correct figure, answering between 400,000,000 and 500,000,000. The population of China, according to 1948 census in the World Almanac, is 463,793,418. Nobody knows, for sure.

Why and how has U. S. made mistakes in Asia?

Walter Lippmann shows us a way ahead which is "prudent.

and get on

By WALTER LIPPMANN



The men who must answer America's questions with their courage and skill face their future thoughtfully.

oderate, economical of American soldiers and of American wealth."

Family living room renewed



By H. T. WILLIAMS

When the children go into their teens, many families do a full-dress job on their living rooms for the first time. This family's furniture had grown up with them, but had not stood the wear and tear so well as they had. The house they owned and loved was a comfortable twenty-year-old suburban structure.

The living room was fine for lolling around in after dinner, for fun, but it never looked the way they wished it would whenever they wanted to entertain. This room will look familiar and unfamiliar to those who bought houses fifteen years or more ago. That windowed alcove used to be a sun porch. It darkened the living room and reduced its space. Throwing sun porch and living room into one accomplished great spaciousness along with separate entertainment centers for self-conscious high-school and college offspring. When the outworn, outdated furniture was replaced, bookcases built in and the fireplace restyled, a room of charm and comfort for family living was the result.



RASS TACKS. Getting down to ese includes: *The over-all paint b.* Woodwork and walls are all ne restful shade of dark green at increases the apparent size of e room and sets off the light wood d gay colors of these modern rnishings. *The dark floor.* Staining e floor boards dark has a similar fect. *The mismatched rugs and rtains.* No party is likely to crowd ne end of the room when two ctions of it are as clearly emarcated as here. In the main living om the large rug is of pinkish eige tufted wool; the curtains are ain white. In the alcove the throw g, accented with coral and green, orts a wacky lion design gnified, however, by its rly-American origin; the curtains e patterned in yellow and black.



PHOTOS BY HAROLD FOWLER

As the place for a good time, this room has everything: *Bridge, canasta, chess.* Table and chairs are provided (opposite page). *Music.* The chest (above) houses a record player, radio and space for albums. The grand piano, with one curve barely showing in the photograph, was the only piece of former furniture retained. *Tea, supper, snacks.* There are tables everywhere. *Dancing.* Plenty of room. Just roll up the rugs. *Conversation by the fire.* See left.

there's a man in the house

By HARLAN MILLER

I suffer from a tidiness complex, and won't allow even a guest's $4000 mink coat to disfigure the balustrade in our living room. (Anyhow, it's a bad thing for my wife to gaze at all evening; might put notions in her head.)

Our neighborhood's most caustic bachelor tells me there'd be fewer spinsters if women dressed and behaved to please the men instead of just one another. "Some women," he says, "would rather be ultrafashionable than married."

My Princess of Sheer Delight cherishes the delusion that I like black-bean soup, and I'm too tactful to tell her it's really white-bean soup I like as they serve it at the U. S. Senate restaurant. . . . But I get the black-bean soup so often that in a few years I'll doubtless grow fonder of it.

"What a college boy doesn't fully understand," says Peter Comfort out of the corner of his mouth, moodily eying the fallen leaves, "is that the gay sorority girl he's after will in a few years become a serious-minded leader of the alumnae chapter."

I detect signs of maturity in our ten-year-old. . . . When we dine out once a week I can now, with one dirty look, terrify him out of ordering the 60-cent shrimp cocktail and the $3 steak.

Since a juvenile movie star visited our town, our teen-age boys are a little more cheerful about their complexion troubles. He was having the same difficulties most boys do between fourteen and eighteen, and even his studio's complexion wizards couldn't save him.

My wife contends she likes *to rake leaves. But I suffer from a guilty conscience, and so suspect that she does it to emphasize my dilatory laziness. (Still, I'd be the last to deny her a little pleasure.)*

The man next door tells me confidentially he can save about $70 a winter on fuel by placing a warm aluminum lamp just below the thermostat, so his wife thinks it's 80 degrees in the living room when it's really only 70.

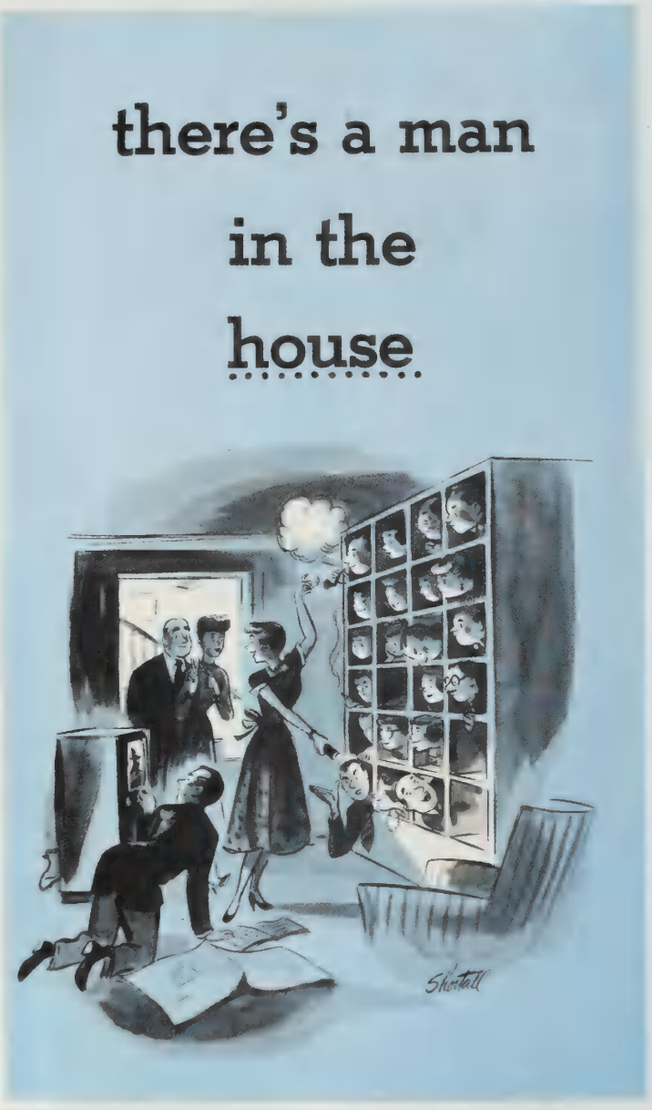
It's assumed at the club that a woman's toilette takes three times as long as a man's. But I notice that our daughter can give her red hair its weekly wash in about the same time it takes Junior to part his.

In our block there's always rejoicing when a new baby arrives, until the grim thought pops into the neighbors' minds that in another four or five years the little cherub may become the fleet and elusive scourge of every doorbell and garage.

We now have gayer times in our recreation room. It had fallen into a sort of disrepute until Junior renamed it the Plutonium Room, because it's our best rendezvous for an A-bomb attack.

When I'm in one of my peevish moods, I don't like any female garment that resembles a derby hat or a jockey cap or a man's vest or a Tuxedo jacket. . . . I'm always fearful that a woman wearing one may suddenly mount a broomstick and begin to gallop around the room.

Forgive my indelicacy, but I wonder why all the deodorant ads seem to be addressed to the daintier sex. Some men who haven't played football in fifteen years smell like a football squad's locker room.



So far we haven't discovered the perfect way to seat ten or twenty people so they all see our television screen at precisely the right angle. Short of converting a room into a miniature TV theater, the only solution I can visualize will be a six-tiered structure with a score of man-size pigeonholes in which all the guests can lie down with their heads aimed straight at the screen.

That faraway look in a husband's eyes isn't necessarily business worries or gastritis: it may be kindled by sudden memory of a girl who never learned to care, or a tune he never learned to carry.

Our block's ace philosopher can't understand why it's always *his* lawn where nine bicycles are parked, mostly on their sides. "Either my kids are the most popular in the neighborhood," he guesses, "or else I'm just an easy mark."

The man next door says he's satisfied with his television set even if he likes to watch only two shows a week. But for me they'd always come on nights we were dining out.

"My dearest friend is an advanced woman," confides Betty Comfort, deadpan, removing a cobweb from her front-door canopy. "She doesn't care how many intimate friends her husband has among the opposite sex, so long as they're all homely. Or at least not as pretty as she is."

One of the girls at my wife's bridge club quoted the punch line from Wendell Johnson's book, People in Quandaries: "Perhaps civilization is allergic to itself." (It's a tougher situation than that of the woman who got a divorce because she was allergic to her husband.)

Fashion hint: In 1951 it will again become modish for girls to be seen in public with escorts in khaki uniforms, or even to invite soldiers and officers to the house. Don't look now, but when you see nice people being cordial to soldiers it's a sure sign we're in trouble again.

Once a year a helpless bride in our town wins fleeting fame among her neighbors by melting a silver dish in the oven. But even the most experienced housewives in our block keep throwing some of their best silver away in the garbage. (I avoid getting blamed for that by not washing the dishes.)

When I ask Junior if he's read a certain magazine article and he replies by quoting its pithiest line: "No parent is fit to have children" . . . and our daughter quickly tops it with, "No child is fit to have parents" . . . or our ten-year-old brings me some fruit juice and a doughnut to my den, without demanding that I take him to the drive-in theater . . . and, at a moment when I seem manacled inside the doghouse, my Dream Girl smiles and the doghouse disappears . . . then I admire biology and marriage as splendid schemes which save children from inheriting their father's faults, and sometimes even endow 'em with their mother's looks and brains.

Why I Like Women

By G. M. WHITE



SURELY lots of men like women (which is different from liking two or four or six), but I don't know of any who have dared to give their reasons recently in barefaced print. Not long ago it was considered a news item when a Hollywood producer remarked, "I have known hundreds of women and discovered that *most of them are above average.*" If that's news, things have come to a pretty pass and it's time for a little reaffirmation.

Traditionally, women have vexed and perplexed men. Usually it's because they think of women in a lump. Finley Dunne, editor and humorist, said that Mr. Dooley in his youth wrote a book about women. When he came to publish it in maturity, he found that all the change the original manuscript needed was to substitute "is not" for "is"; and "maybe," "perhaps," and "God knows" for "is not." The years do this to us.

Edward Bok, a young bachelor who in 1889 became editor in chief of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, was struck speechless by his experience of editing for women. When he told his mother he was taking the job, she warned him, "I am sorry you are accepting that position. It will cost you the high regard you have always held of your mother's sex." After his marriage, having edited the magazine for several years, Mr. Bok stated in a little book titled Successward: "It is an unfortunate fact that some men never get to the point where they understand women. *The man who speaks of women in any but the most respectful terms is either a knave or a fool—very often he is both. And this is one of the few rules of life to which there is no exception.*" But, upon his retirement many years later, when reporters clamored for his opinion of women, he replied to one and all, "No, thank you. Not a word." He did not give his reasons and he said he never would.

A man spends a lifetime without making the acquaintance of more than a half-dozen women—only one mother, occasionally a sister, a sweetheart or two, a wife—and these color his views on all the rest. If he claims feminine friends in greater numbers, he is either a "sissy" or a "ladies' man," depending upon his age, and no one likes him much. According to the union rules, a man must regard all gatherings of more than one woman as a "hen party" and stay far away. We are forced to judge from a woefully small sampling and hearsay evidence. No wonder we resort to the fantastic fiction of the "inferior female" and pretend to scorn all those we do not pretend to love. Perhaps this cannot be changed. But I deplore it. Most men will confess, but only in private, "Of course I like women—*one at a time.*"

That's the only way they come.

I like women: all women who do not go out of their way to make me dislike them—and few find me worth that trouble. I believe I should tell why I like them before I get old, confused, forgetful, or lose my voice. Though no two women are alike, there are certain qualities more characteristic of the female than of any other sex.

I like women because they are unpredictable and difficult to classify. I like women because they have puzzled so many men and thereby made a man's opinion of women interesting, for otherwise it surely would never be. I like women because they do not believe what they see, or say what they believe, or question themselves and give silly answers. I like them for being gay, for being practical, for accepting quietly what they cannot change immediately, but never giving up for a moment the idea that they *will* change it. I like women because they do not live by head alone. I like them for their patience, for their endurance, for their gentleness and for their toughness. I like them for their variety and for their ability to play so many roles. I like women because a woman can be both gamin and madonna at the same time. In them all human life first grows, and growth gives life meaning. I like women for these and many more, including all the obvious, reasons.

If I had to give just one basic reason for liking women, I'd say: their femininity. That all women are, to a degree, feminine is about the only valid generalization that can be made about them. The femininity of women is far more than physiology. The imperishable attraction to the male is as absolute in baby girls and bobby-soxers as it is in mothers, wives, prima donnas and little old ladies. By "femininity" I mean all the aspects of sexuality which permeate the female personality, including her "way of thinking," dressing, walking, talking, the hat she wears and the way she wears it. I mean her tone of voice, her gestures, the faint perfume of soap *(Continued on Page 208)*

Our editors were unanimous: they called this article "a special Valentine no woman can afford to miss."



In this complete but compact laundry center, washday is any day a washerful of clothes collects. Tub between automatic washer and dryer is also a place for flower arranging.



The long and short of it: cabinet is cleverly designed wit shelves built to fit so laundry and freezer supplies are kept in easy order. Combination blackboard and bulletin board over freezer helps keep tabs on frozen food—and family activit

From washday to wearing in quick order. Shelves over ironer have ventilated removable tray bottoms for carrying clothes to closets. It's a sit-down ironing corner—with wheeled chair doing double duty at ironer or ironing board. Bracket for hangers folds when not in use.

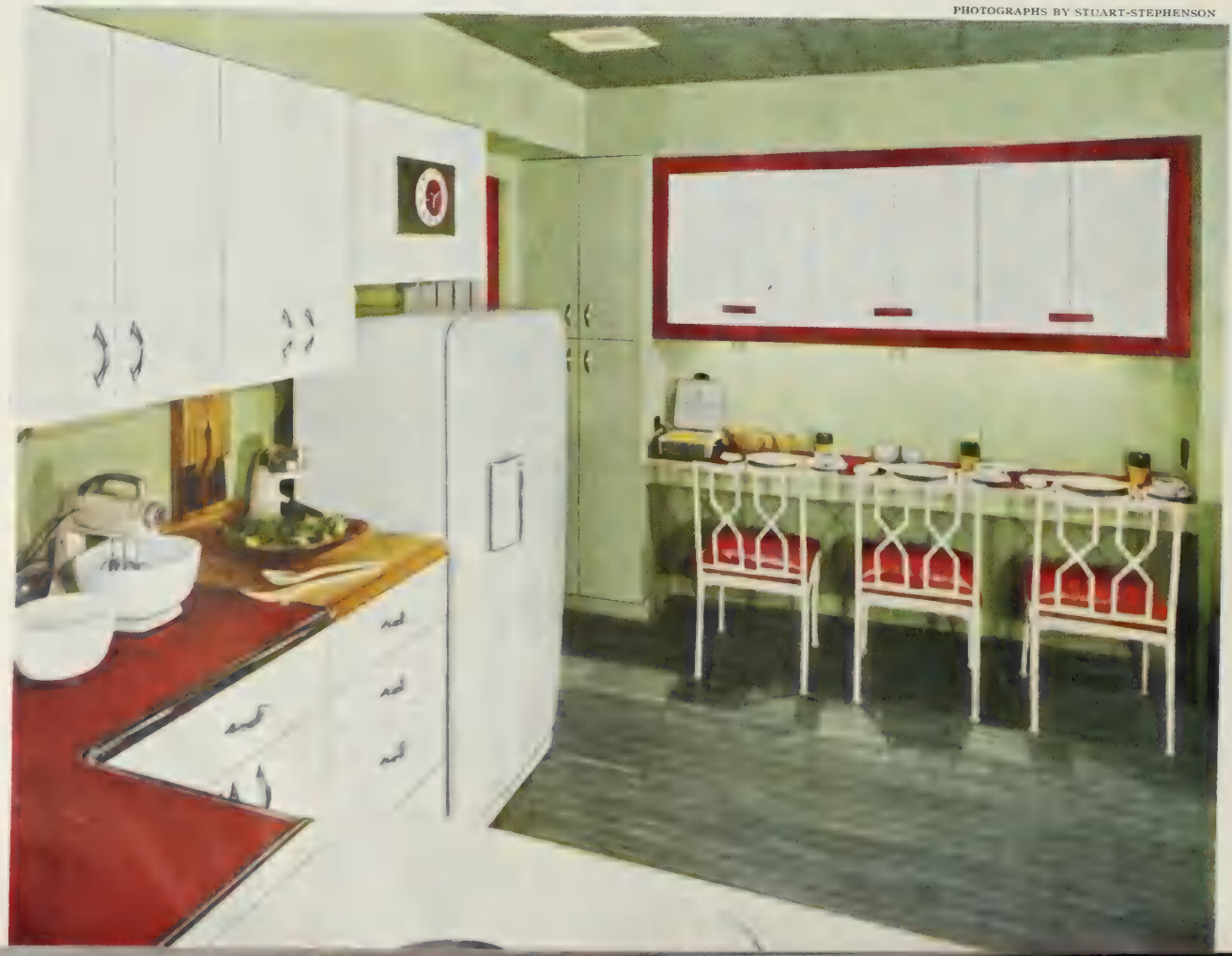




Easy to freeze, easy to find in home freezer with racks in lid and baskets in big compartment. It's just a step from freezer to kitchen. Hamper for clothes is on wheels and has sectional lining for organizing the wash as it collects.

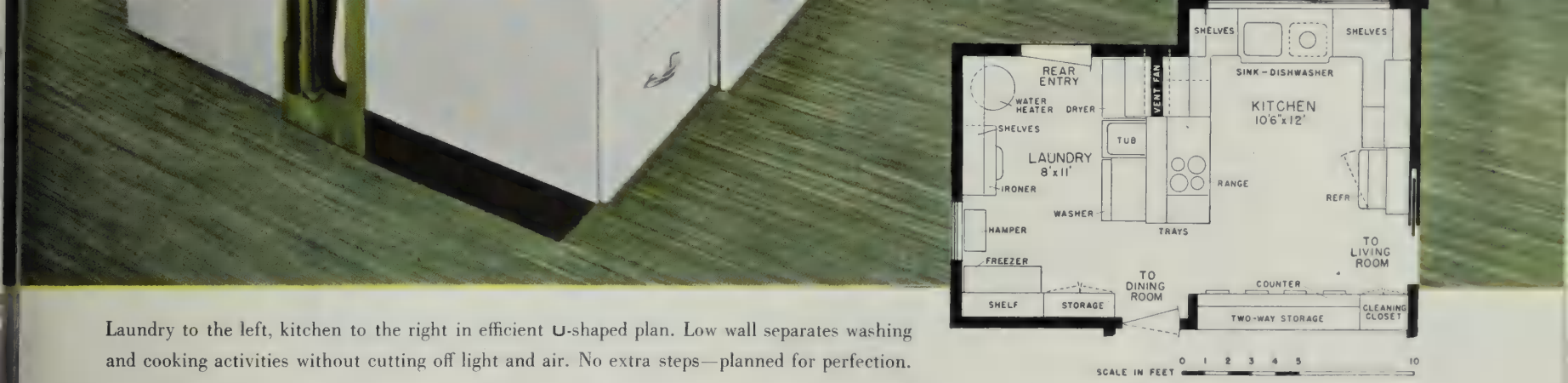
When family breakfasts, panels behind eating counter are lowered to give view of woods through dining room. Light built into cabinet above illuminates this counter.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STUART-STEPHENSON





Dishwashing is no chore in this kitchen—it's done automatically. It takes but ten minutes for washing and rinsing, then the lid opens and hot dishes air-dry. Glasses and tumblers hang on individual spindles. Sink faucet has aerator so water doesn't splash.



Laundry to the left, kitchen to the right in efficient U-shaped plan. Low wall separates washing and cooking activities without cutting off light and air. No extra steps—planned for perfection.

Planned for Perfection

By GLADYS TABER

SOME women love to linger in front of jewelry windows looking at the diamonds and emeralds and sapphires, but me, I love to look at freezers and ranges and washing machines that are spanking new and perfect as jewels. And this kitchen was the happiest place to see them, for it was not only newer than a fresh penny from the mint, but every single thing in it represented the last word which the kitchen-minded had to say! The JOURNAL had a rare opportunity to help plan the kitchen from inside out—for a new house that could be built to order! Moreover, the equipment was to be new, since no hand-me-downs had to be fitted into the new home for the family.

The house itself is all on one floor, and since maids are scarce, it had to be comfortable and easy to care for. There are recreation centers for the children and the arrangement of the house is flexible and charming.

But neither architect nor the family were satisfied with the original layout for the kitchen. In the first blueprints, all the kitchen and laundry equipment was placed around the walls of the room and the only eating place was cramped between laundry devices and a door. Worst of all, the sink was across the room from the window so the worker would always work in her own shadow. *(Continued on Page 146)*



It was as though mother said,
"See, she is here,
My daughter has come with me."

It was not mother I resented — it was the way I fell short of her goals for me

MY mother goes to church alone. While Phil and I are still half asleep, I hear her moving softly in her room across the hall. She is always afraid of disturbing us—always careful. But in this house you can hear every sound, especially on Sunday morning. I listen to the rattle of her comb; the little click as her silver-backed mirror touches the dresser, the opening and closing of a drawer.

I ought to get up, I think, uneasily, *I ought to go with her.*

I have been thinking this for more years than I like to remember, and very occasionally I do go to church with my mother. At such times I am conscious of all the good that is promised and needed. It is her eagerness which defeats me—her hair swept up like a cloud from her face, and her blue eyes shining too brightly.

"Mrs. Truax, this is my daughter." She will cross the church to introduce me, after services.

And then, the lingering handclasp, the welcoming note. "So glad to have you with us—wasn't the sermon splendid?"

What happens to me then? What blind, stubborn thing sets itself hard against them, refusing to become a part of this weekly ritual, even to please my mother? The conflict is deep, and I have never understood it. There are so many things I believe, but not in the way my mother believes, and I cannot force myself. I have read countless books on religion, I have studied the Bible, I have listened. I am not an atheist, either, or a true agnostic. For there are these things I believe, and there is one thing I know: that my mother exemplifies most of them. Yet each Sunday morning I am awake before she leaves, and I almost never get up and go to church.

My husband, too, is awake and listening, though he keeps his eyelids closed. The only difference between us is that his mother lives in another town. When he is there, he takes her to church, but that is so seldom, I think. After all, I never miss an Easter service. *She knows I would do anything else for her—anything in the world.* It is the kind of rationalization at which I have become adept. David (my son) will take her to church. He'll call for her, later on—she doesn't really mind.

The door to her room creaks open. I listen for the sound of footsteps; there are none. She moves like a disembodied spirit on the carpeted stairs.

For a long time, now, we have dispensed with Sunday dinners. We have usually been out late the night before, and none of us are hungry before eleven. Only, my mother must eat something before she leaves. Otherwise you grow very faint, and that can be dangerous when you are alone.

"Just order a jar of pulverized coffee for me," she asked a few weeks ago. "I hate to make yours so far ahead."

I remembered that we argued about that, but I ordered the prepared coffee. The oranges are chilled, I think, and there is plenty of dry cereal. Sometimes I actually start out of bed to remind her of these things, but a hand seems to force me back. It is as if I must wait for the sounds *(Continued on Page 203)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW LOOMIS

Favorite Meals of Ou



By Ann Batchelder

WHEN you set out to interview somebody, there's one sure-fire subject that you'll find one and all responsive to. An opinion on international politics may have as many holes in it as a Swiss cheese. And whether the trend is toward longer or shorter skirts may cause outbursts of varying views, colored, no doubt, by the age and sex of the interviewee. (See that new word? Isn't it neat?) There are dozens of examples I could quote, but the easiest questions to ask and the ones that bring the readiest and most enthusiastic response your way are these: "What do you like best to eat?" "What is your favorite meal?" Ask those two questions, so closely related and as knitted together as knit one, purl two is to a winter mitten, and you will get your answer.

There's a certain sign. When you open up this subject of favorite dishes and meals, you'll notice a certain gleam in the eye and an inclination to settle down to a real friendly visit, whereas up to this point you *(Continued on Page 216)*



STUART

HAL WILLIAMS

Fried Shrimp Tempura with Sauce
Beef Stroganoff
Spinach with Parmesan Cheese
Green Salad
Hot Dates Stuffed with Walnuts
Orange Sections
Coffee

BIFFY PAGE

Tomato Bouillon
Breast of Wild Duck
Bigarade Sauce
Broccoli Hollandaise
Crescent Rolls Green Salad
Spanish Cream
Coffee



STUART



ditors



STUART

HUGH KAHLER

Jellied Madrilene

Broiled Steak

Lima Beans

Green Salad
Roquefort Cheese Dressing

Frozen Pineapple and
Black Cherries

Coffee



ENGSTEAD

BEATRICE GOULD

Smoked-Salmon-
and-Cucumber Appetizer

Chicken Curry with Rice

Condiments

Green Salad—French Dressing

Three-Fruit Sherbet

Coffee





COLOR PHOTOS BY STUART-FOWLER

By ANN BATCHELDER



GOCKELER-PAUL GUILLUMETTE, INC.

SECURITY

Now winter seeks to bind
All in its dignity
Of ice and wind and snow.
But here winds may not blow,
Here four-square to the world he bui
Stands this security.

1 Did you know that I have *two* Persians? (Cats, of course.) One is pure white, named Amos. One jet-black, called Andy. And true to type. I'm reading Frances and Richard Lockridge's new book, CATS AND PEOPLE. (*Criticism:* Cats *are* people. How about it, Lockridges?)

2 Omelets are wonderful things. And for a real supper one, make your omelet, as usual, very soft inside. And before folding spread with a good filling of a sharp Welsh rarebit. Fold. Serve hot, fast, garnished with sautéed pineapple. What time is it? I feel very hungry.

3 This I ought to tell you again. When wild duck, pheasant and partridge are in season, they spell wild rice. Start the rice in cold water with a little salt. (It needs terrific washing.) When it boils, boil it exactly 25 minutes. Don't disturb it. When done, stir carefully with a silver fork. Drain, cover with a folded towel.

4 Now there is a word or two to add. Season with salt and pepper and stir in with care sautéed sliced mushrooms, chopped cooked pork sausages or crisp bits of bacon, but nothing juicy. Keep it dry. Some folks like a little onion and a whisper of grated garlic.

5 Something needed a little different for a first course? Well, there are tiny little puff-paste cases full of crabmeat mayonnaise or lobster and crab mixed.

6 And, if your first course ought to be *hot*, heat the little shells and fill with creamed oysters or flaked tuna fish in a hot tomato sauce. Serve with sautéed fresh pineapple sticks. No appetite spoilers, these.

7 For a supper dish, take a large eggplant, peel it and slice it thin. Salt and pile the slices to get out the bitter juice. Wash it and dry in towels. Sauté until transparent but not brown. Drain on paper.

8 *Part II:* Peel and slice 5 or 6 nice tomatoes. Put the eggplant and tomatoes in alternate layers in a glass baking dish and season the tomatoes with basil, sugar, salt and pepper. When everything is used up, pour over all a rich cheese sauce. Bake about 20 minutes at 375° F. Serve with ham or chicken, preferably ham.

9 Little tea muffins, the kind you serve hot to melt away like the mists of morning, are a surprise treat to end surprise treats when hollowed out a little, filled with lemon or lime marmalade and the top put back on. The tea table has a recruit.

10 Once more from those Breton fishing boats come the most superb sardines to be found in the waters along any coast. Packed in spiced olive oil, for hors d'oeuvres, grilled or in salads, these are sardines' last word. In toasted cheese sandwiches, they are perfect.

11 Something new is the smoked oyster. If oysters fancied they'd escape the smokehouse, they must have been surprised. Serve them hot or cold—most folks like them cold. In that case serve on a cracker.

12 A fine buffet-supper dish is set up this way: Slice thin an extremely well-chilled tongue (keep a big glass jar of tongue in the refrigerator at least two days before you open it). Beat up stiff ½ cup heavy sour cream. Add 6 tablespoons grated horse-radish, salt to taste and a flirt of cayenne. Have a cold platter, arrange the tongue in overlapping slices, garnish with water cress and cucumbers in jelly. Pass the cream separately.

13 As a believer in fruit with meat and poultry, I'd like to suggest this one: Melt a glass of currant jelly in a saucepan. Add a teaspoon of almond extract. Now drain a can of pears and add to the melted jelly. Simmer a few minutes. Serve with ham or chicken.

14 Here's a dressing that is very good with avocado, but with fruit salads, no: Add 1 part Worcestershire sauce to 2 parts chili sauce to 3 parts sour cream. Beat all together, season and include ½ teaspoon lemon juice. Chill well. Use as ordered!

15 Little Chinese kumquats that look like a backward orange that never went to school come in a heavy elegant sirup. For the simplest dessert, slice some of these slick fruits *very* thin, toss in freshly boiled rice with a liberal amount of almond-flavored and sweetened whipped cream. Chill. Serve with cookies or macaroons.

16 Everybody wants something new to serve as a hot appetizer at the table. Get a can of baby mackerel. The tenderest, sweetest little fellows ever. Take from the can with care—they break easily. Grill them lightly and serve on toast with lemon and cress.

17 For a fine soup for cold nights, take 1 can minced clams, juice and all. Add 1 can condensed tomato soup. Season, add a little lemon juice. Simmer a few minutes. At the last lap add ½ cup cream. Heat. *Don't boil.*

18 Passed on to me, but not yet tried: creamed oyster-and-chicken shortcakes on split buttered biscuits. So far so good. But for those who like corn, how about making thin, crisp corn bread instead of biscuits, and making your shortcakes from that? Be sure the bread is as liberally buttered as an alderman's visit at a clambake. And have everything hot as heat can make it.

19 Just a word about broccoli. First grown over here by an old oysterman up on the Cape. In Wellfleet, if you know the Cape. He got the seed from an Atlantic Ocean wreck. The ship went down. Broccoli lived on.

20 *Canto 1:* Here's an item for your choicest receipts. Take some large, firm white mushrooms; peel. Sauté in butter—you need the flavor here—and set aside. Have ready some chicken or turkey stuffing.

21 *Canto 2:* Stuff each mushroom heaping full with the stuffing. Put in an oven at 375° F. until hot. Arrange each mushroom on a round of sautéed bread. Serve as is or with—well, let's say fried chicken.

22 Thanksgiving is coming along, and who should be gladder than I? I love Thanksgiving. Maybe you'll be having a turkey, so for the next item make some extra stuffing. Or use any that's left. If it was *my* turkey, there wouldn't be much left over. Understand?

23 Grease a shallow glass casserole. Put in alternate layers of sliced cold stuffing and sliced cold turkey. Cover with a good thick layer of pared, cored and thinly sliced apples. Sprinkle with brown sugar and a whisper of cinnamon. Top with buttered cracker crumbs, cover and bake half an hour at 350° F. Take off the cover and bake until the top is crisp and brown.

24 Frying chicken for tomorrow night? Cut it up and soak it overnight in buttermilk. Wash it. Dry it. Set it aside and fry it when ready. This is New England.

25 Something sort of special in the way of a dessert—and easy too. Make (or buy) some meringue shells. Open a can of cherries, drain off the juice, sweeten to taste and thicken with a little cornstarch to make a nice sirup. Chill. Pour over the meringues, garnish with the cherries—and what could be sweeter than that?

26 *From an old cookbook:* "Children should never be at the table with grownups until they reach the age of eight or ten. By then they may have learned manners and also to keep silent." By that time, they may prefer the hot-dog wagon.

27 Have you tried that new way of wrapping your turkey in aluminum foil before roasting it? Better do.

28 *First Part:* Ever know that a baked potato could blush? It can, as quick as a girl at her first proposal. Bake the potatoes. Scoop them out. Mash the pulp and add condensed tomato soup to turn it pink.

29 *Second Part:* Now beat like crazy. Add salt, pepper and paprika to taste. Beat in a good piece of butter or margarine, and a tablespoon of Parmesan cheese for each potato. Beat some more to a lightness. Fill the shells. Cover with cheese and brown in a hot oven.

30 I'll be seeing you when the snow flies—if it does. Though I'd very much prefer to have the dratted stuff stay off the streets. Have a wonderful Thanksgiving!

A MONTH of lunch MENUS

Complete meals averaging 19½ cents a person . . . built around Soup as the main dish!

by Anne Marshall



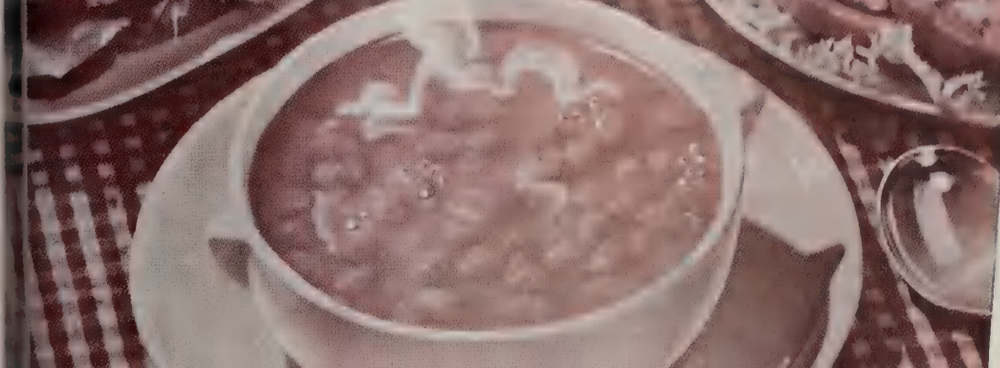
ANNE MARSHALL
Director Home Economics
Campbell Soup Company

To meet the budget these days is a problem, isn't it? But here's *one* good way: Serve soup for lunch. You know, every day 27 million Americans eat soup for lunch, according to a U. S. survey. Simple meals built around soup, folks find, are so appealing, so delightfully varied and so quick to fix. Economical, too, and that's important, as we all know.

Here are suggestions I've prepared for 28 budget lunches—four weeks of tasty, nourishing noon meals built around soup. Each lunch offers substantial portions — including a 7-ounce bowl of soup. Do try them!

(Cost of meals based on August 1950 prices)

NDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATU
e Velvet Soup* Vegetable Slaw (pineapple, carrot) te Cake Coffee *1 can chicken oup with 1 can mushroom. Add ter—heat. Here's at goes well with zy papers!* c a person)	Cream of Vegetable Soup Strawberry Jam and Bacon Sandwich Hot Chocolate *Did you ever taste cream of vegetable soup? Just add milk, instead of water, to your soup. No better way to assure that quota of milk!* (19c a person)	Chicken Gumbo Soup Banana Fritters with Orange Sauce Milk *You'll love this deliciously different chicken-and-vegetable soup—adapted from an Old New Orleans recipe. (That orange sauce makes your fritters extra tasty!)* (18c a person)	Consommé Pear and Cottage Cheese Salad Rye Crisp Tea *Lunch alone and like it, lady, and not a pound you'll add with this satisfying, yet calory-conscious lunch. Consommé, you know, is so invigorating.* (21c a person)	Ox Tail Soup Bologna and Relish Sandwich Fig Cookies Tea *Let's hope there's a husband or a growing boy—or both—sitting down to this lunch. For that ox tail soup has a way with everybody!* (19c a person)	Cream of Tomato Soup Tuna Fish Sandwich Lemon Gelatin Tea *"The soup most folks like best"—served in the favorite way: prepared with milk. Any green pepper left over? Chop and add to your sandwich to lend it piquancy.* (22c a person)	Vegetabl Hamburger Relish *So the family at odd hours matter. Just ke a-simmering. to set you up game"! Run and have a* (20c a
Noodle Soup ragus Salad Coffee *or two of raking after church, does tall appetites. dy, here's where- ease 'em. Pimiento your salad for a ouch!* c a person)	Pepper Pot Soup Cold Meat Sandwich Stewed Fruit Milk *Fall days are no days for an all-cold lunch, no ma'am! That pepper pot soup is a heart-warmer, adapted from a Colonial Philadelphia recipe. You're going to love it!* (20c a person)	Cream of Asparagus Soup Scrambled Egg on Toast Cup Cake Tea *No meat in this lunch, but don't be fooled. It's a nourisher, and that soup is delicious with asparagus tips. Chili sauce with the eggs will add zip, if you have some on hand.* (17c a person)	Chicken Noodle Soup Peanut Butter and Jelly Sandwich Canned Peach Milk *This is frankly a lunch for the youngsters. That chicken noodle soup's a big favorite with them. But it'll please the young-in-appetite of every age.* (21c a person)	Bouillon (Beef Broth) Veal Loaf Sandwich Hard Cooked Egg Apple *When your menfolk carry lunches, here's a tempting noon meal for them. Hot bouillon is so stimulating and so welcome at this time of year.* (22c a person)	Vegetarian Vegetable Soup Pineapple Cheese Spread on Nut Bread Milk *You'll never miss meat today if you build your lunch around this soup. A rich, pure vegetable stock. A great children's lunch.* (21c a person)	Chicken-Cla Platter C Ro Pitcher To *All right! So is 2 o'clock. still a cinch! can cream of —1 can cla Add 2 cans* (24c a
n and Tomato* l Beef on Toast Coffee *s for Sunday can bouillon—1 to soup. Add 2 er—heat. This is tion to wear that unch-coat and be lady!* c a person)	Cream of Celery Soup Frankfurter Sandwich Cole Slaw Coffee *Even though you're lunching alone, there's nothing blue about a Monday when you have this new cream of celery soup. Rich cream and tender pieces of celery. Mmm—Good!* (20c a person)	Chicken (with Rice) Soup Toasted English Muffins Quince Jelly Cup Custard Tea *Feeling fit? Here's a soup to see you through. Under the weather with a cold? What better dish than tempting chicken soup!* (18c a person)	Tomato Soup Sardine Sandwich Potato Chips Cinnamon Buns Milk *Ho! You teen-agers. So Mom's out shopping. So you've got to get lunch. So here it is. Good—and good and easy! (Mom had ordered the buns!)* (18c a person)	Cream of Mushroom Soup Tea Sandwiches (meat & cheese spreads) Sherbet Tea *Have the girls in for lunch, why don't you? A wonderful soup—dainty sandwiches—and then canasta or sewing. You don't have to break the bank to entertain.* (20c a person)	Green Pea Soup Crackers Grapefruit Salad Buttermilk *Friday again and you on a diet! Here's a green pea soup to talk about! Not an unessential calory in the whole meal, either. So enjoy yourself, lady!* (18c a person)	Vegetable- Crac Apple Pie *The men com urday. Beef have been a since the Gar Okay—so no chores, eh, lad on the soup!* (22c a
tch Broth Salad Mold Crackers tch Pudding Coffee *e your salad and on Saturday, so isks on in a jiffy. oth is no broth— rty soup.* c a person)	Cream of Chicken Soup Apple Butter Sandwich Celery Sticks Oatmeal Cookies Tea *This is the newest type of chicken soup—rich cream and chicken pieces. If you haven't tried it, do so. Build a meal around it and rejoice!* (16c a person)	Purée Mongole* Cottage Cheese Salad Toasted Garlic Roll Fruit Juice **The most popular of all soup combinations. 1 can tomato soup—1 can green pea soup—1 can milk—1 can water. Combine soups; stir in milk, water—heat.* (21c a person)	Black Bean Soup Grilled Cheese Sandwich Sweet pickles Vegetable Juice *Again you're going it alone. The soup is one you used to have to go to an expensive restaurant for. Perhaps you'll float a lemon slice on your soup.* (16c a person)	Beef Soup Crackers Rice Pudding Coffee *Husbands do bring along he-manly appetites. This is "his" soup—lots of beef! Double portion for him is included in costs.* (18c a person)	Clam Chowder Welsh Rabbit Lettuce Coffee *Unexpected company needn't wreck your budget. You can say, "Do stay!" and really mean it. Appetizing sea-tang in that clam chowder.* (17c a person)	Bean with Cranberry (cranberries, Co *Whole bean flavor in the your cranber orange gelati ful flavor!* (17c a



And especially for the Child

Soup is ideal for all children, especially when prepared with milk, so that the child gets the nourishment of the soup *plus* the milk benefits.

Doctors recommend soups when the baby is ready for his first chewing foods. These eight Campbell's Soups, prepared with milk, are *especially* suitable: cream of asparagus, beef, chicken with rice, green pea, tomato, vegetable, vegetarian vegetable, and vegetable-beef.





Tonight!...Show him how much lovelier your hair can look...after a

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Exclusive! This magical secret-blend lather with LANOLIN!

Exciting! This new three-way hair loveliness . . .



Better than a soap! Better than a liquid! Kay Daumit's *cream* shampoo with lanolin. Jars: $2, $1. Jars and tubes: 49¢, 25¢.

1 **Leaves hair silken soft,** instantly manageable . . . first wondrous result of a Lustre-Creme shampoo. Makes lavish, lanolin-blessed lather even in hardest water. No more unruly, soap-dulled locks. Leaves hair soft, obedient, for any style hair-do.

2 **Leaves hair sparkling** with star-bright sheen. No other shampoo has the same magic blend of secret ingredients plus gentle lanolin to bring out every highlight. No special rinse needed with Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

3 **Leaves hair fragrantly clean,** free of loose dandruff. Famous hairdressers insist on Lustre-Creme, the world's leading cream shampoo. Yes, tonight, show *him* a lovelier you —after a Lustre-Creme shampoo!

A BREATH OF AIR

(Continued from Page 34)

sank away leaving them rocking on a dark swell where the rollers might have been whale backs rising and falling.

"Where are we?" asked McGinty. He was not ungrateful for the island, but his fright had made his voice shrill and angry. He released the pin of his harness and shook it off and climbed out on the float.

Here, on the surface of the sea, it was hardly light. The Water Star heaved and rose drunkenly on the swell, wing up, wing down, but her life and impetus were gone. McGinty chafed at her helplessness, but to Valentine there came an extraordinary sense of rest.

"We might be anyplace!" said McGinty, looking at the bare rocks, the surf and the twilight sea; even to him his voice sounded small in the emptiness. "We're lost."

Valentine shook his head.

"What else are we?" asked McGinty aggressively.

"Safe," said Valentine, and shut his eyes.

He did not want to be disturbed; the sounds of that first sea morning beat softly on the air, sounds empty of life except for the sounds of birds and of waves. To Valentine it felt like the first morning of a new world. *Was that because I had thought we should not see morning again?* he thought. He was reluctant to speak or move; he felt he must begin to live and stir slowly, gently, as embryo life stirred, letting time uncoil itself. He rested, lulled by the sound of the surf, but beside him McGinty fidgeted.

Valentine knew that if he did not speak first McGinty would; reluctantly he half opened his eyes. The first sunlight had come down on the sea, and it struck his eyes with brightness, dazzling him; he felt it on his lids. "And there was light," said Valentine, and shut his eyes again.

McGinty took no notice. He was used to Valentine. He had been with him since Valentine bought his Proctor, the Water Star, and they had done a good few hundreds of hours together. "Clever chap, but talks punk!" McGinty would have said of Valentine.

Valentine would talk in poetry for an hour or more, and McGinty had long ago learned not to listen, though bits, words and phrases had seeped into his mind and sometimes came up unexpectedly among his own limited stock of words.

"I wonder where we are," said McGinty restlessly again. "There's nothing here but rocks. We must get to that other island. I wonder what it is."

Valentine sighed and opened his eyes. There was nothing to give them a clue; there were only this small conical island and the bigger island that lay behind it.

"What island?" asked McGinty.

His young pink face was strained with tiredness, his eyes looked sore. Valentine knew he must be bruised and chilled and stiff and hungry, as he was himself, but McGinty was McGinty still. "I am I," McGinty said to all the world, "you are you," and unless people were the same as he and things were accustomed, he had no way of participating in them. Nothing that impinged on McGinty was allowed to alter him. To Valentine that had seemed a virtue; now, suddenly, he found it irritating.

Valentine yawned and stretched as much as he was able in his seat; he was reluctant to move, but he knew he must do something; he looked at the journey log, looked at his watch, added in the landing time. "That last leg was eleven hours, nineteen minutes," he told McGinty. "With the winds in that weather, God knows how many miles we are out of course."

"And I wonder where that storm hatched itself out from?" said McGinty resentfully. "There shouldn't have been a storm. The met had nothing to say when we left."

All trace of storm had vanished from the light, though there was an extra coolness in the wind and darker colors in the s
morning was cool, clear, and as indiff
a child. *But don't be deceived*, said Va
Indifferent, yes, but not a child, and he
bered the first moment in the da
light when the Water Star seemed
been lifted and dropped, with the fo
lift down a shaft, into a void of dark
which she was not flown but blown
wind, lifted and dropped and hurl
twanged. He remembered how Mc
eyes had rolled round to look at h
at the St. Elmo's fire that ran in tw
balls on the wing tips and made a
the arc of the propeller. McGinty
seen a storm like this.

"If we had hit a big cu-nimb," said
tine to McGinty now, "it would have
us up like a matchbox!"

McGinty nodded. "And the radi
dead!" said McGinty. Everythin
McGinty relied upon had failed him

> **Few things are harder to put up with than the annoyance of a good example.**
> —MARK TWAIN.

Valentine had been afraid to use u
in an attempt to climb above the w
and he could not use the sextant. The
the windshield was so heavy that the
have been under the sea, except for
lent bucketing and dropping of the
They were shaken and chilled to th

Valentine still felt, now, as if he w
in flight, his hands still grippi
wheel, his body pulling back as he
lift it, feeling each gulf and abyss of
head was still spinning and seemed
large, and then to shrink away to a p
At last there had come a curious suff
light round the p
paleness in the
ness, paleness w
light, creeping. M
touched Valentine
far off, high up on t
wing tip, was a c
light. It swung bel
feet as the Wat
tilted; as they dropped it rose, and
as they came up, and, gradually, the
ness dimmed and grew pale, and V
saw McGinty's lips shape "Dawn,"
nodded. Five minutes later they had
out of the storm and were in a cle

They had looked down and four
were flying over a faintly glimmer
scattered with islands. Beyond them
sea stretched like a gulf.

"Flying west a half north," Valent
said. "We must be hundreds of mile
our way."

"Bet we'll be running pretty low o
Skipper," said McGinty. "Why no
down here?"

And it was then that Valentine had
his head.

"You're not going to take her o
that sea!" said McGinty. "If we com
there we've had it!"

But Valentine flew straight on.

It is said, when a ship moves she l
hull. The rubber dinghy had no hull,
came on airily toward the larger island
ant on the swell, two streams of bub
her wake and small inundations shinin
the paddles had pitted the sea.

From far off, the larger island had
itself to be floating in the air, a pa
cumulus miraged above scintillating
but, as they paddled nearer, in the inc
light it began to detach itself from it
ground and stand out clearly.

"The island always seemed larger
was," said Valentine afterward. He
have said it seemed like the whole w

The island opened on a crescent b
had a settlement of native huts and
the far end.

"There are people here," said M
with satisfaction.

Valentine felt it was almost a pity
There's your town."

McGinty sighed too; if that were
town, it was serious for them.

(Continued on Page 72)

Miss Marion Cleveland

LOVELY GRANDDAUGHTER OF OUR 24TH PRESIDENT



CHARMING MARION CLEVELAND has an exquisite complexion—porcelain-fine and smooth. She uses Pond's! "I love Pond's Cold Cream dearly because it does my skin so much good," she says.

Her Face sends out the gracious quality of her Inner Self...

Miss Cleveland's sunny, blonde loveliness makes people happier just for seeing her. Her face has an enchanting individuality that interests and charms you. It's a *giving* face—that *lets you see* what a delightful-to-be-with person she is.

Your face, too, gives out a picture of *your* Inner Self. It can be such a heart-warming picture—if *you* will care enough to make it so.

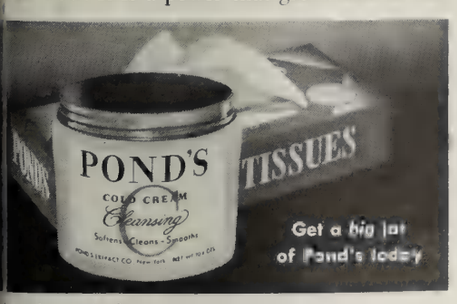
Within you is a fascinating unseen self

that can work a happy change in you

ANY WOMEN instead of realizing their own , plod along—nondescript.

—no woman *needs to stay* that way! There is derful inner power that can work a happy in You! It is a power that grows out of the constant interrelation of your Outer Self and your Inner Self—the way you *look*, the way you *feel*.

This power lights you magically with happy confidence when someone says "How lovely you look!" But—when you don't look your best, it quickly fills you with self-doubts. That is why it means so much to be meticulous about every smart detail that can make you *look* lovelier—and *feel* happier.



ear it everywhere—
"She's engaged! She's lovely! She uses Pond's!"

"Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

Don't let yourself underrate the eye appeal of sparkling, soft, clear skin! This "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's Cold Cream cleanses and softens wonderfully, you'll discover. And—because it's a *cream* cleansing, it's *never drying!* So *always* at bedtime (for day cleansings, too) cream your face with Pond's. *This is the way:*

Hot Stimulation—give face a quick hot water splash.

Cream Cleanse—swirl light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream over your face to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off well.

Cream Rinse—do another soft Pond's creaming to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin *immaculate*. Tissue *lightly*.

Cold Stimulation—give face a tonic cold water splash.

This Pond's Treatment actually works on *both* sides of your skin. *From the Outside*—light, fluffy Pond's Cold Cream cleanses and softens skin as you massage. *From the Inside*—every step of this treatment stimulates beauty-giving circulation.

Marion Cleveland says: "My face feels exceptionally soft after this Pond's treatment."

Always remember—It is not vanity to develop the beauty of your face. It enriches you to look lovely! You gain a happy new belief in yourself that lights your face most charmingly—and this helps bring other people closer to the real Inner You.



I dreamed I had a screen test in my

*maidenform bra

"Lights! Camera! Action! I never felt so like a star...and all because my Maidenform* bra plays my best supporting role! See why Maidenform and I make such a rave-notice picture? See why Maidenform is your dream bra come true!"

Shown: New 3-way Maidenette-Declatay.* Wear it with straps, without straps, with straps tied halter-fashion—and always decollete. White nylon sheer and marquisette, 3.00

Send for free style booklet. Maidenform, N.Y. 16

There is a Maiden Form for every type of figure





*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. ©1950, Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc.

(Continued from Page 70)

Flying fish went past them, sprinkling them with light drops and pocking the waves. The sun had grown stronger, and where they dipped their paddles the water broke into infinitesimal rainbows, small arcs and prisms of color. Valentine lifted his head to look at the sweep of white sand along the margin of the bay, at the green above it and the hill with its white cloud, and in that moment he had from the island a sense of music, invisible music that crept by him on the water. *All music is invisible,* argued Valentine, *or is it called invisible when its source can't be seen?* This, if it were music, which his sense denied though his ears heard it, was intrinsic in the island itself; if it were anything, it was wind-and-water music, and he could see the waves, even the wind that suddenly wrinkled the sea. *Nonsense!* said Valentine severely to himself. *It isn't music at all.* But still the music persisted.

Valentine was, by habit, cool and sure; he refused to be anything else. He was sometimes asked, "Mr. Doubleday, what is the secret of your great success?" "Only that I haven't a secret," Valentine answered, and he always said, "I work."

That was true. He had worked passionately. To the outside world his rise had been surprising; to Valentine it had been logically slow.

"I started at ten," he might have said. "I was ten when I went into Pelican Pie. It has been twenty years. Twenty years is a long time, and mine have been twice as long because I worked twice as hard." He felt at least fifty; he was tired. *Bone-tired,* thought Valentine. *Perhaps I am tired out.*

Every year I live I am more convinced that the waste of life lies in the love we have not given, the powers we have not used, the selfish prudence that will risk nothing, and which, shirking pain, misses happiness as well. No one ever yet was the poorer in the long run for having once in a lifetime "let out all the length of the reins."

—ELIZABETH CHOLMONDELEY.

He did not know. He felt worse than tired. He felt unutterably stale. For the past few weeks—*months? years?* thought Valentine—he had had a distaste for life; lately he had not been able to sleep and it was difficult to talk or eat or work. "I can't *work!*" The words burst from him in a frenzy of worry. The more he worried, the worse he worked. *I used to work easily; now I can't work at all. What has happened to me?* thought Valentine. *Why can't I get back to what I was before?* Now he rested his paddle on his knees and the music sounded in his ear, the music that he said was nonsense.

"It's not a town," McGinty was saying in disgust. "It's hardly a village, just some huts." He was looking through Valentine's glasses. "I don't see a road, or anything that you could call a building. There doesn't seem to be any life about."

"If there are huts there must be islanders," said Valentine.

"It looks a one-horse place to me."

"I don't see even one horse," said Valentine. He was wrong. There was one horse.

THEIR arms and backs and shoulders and legs were aching; they seemed to have been paddling this clumsy dinghy for an aeon; when the current caught it, it sometimes spun round or moved like a crab sideways. Valentine's neck hurt and his head at the temples felt stretched. His feet were cold and his whole body felt chilled, though he was sweating; he was clammy with sweat.

"What an awful place to get landed in," said McGinty.

"Can't you wait till we have landed before you start to crab it?"

"I only said ——" McGinty's voice was surly.

"Yes, I know," said Valentine.

"It's you who want to get back," said McGinty. "It's your play we're tearing back for, not mine."

"Yes, I know," said Valentine wearily again.

He looked at the dispatch case between his feet. He had automatically picked it up when they left the Water Star. Now he came to think of it, he wondered why they had not taken anything else, not so much as a razor. *Well, I suppose we shall come back,* he thou but the thought seemed to have no cert in his mind. Everything seemed drifting loose. The dinghy wallowed and turned r clumsily; they seemed to be making no p way at all. The sun was getting higher

"We have to get petrol, don't we?" Ginty was asking, aggrieved. He looked toward the shore, at the trees and do huts. "How will there be any petrol the

"There won't," said Valentine.

"Well then?" asked McGinty aggressi

"Well then?" said Valentine. He wa most too tired to care.

IMPERCEPTIBLY they were coming n the island. The current brought them ne and they rounded a promontory that u then they had not seen; it ran out, mak headland above the sea. A house came view, standing in trees, a house like th tive houses, thatched and brown-walled a large house. Valentine took the glasses McGinty and, looking through them, flowering trees above lawns and steps le down to the beach, where boats lay a chor and a jetty was built out into the on wooden poles; it looked empty, rapt. he saw that smoke was going up from back and a flag was flying from a flagpol fluttering on the breeze, a flag of blu white.

"Someone discovered this island befo did," he said.

"It must be someone white," said Ginty. "No wog would keep a garde that."

"What about Garden of Eden?" Valentine. "Adam a wog."

"He wasn't!" Ginty was begi indignantly when dinghy came up w bump against s thing that was flo in the sea.

At first it looke two pig bodies flo swollen in death; they saw that they were two canvas fastened to a floating cork that was dra an end of chain and must have broken from a buoy. The bags were padlocke sealed and labeled.

"Mail," said Valentine. Gingerly le over, he dragged them to the side o dinghy. He read the labels: "J. van Loo and a date. The date was eighteen m old. "You were right," he told McG "It's a white man," and he looked to the house. "Castle van Loomis, I think said. "We had better put in there."

"Better go down to the village," McGinty. "Can't call it a town. The cu is taking us there, and it would be a j paddle against it, back to the house. The have seen us, won't they? If there i petrol, it will more likely be in the town in a house. He looked at the mail ba Valentine held them floating at the s the dinghy. "Better take those in."

McGinty pulled them round and tied behind the dinghy. Pulled down by weight of the bags, they kept a strai course, and the current took them quickly now toward the little town.

The sun had begun to warm Valentin felt it soaking into him, and his body comforted. Drowsiness began to fill his and more and more he felt as if he dreaming. He half shut his eyes, leaving direction to McGinty, letting his p steer lightly against the side of the di letting the current take them.

"Wake up, Skip!" said McGinty sha Valentine jerked into half wakefulnes said that six times!" said McGinty young face was severe.

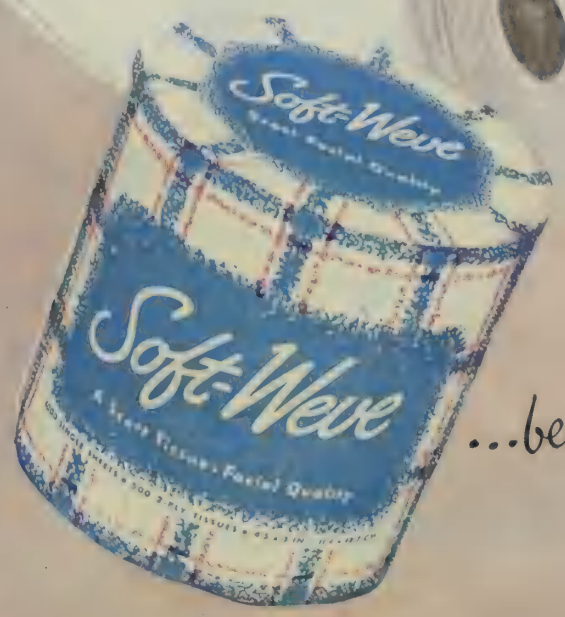
"Why say it at all?" said Vale "Why . . . bother to wake up?"

It was before breakfast that same mo that Charis van Loomis had caugh houseboy, Filipino, kissing one of the h maids, Flora Annie.

(Continued on Page 75)

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for softness...
—yet it's so firm, too!

To make a toilet tissue as soft as cleansing tissue is one thing. To make it strong and practical as well, is more difficult. But cleansing tissue softness with strength is what you'll find in "Soft-Weve." We call it "water-woven." This two-ply tissue is utterly soft yet firm—almost like cloth. Once you have used "Soft-Weve" you will want it always.



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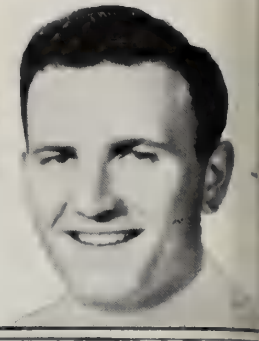
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AFTER FOUR YEARS of scientific research, Miles Laboratories, Inc., now offer to every housewife this remarkable new improved germ-killing formula. BACTINE is much more than just another family antiseptic. BACTINE gives you an Antiseptic, Germicide, Fungicide and Deodorant—ALL IN ONE BOTTLE.

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TRY BACTINE FOR FIRST AID. It is marvelous for cuts, scratches, burns and abrasions because it helps reduce pain and at the same time fights off infection. BACTINE'S germ-killing action lasts for several hours. Rub it on your hands or body and it does more than destroy most germs and fungi that are already there. Laboratory tests show that even when people, after using BACTINE, deliberately soil their hands and contaminate them with actual bacteria cultures, the prolonged germ-fighting action of BACTINE is still effective.



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DOUBLE Your Money Back If You Don't Like It!

We Repeat, you take no risk when you buy your first bottle of BACTINE. Get a 30c, 70c or $1.25 bottle from your drug store and try it. Let every member of your family use it. If you don't find BACTINE the finest family antiseptic, the most helpful germicide, fungicide and deodorant you have ever used in your home, send the empty bottle back to us. Tell us why you don't like it and we will refund DOUBLE the purchase price.

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At All Drug Stores

(Continued from Page 72)

ere was nothing in that: on the island and girls were always kissing, and a kiss particularly nothing to Filipino; he d as lightly as a swallow flies. It was not the kiss; it was that the storm had given is a wakeful night and had seemed to to a head all her other wakeful nights, estlessness and tossing; she was restless ıse she was continually stabbed by tire-, painful thoughts. Now she had a fur-ɔitter little stab: it was that she was four older than Flora Annie and never had kissed; she never would be kissed, never be, because there was no one to kiss On the island Charis was alone of her for her there were no Filipinos, no mo-for her, as this was for Flora Annie, who flicked away round the corner with a of giggling laughter and a flutter of her nd-white cloth. It was this that made is rude to her father, Mr. van Loomis, eakfast.

e breakfast table was laid on the veranda ɔalustrade where orange Bignonia creepers and swung and hid it from the sea; but, ıgh the tendrils and keys of flowers, is could look at the sky and across lawns lowers and pink-and-white cassia trees cascade of morning-glory, the great -blue convolvulus that grew looped on ɔoo arches above the flight of steps. s and trees and bushes were still drip-from the storm; the lawn was strewn leaves and scattered blossoms, and the ɛn boys with wet naked legs were pick-p branches and twigs and sweeping the s, while the grave young gardener, Res-tion, was walking by the beds, looking /hat the night had to his flowers. Squir-an up and down the . It was not warm gh yet for the butter-but the lizards were ɔn the walls or on any ɛs that had caught bright morning sun.

The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy we are, the more leisure we have. —HAZLITT.

ıe table was laid with silky grass mats, china, silver and a bowl of flowers. There coffee, the pot of island pottery, the e from bushes that Mr. van Loomis had vated. There were brown bread and e bread and oatcake and the island thin ıvened-bread cakes. There were honey ɔutter and wild-orange marmalade. There grilled fish and home-cured ham and and melons and oranges, pomegranates grapes. None of this pleased Charis.

looked across the table with stormy and said, "I'm sorry I was rude, father, I want to know."

Why now?" said Mr. van Loomis with a "You have never asked before. Why ? Why?"

ıaris only looked more stormy and said ı, "I want to know."

What could you possibly want to know I haven't taught you?" asked Mr. van nis. "I have taught you everything."

Not those sort of things," said Charis. "I to know real things," and she cried rably, "I don't know *anything!*"

You are very ungrateful," said Mr. van nis, helping himself to fish and toast and er. The cook's eleven-year-old son, Web-made the toast, squatting down with ɔack to them in front of a small brazier so Mr. van Loomis should have it piping "You have been taught as scarcely any are taught," said Mr. van Loomis se-ly, buttering his toast. "You have had my vided attention since you were a year or almost undivided. I have had—er—r things to see to. Things you wouldn't erstand. You were only a little girl."

I'm not a little girl now," said Charis. "I nearly twenty-one."

ıe knew what Mr. van Loomis meant ɔther things. There were relations that called part brothers and sisters on the ıd. Charis found herself wondering, sud-y, if she had part brothers and sisters; remembered a house on another part of island where she had once ridden, and father and Pheasant, who were never ry, had been angry: there was a child there, Charis remembered, that had blue eyes; perhaps more than one child.

Charis fixed her own eyes on her father and said, "Have you ever seen an island man with blue eyes?" and then blushed herself as she realized that he was blushing.

Charis, thought Mr. van Loomis, *is not as lovable as she was as a child.* Instead of listening when he talked to her, now she seemed to have thoughts of her own. It seemed to Mr. van Loomis that she was trying to trap him, but Charis was not thinking of Mr. van Loomis, she was thinking of herself.

Yes, I am nearly twenty-one, thought Charis.

MR. VAN LOOMIS was eating fish caught offshore by his second boat boy that morning; it had been grilled on pointed sticks over a wood fire, as he had taught his cook Serendipity to cook it; it was delicious, but he scarcely noticed it; he was disturbed. Charis was eating nothing; she played with a piece of toast and looked at the table with eyes that were resentful and, Mr. van Loomis feared, inclined to be tearful; he could not bear tears, particularly Charis's tears. Charis cried so seldom that there must be something really wrong.

"Shall I call Pheasant?" he said.

"*Pheasant!*" said Charis scornfully. Pheasant had been Charis's nurse, but lately, mysteriously, they had changed places and Pheasant was now the child, Charis the grown-up one. Pheasant was too fat, too comfortable, to recognize these tremblings and stirrings that had grown almost to an agony in Charis. Pheasant was simple; she would call them growing pains. "Pheasant!" said Charis as if she spoke down her nostrils, not through her lips.

"Very well, I won't call her," said Mr. van Loomis meekly.

While he and Charis were safely at breakfast, the servants and their relations and friends gathered in the courtyard outside the kitchen for gossip and tea. They squatted down on their hams, contentedly playing the island game of knacker, a kind of draughts, or smoking their abominable-smelling green cigars, or eating slices of Mr. van Loomis's melons. They were all there under the litchi tree that grew in the center of the court.

Round Niu, the headman, there was a little space of respect. Niu was old, dried to an extraordinary lightness and thinness; his gray switch of hair was combed back from his large forehead, his eyes were big and mournful and reserved. He was dressed in the island "cloth," a length of cloth, white or dyed with vegetable dyes, and worn round the waist, hanging to above the ankles and pleated in folds from the waist knot in front; all the islanders wore cloths, but Niu wore what they did not, flat grass slippers with flapping heels that let them hear him everywhere he went. Once upon a time Niu had been chief on the island; Mr. van Loomis kept Niu at his right hand so that he always knew where he was, and the slippers told the islanders. For all that, Niu remained unfathomable and secret.

Next to him in honorable place came Pheasant. Mr. van Loomis had brought her as a young Negress from Puerto when he himself came, and she had stayed on the island ever since. It was he who had named her Pheasant because her plumpness, especially her plump neck and her glossy colors, reminded him of pheasants. As if starting from that, Pheasant had become the island namer. She had named all the island babies born round the house and in the villages near since she came. Pheasant's names were distinguished and various. She could read, but not with understanding, and she took them for their sound from the outsides of Mr. van Loomis's books, sometimes the title, sometimes the author's name, sometimes the publisher's, but it had a way of being the right name. She had successfully named such different people as the big cowman Hutchinson; Niu's young twin grandson, the grave

(Continued on Page 77)

Some simple facts about

DIABETES

Diabetes is a condition in which the body is unable to utilize properly the sugars and starches in food. This condition is due to a deficiency in the body's supply of insulin. However, the use of insulin, made from the pancreas of animals, has made the treatment of diabetes increasingly effective. As a result, diabetics usually live long and nearly normal lives. In fact, life expectancy for the average diabetic today is double what it was before insulin was discovered, and has increased even more for young diabetics.

1 RESEARCH *promises more effective treatments for diabetics*



Medical science is constantly improving the treatment of diabetes. Different types of insulin, which vary in speed and duration of action, have been developed to meet the varying requirements of patients. A new type of insulin, now under trial, combines fast action with long-lasting effect.

There is continuing research on other phases of the disease. Work with radioactive isotopes and other studies offer the hope for further progress in treatment, and perhaps for the prevention of some cases of the disease.

2 DETECTION *is quick, and easily accomplished*



Sugars and starches cannot be utilized satisfactorily by the untreated diabetic. As a result, sugar appears in the urine. Having periodic medical examinations that include a check for diabetes helps to insure early diagnosis. If proper treatment is started at once, serious complications can usually be avoided.

One recent survey showed that for every 4 persons known to have diabetes there were 3 others who had it without knowing it. It is now possible for anyone who suspects diabetes to make a simple, inexpensive test at home for sugar in the urine. Kits for this test may be obtained at most drug stores. If the results of the test are positive, a doctor should be consulted immediately for a complete examination.

3 TREATMENT *is largely the patient's responsibility*



Most doctors agree that the diabetic himself largely determines his own future. Cooperation between patient and doctor, of course, is essential. Only the physician can determine whether or not insulin is required, and in what dosage. He will also prescribe proper diet and advise about necessary exercise.

Once the correct treatment is established, however, continued successful control of the disease depends mainly on the patient. He should be careful and faithful in following the prescribed instructions, and he should be alert for signs of possible complications. If the average diabetic observes these and other precautions, he can usually look forward to living a long life with almost undiminished activity.

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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your booklet, 110 J "Diabetes."



Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Super-gorgeous Holiday Cakes—so easy

WITH THESE 2 SWANS DOWN-WONDERFUL MIXES!

Marvelous Swans Down Instant Mix! Makes light-as-a-feather white cake . . . spice cake, upside-down cake, brownies, cookies, and many others! The only mix made with Swans Down Cake Flour! Just add milk . . . no expensive eggs!

Get some today! Then make this upside-down cake topped with Ocean Spray Cranberry Sauce. Good? It's a real holiday dazzler!

Richer-in-chocolate Devil's Food Mix! A new Walter Baker Chocolate blend . . . and a new formula that holds chocolate fragrance and flavor right through the oven heat. The same wonderful egg whites with delicate, spring-fresh flavor, as in Swans Down Instant Cake Mix.



Swans Down Cake Flour and Cake Mixes are products of General Foods

Cranberry Festival Cake

Prepare Swans Down Instant Cake Mix as directed on package. Before mixing, make

Ocean Spray Cranberry Mixture

1 can (1-pound) Ocean Spray Canned Whole Cranberry Sauce
⅓ cup orange juice

Place cranberry sauce in 9 x 9 x 2-inch pan, add orange juice, and spread evenly in pan.

Carefully pour cake batter over cranberry mixture. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 50 minutes, or until done. Remove from oven; let stand 30 minutes. Then loosen cake around edges, invert on plate, and remove pan. Serve warm.

NOTE: To make cake with fresh cranberries, combine 3 cups cranberries, 1½ cups sugar, ⅓ cup orange juice in saucepan. Cook over low heat until skins burst (about 7 minutes). Pour into 9 x 9 x 2-inch pan.

Rocky Road Cake

Prepare Devil's Food Cake as directed o Swans Down Devil's Food Mix package. Cool Then frost with

Rocky Road Frosting

3 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate
3 tablespoons butter
3 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
7 tablespoons milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
12 marshmallows, cut in small pieces
2 tablespoons unsalted roasted peanuts

Melt chocolate and butter over hot water Combine sugar, salt, milk, and vanilla and blend. Add the hot chocolate mixture and mix well. Then fold in marshmallows and peanuts, and let stand, stirring occasionally, until of spreading consistency.

Swans Down { Instant Cake Mix Devil's Food Mix

(Continued from Page 75)

g gardener, Resurrection; and Orange
er's curlyheaded baby Golden Treasury.
easant was not plump now, she was
vith good eating and soft living she had
n immense, but she was still spotless,
capable, still busy. She was too fat
on the ground; and she sat now on a
tool with her sewing. Pheasant was the
woman on the island who sewed; she
taught Charis, but Charis was enough
islander to do without it.

ar Pheasant in the shade of the litchi
was Serendipity the cook, the head
ner, and the first boatman, Luck. This
he place of honor. Near them again were
wo young housemaids, Orange Flower
'lora Annie, the gardeners, the boatmen
he young groom. Farther off were the
girls, the spinning and weaving girls, the
boys, the garden boys and the sweeping
. It took a great many island servants to
ittle work, but that made it more enjoy-
they enjoyed being with one another,
he house and garden sounded with a
y hum of voices and laughter.

ı kept separate, his slippers flapping
signal as he went, and there was another
who kept separate, and that was Niu's
grandson, the houseboy who had kissed
Annie, the young man Filipino.

ipino was an uneasy being; he upset all
ther young men. Niu had kept him in
but, more and more, it was becoming
ssible to keep a hand on Filipino.

easant had named him Filipino, an ex-
n to her usual names, because he was a
He was born the year they came to the
l, the elder twin of Resurrection, who
o quiet and grave and different from
rother. Filipino was not noisy; he was
He would not sit in the servants'
ling quarters round the kitchen; he
l not sleep in his grandfather's house,
gh, nominally, he was supposed to live
. He had built himself a small open hut
e shore under a palm tree, by some
a bushes that grew there in the sand;
he lay, when he could, on his strung
ot sleeping but propped on his elbows,
in on his hands, gazing far out to sea.
did he see? the islanders asked him.
was nothing to see, but Filipino saw
elous things. It made the islanders un-
nothing Filipino did would have aston-
them.

N Charis could not always follow where
ind went. She had thought much of Fili-
admired him, confided in him; they
een companions. Now Charis saw him
g Flora Annie and shut her eyes in pain.
y things had changed with Filipino; she
hought it was she who had changed, but
pino were going after girls, that left her
y behind. To Filipino, Charis was a
, a standard, something white and high
him, who led him and was told his
dreams. It had not occurred to anyone that Charis, too, was an island girl.

To island eyes, Charis was very plain, and she, naturally, had island eyes. As she had never seen a white woman, she could judge herself only from the faces she saw round her; she could compare herself, for instance, only with Flora Annie. Flora Annie was acknowledged to be a beauty; she had a golden skin flushed with health, ripe red lips, and pearly little teeth like a child's that showed when she smiled; her eyes were iridescent, and she had long rippling blue-black hair that she wore twisted up in a knot with a flower; she wore shells or flowers in her ears that showed every time she moved her pretty neck; her neck ran down in softness to her breasts that came up pointed and swelling from the scarf she wore or did not wear tied loosely round them. Charis wore short-sleeved blouses sewn by Pheasant and held in by a wide sash tied round her waist over her cloth; she was the only young woman on the island whose breasts were never seen. The difference was like her white skin, and though her breasts were hidden, they were strangely conspicuous; it gave her a sense of being pilloried. She felt colorless beside the other girls.

Charis looked at herself in an old mirror that had been her mother's and that Mr. van Loomis had brought to the island from the home he would not talk of, the home where Charis was born. It was strange to think her mother's face had looked in the same mirror; Charis wondered if hers had been as pale—*as ugly*, thought Charis, *as mine?* Her face was not ugly; she had her father's forehead that was distinctly noble, and hers was an improvement on his in that she had none of the obstinacy that he showed in heaviness round his eyes. Her eyes were unmistakably fine, and she had a pleasing fall of silky hair. Beside the island girls her body was small and light and immature, and that made her feel inferior again; it was strange that Charis, the island queen, should often feel inferior, but —— *Orange Flower is no older than I am*, thought Charis, *and she has had a baby and is expecting another. I suppose I could have a baby, too*, thought Charis. *I could have had three or four by now* . . . but she did not really believe it. She seemed too small, and she sighed again. She was convinced she was hideous.

Charis's lot on the island was queenly, but it was not enviable; if she were near-royalty, she was very lonely. She heard the laughter and banter from the servants' quarters, she saw the groups of boys and girls on the beach, playing in the surf and wandering off into the woods and along the shore for picnics. Picnics reached their peak each spring in the courtship month that waxed in excitement as the moon grew full. It was the courtship month now. Charis sighed.

(Continued on Page 80)



"The bird-in-hand's here!"

Ocean Spray
CRANBERRY TIME

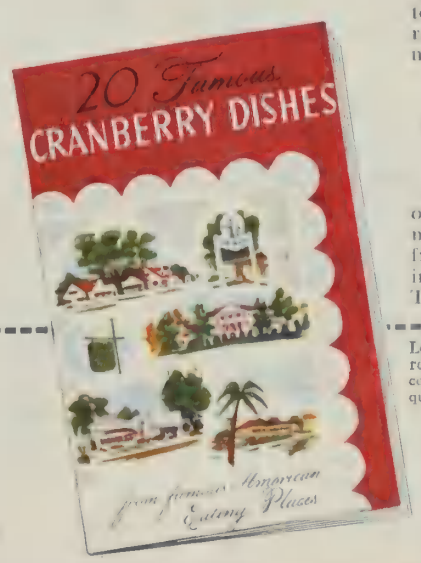


READY TO SERVE
WITH CHICKEN OR TURKEY

READY TO USE
IN LUSCIOUS DESSERTS LIKE THIS



CRANBERRY FESTIVAL CAKE



Here's the recipe for the prize-winning cake served to 3000 people at the 1950 Cranberry Festival. Everyone raved about it. You will, too! It's as easy as this to make . . .

CRANBERRY FESTIVAL CAKE

Combine 1 can (1 lb.) Ocean Spray Whole Cranberry Sauce
1/3 cup orange juice

Spread evenly in 9 x 9 x 2 inch oiled cake pan.

Prepare Swans Down Instant Cake Mix as directed on package. Pour over cranberry mixture. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 50 mins. or until done. Remove from oven; let stand 30 min. Loosen cake around edges, invert on plate, and remove from pan. Serve warm. Top with whipped cream if desired.

Let us send you this book of 20 more famous cranberry recipes from famous American eating places. The choicest collection of cranberry dishes ever published. Fragrant puddings, quivering salads, luscious pies and desserts.

Send 10c (no stamps, please) to:
OCEAN SPRAY, Dept. 11L, Hanson, Mass.

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(Please print)
Street .....
City ..... Zone State .....



BUY-LINES



THE holiday fashion theme is played . Bagpipes . . . so give in to this Scottish influe and have yourself a real Highland Fling . . . *plaid*. It's worn everywhere and every-how, is most important where most unexpected . plaid shoes, plaid gloves, plaid hats and pl



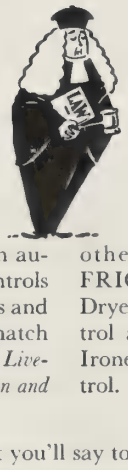
PAINT A PRETTIER PICTURE to "dream on" with LADY PEPPERELL Superfine Muslin Sheets in *your* "personality" colors . . . Aqua. Pink. Misty Yellow. Hyacinth Blue. Ashes of Roses. Spring Green and Peach Bloom. And don't think pastel sheets are a luxury beyond your budget . . . for PEPPERELL is a promise of exquisite colored sheets at a real *bargain* price. And I do mean exquisite . . . they're so beautifully textured they're as soft 'n' smooth as delicate flower petals. But will they wear? Indeed they will . . . in fact long "life" is so thoroughly woven into LADY PEPPERELL Superfine Muslins that recent tests proved they were 33% stronger than regular muslins in the crosswise threads which, as you know, get the most wear. That's why these sheets are the very finest grade muslin money can buy . . . and why they actually grow lovelier with tubbing and tugging. And now for news of LADY PEPPERELL Fine Combed Percales, see page 154.



I'VE BEEN SLEUTHING . . . trying to find out which mixer is really the best. And I know I have the right answer . . . beyond a shadow of a doubt. It's the new 1950 GENERAL ELECTRIC Triple-whip Mixer . . . but let the facts speak for themselves: *1. There are three beaters for faster, more thorough mixing . . . and are a "cinch" to clean since there's no center shaft to get in your way. 2. The new juicer . . . lets you squeeze a dozen or more oranges with no clogging. 3. A built-in light shines directly down into the bowl . . . so you can see what you're mixing. 4. An improved speed selector is out in front where it's easy to read and set . . . with 12 speeds to choose from and lots of power in each. 5. A 4-quart and 2-quart bowl "accompany" each mixer.* But why go on . . . the new G-E Triple-whip Mixer has too many wondrous features to tell you about. So why don't you visit your G-E Dealer and see it with your own eyes? I know you'll want one for yourself . . . *and* for Christmas gifts, too.



YOU BE THE JUDGE . . . visit your FRIGIDAIRE Dealer and learn why you can't match the new FRIGIDAIRE Automatic Washer with its time-saving, easy-to-use Select-O-Dial. It gives you *completely* automatic washing . . . you just set the dial *once* and it lets you pre-select the right washing time for *any* fabric. Then automatically fills the washer, controls rinsing and drying . . . even cleans and shuts the washer off. You can't match these features, either: *The way Live-Water washing really gets clothes clean and bright . . . with surging, penetrating currents of hot sudsy water that produce all the washing motion with no pulling or yanking. The way Rapidry-Spinning really gets water out of clothes . . . and the fact that the FRIGIDAIRE Automatic Washer is so vibration-free no bolting down is needed.* Judge the performance of these other "marvels", too . . . the FRIGIDAIRE Automatic Electric Dryer with variable temperature control and the FRIGIDAIRE Electric Ironer with Prestoe-Matic Foot Control.



"THANKS A MILLION"! That's what you'll say to the Sandura Company of Philadelphia . . . for they make the revolutionary new floor covering called Sandran. It's lovely to look at and a "snap" to keep clean . . . yet amazingly sturdy and long-wearing. Why? Because VINYLITE BRAND RESINS, produced by Bakelite Division, Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation, are used in producing this wear-defying material! It gives you everything you could wish for in a floor covering . . . to wit: *Dirt and grease can't sink into the smooth, non-porous surface . . . just a swish of the mop cleans it. No hard scrubbing needed . . . ever. The colors are clear, beautiful and lasting . . . won't scuff off or fade since they're part of the VINYLITE PLASTIC itself. There are handsome, third-dimensional patterns that look like fine carpeting . . . as well as smart tile designs in a variety of lovely colors.* So ask for this revolutionary new floor covering at your favorite store . . . it will save you work and worry in every room of the house.



IT'S HARVEST TIME . . . your cue to reap a big "crop" of DEL MONTE Pineapple Juice and add it to your store of pantry-shelf delicacies. It's the most delicious, sunny refreshment you could possibly choose . . . the just-right drink for every occasion. I don't think that any other juice (any other drink, for that matter!) has such a mellow, tart-sweet flavor . . . or is as perfect a "companion piece" for all kinds of good things to eat. And here's why . . . DEL MONTE makes a point of selecting only the *juiciest* pineapples and picks them at the exact moment of sun-sweetened ripeness when natural tartness and sweetness are in perfect flavor balance. This gives DEL MONTE Pineapple Juice a rich, tropical flavor all its own . . . not too tart, not too sweet, the perfect juice for all 'round use. So visit your Grocer's and gather in your harvest today . . . your family will enjoy the sunny sparkle of this golden juice with meals and 'tween meals, too.



THE WORLD'S BEST BAKERS make the world's best Party Fare . . . TRISCUIT Wafers, baked purely for your eating pleasure by National Biscuit Company. And how they bake 'em . . . with a right-for-crunching texture, hearty, tangy, whole-wheat taste . . . then salted to a turn and toasted to a golden fare-thee-well. I've noticed that even the nicest parties become nicer when TRISCUIT Wafers are "invited" . . . so be sure to put them on your next guest list. They're luscious with sliced meats, salads, drinks, soups, appetizers, cheese and canapes . . . and become the "life" of the party when served like this: *Mash pulp of 1 ripe avocado in a bowl; season with ¼ tsp. salt, ⅛ tsp. paprika, 1 tsp. lemon juice. Spread lavishly on TRISCUIT Wafers.* One more reminder . . . TRISCUIT Wafers are so good your family will welcome them at mealtime and snacktime, too. Just be sure you get TRISCUIT, the distinctive biscuit made by NABISCO.



YOU CAN BANK ON THIS . . . six or sev prunes a day are good for you in eve way. And the reason is obvious . . . smooth cellulose pulp of prunes is valuable as a *natural aid* to regu habits. But don't make the mistake thinking all prunes are the same . SUNSWEET "*Tenderized*" Prunes by far your very best "buy-line" because: *These plump, fruity "health nuggets" are fully tree-ripened . . . and the extra days of ripening insure extra sweetness, extra flavor and the extra "plus" that makes the extra effective. In addition, SUNSWEE are "Tenderized" . . . which means the so sweet and tender, they're as good raw they are cooked. And last but not least, the sealed in foil . . . then packed by the Grou themselves.* It's good to feel good . . . so se your family SUNSWEET "*Tend ized*" Prunes every morning for bre fast. If you do, I'll wager you this they'll sing their way through every d and greet the night feeling better.



WANT TO "CATCH" taste-teasing protein main dishes at budget-pleasing prices? Then the best "bait" to use is DEMING'S Salmon . . . for it's salmon at its tempting, delicious best . . . always plump, firm meat that "boasts" a flavor, texture and color you don't get in ordinary salmon. That's why DEMING'S is famous for "Quality Always" . . . and why I urge you to try it. But here's another reason . . . it's amazingly economical, too, and has endless "talents" for all kinds of luscious and nourishing treats. So do take less than the *best* . . . ways insist on DEMING Salmon when you sh You'll find both DEMING Red and Recipe Pink S mon packed the conventio way . . . as well as a new ki of salmon with skin and backbone moved that DEMING'S has just veloped: *Comes under two labels. 1 . DEMING'S Sirloin Salmon (that old favo Alaska Red Sockeye). And 2 . . . DEMING Sam-O-Lets, a different kind of delicately vored, light meat salmon that's tops in ta*



Food Shopping is a Wonderful Adventure

when so many of nature's good things can be bought the self-service way. I've just discovered I can buy fresh fruits and vegetables from open refrigerated cases at my local store. And I find that this saves me lots of time and work. The fresh produce is weighed, priced and wrapped in sparkling CELLOPHANE. I choose what I want and move on . . . no waiting. Everything's clean, too . . . because DU PONT CELLOPHANE protects produce from handling and dirt. It keeps food from drying out in the store and at home . . . and there's no waste or work, since many vegetables, like spinach, come washed, cleaned and trimmed . . . ready to drop in the pot. I like this new and better way to shop, and you will, too, when self-service produce prepackaged in CELLOPHANE comes to your community.



GOOD HEALTH is the *first* blessing of a body's "Thanksgiving"! Yet it belongs only to those with good digestion, calm nerves and restful nights . . . which is why I'd like to recommend POSTUM to help you enjoy a more bountiful share of these g things. As you know, both coffee tea contain caffein, a drug and ne stimulant. And while many people drink these beverages with no ill-effe others who are *caffein-susceptibles* su nervousness, indigestion and sleepl ness as a result. This never happ when you drink POSTUM, though it's entirely *caffein-free!* But your acti will speak louder than my words drink POSTUM *exclusively* for 30 d and see if you don't *sleep* better, better and *look* better. INSTA POSTUM has an invigorating gra rich flavor—and it's easy to fix, *insta* right in the cup. Your family thank you for it . . . as a refresh mealtime beverage *and* a sooth "night cap"!



• • • by Nancy Sasser

AN ADVERTISING PAGE

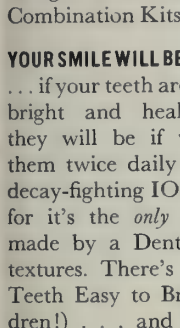


evening dresses. The motif is in contradictory combinations and kith-'n'-kin colors . . . plaid with velvet, plaid with tweed and plaid with plaid in such daring shades, for instance, as red, orange and yellow mixed in one costume.



Write to Nancy Sasser,
271 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.
#1 ☐ FREE Du Pont NYLON Booklet, Dept. J
#2 ☐ Cavalier Pin, Dept. L, 25¢ plus 2 CAVALIER Cigarette front covers.

ARE YOU PUZZLED about permanents and *can't decide* which kind to get? If so you'll be interested in what I have found out. A TONI Home Permanent will give you the *loveliest* wave you ever had . . . it feels as soft as naturally curly hair, looks as lovely and lasts as long as a $20 permanent . . . but TONI costs only $1! Reason it's so much better than other permanents is easily explained . . . TONI's exclusive gentle-action creme formula was especially created to give you a frizz free wave (even the very first day!) that looks, feels and "acts" like naturally curly hair. Most women agree with me on this, too . . . because TONI is the *only* permanent that has given over 93 million lovely, longer-lasting waves. And TONI is the only permanent that has those wonderful SPIN Curlers . . . they make curls so easy to wind even a child can do it! Both regular size and Midget SPIN Curlers come in TONI Combination Kits.



HERE'S AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE . . . about things that affect the wear of your NYLON Stockings. The most important are . . . fabric construction, proper fit and length, careful handling, proper gartering and denier. But right now, let's talk about denier . . . it's the weight and thickness of each thread of NYLON yarn in stockings. This means that the higher the denier number the stronger the thread . . . so naturally 30 denier yarn is twice as heavy and twice as strong as 15 denier. Before 1948 most NYLON Stockings were the heavier 30 and 40 denier . . . and they're still available. However, many women (I know I do!) now prefer the lovely 15 denier because they're so sheer and flattering they help us look our best. As I've told you before, DU PONT makes the NYLON yarn but not stockings . . . over 600 manufacturers make the stockings. • To learn more about the care of stockings, see Offer #1 in box for FREE NYLON Booklet. •



YOU'LL THANK ME FOR THIS OFFER . . . for, if you ACT NOW, I'll send you an exquisite Cavalier Pin almost as a GIFT! It's truly a "must" for fashion-wise women . . . because it adds the perfect style note to your scarf, lapel or beret. Let me describe it for you . . . it's a beautifully designed figurine of a romantic Cavalier in shining gold, black and deep red. It's Hamilton gold finished . . . then highly polished and lacquered to prevent tarnishing. The Cavalier's plumed hat, dashing sword, gloves and boots are shown in jewel-toned detail . . . and there's a full safety catch on the back to keep it securely fastened. A pin as lovely as this would ordinarily cost a lot . . . but not in this • SPECIAL OFFER! Just send 25¢ and the fronts of two packs of CAVALIER Cigarettes . . . See OFFER #2 in box. • I know you'll like the cool mildness and mellow flavor of CAVALIERS . . . so stock up and get several Pins at a time!



PAGE SANTA CLAUS early this year . . . for otherwise you may find he's given his most wonderful toys to somebody else's little girls and boys. And of all the gifts in his bag, these two inflatables stand out most . . . Bo-Bo, the Roly-Poly Clown, and Trigger "Hobby Horse". Bo-Bo is 4½ feet high and 4½ feet around . . . guaranteed to take everything a youngster can give and bounce back for more. Trigger "Hobby Horse" has no hard wheels or sticks . . . just attach him to a young Cowpoke's belt and let him gallop away. Both are made of dependable VINYLITE BRAND PLASTIC by Doughboy Industries, Inc., New Richmond, Wis. . . . especially designed for easy inflation and strongly built for *lasting* fun. And they will last . . . because sturdy VINYLITE BRAND PLASTIC, a product of Bakelite Division, Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation, is resistant to cracking and tearing, is washable and moisture proof. Both toys attractively priced . . . at Better Stores everywhere.



YOUR SMILE WILL BE BEAUTIFUL . . . if your teeth are sparkling bright and healthy. And they will be if you brush them twice daily with safe, decay-fighting IODENT . . . for it's the *only* toothpaste made by a Dentist in two textures. There's IODENT No. 1 for Teeth Easy to Bryten (especially children!) . . . and IODENT No. 2 for Teeth Hard to Bryten (particularly smokers!). That's why you can now smoke and smile, too . . . *Because no other toothpaste so safely removes ugly smoke smudge and polishes your teeth so brightly as IODENT No. 2 with its delightful, refreshing flavor. No other toothpaste but IODENT No. 1 with its gentle texture and special flavor children love is so perfectly suited to growing teeth.* So, Mothers, help your family smile more brightly . . . by getting IODENT No. 1 and No. 2. Or if you prefer an IODENT with Ammonium Compounds to help fight decay, get No. 1-Plus-A and No. 2-Plus-A. The BIG family-size tubes cost only 43¢!



BEAUTY IS THE BUSINESS of every Cover Girl . . . and SWEETHEART is their beauty soap. That's no exaggeration . . . for recently I asked all the glamorous girls whose pictures you see on the covers of America's leading magazines what soap they used, and 9 out of 10 said, "SWEETHEART Soap." Why this overwhelming preference? Because these American beauties can't afford to face the camera with rough, chapped skin . . . and this pure, mild beauty soap helps prevent chapping. Leaves your complexion soft and smooth as velvet, too . . . with a fresh, youthful glow that's picture-pretty. But don't envy the Cover Girls . . . *you*, too, can have the same exquisite skin with SWEETHEART Care. It's the soap that *agrees* with your skin . . . so get the new, big, satiny bath-size cake today and enjoy SWEETHEART beauty baths and complexion care. I'll wager that one week later your skin will look softer, clearer, more radiantly beautiful . . . see if it doesn't.



YO-HO-HO and a package of song . . . here's a "treasure chest" for any lover of canaries. It's FRENCH'S Bird Seed *and Biscuit* . . . a chest so packed with golden song that it's preferred by 7 out of 10 canary owners. That's because it's a *complete diet* . . . which, as you know, is the first essential of beautiful singing. What is a complete diet? Not just an ordinary mixture of a few common seeds . . . but the 12 tested ingredients that keep your pet healthy and happy. And, of course, a canary that's happy and healthy is one that sings . . . brightly, beautifully and thrillingly. The *Biscuit* is one of the most important "treasures" in the "chest" . . . for it not only contains the diet essentials your canary relishes and would seek in nature, but is also the "*plus*" from which his sweetest songs are made. But prove it to yourself . . . get FRENCH'S Bird Seed *and Biscuit*. Feed it to your golden-throated songster for just 10 days . . . then listen!



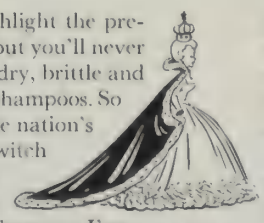
YOU CAN CHANGE YOURSELF . . . be even *lovelier* than you are! Skillful make-up is the "secret" . . . so experiment with different shades of rouge, powder, lipstick and mascara . . . then test new ways of application. And for best results, be sure to use CO-ETS . . . little fluted cotton squares that are super soft, smooth and absorbent. Truly, a CO-ET is your best bet for every beauty "treatment" . . . applying make-up, astringents, foundations, etc. . . . as well as removing creams, excess make-up, nail polish, and the like. And to aid and abet your new beauty, try these subtle tricks of feminine "sorcery": *Saturate several CO-ETS with your own special perfume and use them as sachets for lingerie cases, dress pockets, luggage, hat boxes and purses. And for parties tack a scented CO-ET inside the neckline of your dress . . . makes the perfume last longer to keep you lovelier.* Cost of CO-ETS is 29¢ for the large economy package with 80 fluted cotton squares. At Drug, Cosmetic Counters.



WHY PRETEND? You can't afford corns . . . for they're not only painful, but are ugly and quite "foreign" to feminine charm. Fortunately, there's a quick, easy way to rid yourself of these "tormentors" . . . just wrap a BLUE-JAY Corn Plaster 'round your toe the minute a corn appears. Almost instantly the soft felt pad calls-a-halt to agonizing shoe pressure . . . then Nupercaine (exclusive with BLUE-JAY!) soothes away surface pain while gentle medication loosens the corn. The result? In just a few days you can simply lift it out. But remember . . . if the corn is on your little toe, I urge you to use BLUE-JAY Little Toe Corn Plasters. They contain all the regular BLUE-JAY features . . . but are especially designed to fit your little toe and speedily ease the pain. So keep your feet "happy" and free of painful, unattractive corns . . . by getting both kinds of BLUE-JAY Corn Plasters at your Drug Counter today.



HARVEST MOON BALLS highlight the pre-holiday social season . . . but you'll never be a queen if your hair is dry, brittle and unruly from using drying shampoos. So take a tip from some of the nation's most beautiful belles . . . switch to new KREML Shampoo right away. It's utterly different from any shampoo I've ever used . . . for it has a natural oil base and caresses your hair with the gentlest touch . . . leaving it silken soft and a perfect darling to manage. But there's still another reason why I think you'll want to make KREML Shampoo *your* choice from now on . . . it contains a magic new ingredient called "Folisan" with special cleansing qualities. It really works beauty miracles . . . gets hair so marvelously clean it fairly sparkles with natural highlights and radiant, glossy sheen. Of course, with hair getting longer, you'll want to keep yours softer and lovelier . . . so depend on KREML Shampoo to help you coax it along the new style lines.







Durkee's COCONUT

There's just nothing like Durkee's snowy, white coconut! It makes ordinary cakes into picture-pretty masterpieces like this. And they taste as good as they look.

Durkee's Coconut is sweet and tasty. And *stays* that way! Durkee's Coconut does not absorb moisture from icings. Cakes stay fresh till the last bite.

Available two styles: The familiar carton — or extra moist in the can.

Sprinkle Durkee's Coconut over puddings for a rich, tropical flavor.

Glamourize your favorite pies with luscious Durkee's Coconut.

Snow under fresh or canned fruits with Durkee's Coconut.



COCONUT FROSTING

2 egg whites
2 cups sugar
⅓ cup water
2 tsp. corn syrup
1 tsp. Durkee's Vanilla
1 pkg. Durkee's Coconut

In top part of double boiler, beat egg whites, sugar, water and corn syrup. When well blended, place over boiling water and continue to beat with rotary beater 7 or 8 minutes until frosting is thick and holds its shape when dropped from beater. Remove from boiling water. Add vanilla and continue to beat another 5 minutes or until frosting is thick enough to spread. Allow to cool. Sandwich between 2 layers of cake and cover top and sides with rest of frosting. Sprinkle top and sides of cake with Durkee's Coconut.

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Durkee FAMOUS FOODS

(Continued from Page 77)

"Why can't I go for a picnic?" she had asked last year.

"You can't," Mr. van Loomis had answered shortly. He would say no more than that.

"But I want to go for a picnic," she said to Pheasant.

Pheasant, too, had said, "You cain't do dat." Pheasant sounded scandalized.

"I shall," said Charis.

"Not while Ah got breaf! Ah sho' gwine speak ter yo' pa 'bout you."

For Charis the island was almost as unpeopled as if the islanders had been spirits and only her father and she had been alive on it. Tears pricked her eyelids as she sat behind the coffeepot, but, at Mr. van Loomis's look, she blinked them away.

Yet, up to a little while ago, she had been perfectly happy; hers had been a halcyon childhood: she had her beautiful, orderly, well-regulated home, her father's and Pheasant's love and care; she had the adulation, or at least the respect, of the servants and islanders; and she had the whole island of sun and beauty and balmy content. Nothing ugly or rough or frightening had ever come near the small Charis. She had her pets, her birds and dogs and her white pony, Dominion, the only pony on the island. She had her garden and books and toys; she had her lessons with her father, and, if they were stern and hard and trying, she was enough of a scholar to like to be tried; she had the physical pleasures of intense well-being, of swimming in the warm-surfed sea, of sun-bathing, of walking and riding, of fishing with her father and the boatmen. She had all these things still, but all of them were spoiled. *Why spoil them?* Charis asked Charis. The answer was that she could not help it. It had begun with Mario.

She remembered, when she was reading The Cherry Orchard, she had found Anya's cry, "What have you done to me, Petya, that I no longer love the cherry orchard?" It was not only Petya's talk, it was also Petya himself who had done that to Anya. Charis had thought so much of Anya and other girls she read of that they had become real to her: Rosalind and Emma, Becky, Dora, and Anna Karenina; she used to pretend they were her sisters; now they were only ink and paper; all that happened to them was there in black and white. Charis did not know what had happened to her except that, for her, it was not Petya, it was Mario. She saw that clearly now. Sitting at the breakfast table, she could have cried, "What have you done to me, Mario, that I no longer love the island?"

Mr. van Loomis and Charis and Pheasant were not the only aliens on the island. When they had come there they had found Mario's mother installed. She was a Spanish woman, married to a minor island chief, but she had kept her own name, and Mario was called Mario Fernandes. She had been a strange, coarse, cruel, wrathful woman, who had made her imprint on the whole island and ousted its chief, Niu's father, from his right.

In morals as in art, saying is nothing, doing is all.
—RENAN.

On the island, if anyone chose to oust you, you did not oppose him, but, if unspeakably oppressed, without argument you put an end to the oppressor. You did not quarrel or argue; you killed. Mario's mother lived, and it was this simple fact that told the islanders she was a witch; nothing could be done against her. When Mr. van Loomis came, he seemed to have no fear of witches. He kept Mario's mother in her house, stopped all her traffic with the people, and, though she was violently angry, presently it was she who died. Then the people knew that Mr. van Loomis was a magician.

He did everything he could to enhance this belief. He had a barometer, and he read the winds and weather better than the islanders could; he had a burning lens with which he kindled fires to astonish them; and there was his far-seeing eye, the telescope, and the twin eyes of his field glasses, which, it was reported, could make things large or small, near or far, according to which way you looked through them. The reports c from Filipino, who, alone on the isl dared to touch them, but even Filipino not know how so much power came to be in such small space. Filipino looked th up in Mr. van Loomis's dictionary or et clopedia, but he had not yet come to leg

Mario's mother had had no rights or ti in the island, but, after her death, Mr. Loomis remembered that her unpreposs ing son was half European and had ta him into his home and tried to bring him and teach him. Mario was not teachable was sullen and stupid and simple. Mr. Loomis took him fishing, tried to teach h good manners, a little English, to read a write, and some astronomy, which he lieved all people should study to give the sense of proportion. Mario caught few fish remained as uncouth as he had been bef and beyond knowing the moon from the s he learned nothing about astronomy.

From the beginning Charis had dislik him; she said that he was hideous. Mario thick-bodied, thick-necked, thick-jowl even his tumbling black hair was too thi he looked like a young bull animal. He kn that Charis did not like him, and that ma him follow her and tease her.

"This-a island belong-a me," said Ma in his peculiar jargon.

"It belongs to my father," said Cha

"No-a, mine. Mine but you-a not-a ca When you-a get big, I-a marry you."

"No!" cried Charis in horror.

"No else for you-a marry," said Mar and that was true.

Whether those conversations shadow anything in his mind she did not know, b one evening a few we ago, she had met Ma in the corridor outside h room as she was going bed. It was late. Mr. v Loomis was walking in t garden; Pheasant and t servants were gone to th huts; no one was near. Mario stood again the wall to watch her pass, and Cha stopped. She had sniffed a new smell Mario. It was the islanders' drink, arra She was quite used to the islanders' drin ing; when they were drunk they becam merry and, afterward, sleepy. But she d not like it on Mario. She stiffened a waited to let him pass her, but Mario d not move.

"You don't like me, do you, Prince Charis?" he said in Spanish. "*Es que no gusto, Princesa Charis?*" When he was tir or cross or distressed or drunk he laps fluently into his mother tongue. "Come he *Ven á mí.*"

But Charis did not come. Her back again the wall, she looked at him with scornful ey but she felt her hands suddenly cold.

"Shall I came and get you, Santa Charis

Charis's usually good sense left her. S knew it was foolish to move from the wa but when Mario came at her, she scream and ran down the corridor. Mario was sl on his great feet, but at her door he caug her and dragged her into her room. Cha could still see the shadowed quiet look of t airy white cave that was her bedroom, a she had still the horrible sense that Ma had defiled it. She could still feel his han on her as he dragged her, undignified, to t bed, her feet slipping and sliding on the ma ting. At that moment Mr. van Loom stepped out of his dressing room next do

She had not seen Mario again, but Phea ant had told her that he had been sent to t lighthouse on the rocks.

"Mario wanted to co—cohabitate with m didn't he?" she asked now, wrinkling h forehead.

Mr. van Loomis winced; he had taught h to say what she meant in plain words, b these were too plain.

"But 'co' means 'with,' from the Lat 'cum,'" said Charis thoughtfully, "and wasn't with Mario, was I? I was again him. What is the word Blake uses?" ask the literary Charis. "You know, in t Daughters of Albion? —'catch for thee girls

(Continued on Page 82)

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What's the latest news on baby care?

1. Is "rooming-in" at the hospital better for mother and baby?

Many hospitals and doctors are enthusiastic about having mother and baby share a room; others are doubtful or do not have the facilities. But all agree that it is valuable to have the mother help give the baby a bath. Then the young mother learns early that there's nothing like pure, soothing Johnson's Baby Oil for preventing skin irritations.

2. How often should Baby have a shampoo?

Three times a week is sufficient, unless there is crust or scale on the scalp. Then shampooing should be done every day, oiling the scalp first with Johnson's Baby Oil. A bit of Johnson's Baby Powder carefully patted into neck creases when he is dry will ward off little chafes and prickles.





3. Should a baby be left to hold his own bottle?

Modern authorities say Baby needs the warmth and security of being held closely in someone's arms during his feeding. At mealtime he should feel as comfortable as possible. So at the pre-feeding diaper change, be sure to smooth him with soft, silky Johnson's Baby Powder.



(Continued from Page 80)

mild silver and furious gold.'" *I wonder if I am mild silver or furious gold,* she thought. She was afraid she was mild silver. "Yes, copulation is a better word, though it begins with 'co' as well." She leaned her chin on her hands. "If we had copulated, would I have been his wife?"

"Good heavens! No!" said Mr. van Loomis, and his nerve broke. "You are not to talk like that."

"What would I have been, then?" asked Charis, and this little question entered into Mr. van Loomis and rankled.

He knew, now, what he had really known before and known for weeks: that the time had come when he must think seriously of the future of his daughter. He had brought her to the island quite forgetting that she would grow up, and here she was, grown. She was a young woman now, and he remembered with sinking spirits that young women were utterly puzzling; that, full of heart, they were curiously heartless; that they were absurdly vulnerable and absurdly foolhardy. "Damnation!" said Mr. van Loomis.

Out on the sea, in the dinghy, Valentine and McGinty saw a canoe detach itself from the fishing boats and come paddling up to the dinghy. As it came level, four tall, brown-skinned, naked fishermen stood up, balancing on their feet, shading their eyes from the sun with one hand as they looked at Valentine and McGinty. They called to one another with excited cries.

What does one say to them? thought Valentine. *One can hardly say, "Good morning,"* but McGinty had already called out "Hullo." The men did not answer but stared naïvely and thoroughly.

"White man? Sahib?" called McGinty, tapping his chest and pointing at the house.

The men shook their heads. Valentine and McGinty could not know that to shake the head in island custom meant "Yes." One man also said what sounded to Valentine like "*Ohé.*" They stared again and then turned their boat and paddled away toward the island.

"They have gone to tell," said Valentine.

"I HAVE taught you as no other girl was ever taught," said Mr. van Loomis to Charis. "I have never let you waste an hour. No governess or school could have been as careful."

"No," agreed Charis listlessly.

I should have let her be an islander, thought Mr. van Loomis despondently. *Why did I teach and train her? Why didn't I leave her to grow as she could? As she would?* He knew that it had not altogether been consideration for Charis. It was his need for someone to talk to, to talk with. Now that he had her, now that she approached to what he would have her be, this other unforeseen thing had come on their horizon. *Will I have to take her away? Damnation!* said Mr. van Loomis to himself. *Wait and see. Something may happen.* He had a feeling that something would happen. He felt as if he had waved a little stick.

Charis knew she had changed. Pheasant told her she was always bad-tempered these days; her father said she was selfish and self-absorbed. If it was true, she could not help it; for her everything had changed. Nothing was itself any more; everything and everyone was tied to herself, and each had something as repellent as Mario, as attractively yearning as Filipino. Beautiful and hideous: those were her two epithets. Mario had touched her, and now his touch was the more powerful. *Hideous! Hideous!* thought poor Charis, and, suddenly, she wanted her mother. Mr. van Loomis and Pheasant were not enough.

BACHELOR

Originally a bachelor was a soldier not wealthy or powerful enough to lead retainers into battle under his own banner. When knighthood was in flower the term came to mean a person of inferior rank. The word was then applied to a college degree to designate a scholar who had obtained an inferior degree, or one not quite so good as that of master or doctor. With the stigma of inferiority still appertaining, it came in more modern times to be applied to a man who was not good enough to find a wife. Some modern bachelors have tried to justify themselves by insisting that they are not hard-hearted; they are just amour-plated.

—DAVID T. ARMSTRONG.

"Was . . . mother . . . like me?" Charis. It was the first time she had sa ordinary name. "Am I like mother?

Mr. van Loomis was jerked back veranda and Charis. He stared. *mother!*"

"Yes. Mother."

HE drummed his fingers on the tabl always did when he was disturbed. mother was a very beautiful woman.

Then . . . not like me, thought Char tears ran down her cheeks.

"Why are you crying?" asked M Loomis. "She has been dead more twenty years. You needn't cry for her

"I have never cried for her before, Charis defiantly. "I want to know abo I want to know who she was. I want t who we are. I know nothing at all. W we? Why did we come here? Who am

Mr. van Loomis stared at her and t stared far over the sea. It was so long s had thought of his wife and the outer that his mind had to grope after ther they roused a strong emotion, stronge he would have believed possible. He w silent, drumming his fingers; then abruptly, "Your mother was a Miss B

That sounded so unlike the names ple as Charis knew them that her dried her tears. never thought self as Miss van and she wond anyone would her that. "M Loomis," she mured dizzily.

"No, Burns rected Mr. van "Yes, in a way like her. She a wealthy Edi family. Yes, s wealthy as well a tiful." A smile t his lips. "She the Earl of Spe

"Then ——" opened her lip zled. "But . . . my father?"

"I am the Spey." Mr. van seemed curiously oppressed and troub it. "It brings it all back," he said. "Yes I am the Earl of Spey. Our family n Fyffe." And he said wearily, "The Spey, K.T.—that is a Knight of the in case you don't know—K.T., G.C Viscount Ardlamont, Baron Staplef the county of Shropshire."

"All that?" asked Charis, marvelin

"Your real name is Grace Elizabet stance Fyffe. Lady Grace Fyffe," and pleadingly, "Charis is a prettier nam

Charis did not hear that. "Then went to England now ——"

"Scotland," said Mr. van Loomis.

"If I went to Scotland now, I sh Lady Grace Fyffe?"

"If you went to Scotland now you probably have to work in a factory."

"Would I *really?*" asked Charis cally.

Her father did not ask her how she h rosy vision of factories; he was busy w own thoughts.

Charis felt uplifted and widened to horizon. She wanted to say to her "That is enough. Enough for today. tell me any more today," but her th came back to her mother. Her mother s real now, wealthy, beautiful Miss Burn dreamily she asked her father, "W mild silver or was she furious gold?"

The question took Mr. van Loo guard. "Mild silver," he said gruffly he stopped, smiled, as if he had a r brance. "No, furious gold. She ——" was a silence.

Charis looked up and saw with s that her father was unable to spea stood up and pushed his chair awa went to the steps, standing with hi toward her, and Charis, at the table,

(Continued on Page 86)



Four boxed corners hold sheet to mattress like a second skin. Fitted "tuck-under" prevents sheet from wrinkling.

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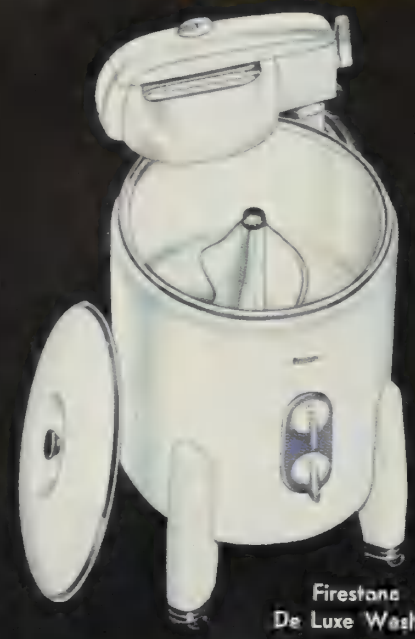


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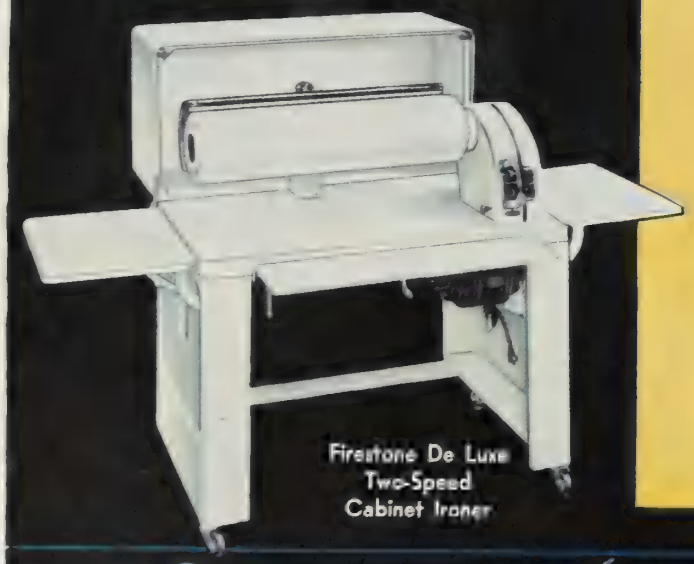
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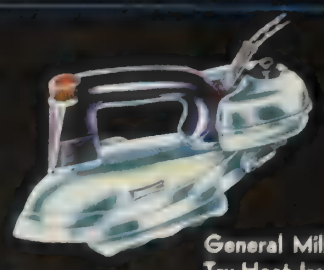
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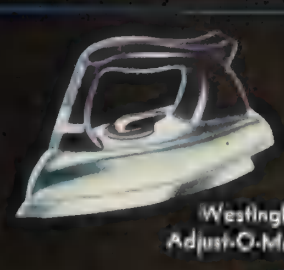
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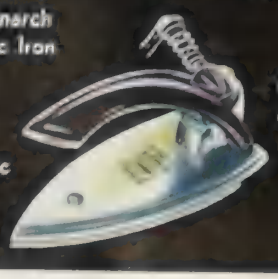
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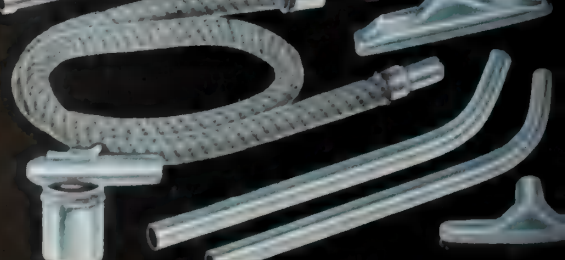
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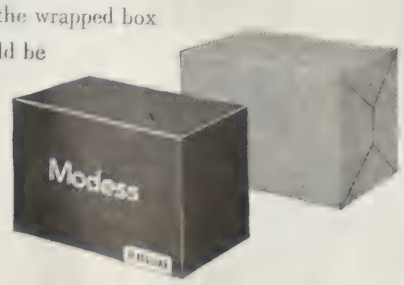
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Only Modess comes in the new-shape, secret-shape box, pre-wrapped!

(Continued from Page 82)

glimpse of a difference that accounted for the difference in her, her difference from the islanders. On the island if you were sad, you wept; angry, you shouted and stormed; upset, you gave way. Now Charis saw grief, pent up and restrained, and this was something stronger than behavior, it was deep. She saw that the feeling between her father and her mother had been more than the words that began with "co" from the Latin "cum"; it was concerned with faith and honor, and respect and love, but a love that she had not met, except that its reflection was between her father and herself. She saw this only dimly and felt more than she saw. *This is what books are about,* thought Charis. *This is what poems mean. This lies behind it all. I didn't understand before. Is that what I am waiting for?*

She sat looking at her father with a new kinship until he came back and put his hand on her shoulder. "Charis," he said, "she was silver *and* gold."

The answer pleased Charis. He had said she was like her mother; she did not mind being mild silver, but she wanted to be furious gold.

"It's a long story," said Mr. van Loomis, and he seemed to go back a long way from Charis in his mind. "I didn't take much interest in life after she died."

"No?" said Charis gently.

"No, that is not quite true. I had removed myself from life, perhaps, before. While I was up at Oxford," said Mr. van Loomis, his voice changed from nostalgia and alive with interest, "I became interested in conjuring."

The new romantic Charis stared at her father disapprovingly.

"I FOUND I had a gift for it," said Mr. van Loomis. "I became more and more interested. Conjuring to you means Maskelyne's and children's parties." (It did not. Charis knew the word only through the dictionary, as she knew most words, but Mr. van Loomis had forgotten where he was.) "It is an incredible art!" said Mr. van Loomis. "I use both words in their highest form: incredible and an art! No other art touches it. It is the power to transform; the power of the miracle, absolute." A look came into Mr. van Loomis's eye, a look that she had seen before but had not understood; it was visionary, determined and fixed. Then he pulled himself back to the breakfast table. "When you come to think of it," he said apologetically, "the whole world conjures, every man jack of us." He paused, and an older look of sadness came into his face. "Then you learn to go without it. That it is better to go without it. I have tried to learn that, Charis. I try to have nothing to do with it, but sometimes ——" He paused, and that look came back into his eyes, but Charis prompted him.

"Father, you were telling me ——"

Mr. van Loomis sighed and began again. "You must know," he said, "that we are shipping earls. Our family fortune was originally made in shipping and in whisky. The earldom was given to my grandfather for his services in the Sudan. He was a great soldier, Charis. He was, of course, already a baronet. His father started as a fitter in the yard of Munro Macdonalds of Clydeside. That is now one of our concerns. He rose by his own efforts entirely. We are a wonderful family. We can do anything."

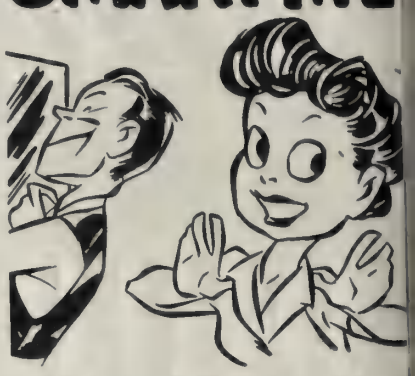
Could I, if I were given the chance? thought Charis. It was the first time she had thought of doing anything, but how would she get a chance?

"We were often very foolish," said Mr. van Loomis. "In each generation, it seems, one of us had to have a folly. It was my grandfather who built a Greek temple at Spey, a Greek temple in Scotland. They use it for picnics now; they call it Spey's Folly. My father bought orchards in Tasmania; he bought them without advice or seeing them; they proved barren."

"And you?" said Charis.

"I don't know," said Mr. van Loomis and sighed. "It was a complicated world, complications and chicanery. There were the firms, and we had large estates. The Scottish are not like our islanders, Charis,

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One can't be despotic there. The simplest agricultural laborer is not simple at all. There everything is complicated. They have forgotten how to live. I didn't have time for it all. I didn't make time. I didn't do my duty by the estates or by the firms. I didn't take my place in politics or the affairs of the country. Then there were strikes ——"

"Strikes? Against *you?*" This was quite a new idea to Charis. She did not like some of the things he did on the island, but this was the first time she had seen him as a tyrant. "Did they starve?" she asked dramatically.

"People don't starve if they strike," said Mr. van Loomis. "They get strike pay." But that was too intricate for Charis to follow and she let him go on. "There was trouble after trouble. I admit I didn't give my mind to it. I found it very tiresome and uninteresting. I was gaining a secret knowledge that would have astounded ——" He broke off. "I forgot," said Mr. van Loomis, "that to live your life successfully you must have life, and to have life you must live." That was so exactly Charis's own thought that she looked at her father with surprise. "You can't live by shutting yourself away," said Mr. van Loomis. *(But isn't that what you have done again?* thought Charis. *We are shut away on the island.)* He sat down at the table and ran his fingers over his beard, smoothing it down. "I am afraid I was a very selfish man. I had a brother Archibald; he was clever, energetic, charming and astute. I was fond of him. Too fond." He sighed. Even now it hurt to think how a brother could hurt. "After the last war came the slump of the twenties—you wouldn't remember that. You weren't even born. It was acute economic depression.

"We had troubles among the men," said Mr. van Loomis. "In the yards, at the works,

Women like to sit down with trouble as if it were knitting.
—ELLEN GLASGOW.

everywhere. Archie managed them. He was very helpful. Soon he had everything controlled. He used to bring me things to sign, you wouldn't understand, but documents, contracts, agreements, deeds. I was very busy and I often signed them without looking. When you sign your name over and over again, and all the letters as well, it is hard to find time to look. Your mother warned me, but I wouldn't listen. I was immersed in my own work and didn't want to be disturbed. Then she died and I woke up. It was too late. In the end, after the affairs had been settled, I was left with nothing but Spey. They couldn't take that from me."

"Spey?"

"Yes, Spey." Mr. van Loomis sat still at the breakfast table, but he seemed, in thought, to be a long way away. "Spey was the village our forefathers came from; it went with the castle. Our forefathers did not come from that, but my great-grandfather bought it when he bought—was given," Mr. van Loomis corrected himself and corrected himself again, "no, bought, his peerage. It's no shame to have bought what you have. You buy it with your heart and mind if you earn it. He made himself a peer, and my grandfather, his son, was the first earl." There was silence for a moment and then he went on, "Spey was a gray place, in the mountains with the glen below; the castle was gray; the battlements were still there and the keep and the four towers. You can have no idea, Charis, how tall those towers were; you had the same feeling there as you have here on the mountain, but, remember, those were built by men." Mr. van Loomis paused. He looked at Charis, who was sitting with head up, looking past him at the sea with shining eyes. "You are not listening."

"I am, I am," said Charis, and now she looked at him. "Why did you leave it if you loved it?" she asked.

"Your mother died and it felt empty. Besides, I wanted ——" He did not say what it was he had wanted. He said instead, "How could I stay? It needed a fortune to keep up a place like that, and I had given my for-

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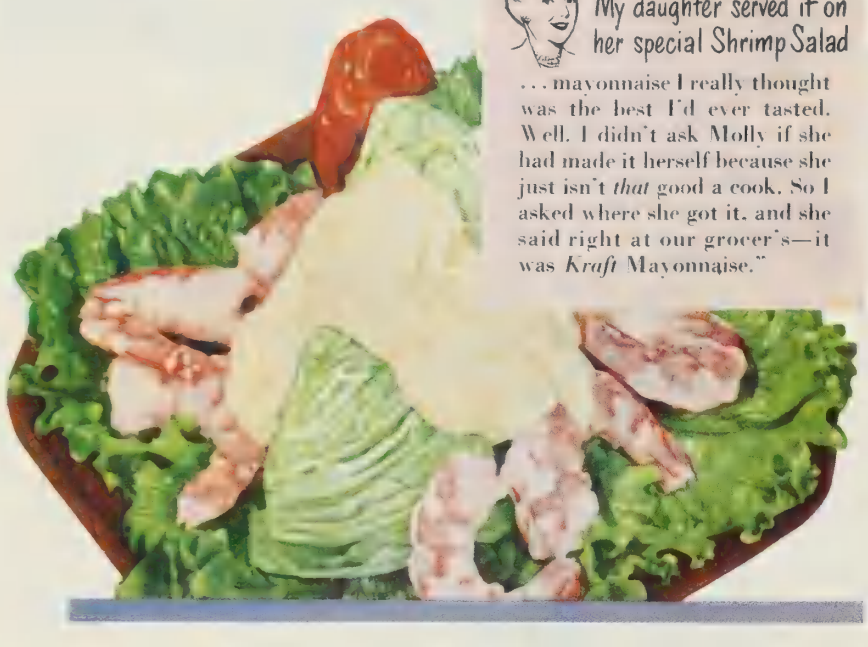
I've been keeping house for years and just now tried

KRAFT Mayonnaise!



"My daughter served it on her special Shrimp Salad

. . . mayonnaise I really thought was the best I'd ever tasted. Well, I didn't ask Molly if she had made it herself because she just isn't *that* good a cook. So I asked where she got it, and she said right at our grocer's—it was *Kraft* Mayonnaise."





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A master blend of really choice ingredients

true mayonnaise at its finest!

tune away. I was a ruined man; so I made it complete. I renounced my title in Archie's favor."

"In *his* favor! After he had treated you like that?"

"There was no one to blame," said Mr. van Loomis. "No word was ever said against Archie; only, mysteriously, after those years, I was ruined and he was rich, blamelessly rich. All the same, there were one or two people who didn't like the smell of him." He paused and then went on, "He was my heir; you were a girl. I knew I should never marry again, and I thought it would rankle." He smiled. "Archie was never robust enough to be wholly bad. He was sneaking. He used to steal jam and then be sick. If I stole jam," said Mr. van Loomis, "I kept it down. So he became the fourth earl, and, yes, it rankled. Poor Archie has never been easy. He writes to me still." He did not say it was a year and a half since he had picked up his mail. Then he remembered what lay behind this conversation. "I should have left you with him."

"Not if he was sneaking," said Charis decidedly, and Mr. van Loomis felt cheered.

"I determined to get away from them all," he said. "Not to bring a soul with me, excepting you. You were a pledge from your mother. I had heard of this island. We had dealings with the Puerto company and I bought it. I brought books and household goods and trees and seeds and stock and tools, left the rest and came. I have not regretted it."

"Wasn't I a great nuisance to you when you brought me here so young?"

"You were my greatest interest," said Mr. van Loomis. Tears started in Charis's eyes again, and he found them not far from his own. "I didn't bring a nurse for you. I thought it would be simple to look after you myself." The remembrance of the voyage came back to him. "Well, on the ship, yes, you were a nuisance. I was glad when we found Pheasant at Puerto. Still . . . here we have made a simple good life, Charis. It is fundamental. There is no conjuring here."

"Conjuring?" That word seemed to Charis to haunt her father. She asked, "What is the difference between conjuring and magic?"

"All the difference," said Mr. van Loomis shortly. "Conjuring is clever tricks. That is why the world is sick."

"*Is* the world sick?" asked Charis, interested.

"Yes. Sick with its own cleverness. I tell you, Charis, cleverness is a disease."

It was the first time Charis had heard that. "But . . . if people *are* clever?"

"Clever tricks are all the same," said Mr. van Loomis. "An atom bomb or a coffee machine. We crush our berries with stones and make coffee in a pan. Invent a coffee machine and you are on the way to the bomb. There is none of that here on our island."

CHARIS opened her lips to speak, and shut them. Filipino had invented a coffee machine. Seeing how often the coffee boiled and was spoiled, he had thought out a different way: he had made a pan of the island clay fired hard, over which fitted another with holes in its base; the coffee was put in this, and the water from below bubbled up, and the coffee was made without the grounds' being boiled.

"You invented the coffee," said Charis to Mr. van Loomis.

"I didn't. The coffee was here. I only used what was here."

So did Filipino; he used clay and fire and his wits. *Everything was here, in the world, or it could not be . . . reached,* thought Charis. She felt dizzy, overwrought and overtired; she had traveled a long way since the night and yet, for all this, she was still t same, still lonely Charis on the island.

Mr. van Loomis stood up. "I am going o to the lighthouse to see Mario. Would y like to come?"

"To see *Mario!*" After such a conversati as this! Charis was astounded at her fathe insensitivity. Then she remembered that did not know how she must feel. How cou he? He was not a girl, young, bewildered a alone. Charis began to cry.

Mr. van Loomis saw he had made a m take, and he saw, dimly, what was the ma ter. He looked at Charis sharply. When was uncomfortable or his own words fail him he often took refuge in proverbs.

"There is an old Hindu proverb, 'Wh the pupil is ready the teacher will come.'

It was at that moment that the ding came slowly round the headland.

AFTER he had taken Charis to her room a persuaded her to lie down in the quiet, M van Loomis came and stood thoughtfully the veranda.

It was a long while since he had helped woman to bed after an emotional scene. T women on the island did not need beds cept for sleep or love, and not always th a mat, the sand or t grass did as well. Th nerves were not torn scenes: they had nerves. Mr. van Loo drummed his fingers the veranda rail and r fled his beard.

It began to dawn him that there were u usual sounds and mo ment all round hi Shouts and calls w coming from the bea a small cook boy, a sl of melon still in his ha darted through the g den to the beach; th garden boys ran af him. No one was allow to come that way, a Mr. van Loomis stepp indignantly down o the terrace.

Niu appeared at elbow. "Look, Tsu Look!"

Mr. van Loomis look down on the beach where a crowd was gathering. He look along the jetty clustered with people a at the sea where fishing boats had ga ered. The far fringes of the beaches w alive with people, and more boats were co ing in, paddled so fast that white spray r round them. Then, following the line of Ni finger, he saw a small yellow object out to s He supposed it was a boat; it might ha been a raft, but it was not a native one. H heart began a peculiar pounding in his che He sent Niu for his field glasses. When had looked through them he stood very s on the terrace.

Along the terrace there were plumba bushes, small and feathery, with milk-B flowers, that grew with white oleanders tubs. The air was balmy with the smell grass and flowers warming in the sun; t wind blew in the acacia trees. But Mr. v Loomis noticed none of these things. brought the glasses down and said. "Se Filipino to me."

His first impulse had been to order out great canoe and go after the two men he h identified through the glasses as white m but on second thought he decided to se Filipino. *Why should I go after anyon* thought Mr. van Loomis grandly. *This is island. Let them come to me.*

Filipino was probably the last person the island to see the dinghy. He had be down in his hut, lying on his bed, readi while the other servants smoked and ch tered. Filipino had learned that familiari and chatter take away its strength from t mind. That was odd in such a talkative b as Filipino, but that was the strange th

(Continued on Page 91)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Now Let the Wild Geese Fly

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

At night came the rains
Which, like tears,
Leave the world older;
The foliage has fallen,
What remains
Is dim and dark.

Now let the wild
Geese fly
Through skies grown colder
And let blueberry bushes
Kindle
One expiring spark.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Does your child fit this PICTURE OF HEALTH?



Or is your child frail and underweight? Read this way to better nutrition

hen a child is thin and nervous, the cause may faulty nutrition.

Many children, in fact, are "well-fed," but nourished. They may get lots of food, but always enough of the *right kind*. Such chil- n obviously need special care in the selection the foods they eat.

A mother should always remember that every ld needs, proportionately, 2 to 3 times as much certain food elements as an adult. These food ments include protein, calcium, iron, vitamins B_1, niacin and riboflavin. These may be called "spark plugs" of robust health and vitality l a child needs plenty of them. A lack of one more *can* cause a slump. And—please note s—they are the very ones most apt to be icient in average meals.

n *theory*—an adequate family diet can be pro- ed by serving a wide variety of carefully selected ds, thereby obtaining all the essential ele- nts. And this every mother should strive to do.

In *practice*, however, this is hard to do, because of the many problems of food buying, seasonal shortages, storing and cooking, and the wide differences in individual tastes and requirements within the family.

And so, today—busy, intelligent mothers employ a sound and simple method in approaching this problem. They use a *supplementary food* like Ovaltine.

Ovaltine is a rich supplementary food that fills in the gaps, the chinks, and the loopholes that may occur even in "good" meals. Ovaltine, mixed with milk, contains practically all the vitamins, minerals, and high quality protein necessary to bring ordinary meals up to the full requirements of a growing child.

So why don't you join the host of other mothers in this program for better health through better nutrition. Give 2 to 3 servings of Ovaltine daily in addition to regular meals. Then you can be sure *you* have done just about everything you can do to insure proper nutrition for your child.

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YOU GET IN OVALTINE
MIXED WITH MILK

HIGH-QUALITY PROTEIN—essential in building body and nerve cells.

HIGH-ENERGY FOOD—needed for keen vitality.

IRON—necessary to maintain good red blood.

VITAMIN B_1—required for good appetite, digestion and healthy nerves.

VITAMIN C—necessary for healthy gums and all connective tissue throughout the body.

VITAMIN D, CALCIUM & PHOSPHORUS—all needed for straight, strong bones, good teeth.

VITAMIN A—a deficiency prevents normal growth —affects vision—may cause night blindness.

NIACIN—for normal functioning of nervous system and digestive tract.

VITAMIN G (Riboflavin)—essential to normal growth —and health of eyes and skin.

NOTE: *Ovaltine has a remarkable appeal for children who refuse to drink plain milk, and it is especially processed for easy digestion.*

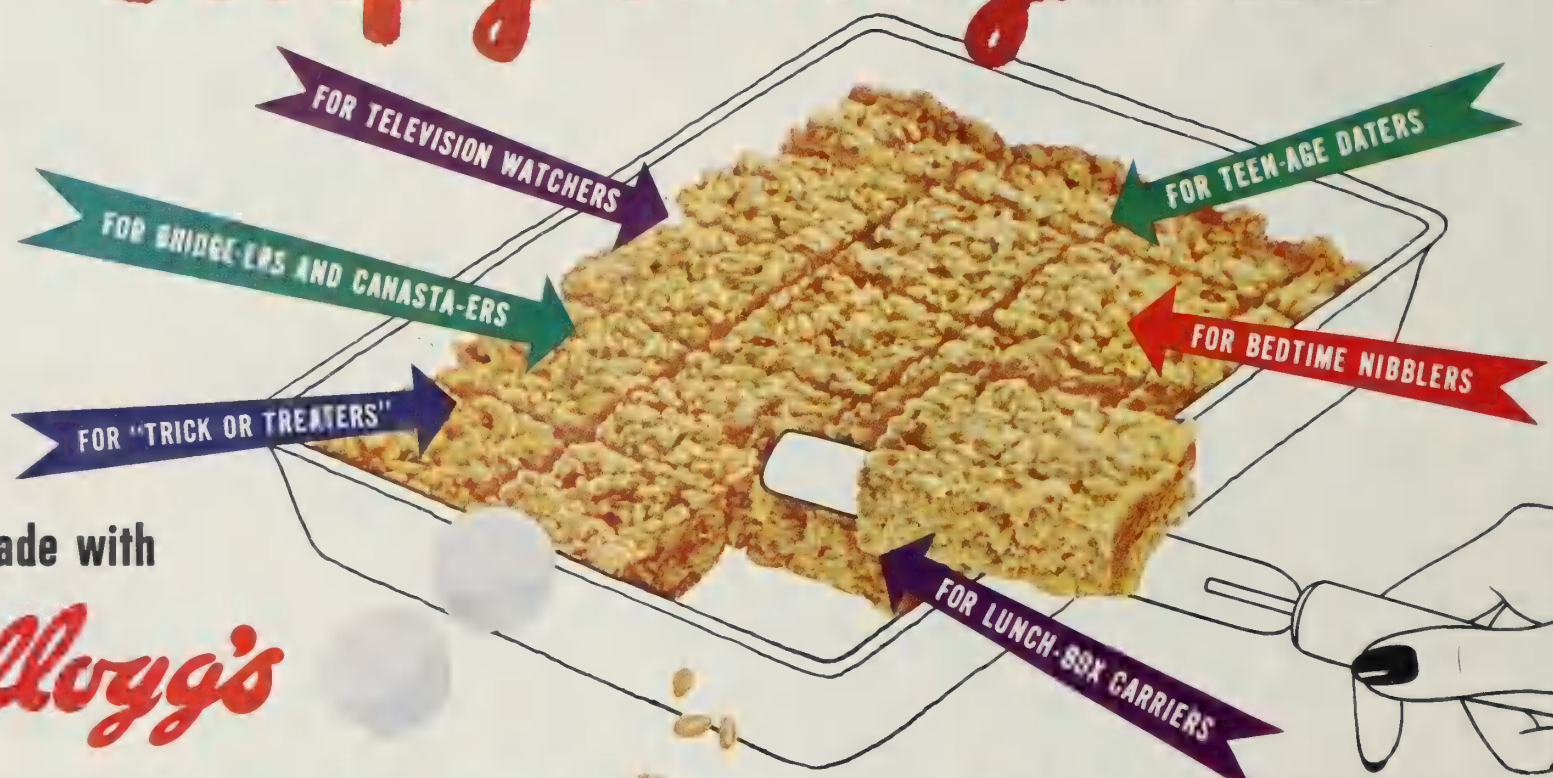
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9-minute "crispy candy" with 5 variations



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RICE KRISPIES and MARSHMALLOWS



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RICE KRISPIES and
MARSHMALLOWS

are sweet on each other... They're being seen together at your grocer's now

You do so little and you get so much fun! And you'll be knocked right off your feet when you taste how good this homemade confection is. In just about 9 minutes you can turn out a batch of these golden brown, crisp, crunchy wonders—made with fluffy white marshmallows and Rice Krispies. So easy anyone can do it. Let the youngsters make up a batch tonight.

Recipes on the package for that Crispy Candy—Rice Krispies Marshmallow Squares—and five exciting variations:

- Chocolate Marshmallow Squares
- Peanut Marshmallow Squares
- Coconut Marshmallow Squares
- Peppermint Stick Marshmallow Squares
- Raisin Marshmallow Squares

Look how easy!

¼ cup butter
½ pound marshmallows (about 2½ dozen)
½ teaspoon vanilla flavoring
5 cups Kellogg's Rice Krispies

1. Cook butter and marshmallows over boiling water until syrupy, stirring frequently.
2. Add vanilla; beat thoroughly.
3. Put Rice Krispies in greased large bowl and pour on marshmallow mixture, stirring briskly.
4. Press into greased shallow pan; cut into squares when cool. Yield: 24 squares, about 2 inches each (13 x 9-in. pan).

(Continued from Page 88)

Filipino; he was everything: he was
ve and not talkative; quick and slow;
nd gentle; bad-tempered and sweet;
for instance, Flora Annie was simply
erbox and Resurrection was a silent

ino had discovered a book he had not
small brown book tucked away on
n Loomis' shelves. It was called The
of Man. He had borrowed it and
the night before, and in it he had
so many of his own thoughts that he
hilarated. He felt confirmed in all his
they were true; they were there in
and print was gospel to Filipino.
ne had finally blown out his lamp and
wn to sleep, the thoughts wove them-
with his sleep in his brain and he woke
with overtiredness but so exhilarated
at he had kissed Flora Annie for sheer
ow, to make sure he had not been mis-
he was reading the book again. *Oh,*
hould like to meet someone, now, who
the world, the whole wide world! said
o. Niu hailed him, and he had looked
seen the dinghy.
ke these and look," said Mr. van
s when Filipino arrived out of breath,
handed the glasses to Filipino. The
ilipino took them and adjusted them
Mr. van Loomis; could Filipino have
ose glasses before? *The boy would not*
hought Mr. van Loomis, but he was
ly unsure of what Filipino would not
"What do you see?" he asked.
o Tsulas, Tsula," said Filipino. With-
glasses they all knew there were two
men. At least a dozen people had told
o that between the beach and the ter-
Two white men in a
at the color of the

or two ingenuous
ad suggested that it
even be the sun.
gods come down on
a in the sun," they
verently. Filipino pointed out that the
as in the sky, and came on up to the

u can speak some English?" said Mr.
omis now to Filipino.
é," said Filipino politely, his eyes cast
tly down. He had the little book tucked
is waist knot; he wondered what Mr.
omis would have said if he had seen
glish in that.
ou are quick and you can use your
" said Mr. van Loomis. "Take a boat
after the Tsulas and find out who they
d what they want and bring them
Don't bring them to the house beach.
them to the second bay below and
hem there till I come."
ino was silent. He was filled with
ity and a great purpose. Soon he was
t other white men, men of the world,
ht be young white men. He felt he
ssert himself now or never; the little
ressed his waist. The Rights of Man!
o breathed quickly through his nose,
eks flushed hot. He pressed his lips to-
and said nothing.
hen I give you an order you will say,
Tsula,'" said Mr. van Loomis.

murmured concurrence and gave Fili-
small kick on the calf with his slipper.
o, was very strict about island man-
Tsula" was the island name for "white
Mr. van Loomis was pleased to know
had also come to mean "honorable."
i," the feminine, was Charis's title on
and.
hen I give you an order you will say,
Tsula,'" said Mr. van Loomis again.
vill say 'No,'" said Filipino.
emed to him that the silence stretched
from the terrace, over the lawns and
the trees, past flowers and bushes and
's bamboo swing, past the summer-
and the clump of morning-glory, down
eps to the sea. As if the silence had
, it seemed to Filipino that everyone
his head to listen: the crowds on the
the villages, the people on the moun-
even the squirrels seemed to wait,
bright-eyed; for a moment, no bird flew. The palms of Filipino's hands broke out into sweat, but to make sure he had said it, he said it again.

"I shall say 'No,'" said Filipino.

"Did you say 'No'?"

The four small words started a tumult of fear in Filipino. "No," he said. "I mean 'Yes.' Yes, I said 'No,' Mister," began Filipino pleadingly in English. He had meant to conciliate and say "Master," but in his agitation he used the objectionable "Mister," and he saw Mr. van Loomis's look darken still more. Suddenly he was glad that he had said "Mister." "I joined as houseboy," said Filipino loudly, "I am not your messenger. It is not my work to go."

MR. VAN LOOMIS seemed to tower over Filipino, and his breadth was immense. Filipino had not known that his face was such a network of purple lines or that his eyes could stab . . . like a swordfish, thought Filipino, with blue strength and power. Mr. van Loomis looked very large to Filipino, and he quailed and his bare toes moved uneasily on the terrace earth.

"Very well. I go," said Filipino hastily. "I go." Then he remembered and wavered and retrieved himself. "If you ask me nicely," quavered Filipino, and words from newspapers seemed to come to him though he did not realize what they meant. "If you pay me overtime."

"Slap him," said Mr. van Loomis.

Niu, his dark face darker with emotion, stepped forward and slapped his grandson on both cheeks. What kind of emotion Niu felt Mr. van Loomis did not divine; he never knew with Niu, but the slaps were hard. Filipino did not resist; the slaps stung, tears smarted in his eyes, but they made him angry and that was easier.

He that plants trees loves others beside himself.
—SCOTTISH PROVERB.

"I don't care," said Filipino proudly, his voice brimming with tears. "I, sir, am not your slave."

Mr. van Loomis was outwardly unmoved; his feet were set wide and firmly on the terrace, his bulk was large and calm, but inwardly he was in turmoil. The yellow boat was passing steadily down the bay. He wished to send this tiresome boy after it. *What is in them all this morning?* thought Mr. van Loomis. *It's a ferment.* Aloud he said:

"What did I take you from? What were you, knuckling under to Mario's mother, a woman? Were you free? In that witchcraft and abuse? You were slaves. Slaves!"

"No," said Filipino. He could not explain, but the submission to Mario's mother, the submitting to her abuse, still left them, in a way, free. Mr. van Loomis's demand for cooperation for their own good took far more from them and was far more forceful.

"Everything I have done here has been for your own good," said Mr. van Loomis.

"No," said Filipino. He still could not explain. It was too subtle for him, he could only feel it.

"You say 'No,'" said Mr. van Loomis. "I can say 'No' too. Is there a man or woman now under the evil eye? No. Is there misery and poverty and disease? No. Is there any tribute to pay? No. No taxes."

"There should be taxes," said Filipino. He struggled to explain. "We should do our own good or bad. Our good should *belong* to us."

"Is there anyone hungry or whipped?" Mr. van Loomis continued as if Filipino had not spoken.

"No, but ——"

"Is there leprosy or beriberi or plague?"

"No, but ——"

"Well then?" asked Mr. van Loomis.

Filipino began to feel desperate. He felt as if he were speaking with a loud voice and nobody heard. "But to be whipped or hungry *isn't*. I ——"

"You have never been whipped or hungry," said Mr. van Loomis. "Try it and see."

"I should *willingly*," cried Filipino.

Mr. van Loomis's temper broke. He felt he had had enough to try him that morning. "If I have any more of this you *shall* be whipped,"

(Continued on Page 94)



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(Continued from Page 91)

he said. "But I shan't whip you. I shall send you to Zambun."

Niu gave a little cry. Zambun was the penal settlement on the nearest island, a hundred and forty miles away.

"When I bought the island," Mr. van Loomis told Valentine later, "I took the precaution of becoming its magistrate. It gives me great power."

It gave him such power he sometimes forgot that, when he bought the island, he had not bought the people as well. But something was in the air today, and now he suddenly knew that, magistrate or no magistrate, he did not send people to Zambun, they sent themselves, and he had an equally sudden sense of the limitation of his own power. He was nonplused and he found himself turning to Niu. Niu was looking at Mr. van Loomis with his eyes set and with such hardness on his face that Mr. van Loomis felt cold.

There was a pause; then, "I shall not send you to Zambun," said Mr. van Loomis. "I shall turn you over to your grandfather."

Niu gave a sigh of satisfaction and lowered his eyes and looked at Mr. van Loomis's feet. Mr. van Loomis still had that sensation of coldness. *Surely I'm not afraid of Niu?* thought Mr. van Loomis.

Filipino was not satisfied. He had now wound himself to such a pitch that he could not accept this tame ending. "Send me to Zambun," he cried. "I like to go! Starve me! Beat me! I am not afraid!"

They turned to look at him. "But I have never beaten anyone," said Mr. van Loomis, bewildered. "I have had them slapped, but nothing else."

"I shall hunger-strike you," shouted Filipino. "I shall call the young men out. There will be a riot, I warn you, sir. You are a tyrant. You must come down. We want government. Not your government. We want that it should be of the people, by the people, for the people." He had to stop for want of breath.

Mr. van Loomis looked at him with eyes that seemed to drill their blue sight into Filipino. "You have been reading." Someone else had spoken to him of strikes that morning. Charis! "Tsuli Charis has been teaching you to read. What have you been reading?"

Mr. van Loomis had guessed right. In thoroughly educating his daughter he had educated Filipino as well.

Professor Toynbee, in Civilization on Trial, has set up a scale for judging who is most likely to last through the ages. "The works of artists and men of letters outlive the deeds of businessmen, soldiers and statesmen. The poets and the philosophers outrange the historians; while the prophets and saints overtop and outlast them all."

ONE afternoon long ago Charis, coming out to play, had found a small boy sitting among her toys where she had left them on the grass (no one had ever taught Charis to tidy her things away). The boy was holding his big toe and scratching it in the island way with one hand, but with the other he was turning over the pages of one of her books, page by page. When he looked up he was too enthralled to drop the book and leap to his feet as he should have done; he continued to scratch his big toe and said, "Tsuli, what does this mean?" Charis, looking over his shoulder, saw a picture of King Arthur pulling the sword out of the stone. Sitting down by Filipino, she told him the story of King Arthur. Presently Filipino noticed that the text went with the pictures, and presently Charis began to point out to him the *a*'s and *b*'s and *c*'s. They were sitting beside a hibiscus bush, its root spread in a circle of sun-baked earth, and, breaking a twig, Charis had scratched an *a* and a *b* and a *c* in the earth. Soon he was scratching them for himself. The next afternoon he was there again, waiting for her with glowing eyes, and they had progressed from scratching on the earth to writing on Charis's slate and then to Mr. van Loomis's precious paper and pencil and ink. The ink was made from an indelible island stain. "Ink is better," said Filipino. "I want that what I write shall never die. You have the pencil," said Filipino.

Charis thought he was a very conceited boy, but she was amazed at how quickly he learned. At first she had taught him as one teaches a pet, for amusement, then less and less amusingly, until it was deep hard work. They became like a proud sister and young brother, but as Filipino grew up he began to show his range and he grew to be separated, even from Charis. It was not that he knew more than she—a good deal of what he knew was glib and parrotlike—it was his imagination and invention. The coffeepot was the least of the things he had imagined; at a spark he took flame. Charis had sometimes thought that he was so fierce he must burn himself out, but there was something inexhaustible in Filipino.

NOW, "What have you been reading?" asked Mr. van Loomis.

Niu gave Filipino a push to make him answer. It put him off his balance; he staggered and The Rights of Man was jerked from his waist knot and fell on the terrace path.

Mr. van Loomis looked down at it. "Pick it up."

Filipino picked it up, a cold sensation in his ears. A plumbago petal had stuck to the page, which was brown and wet from earth and dew. Humbly Filipino brushed the petal off, but the wet brown patch remained.

"Give it to me."

Filipino gave it and shrank back. He was afraid Mr. van Loomis would lose his temper again at the dirty marks on his property, but Mr. van Loomis only said with irritation, "Why don't you read what you can understand?" He had not for one moment guessed that the boy could read books such as this. "When I learned to read, we read 'The cat sat on the mat,' which at least was sense. This is half-baked, theoretical jargon."

"I like it."

"No one could like it," said Mr. van Loomis. He was forgetting that, for the book to be on the island at all, he must once have liked it himself. He often told Charis how carefully he had chosen each book he had brought. "You don't understand it," he said.

"Tsula, I *do* understand it," said Filipino earnestly. "I understand, sir, every word. I—I drink it. I *believe* it!"

"Faugh!" said Mr. van Loomis. "You are trying to fly before you can walk."

"Then I can fly," said Filipino.

Indeed, Filipino made strange flights for an island boy. If he had actually gone up in Valentine's Water Star and flown over the islands and seen them scattered wide in the sea, they would have given him no surprise. To the islanders, their island was the whole world, except for Zambun, from which none of them ever returned and which corresponded to hell; the Hat might have been the moon, attendant on the earth; the earth was the island, and the sun, the real moon and stars were, the islanders knew, attached to the island to shine on it and give it warmth. Filipino alone had a sense of other islands, of the world, even of a magnitude of worlds. It was through books, but it was not only through books that he had it; he seemed to drink the air and know. At night, lying on his bed in his open-sided hut, he would look up at the stars and his significance would dwindle, and the island dwindled, too, and seemed to dissolve, in the sound of its own surf, into the air. This did not frighten him, but gave him a strange melting joy as if he, too, had become the air, and then often he sang or wrote his songs. His ideas were not phenomenal to Filipino; he was a phenomenon himself, one of those who went from idea to idea as if they walked on the tips of mountains, if they walked at all. They did not have to learn to fly; they had to learn to walk.

"You don't want to go into that world," said Mr. van Loomis as if he were arguing about a possibility. "Into all that trickery and mess."

(Continued on Page 96)



ISS LEIGHTON, photographed at right in her Stein-Blaine original, is one of New York's best dressed women. A brilliant hostess of originality and good taste, she is also a well known author; her latest book "The Aspirin Age" received wide critical and popular acclaim.

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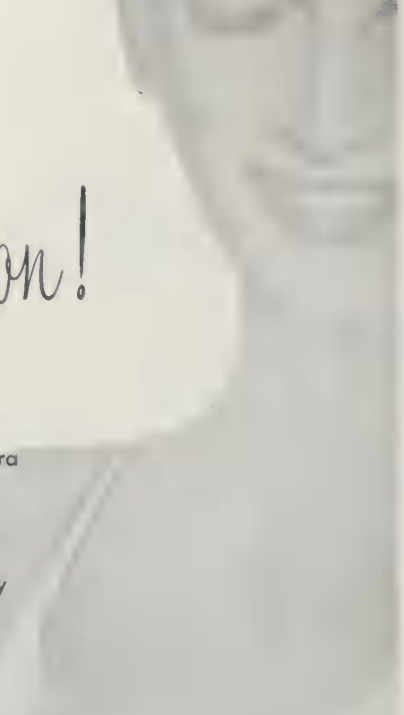
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"Avant," you know, is French for "Forward"

(Continued from Page 94)

"I do! I do!" said Filipino.

"You don't know what you are talking of."

"I do."

"How do you?"

Filipino took a deep breath. "I read your newspapers." And he said humbly, "Please to excuse me for it."

Four years ago Charis had discovered a drawer full of newspapers in her father's study. Mr. van Loomis had meant to lock the drawer; he had meant to burn the papers as he read them; he had always done this before, but he had grown careless. It was a long time since he had been out to the barrel to pick up the mail, and he had forgotten about the newspapers in the drawer. They were old, but that made no difference to Charis and Filipino. They read them avidly. If Mr. van Loomis had not been so busy he would have noticed that Charis's words and thoughts had changed. Though they did not understand more than a quarter of what they read, a shutter opened in the minds of Charis and Filipino, and they looked on a new world. "And it *is* the world," said Charis. "It isn't made up, like a book. All that it says happened has happened."

"Oh, you children!" said Mr. van Loomis now, and he asked Filipino, "What do you *want?*"

"I want to meet with a man," said Filipino slowly and shyly.

"What man?"

"A real young man."

"What do you think you are yourself?" asked Mr. van Loomis, but that had not dawned on Filipino; he did not feel at all like a real young man.

"I want to go among other young men and rub their shoulders," said Filipino. He thought there was something not quite right in the way he had said that, but he swept on. "I want to meet men from all over the world. From everywhere." A thought came to him that made him breathless, and, for a moment, he stopped. A dazzling thought had come to him; suddenly he saw the way clear before him. It was something he had not thought of before. "Colleges are where you learn. Send me to a college," said Filipino.

Mr. van Loomis looked at the distant lighthouse rocks where Mario was interned and at the sea where the dinghy was still gaining slowly on the town; perhaps there, in the dinghy, was Filipino's real young man. He sighed. In making himself responsible for this island he had made himself responsible for something unfathomable. *Or should I have fathomed it?* asked Mr. van Loomis. *Should I have known about all this if I had been more aware?* Whether he should or should not, he felt helpless. He was held in something he did not understand. What, for instance, had brought those two strangers as if from a spell?

"I didn't make a spell, did I?" asked Mr. van Loomis.

"Tsula?" Filipino did not understand.

"I abjured magic," said Mr. van Loomis. "But"— he looked at the house, the garden, the rock, the sea—"but did it abjure me?"

No one, nothing answered him.

When Mr. van Loomis had dispatched the now glowingly obedient Filipino after the dinghy, though he was burning with curiosity and impatience himself, he went slowly across the lawn, past the morning-glory and down the steps, along the jetty, and stepped into the canoe that waited for him at the jetty head. He felt it was only dignified to go on with his morning's program rather than wait at home for the strangers.

The boatmen greeted him with respect. He looked big and imposing, shining with whiteness, the whiteness of his beard enhanced by his tanned face and his blue eyes and matched by his white eyebrows and thick hair. He wore white trousers and a singlet with a wide cummerbund round his waist.

His boat was imposing too. It was like a great war canoe with outrigging to steady it over the surf. Mr. van Loomis had bought it from the chief of another island on his way to Terraqueous. It was native-built of wood inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and its eyes, in

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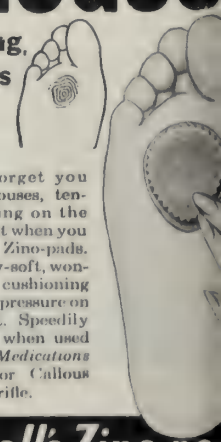
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the prow, were ornamented with silver and coral. It was rowed by a crew of eight picked men, who sat two by two in the stern; they wore loin cloths of island-dyed crimson and a long rag of the same color wound round their heads to catch their sweat. It was Mr. van Loomis's first island attempt at uniform; he liked to see them smart and all the same, but the islanders did not take easily to smartness or to uniform; the boatmen often came in other colors or with flowers in their hair. They rowed fast, their paddles flashed exactly together in the sun and, on a little platform on the prow, the head boatman, Luck, kept the rhythm, standing, balanced on his feet, as the boat flashed through the waves, chanting rhythmically, "*Hé, hé, hé, hé.*" Charis always knew when her father was coming and going by the approaching and receding "*hé*'s."

At first the men had thought they were going after the dinghy, and when Filipino went racing out alone there were disappointed murmurs. "Our Tsula can't go after them," said Luck. "He is a great chief. They must come to him." And the men said, "*Ohé*," satisfied.

The canoe turned out to sea and met the glassy green swell, deeper since the storm. From the sea, the island and its mountain made one shape to the sky line with colors of white and green and brown and lavender streaked with pumice and white, rising from the white beaches to the white cloud. The colors were pellucid in the sun; it was too early still for the heat haze which would presently rise from the pockets of inland valleys that were stiller and warmer, more lush, than the rest of the island. Mr. van Loomis could identify every color and shape, predict each change.

To discuss an opinion with a fool is like carrying a lantern before a blind man. —DE GASTON.

Sounds came to them clearly as they ran along parallel with the shore. Mr. van Loomis knew every sound: the sound of the waves breaking, of parakeets, of the island women threshing out their corn in hollow wooden blocks with a corn pole. He heard the scream of a well rope and the slapping of wet cloths in the wash places in the river; the sound of oxcart wheels and the crack of whips; of children splashing one another in the sea; of the drums of a funeral.

He could identify all the smells, from the exact brand of the stinking fish to the peculiar sweetness that was to puzzle Valentine and which came from the flowers on the chema tree, a tree that was peculiar to the island and had white chiseled flowers and long sharp thorns.

Fishermen stood up in their boats for him as he passed, though the wash of the heavy canoe was dangerous to their light craft. Mr. van Loomis lifted his hand in acknowledgment, and his signet ring caught the sun and sent a shaft of light into their eyes; such shafts can be seen from the aureoles of saints or supreme beings in holy pictures, a shaft like the eye of God. On land, if the islanders met Mr. van Loomis, they stepped off the road: a few ignorant ones lay down in the dust, but they came from the back of the hill, the island's hinterland, and had been tormented by Mario's mother. After reading the newspapers and talking with Filipino, Charis had grown to be hotly ashamed of this, but Mr. van Loomis thought it not unfitting.

On the island, Mr. van Loomis still ordered the world, and he felt he would continue to order it. *At least a place can't be treacherous,* said Mr. van Loomis now. *Places have no secret springs. They don't grow.* As he said that, he had a strong feeling that he had waved the little stick, a magician's wand, and that the opposite would happen as it did in the magician's trick, the unexpected, the rabbit that could not have been in the conjurer's hat, and that the island, by some unexpected twist, would, in the end, order him. *Nonsense!*

(Continued on Page 99)



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(Continued from Page 97)

r. van Loomis. *I know the island, every it. It can't play tricks on me.* In all his ntance with it he had not learned that nd was always inexorably itself.

van Loomis had no doubt but that he nefited the island. He had given it s tranquillity; he had made the is- prosperous and kept the beauty of land for them; he had kept it outside rld, away from trade, so that it was iled: there was no corrugated iron, no , no asphalt, none of the things that ar-savage dearly loves. "They don't vhat I have saved them from," Mr. omis often said. There was no cinema, o, no electricity. There was no money: nders traded in kind with one another r. van Loomis. He had guarded their ous industries, ideas and customs; he ded only a few of his own. The island were built of woven bamboo like work or else of beaten earth, leeped ne wash in white or native colors, and ed; Mr. van Loomis had built his house same earth, the same thatch, only he ade it larger and embellished it with floors and window boxes, bathrooms, as, kitchens and gates. The island ad been simply paths where jungle or earth or sand had been trodden down age; Mr. van Loomis's roads were the nly widened by the same simple proc- eading. He had brought seed and fruit om Scotland and Puerto and taught nders to irrigate and augment their He had weeded out the sick and poor om the cattle and sheep and pigs and ed the breeds with a prize bull, two nd a boar, which the islanders felt ould worship for their size. Even the nd hens had grown bigger since Mr. omis came; the very gourds on the vines had swelled.

s of cotton and copra and wool and and gold had accumulated on the is- r Mr. van Loomis; he had no means ing them away, and he did not intend roy his peace by getting a means, and his stocks in bamboo warehouses be- e little town. It gave the islanders, he t, a healthful business to collect these and they were impressed by the signs of increasing wealth.

ng other industries on the island, Mr. omis had started pearl fishing, which gun to thrive. In the creeks and bays island and its satellite rocks, and in nks out to sea, in certain places were beds.

native divers went down for the naked and unprotected except for a sharpened dagger of ironwood that they wore round their necks and used against the attack of a shark. Long accustomed, they could walk and swim under the sea for minutes together without anything to help them but their muscles. Now, as the canoe drew near, Mr. van Loomis could see the little fleet of boats and, in the middle, the large barge to which the divers clung when they came up.

Prem, the headman, came paddling up to them in his boat. As he neared them he sent it shooting forward with a strong stroke of his paddle and stood up in one graceful movement from heel to head, balancing, holding with his toes on the narrow, fast-moving little boat. "Tsula!" he said in greeting.

"PREM" returned Mr. van Loomis, and Prem smiled broadly. Mr. van Loomis liked his broad, smiling face. Prem had been down with his divers; his black hair was wet; the water streamed down his back and thighs and dried on his brown skin in lines of salt; he wore nothing but an old thin cloth tied between his legs and knotted round his waist with plaited grass. Now he undid a knot in the corner of his cloth and held out, on the cloth, five or six small pearls and one larger for Mr. van Loomis to see. Mr. van Loomis thoughtfully took the large one and weighed it between his finger and thumb.

"It *is* the one, Tsula?"

"I believe it is," said Mr. van Loomis.

"It is like the Tsula's other ones. Only larger. It is one of the largest I have seen."

Mr. van Loomis had been collecting pearls for a string for Charis. One day he would sell all his pearls, but certain fine evenly matched ones he had kept for her. Charis's twenty-first birthday was near, and the string was almost ready; it wanted only the center pearl, and this, by its size and weight (as far as he could estimate it), its shape and luster, seemed to be the pearl for which he had waited. Prem was right.

"Who found it?"

"Tinpal."

"He shall have a goat," said Mr. van Loomis, and he took the pearls from Prem, gave him one or two orders, and called to Luck to go on.

Mr. van Loomis had his completed string of pearls, but, after the morning's scene with Charis, he was not so elated as he might have been. He now thought of something he had not thought of before: he remembered how, once, he had shown Charis some pearls as a child, and she had run and brought him some little egg-shaped seeds, half red, half black, and brilliant, that fell from a bush near the stables after it had flowered; the islanders used to pierce them and string them. Charis

(Continued on Page 101)



"Isn't it about time to take him back to the doctor for the thousand-mile checkup?"



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(Continued from Page 99)

nly thought they were prettier than his rls. The older Charis would probably see beauty of the pearls and like them for r own sake—but that would still not be e as pearls, thought Mr. van Loomis. uld they be of any use to her? *Do pearls l people, other women, to give them value?* asked. He could not decide. "I don't w," said Mr. van Loomis aloud and unpily.

n the sun-filled morning he felt wrapped loom. He was seriously perturbed. It was range feeling. For twenty years Mr. van mis, until that night with Mario, had had ning to perturb him, and Mario was easily shed aside like a troublesome fly, or so he thought. Even the war had passed him "It's nothing to do with me and my isl," he had said. "If it comes here, it es; then I shall consider it." It had not e. He had sat on his island away from tides that had washed the world; now he caught up in a larger tide that was even e ruthless: the tide of time. "Something eginning," it said. "Time goes by. You t, inexorably, be swept away." He looked ugh his glasses to where the small speck was Filipino was gaining on the larger ow mark of the dinghy.

hey themselves were getting near the thouse that, as they drew near, separated f into a small pillbox standing on rocks lay by themselves, out to sea. Mr. van mis could see Jéo, the young keeper, a on the rocks, watching them. There no sign of Mario.

was only now, weeks after the scene n Charis, that Mr. van Loomis could t himself to speak to io. Mr. van Loomis been judging the islers for twenty years, ng to show them by mple what they should should not do to keep nselves energetic and perate. Now he found self intemperate; he d have strangled Mario with his bare ds; he would have liked to cut Mario's at. *Mario!* he said and gritted his teeth.

felt, also, that Mario had started this st. It was Mario who had upset Charis, though he had nothing to do with Filio, Mr. van Loomis was now linking toer several little things that he had and not really taken notice of before. haps Mario had upset Charis and Charis set off Filipino. Mario had made ris, who up to then had been a little suddenly desirable . . . *and desirous,* ght Mr. van Loomis. At the thought of ris being desirable, or desirous, Mr. van mis trembled with strange feelings of and fear. *I should have left her behind,* ght Mr. van Loomis, but it was too late ay that. He sighed. If Mario had left her e there might have been another two hree years of peace, and Mr. van Loomis round in his mind for an epithet for io, but it was so long since he had had really to swear that he could not find He was cold with anger and cold with sea to think how nearly Mario ——*How I protect and keep her?* thought Mr. van mis, and a sickening thought came to what would happen to her were he to and leave her alone? He made a wish, the n and prayer of every good mother: *I t that she could marry well and live happily. sh that, in that boat, one of those two strancould be a good and personable unattached ng man. I wish that he and Charis could in love and marry and live happily, not after of course, no one does that, but for t of their lives. That is what I wish, so help God!* said Mr. van Loomis.

e had wished so intensely that he had t his eyes. Luck, facing him, wondered if ere cross or unwell; then Mr. van Loomis ed and opened his eyes. "The young are upsetting," he said.

Tsula?" said Luck politely.

hey had come to the lighthouse. It was really a lighthouse, but a lamp of the d that are usually on buoys; but here, on this rocky point, the surf was too full for a buoy, and the lamp had been built into a pillbox on the rocks and was lighted at dusk every evening and shone with a steady beam out to sea. It was more friendly, less lonely than most lighthouses; the keepers were allowed to come ashore in the daytime to eat in their houses and sleep with their wives, but to Mr. van Loomis it was a thorn prick: it was the only part of the island that was not his. Here the inspector's ketch had to call, and Jéo, the young keeper, and his father were responsible not to Mr. van Loomis but to the inspector. Jéo had not dared to use his advantage, but Mr. van Loomis was careful not to provoke him by inquiring too closely into his doings, and he resented having to be careful. This made the business of Mario doubly difficult. He was safe enough on the lighthouse; he was not a skillful boatman, and he would not have dared to try the passage between the rocks and the mainland alone; but Mr. van Loomis felt he had put himself into Jéo's hand, and that made him uneasy and irritable.

Never throughout history has a man who lived a life of ease left a name worth remembering.
—THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Jéo came now, down to the landing rock, and stood ready to catch the rope that Luck had in his hand to throw.

The current raced round the rocks, but Luck brought the big canoe round to run with it, and, back-paddling, the men brought her in without a graze to lie beside the large flat rock used for landing. Jéo caught the rope and fastened it to a ring driven into the rock.

He saluted Mr. van Loomis. "Tsula!"

"Jéo!"

Stores, maize and vegetables and bananas and rice, were put ashore, and Mr. van Loomis stood up and came out from under the awning which was stretched where he sat, and passed Luck, who stood, steadying the prow of the canoe against the racing water with a long pole. One of the boatmen had sprung out and was now in the sea between the canoe and the rock; he put his hands on his knees to steady himself and bowed his back so that Mr. van Loomis could use him as a rail. Helping himself with one hand on the boatman's back, Mr. van Loomis stepped ashore.

He had seen Jéo two days ago on the mainland. This spring month, while the moon was rising, was the courtship month. Jéo, young and stalwart and well to do, was seeking a second concubine. Mr. van Loomis knew that was why Jéo was glad to have Mario on the lighthouse. Mario, for all his stupidity, could be left to watch the light. Jéo's father, the old keeper, was ill on the mainland, and Jéo was very glad of Mario. He had told Mr. van Loomis that the inspector was coming, and the day before they had seen the ketch come in. Mr. van Loomis had forbidden the inspector a landing on the island itself, and there was no love between them. Now Jéo reported that the inspector had said that Mario Fernandes was not to stay on the lighthouse, that he was not a fit person to be near the light.

"Mario Fernandes will stay on the lighthouse," said Mr. van Loomis.

"*Ohé,*" said Jéo in perfect agreement.

"Send Mario Fernandes to me," Mr. van Loomis was about to say when he remembered that Mario would probably not come. He said instead, "Where is he?"

Mario was fishing at the back of the lighthouse, hunched on a rock, his big dark head turned toward the sea. He only hunched himself more closely as he heard Jéo's call.

"Stay here," said Mr. van Loomis to Jéo, and picked his way over the rocks to Mario. "Good morning," he said. "*Buenos días.*"

Mario looked round and scowled.

"Fishing?" asked Mr. van Loomis.

"Sea not belong-a you," said Mario rudely in his thick blurred voice.

"You have baited your line too high," said Mr. van Loomis. "That makes it too heavy, and your hooks are too big. You will lose it."

Mario scowled again. He was not a good fisherman and he knew it.

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thought Mr. van Loomis. Mario was worried now. He wished that Mr. van Loomis and the boatmen would not come and look on his shame. The heavy mat of curls on his forehead made him look more like a bullock than ever, but it did not hide the dumb unhappiness of his eyes. "I am unhappy, unhappy," Mario would have said, but he could not say it; he did not know how to, he could only feel it. He was sent away from the island where he had grown up, where people were tolerant of him; away from the drink that lifted him up into another Mario who was braver and more explicit, even if he were sick next day. Now he was penned here with himself, usually only with himself, for Jéo went ashore; at times he was frantic and beat his head against the pillbox wall to make something else, if only a hurt, to help Mario to get away from Mario.

"What did I do?" asked Mario, and his eyes filled with tears. He could not remember what it was he had done except that it was something to do with Charis. "I didn't want your nasty daughter," he flung in Spanish at Mr. van Loomis.

The sea roaring in the caves below the rocks sounded loudly in Mr. van Loomis's ears and he had to drive his nails into his palms. He shut his eyes so that he would not see Mario. "Why did you touch her, then?" he asked, controlling himself.

Mario did not know why, as he did not know what else he could have done. He had been drunk and she was near and a girl. Mario had always wanted a girl; the island girls threw water in his face and laughed at him. He had a fleeting remembrance of Charis that night; her skin was white and soft, he remembered that clearly, and from that white skin something dim came into his brain, something like a reason, and all at once he knew he had a reason

He said, "I-a thought you-a meant her for me."

"For you?" Mr. van Loomis shouted, and he shuddered.

Mario saw the shudder and his hurt eyes glowered. "I-a man!" he said with dignity, then he lapsed into Spanish. "You can't be a favorite and then not a favorite," he said.

"You never were a favorite." said Mr. van Loomis curtly in Spanish too. He looked at Mario with loathing. "I never could bear the sight of you."

There was silence while the line shook and quivered with the pounding of the waves and slid a little farther into the sea.

"I thought you were kind," said Mario. "I thought you were wonderful. *Yo te creia un milagro del cielo! Que idiota!* You took the island from me ——"

"It wasn't yours."

"It was my mother's. You took it. You didn't ask her to give it to you. No! No! You were too clever!"

"I BOUGHT it from the Puerto company who owned it and never fished it," said Mr. van Loomis. "Nobody wanted it. It was too far away."

"I wanted it," said Mario.

"You and your mother were allowed to live here, that was all. I was a fool to let you stay."

"Now you won't let me," said Mario. "You won't let me live. Pheasant taught me about Our Lady. Our Lady will punish you. You wait and see. Everyone has more than I have. Every little garden boy. They all laugh at me. Why? Why? I always obeyed you. You didn't tell me not to touch Charis. How am I to know? I shall do something to you," shouted Mario. "I shall do bad. If ever I can do anything to you, I shall. To her and to you. I hate you. You wait and see what I shall do. *Espera! Es era . . . mala hembra!*"

Mr. van Loomis turned to go, and Mario scrambled to his feet. He had not realized that Mr. van Loomis was only paying a visit.

"You-a take Mario?"

"Certainly not," said Mr. van Loomis.

"Not?" Mario shook his head as if he had not quite heard. "Not?" bellowed Mario.

"I told you, not."

"Please-a. Please. *Por amor de Dio* Please-a, van Loomis. Please! Please!"

But Mr. van Loomis walked away.

Mario stood a moment, doubling and u doubling his great fists, then he bent a picked up a stone, a small rock, and hurled straight at Mr. van Loomis—at least Mar thought it was straight, but it fell harmless on one side. Mr. van Loomis did not ev turn his head. In a few moments Mar heard the sound of the canoe going awa

He sank down on his rock, sniffing a rubbing his hands into his eyes. In the su light he saw them going away toward t mainland, the paddles flashing togeth

Mario shook his head from side to si and then gave up; sobbing a little, he be down to pick up his clumsy fishing line, b it was not there. Mr. van Loomis had be right; baited too heavily, it had slid dow into the sea. Then Mario really burst in tears.

WHEN Filipino, followed by all the isla eyes, went speeding after the dinghy he w not thinking only of the two strangers: wi the wonder of them was a new wonder himself, Filipino.

He felt he was a new Filipino. He thoug even the strangers must recognize him different. *Before, they would have treated as an island boy*, thought Filipino, *as a serva now they will see I am a young man.* Mr. v Loomis had said he was a real young ma and he had argued with Mr. van Loomis an what was more wonderful, Mr. van Loom had argued with him. "Yes, we had argument, we *argued together!*" said Filipi aloud and dizzily. He f he was now capable of guing with the two stra gers, no matter who th might turn out to be. B fore, he would have be simply at their beck a call, as he had been at M van Loomis's. "Do th Do that. Fetch this. Take that. there. Come here," murmured Filipin Those days, of course were not yet over, b release had begun; the promise of releas "He will send me to college," said Filipin

An optimist sees an opportunity in every calamity; a pessimist sees a calamity in every opportunity. —ANON.

Colleges were in America or Europe. O ford was a college. Mr. van Loomis had be at Oxford. He had etchings of Oxford in h room, and Filipino had stood in front them often, gazing into them as if his so would rake out their meaning; he had tried puzzle out their buildings, spires and towe and quadrangles. In England even the v lages had spires. *They must have done a ve lot of building*, thought Filipino.

Now as they went after the dinghy studied the empty sea air, trying to imagi it pierced with spires, but he could not. looked down into the glassy depths of the s where he could see fish swimming, pale a colored and rainbow-striped, with a sudd shot of silver as one darted behind the cle fronds of weeds; far down below were ane one beds, but no towers such as had be in King Arthur's sunken country und neath the sea, the same Arthur who h pulled the sword from the stone in the pictu in Charis's book that first day. King Arthu country had passed away; it was lost und the sea, but from it you could hear bells rin ing. Filipino had never heard a bell, as had never seen a spire. *But I shall*, said Fi pino. Now he looked across the sea to t dinghy he was rapidly overtaking; in it we two real unknown men; they would op new worlds to him, worlds of which he a Charis had dreamed and thought and rea Suddenly he was a little frightened. *Not ve nice things happen*, thought Filipino and h eyes looked scared. *Suppose they are not n men?* he thought. *Suppose they are ba There are many bad people*, thought Filipin

Mr. van Loomis had ordered the Time the Spectator, Punch the Illustrated Lond News and the Magician's Monthly to be se with the island mail; none of them was a se sational paper, but in each of them, pla enough, were tales of pain and hate, fightin and killing, hanging and shooting, pover

(Continued on Page 104)



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(Continued from Page 102)

and disease. Sometimes they had frightened Charis and Filipino so that they felt they would rather not read; Filipino had sometimes felt he must shut his eyes and stop his ears and go back to his peaceful little hut and his songs, but "I want to be serious," he told Charis. "We most be con—con ——"

"Contemporary," said Charis, and they read on without flinching.

"Then . . . are people not good?" he had asked Charis.

"No," said Charis. After a moment she said, "Yes. Yes and no. Good and bad." Charis was both more mature and less enthusiastic than Filipino; she did not catch fire, but, as she read the papers, she saw something he did not. She saw a weight of judgment and taste and a steady sanity that helped to balance the horrors. Filipino saw only one thing at a time, Charis looked more widely, if not widely enough. She had pronounced primly, "Good and bad, like you and me."

"But we are good," said Filipino in surprise.

Charis shook her head. "No one is good," she said. "My father says man has tamed everything but himself."

"What has he tamed?" Filipino asked immediately, but he did not listen for an answer; taming, to him, had brought a picture of the little monkey Resurrection had tamed; it was wild, but Resurrection had made friends with it, and it came when he called it and sat on his shoulder and ate nuts from his hand. There was. Filipino had read, a belief that man was descended from a monkey, and now he had a sudden thought that every man had a monkey in him still; now Filipino saw Mr. van Loomis as a great white ape; Charis was a rare white she-monkey; a dark spider monkey was Niu, and a plump pollen-yellow female was Flora Annie; *and I have a monkey*, thought Filipino. That was not a funny thought, it was uncomfortable. *I stole those cigarettes*, thought Filipino now; *I didn't want to steal them, but I stole. I go from one thing to another*, he thought hopelessly, *just like a monkey seizing and throwing away*. He saw the monkey looking at him with its shallow eyes, and the eyes reminded him of a look he had seen in a real person; with a shock he realized that the person was Mario Fernandes. *But there is nothing in me that is like Mario Fernandes!* cried Filipino, shocked, but still the monkey's eyes persisted in looking like Mario's. *Then is Mario Fernandes sad?* asked Filipino. That was a new thought: he had always treated Mario as a clumsy joke. *I don't understand what I am thinking*, thought Filipino.

Still paddling, he began to think again about his twin brother. He had always despised Resurrection a little for being content to remain a gardener; now he began to wonder about his strength and gentleness; Resurrection was stronger than Filipino, but he was always gentle. Filipino could not imagine Resurrection stealing cigarettes. An uneasy thought came to Filipino; had the quiet young brother tamed himself better than he, the brilliant, boastful Filipino? *But Resurrection had nothing to tame*, said Filipino in contempt. *I am wild*. Again he had a quick thought of that monkey, but he turned his mind hastily away from it and began to chant, "*O wild West Wind, thou breath* ——"

I am informed with poetry, said Filipino proudly. He meant that he had learned it, but there was more poetry in Filipino than that; there was poetry in his songs, in his music, in his bones, in his feeling for the island, in his feeling for himself and his twin brother, in his visions of places far beyond the sea, in his dreamings and torments and passionate longing. Filipino, that unconscious burning being, was born a poet; everything he saw or felt was spun into that; it was that that gave him at once naïveté and wisdom, that made him catch fire and burn him out, so that he needed his long spells of quiescent dreaming. He was also a very robust and greedy young man, easily sidetracked, interested in too many things. "You will get into trouble," said Niu. "You make much trouble," said Niu.

Now, as he sent his boat flying over the water to catch the strangers, splashing the back with drops, he pretended he was in England. England was set in a silver sea; the sea round the island was a deep dark blue-green in the swell, but Filipino knew the color of silver—he cleaned it every day, and he saw the English sea as immeasurably shining. England itself was green—he knew that, too, and it had primroses, but did it not know what they were? London was the chief town, and England was very cold. Filipino tried to imagine what it was to be cold; sometimes bathing in the river before the sun was up he had been chilled, but in England he woke and the world was frozen, and all the green was white. "*When men are asleep, the snow comes flying* ——" He knew not, of course, what snow. Charis said snow was like manna, but they had not seen manna either. "It is very snow," said Filipino aloud, trying to imagine what it was like. He tried to think of the island covered in snow; the people would think the gods were furiously angry, and they would try to rumble and beat drums and make a sacrifice, one of the sacrifices that Mr. van Loomis had forbidden, but that went steadily on. "A cock," said Filipino lingeringly, "or a white kid. Blood on a white skin was very decorative. *The English take snow in their stride*," thought Filipino and sighed; he was dimly aware he took many things in his stride that would considerably have upset the English.

He paddled on more slowly, and now he was thinking that snow white and pure and cold, must be akin to the cloud on the mountain; the cloud made him think of Charis, and he began, in his head, to make a song about snow; he heard its music, the words came to him. He knew now that he should not have said "It is very snow." That was incorrect; it came from thinking in the island language, Terraquenese, not English; how often had Charis told him he must think directly in English; but "very snow" seemed to suit what he would say.

The snow is very snow of very snow morning . . . and Filipino paddled on in the hot sunshine, which, unshaded as he was, was sending sweat pouring down his back. *Snow is absent and pure and cold.*

If the snow were absent it would not be there, thought Filipino. That was a nuisance because it sounded well; he meant absent. Charis was often absent, absent-minded, but you could not say snow was absent-minded; snow did not have a mind. *How difficult is to write a song!* thought Filipino. He knew he was not going as fast as Mr. van Loomis had intended him to go, but he still dallied

The snow is snow of very snow this morning absent and pure and cold.

(Continued on Page 106)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Garden Shelter

By Fern Mary Munsell

Here in the hollow of the wind
Where for a while no step may pass
Spiders come to weave their webs
By solitary stone and glass.
Out of the way of alien sound—
Where withered stalk and flowers fall,
Their taking gray possession now
Will disinherit none at all.
What is abandoned to the wind
The wind will take, then, for its own.
Knowing spiders string their webs
In dusty warmth of sun and stone.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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make it simple

Make so many pretty salads and desserts so *easy*—with luscious, sparkling DEL MONTE Brand Fruit Cocktail!

The cutting and mixing are all done—you get the gay color and summery flavor of five sunny fruits in perfect flavor balance, all ready to serve.

Why not enjoy its help often? Just be sure you get DEL MONTE—the brand you know so well for flavor.



SUNSET BASKETS

1 No. 2½ can DEL MONTE Fruit Cocktail	2 tsps. unflavored gelatin
3 small grapefruit, cut in half	2 to 3 tbsps. sugar
	Dash of salt

lain syrup from fruit cocktail. Spoon out sec-ns from grapefruit halves. Notch edges of ells, if desired; remove membrane. Soften latin in 1 cup of the syrup from fruit cocktail; solve over hot water. Add ½ cup juice from grapefruit, sugar and salt. Chill till syrupy. r in fruit cocktail; pour into shells. Chill till n. Serve as salad or dessert. (Pour any leftover up from fruit cocktail over spooned-out grape-it sections; chill for breakfast.)

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IT'S WONDERFUL how *good* coffee can taste when it's made automatically the Farberware way . . . the easy way! Never a trace of bitter oils or acids . . . just the full-bodied excellence of coffee at its flavor-peak. Wonderful, too, how this percolator *automatically* shuts off when the coffee's just right for serving . . . then *automatically* holds the coffee at serving temperature for hours. Coffee never spoils because it never boils—thanks to Farberware's exclusive Robot heat-control. A treasure to own in gleaming chrome . . . so handsomely designed, so simple to use (no adjustments to fuss with). Convenient at the breakfast table, eminently *right* at those "dinner at eight" occasions! CHOICE OF THREE SIZES: 8, 10, 12 large 6 oz. cups.



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8-cup $20.95
10-cup $23.95
12-cup $25.95

8-cup Coffee Robot $30.95

Farberware was first to develop and perfect the fully automatic coffeemaker. Be sure you get the "original" and you're sure to get the finest in quality, performance and value!

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PRICES $1 HIGHER WEST OF MISSISSIPPI

MANUFACTURERS OF FARBERWARE ALUMINUM-CLAD STAINLESS STEEL COOKWARE

(Continued from Page 104)

He decided to sing it aloud, and he was still singing as he caught up with the dinghy and circled round it to show off a little, traveling fast now, and then back-paddled suddenly and stood up, carried past it by the impetus of his boat.

"Good morning," he said politely.

"*What* were you singing?" asked Valentine, and McGinty stared with his mouth half open.

Filipino did not answer. He had forgotten his song: it was suddenly brought home to him that he was here, in the presence of two wonderful strangers, and that they were really two real young men. A thudding came up into his ears, and, while he had not felt the rocking sea or the buoyant jumping of his boat, this made him dizzy. He dropped down on his knees in the boat.

"Please," said Filipino dizzily and shut his eyes.

"Please what?" said Valentine. This almost naked boy, with his black hair flying and the drops gleaming on his brown skin, with his well-turned English, was like an apparition.

"A moment," murmured Filipino. Then he opened his eyes and stared long at Valentine and McGinty, looking into their faces with shining eyes, caressing every feature of them until McGinty blushed.

"Can't you ask him what he wants?" growled McGinty to Valentine. "Go on! Speak to him."

But Filipino had begun first. "What is your name? How old are you? Where do you live?" he was asking Valentine. They were the questions that children ask one another, but Filipino was not to know that; he wanted to hear the answers. He fixed his eyes on Valentine and asked again, "Where do you live?"

"London," said Valentine briefly. "Now ——"

But Filipino interrupted him. "London!" Filipino cried. "Not *London!* Excuse me," he said. He felt dizzy again, and once again he had to kneel down in his boat and keep his eyes closed. Then he opened his eyes. He felt elated and full of joyful omens; this was a joyful omen, and he could not contain himself. "That was one of my own songs I was singing to you," he boasted to Valentine in joy. "Could you write a song in our language?" He surveyed them both with amused eyes and said, "No, I bet you you could not, but I can nearly write a song in English. I shall be able to write one quite well when I have been to college."

"Are you going to *college?*"

"To Oxford," said Filipino happily.

VALENTINE looked at Filipino's bare wet torso, at his knotted-up blue-and-white cloth and his bare brown legs and feet and the hibiscus flower behind his ear.

"Do you know what I shall do when I have my degree?" asked Filipino, quite unaware of Valentine's look. "Or is it more than one degree?" asked Filipino. "If so, I shall get them all. I intend to do everything. And I shall be a musician and poet as well."

"Being a musician and poet is a whole-time business," said Valentine sourly.

"I shall be both," said Filipino. "But first ——"

"You will have no time for first," said Valentine; he did not know why he went on arguing, but he did. "No time for anything," he said severely.

McGinty interrupted. "What *is* all this about? Are you going to talk to him all day?"

"I shall come back here and be indigenous," said Filipino to Valentine, taking no notice of McGinty. "I shall collect the relics of my people and all of them will be printed. We shall see them in *print!*" said Filipino reverently. "No one has ever written them down. Some of our island songs are very beautiful. Listen."

And, standing up in his canoe, he began to sing again, looking over Valentine's shoulder at the cloud on the mountain while the dinghy floated buoyantly on the waves. The song was a light nasal chant that changed to a minor key and held an underlying sadness. It seemed, to Valentine, to gather up all that the fringes of the island had held for him that morning; he sat, rocked by the floating dinghy, and listened, entranced, while McGinty fidgeted and groaned impatiently until it ended.

"That is our rainbow song," said Filipino. "You will hear it all over the island, everywhere. All the people sing it, but we have songs more beautiful than that. We have blood songs, very old. This island, they say, every year gives fruit and corn and salt and gold and blood of its own earth. All of these are in its earth."

"Surely not blood," objected Valentine.

"No. Blood is shed," agreed Filipino.

"Is blood shed here?"

FILIPINO dropped his eyelids. "Now we are not allow," he said primly, and as if that made him remember he said, "I have come to take you to Mr. van Loomis." He saw the mailbags and his eyes widened. "We not allow to touch those," he said.

"We found them broken loose and brought them in," said Valentine.

"We not allow to touch," repeated Filipino.

"Listen," broke in McGinty. He could wait no more. At least this talk of songs and salt and blood proved one thing, that English was spoken on the island, and that promised civilization. "Listen," said McGinty. "We're in trouble. We had to come down behind that island there; had no fuel, no juice." Filipino did not look as if he understood. "No petrol," said McGinty.

"Petrol?" repeated Filipino politely. "Oh, *Petroleum!* That is used for motors?"

"Ours is a plane," said McGinty.

"An airplane?" Filipino's eyes were bright with interest. "A wind machine!"

"Wind machine!" said McGinty.

"It is partly a wind machine," Valentine pointed out.

"Is it down? On the sea? Can we see it? Is it here?" asked Filipino, dazzled.

"No, or we shouldn't be sticking to these paddles," said McGinty tersely.

"Listen," said Valentine in his turn. "We want to get away from here, urgently."

"But you haven't been here yet," said Filipino, disappointed.

"I have urgent business. We have to get away quickly." Valentine's voice was authoritative, and Filipino instinctively became obedient. "What island is this?" asked Valentine.

"Mr. van Loomis call it Terraqueous," said Filipino noncommittally.

"Earth and Water," murmured Valentine, and he asked Filipino, "What is its island name?"

"Island name Mānoa," said Filipino with pride.

"Mānoa." Valentine tried the sound and liked it. "What does it mean?"

"Earth and Water," said Filipino.

"Terraqueous, Mānoa," said Valentine, looking at the island.

"Never heard of it," said McGinty as if that were a reason why it should not exist.

"Is there any petrol here?" asked Valentine.

"For what?" asked Filipino, amazed, and then he saw by Valentine's face that he was getting cross. "Is no petrol," said Filipino hastily.

"Not even a garage?"

"Is no garage. . . . Garage. Petrol." Filipino tried these entrancing new words over on his tongue. "Petrol. Garage. Garage. Petrol."

But Valentine was speaking. "Does a plane ever come?"

Filipino shook his head.

"Then when does the steamer call?" Valentine went on.

"Is no steamer."

"There must be *some* means of communication," said Valentine crossly. "How do you get to the other islands?"

(Continued on Page 108)

He who would eat the kernel must crack the shell.
—PLAUTUS.





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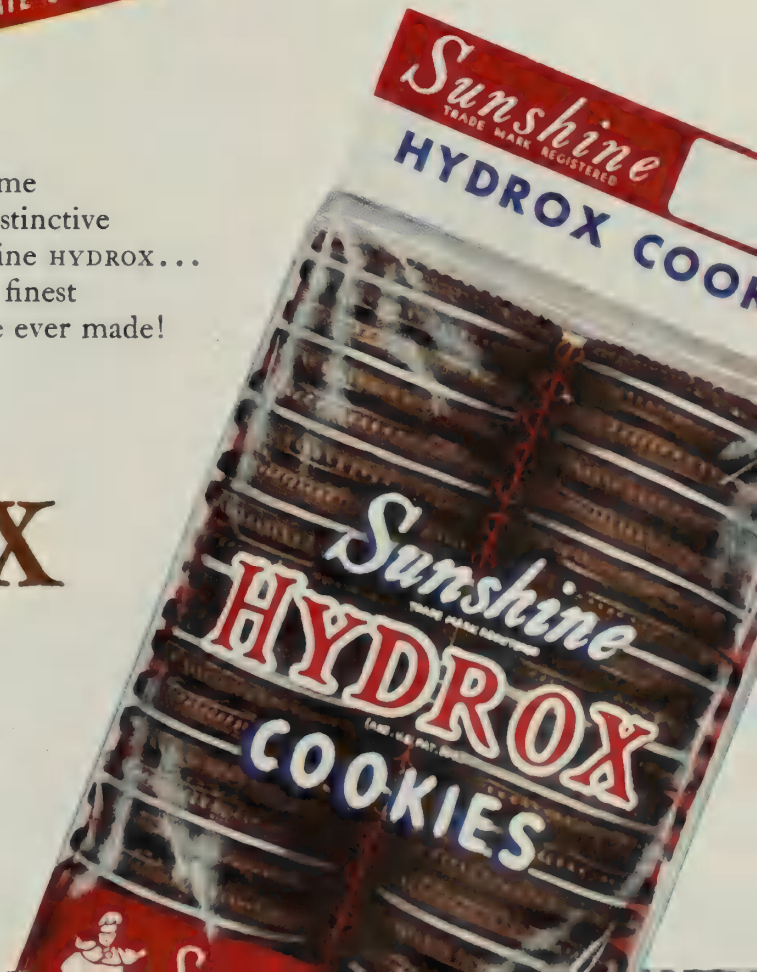


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Armour and Company

(Continued from Page 106)

"Don't get," said Filipino. "Unless you want to go to Zambun. Ha! Ha!" They did not laugh, and Filipino had his first lesson in the provincialism of jokes.

"Listen," said Valentine, and he spoke in a slightly hectoring way to show he was determined. "Your Mr. van Loomis isn't an islander. He didn't grow on the island. How did he come? Something must have brought him here." Filipino shook his head. "It must have," said Valentine. "When was the last time a steamer called?"

"Twenty years ago," said Filipino. "Before that I was born."

There was silence from the two in the dinghy. They were leaning on their paddles. Neither spoke. They looked tired out, bewildered, draggled.

"Come," said Filipino gently. "Come. I will take you to Mr. van Loomis."

After a moment, still in that silence, they turned the clumsy dinghy round. Filipino fastened his boat to theirs and helped to steady them against the current, and they began to paddle back the long way they had come up the bay.

Charis had come down to walk on the beach. She had ceased to cry; she had changed her cloth and sash and blouse, combed her hair, washed her face and calmed her mind. She had also thought a great deal about her mother, and about herself, and accepted her lot.

Charis had pondered and thought, in a way that Filipino had not, over the books and newspapers they had read. Filipino was concerned with himself. Charis was concerned, in a way that was almost painful, with other people, other girls, people and girls she had never met but read about; she thought about them and compared them with herself. For instance, she had tried earnestly, from illustrations and photographs, to make out their dresses and coats and shoes and hats; then, "What should I look like in a hat?" she said to Pheasant.

You are getting pretty old when you feel as young as you ever did. —JAMES GREEN.

"Yo' has a hat," said Pheasant. The island hats were large, of plaited straw, but, like Filipino and the real young man, Charis did not count hers as a hat.

"I mean a real hat," she said. Now she despaired of ever wearing one.

She was hopelessly alone. Most disheartening of anything she had read, to Charis, because they made her feel most separated, were the commercial advertisements. "Study at home for a degree, now more than ever necessary for you in your career. Take the Home Economics course and become important to your work. Accountancy; Advertising, Bookkeeping; Business Management; Commercial Art: send stamp for free booklet." On her father's desk lay her thesis on The Origin of Art in Primitive Man with which he would presently be well pleased; Charis could speak Spanish, French and German besides the island dialect and her own well-inflected English; she was thoroughly grounded in mathematics, history, literature, geography, biology, botany, astronomy and any of her father's subjects, but she had no knowledge of these things that the advertisements said were necessary; she did not even know what they were; she could not take a course, she had no money; she could not send a stamp for a free booklet; there were no stamps on the island, the only mail was her father's and that went by bag. Now she had learned who she was, she had, in a way, met her mother, but that did not make her any more like any other girl, any more like Anya, Rosalind or Emma; though they probably knew nothing of commercial art or business management, they at least had stamps and letters. Charis had never had a letter. One day she had written a letter, to try it. She began it: *Dear*— Dear who? In the end she had had to write it to herself: *Dear Charis*. At least it had given her a forlorn identity, but it was forlorn.

Father said the teacher would come, said Charis. *What teacher?* There were no teachers on the island, and she knew now that the island was to ring her round forever. "Forever and ever and ever," said Charis aloud.

In a way she was right. The sediment of the island was in her bones, in her no more than in the islanders, and they, if they were taken to Zambun, died of homesickness. Filipino had been right; it was a sediment of coral, salt and soil, a vein of gold, a core of fire, a cool surface of dew. The strata of the island held all these things from fire to dew and an interesting interwoven covering of growing and living things that shimmered in the whole as exquisitely as the weaver bird's nests that hung on the palms. The wind blew through the island in an arcade of sound in which all its storms and winds, songs and voices, living and elemental, were blended in a cool perpetual echo of the fringe of all the sounds.

In the first morning light the fishers sang as their boats drifted down with the nets, down past the house to the bay; the lazy, gentle singing had wakened Charis for as since she could remember. Then came the higher, shriller singing of the herd children driving the goats and cows up the valley with songs and whistles from boy to boy and the little pipe of a bamboo flute. Charis had early learned to play on those flutes herself; the flutes were sad, all the island songs were cadences of sadness, as Valentine had heard in Filipino's song; this happy, easy life was tinged with sadness and, as in all life, so also was never far away. The island was old, as old could be seen in the temple on the mountain where the old vestments and shields and masks were kept for the ritual dances. On festival days there were drums sounding from the sea to the land, in the villages and courtyards, in the streets of the town, in the fields and down from the temple. Charis had often met the drummers naked, with their faces whitened and nooses on their hair and vermilion paint between their eyes; they had frightened her as a child, and a drum was always to mean terror, fright and excitement. Every year new designs were painted on the boats, new patterns on the house walls and the wheels of the carts, and the whips were tufted with new bright cotton. The dyes for the whip tufts were gay, but the dyes for the cloth were the old, trusted vegetable dyes, and the only colors were dark, though rich and lasting. Cloths were printed with hand patterns of red and deep blue, blankets were dyed red and blue, saffron, and the pottery was brown and yellow, deep blue or its natural brown-red.

The people worshiped the elements: the sun, the moon, earth and the rain and the rainbow, they believed, interceded for them. They believed that they themselves were spirits and that the spirits of the dead were more powerful than they.

Charis was tinged with this worship, but she could not see the need for complication. If one worshiped the sun, what did one worship but the sun? Why the temple, these symbols, these drums? Charis had not yet learned the significance of the fact that nothing can live near the sun and not be scorched, that one cannot even look at it with his naked eyes. Charis was young and very convinced.

"What religion is Charis?" Valentine had to ask later.

"Charis has studied comparative religion with me since she was ten years old," said Mr. van Loomis.

"Yes, but what religion is she?" asked Valentine, and Mr. van Loomis realized that for all he had carefully taught her, he had omitted to give her a religion of her own.

"All she needs is an open mind," said Mr. van Loomis, but Valentine still seemed to think she needed a religion.

It had not occurred to Charis that any of the comparative religions were to do with her. Impersonally she had learned of the teachings of Christ, Buddha, Mohammed, Confucius and the Greek and Hindu philosophers; none of them had seemed personally for her. Neither was she touched by the mystery

(Continued on Page 110)



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SYRACUSE CHINA, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

(Continued from Page 108)

that interested her father—or was she? Or was it a different magic? She thought how the spark came out of the tinder on the dry wood and made a fire . . . *and no one knows what will be wood to what tinder, or what fire they light*, she said to herself. *There is magic in that; but I shan't light any fire*, said Charis. She was too cool, and she thought of Filipino, how, if he walked on the shore, he would kick the stones, pick up shells and throw them away, with a perpetual inner restlessness, sit down on a rock, dreaming, gazing, with his thoughts flowing in and out like the waves, like the tide. Filipino, sitting on the rock, had fire in him; he was smoldering. She was cool but, it seemed to Charis, that there was this to be said for her: she saw magic where nobody else did. *Isn't it magic, this that is in people, this deep fire?* asked Charis. "The rest is conjuring," she might have said. Her father had told her he had given up conjuring, but he had said that we all conjure a little. *Because we must*, said Charis, her eyes on the sea, *unless we have enough magic*. She saw this clearly in Filipino: that he would have to choose between conjuring and his own original magic.

Her attention was caught by Resurrection, who was walking along the shore toward the garden bay. He had come down on the shore to collect the smooth white pebbles with which Niu liked to edge the flower beds in the kitchen courtyard. Mr. van Loomis had forbidden them in the garden, and everyone thought that a very singular taste. Charis watched the tall boy walk along. She had not particularly noticed him before; now she saw that he was very like Filipino, but taller, more strong. Resurrection walked along, choosing a pebble here and there and sometimes stopping to wash one in a pool and then putting it in the basket he carried on one hip. As he walked he looked so quiet that Charis thought he seemed to have the power to melt into the air, the clouds, the flying birds, the palm leaves in the breeze, and the tumbling sea, and yet still be Resurrection walking calmly along. The sun shone through his thin white cloth as he walked, lighting its edges, and Charis had the curious thought that what was fire in Filipino had turned to light in Resurrection.

She looked away from Resurrection and saw Valentine. It was as if the sea had drawn back for a moment, a long moment, leaving the shore bare. The moment was held in time: the sun shone, the white sands stretched, the wave held back like glass; nothing moved. There was no sound but the sound of a sigh from the wave; then Charis knew it was her own sigh, and the wave ebbed back and another came up, washing nearly to her feet as she watched Valentine walk toward her on the beach.

THERE were some little monkeys chattering in a cotton tree that stood behind the palms; the wind blew in the palms, making whispers that mingled with the monkey chatter as if it were an urgent voice trying to tell something through all the little broken monkey words; the voice seemed to be in Charis as she watched Valentine draw near. Charis had an inner ear, and she had proved, honestly and beyond a doubt, that if she listened to it she did not go wrong. She might not do right, but she would not go wrong. When she listened she was aware of something in herself larger than she, a feeling of being allied. It had not struck her that this had anything to do with the comparative religions. Now she felt it say, *Look well, look deeply at this young man*. "But . . . it's impossible," said Charis, "A moment ago he was not here." And it answered calmly, *He is here now.*

ETIQUETTE

The word actually means a ticket or card. Originally it referred to the custom of delivering a card of directions to be observed by all those who attended court. One interesting story has it that the gardener in charge of Louis XIV's grounds at Versailles was much upset because the courtiers were careless in their strollings about and sometimes despoiled his labors. The gardener persuaded the King to issue instructions included in the Etiquette. Thus the term had its original application to ceremonial and formal observances practiced at court, and finally to suggest the conduct of ordinary individuals in the polite walks of life.

Charis was often grave, but as Valen came nearer she watched him with a pecu gravity and a mounting happiness. The w blew the folds of her cloth against her l she was glad that she had changed and put a cloth of soft raw white silk and not usual cotton; it blew against her, softly reassuringly, and she knew how gracefu it wrapped her thighs and hips and cau her at the waist where the matching wh silk sash was wound over her loose blou She hoped there were no tearstains now her face, and she was glad that her hair drawn back smoothly and caught beh her ears with its two beaten silver pi Charis's hair was not long enough to tw into the usual island knot, and she wore loose and straight to her shoulders. She h taken off her great straw hat—there w shade here from the palms—and she held against her and smelled the scent of chema flower she had pinned in her blouse Valentine came up to her.

CHARIS looked well and deeply at Valent and decided he was beautiful. He was tal than anyone she had ever seen except father, but where Mr. van Loomis was bro and heavy, Valentine was slim, and the effe to Charis, was of a wand, or a tree walki He was tired, rumpled and unshaven, Charis did not see th his clothes fitted, wh Mr. van Loomis's a the islanders' did n Valentine looked, Charis, as if he w poured into his cloth His paleness seem wonderful to her af the deep island ski she had seen that pa ness before only in own mirror; Valentin hand, when he put out, was almost as wh as hers; he had a g watch on his wrist; only other watch Cha had ever seen was father's large fob wat But, with all the reve tion that Valentine to Charis, she imme ately saw something mother and his sister and his friends had seen, the honesty and trouble in his eyes. *Th is something the matter*, thought Charis; eyes looked as if he were hurt and puzzled phenomenon in a polished, successful pers like Valentine.

As for Valentine, then and ever afterwar he saw Charis as gentle and strong; ev when he learned that she was also a lit shrew it made no difference; and, from t beginning, there was something else that ti him: Charis at once reminded him of grandmother, and, to Valentine, his gran mother had been, as well as the sternest, t most interesting, the most romantic pers he had known. Those qualities soothed h because they fulfilled all his needs; even a little boy he had been the same

"You are ruining that boy," his gran mother had told his mother.

"Why? He is an unstable, nervous, high strung child, I know, but I do everything can to encourage him."

"He shouldn't be encouraged," said V entine's grandmother. "And I don't agre he isn't unstable, he is amazingly constan he is a nervous, highly strung child and, repeat, he shouldn't be encouraged; he is li a violin, and you tighten him up and u what he needs at home is a letting go, a loo ening; he needs to loosen his strings."

As Filipino had guided the dinghy to t shore, for Valentine the island had grow more and more like all coral and treasure lands. Flocks of bright birds rose up out the woods and flew inland, like arrows, wi staccato cries; they were green parakee and after them, silently, in a flash of scarl and yellow, flew small and even bright birds. He had caught a glimpse of the mo keys, brown and lithe when they were swin ing, looking like large brown burrs with lo

(Continued on Page 112)



Community

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Thanksgiving tables will gleam, Thanksgiving brides will be thankful for that best-loved of all silverplate — Community. Community — treasured for its five so-popular patterns — valued for its solid silver "Overlay." Community — at your jeweler's now in dinner services for eight starting at $49.75 (*no federal tax*). Don't miss Community.*

PATTERNS TO LIVE WITH . . . PATTERNS TO LOVE

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(Continued from Page 110)

tails when they sat still in the branches. There were flowers growing round the houses, hibiscus and marigolds and rioting gourd flowers that were canary yellow; there were creepers, too, of a white flower that hung between the trees. Valentine had found he was thinking they were white passion flowers. Why? He did not know if passion flowers could be white; he imagined they were purple, but now he saw what he thought were white passion flowers, clear among the vivid scarlet of poinsettias and cotton trees.

Fishing boats had put out to them, and Filipino proudly brought them in through a floating crowd of laughing, shouting, gesticulating men. There seemed to be a great deal of fishing; nets hung from the boats and nets hung in the villages too. Valentine saw fish scales glittering in a net hung from the branch of a cotton tree under the red flowers that were blossoming where presently the great burst cotton pods would be. Other trees were flowering in the woods, more cotton trees, cassias, mauve bauhinias.

"It must be their spring," Valentine had said.

"Spring? Would they have a spring?" asked McGinty, surprised. The only spring he recognized had primroses and thrushes' eggs and cool sunshine tempered with rain. "I don't call this a spring," said McGinty, but Valentine was right. A smell of honey and scent had come lightly over the sea from the trees and seemed to him to give a premonition of new life and happiness; with it came a smell of earth that was mingled with dew drying in the sun and fish drying on the shore, of burning grass and wood and dung; and, as he landed, he had smelled a whiff of peculiar sweetness that he could not identify; could any flower smell as strong and as sweet as that? Now, standing by Charis, that scent came to him again, and he saw it came from a small white wax-petaled flower she wore pinned to her blouse.

There are no hopeless situations: there are only men who have grown hopeless about them. —ANON.

Charis held out her hand and said, "How do you do?" as she had read they said in books, and Valentine did not guess till long afterward, when he saw it must have been so, that it was the first time she had said it. Except for a faint pink flush on her cheeks, the color of the island oleander, there was no sign that this was new to her.

"How do you do?" said Valentine, shaking her hand gently. "My name is Valentine Doubleday. Are you Miss van Loomis?"

"I am Charis van Loomis." Charis was not sure if she should have said Miss van Loomis, but as he had given his two names, she did that too. Valentine Doubleday? Lines from the papers came to Charis from that. She tried to remember, and all at once she knew. "Valentine Doubleday. The playwright?" she asked smoothly, and Valentine was tickled and a little pleased to find himself known even here, on this far island. "Welcome to Terraqueous," said Charis.

THOUGH she could not have been more surprised to see him if a cloud had opened and he had descended on a shaft of gold to her feet, she knew from the books and plays that she had read (she wished she had read one of his plays, but in the days when Mr. van Loomis had chosen his books Valentine was learning his first lines in Pelican Pie) that strangers, to begin with, talked of things that did not really matter and that had nothing to do with themselves or the moment in hand; it was called conversation, and now, though she was burning to ask Valentine why he was here, where he had come from and how he had come, she said, turning back to walk along the beach:

"I'm glad you were able to come now, in spring. This is the best time for our flowers."

More than ever Valentine was reminded of his grandmother. Just so, when he had come in avid with some desire or project of his own, his grandmother had made him wait and not fidget, while she talked lightly or austerely or charmingly of something else that did not matter at all. It was not till long afterward that he had realized how valu those moments of control had been or they put the project in its right perspec it was Valentine's capacity for waiting out fuss, his extraordinary patience, tha helped to bring him where he was; bu needed that reminding still.

VALENTINE missed his grandmother than he knew. She had died when he seventeen, and no one had taken her p His mother was devoted, his grandm had never been devoted: she kept hersel side Valentine and then she could see clearly. She had soothed him; someo brilliant and busy as Valentine needs soothed, and he can be soothed only by ness and the truth. Of late years, thou was still young, he had filled the eye too to be told truths (and there were no truths because he had no home: instinct he lived apart from his mother). That the difference in Charis from the firs took her eyes, both of them, but still she back from him and saw him clearly.

"Very soon," Charis was saying ne her clear soft voice, "our wild lilies w out, and the quisqualis. I hope you w able to wait for those."

So would his grandmother have ta but with this difference. "Have you see larkspurs?" she would have said. "The peas? The snowball tree?" The he flowers, the faint pale hues of Valen childhood; this girl stranger, cool and as she was, was yet exotic. Once again V tine smelled the sweetness of the ch flower she wore; he liked her clothes: in ways she did not remind him of his g mother. Valentine wa prised to find that his was beating a little quickly. As he walke side Charis the sou the surf sounded i ears with the chatter the monkeys and the pering of the palms.

The waves, as they swept up and left patterns of themselves in the wet from which bubbles winked in the su burst into the sand with a little plop th one heard. The bubbles and the wet showed, momentarily, all the colors o rainbow. A soft wind blew from the se blew back, spiced, from the island to th and the cotton tree, where the mo were, dropped its scarlet petals on the

Charis and Valentine walked at the w edge, talking of nothing at all until C stood still and said, "Here is my fathe

They had been so absorbed that sh not heard the "*hé's*" coming back acro sea, and Mr. van Loomis had landed an been watching them from the garde some time. When he had first seen the of Valentine standing beside Charis, i been so exactly the shape of the young he had prayed for that he had been a Now he stood, watching them walk alo the sea, their heads turned to each Valentine bending a little to Charis. *Er right height for each other*, said Mr Loomis with as great an equanimity as had made them.

When Filipino had brought the d ashore and saw Charis some instinc made him indicate her to Valentine and McGinty with him. *That is a rare goo* said Mr. van Loomis, forgetting how tr some Filipino had been, but when Mr Loomis looked at McGinty he immed felt out of temper. McGinty affronted he did not like the way McGinty s leaning against a palm, and smokin looked laconic, and then he saw an thing that did not please him: Filipin carrying something up the beach fro sea. The shapes were familiar to Mr Loomis: they were mailbags. Mr. Loomis swelled with anger.

"Who has touched those?" he sa Luck. "Who has dared to touch them

"The Tsulas, Tsula," suggested

A strange perturbation rose up in Mr Loomis. *Now I shall have to read the m will upset me.* He was sure it would upset

(Continued on Page 115)

How to have a glorious
COLOR-BRIGHT kitchen
For only a penny a foot, you place gorgeous new Plasti-Chrome Royledge Shelving on every shelf.—and instantly glorify your kitchen with glowing reds, blues, yellows, greens. So quick, so easy! See new patterns at 5 & 10's, supermarkets, housefurnishing, naborhood, dept. stores.
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New, Easy Recipe for "Jingle Bells"

ORANGE LOAF CAKE

Chosen from 63,000 recipes to be the CALUMET Cake-of-the-Holidays

ORANGE LOAF CAKE

Preparations. Have shortening at room temperature. Line bottom of 10x5x3-inch loaf pan with paper; grease. Start oven for moderate heat (350°F.). Sift flour once before measuring.

Ingredients:

- 2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
- 2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
- ¾ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup sugar
- ½ cup shortening
- 2 teaspoons grated orange rind
- *Milk (see below for amount)
- 5 egg yolks, unbeaten

**With butter, margarine, or lard, use ¾ cup milk. With vegetable or any other shortening, use ¾ cup milk.*

Note: To get best results with this "JINGLE BELLS" recipe, use Double-Acting, *Double-Dependable* CALUMET Baking Powder. It raises your batter *twice*—first in the mixing bowl and then in the oven—to assure you a CALUMET-*perfect* cake: tender, delicious, velvety-smooth! It's this *Double-Dependability* that explains why more women use CALUMET than any other baking powder. And you may have noticed that *more published recipes specify* CALUMET *than any other brand.* (Perfect for biscuits, too—see recipe at left!)

Now the Mix-Easy Part!

Mix by hand or at a low speed of electric mixer. Count only actual beating time or beating strokes. Allow about 150 full strokes per minute. Scrape bowl and spoon often.

1. Sift flour once, measure into sifter, and add baking powder, salt, and sugar. Set aside.

2. Place shortening and orange rind in mixing bowl and stir just to soften shortening. Sift in dry ingredients. Add half of the milk and the egg yolks and mix until all flour is dampened. Then *beat 2 minutes.*

3. Add remaining milk and *beat 1 minute* longer.

Baking. Turn batter into pan. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 1 hour to 1 hour and 10 minutes, or until done. Cool.

Frosting. Frost top and sides of cake with your favorite butter cream frosting, reserving a small amount to tint red and to use as a garnish. Decorate top of cake with bells of the red frosting, red and green gumdrops, and silver dragées.

-and it's Hot Biscuit Time



Crisp, cold days call for biscuits hot from the oven . . . golden-brown, fluffy, delicious . . . CALUMET BISCUITS! Whisk up a batch for your family tonight—and *watch smiles spread 'round that table!*

CALUMET BAKING POWDER BISCUITS

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 2½ teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder*
- ¾ teaspoon salt
- 5 tablespoons shortening
- ¾ cup milk (about)

*Results with this recipe *not* assured if any other baking powder is substituted. That's because CALUMET'S *Double-Dependable* Double-Action supplies the precise leavening action needed. Wonderful for muffins, waffles, pancakes, coffee cake, too!

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Cut in shortening. Add milk and stir with fork until soft dough is formed (about 20 strokes). Turn out on lightly floured board and knead 20 turns. Pat or roll lightly ½ inch thick and cut with floured 2-inch biscuit cutter. Bake on ungreased baking sheet in hot oven (450°F.) 12 to 15 minutes. Makes 14 biscuits.

In Baking Your Best Bet is **CALUMET** BAKING POWDER

DOUBLE-ACTING



(Continued from Page 112)

uter world of intricacies and intrigues, s and finance, kings and duties, repelled ore and more. "Faugh!" said Mr. van s aloud. He was very angry. He tried n himself. *I have read dozens of mails. is nothing in them,* he said. The thought ersisted that this time there might be. r Mr. van Loomis someone else was ing the strangers. It was Niu, come m the kitchen where he had stirred up lipity and the house servants to proper ality. Niu looked down at Valentine lcGinty and his face was hard. Mr. van s, looking at him, thought for a mo- that Niu looked resentful, but, as Niu l to him, his face was smooth and polite. ulas are hot from the sun, Tsula," said 'Better not open wine. I serve fruit and coffee?"

é," said Mr. van Loomis, but his eyes ed Niu as he went back to the kitchen, pers flapping on the path.

entine and Charis walked back toward an Loomis as he came down the steps he beach. As they drew near he forgot le saw that Valentine was indeed a per- e young man but, as he looked at the Valentine's head, it seemed arrogant . *That is a very conceited young man,* nt Mr. van Loomis. *I shan't know what ke until I test him. I mustn't let it be too* thought Mr. van Loomis, *not for him ot for her.* He believed Charis to be ous as well as romantic, and that make her more difficult to please. *I give it an interest,* thought Mr. van s, *something for them to cut their teeth ittle opposition,* and, went forward to hem, he frowned and his face set and

od morning, sir," alentine.

van Loomis did not Good morning." He d again and said, is private property. May I ask what e doing here?"

our boy brought us ashore," said Val- , surprised.

ent him to bring you. I wanted to know wha you are doing in these waters."

ther!" said Charis. "Father!"

ush, Charis. I'm afraid we don't wel- com strangers," said Mr. van Loomis.

I find," said Valentine with an edge to h voice that cut Charis sharply.

nce the war we have had to be careful," said Mr. van Loomis, inventing sentences that sounded well to him. "I shall have to ask see your papers."

ther!"

ush, Charis."

C ris looked at him in bewildered an- guis

am quite in order," said Mr. van Loo s. "I am magistrate here. I must ask to s your papers and those of your man—I am d you have a man—before I allow you to l d here on Terraqueous."

e have landed," said Valentine. He coul not believe that this pomposity was seri s, but Charis was aghast.

She eft Mr. van Loomis and went to Valenti . "I have never known my father to talk like this," she said in distress. "He *isn't* like this."

Valentine took his wallet out of his breast pock and said stiffly, "I will get McGinty." and ent back down the beach.

ther," said Charis urgently and softly, "wh are you behaving to him like this? Fath r, isn't he our guest?" They had never had guest before.

on't be foolish, child. We have valu- able fisheries on this island. I can't have ver Tom, Dick and Harry landing here."

e isn't Tom, Dick and Harry," said a nearly in tears. "He is Valentine ueday, the famous playwright, father."

suppose he told you that."

e didn't. He told me his name and I olized him," said Charis with pride.

hen you have been reading the news- pap too?"

"Yes," said Charis as if that were nothing, and she said softly, "or I shouldn't have known who he was. He is a marvelous young man."

"What do you know about men?" said Mr. van Loomis. "Don't be a fool, child. You haven't met any man except Mario and the islanders; you think he is marvelous because you know only Mario. You should have seen some of the young men I knew in my day—the McDugdale of McDugdale or Dundas's boy in the Argylls. That was a young man, if you like! Why, this is a Mario compared to them!"

"I don't believe you," said Charis. "I don't want to see any more men."

"How do you know?"

"I know," said Charis, and she might have said, "I seem to know him with my whole heart," but she could not say that, not yet. "I—I like him," said Charis.

"Faugh!" said Mr. van Loomis, enormously pleased.

Perhaps it was the mention of the McDugdale of McDugdale or the thought of the pearls for Charis's twenty-first birthday, but Mr. van Loomis seemed to see a shining floor, the lights shining down from the chandeliers and the lines of lusters in the walls, shining on well-brushed heads, broad shoulders in velvet coats and the colors of the heavy, swinging plaids; they shone above bare shoulders, gleaming pearly white ones, white against the tartans, and he had a sudden feeling that Charis ought to be there. He could feel the pearl that Prem had given him, it was in his pocket, between his fingers; it was his gift to Charis, and now he thought with infinite regret that it was not enough. If she could have had her twenty-first birthday at Spey, a ball for her coming of age. *She ought to have had it,* thought Mr. van Loomis in dismay, and then Valentine came back along the beach, and Mr. van Loomis's spirits lifted. But there was one question to be settled, and he felt he could not wait to settle it.

By all means marry: if you get a good wife, you will be very happy; if you get a bad wife, you will become a philosopher. —SOCRATES.

"Are you married or single?" asked Mr. van Loomis as he took the papers that Valentine gave to him. The answer was so important to him that his hand trembled.

"Single," said Valentine briefly. He had brought McGinty with him and introduced him now.

"'Lo," said McGinty pleasantly.

"Good morning," said Mr. van Loomis distantly.

"Good morning," said Charis gently. Though she was gentle, she could not help comparing McGinty unfavorably with Valentine. Poor McGinty had not a chance; no more than an islander, could he look happy when he was not happy; his beard was not fair like Valentine's but ginger, and his hair did not lie down but rose up from his haircut that had already given him a quiff; his skin, too, did not tan in the sun but turned pink; now he looked as if he had been boiled all over. *Not as good-looking,* said Charis to herself. *Not good-looking at all.*

Mr. van Loomis, having looked through their papers, was firing a hail of questions at Valentine to cover up his question as to Valentine's married state. "Your name is Doubleday? You are English? Where do you come from? How did you come? What happened?"

This was a little hard on Valentine. As if he had been a king's son, he was used to being more than recognized, hailed and courted and flattered. He did not exactly want this, but he was used to it; people tumbled over themselves to meet his smallest wish; he had not known till now how spoiled he was.

"You see our papers," he said stiffly. "We are flying from Sydney. I had flown out from London for my sister's wedding. Last night, making for Surabaya, we had come down at Atemboea and, just after taking off, we ran into a storm and were blown off our course. The radio failed, and we don't know where we are, and I'm afraid the name of your island doesn't tell us. We ran out of petrol and

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TUSSY *wind and weather lotion*

came down in the bay of that rock island and paddled ourselves in. I'm a playwright and I have a play just going into production; we open at Birmingham on the twenty-third, so that you see it is urgent that I get back."

"You—you act in your plays as well as write and produce them, don't you?" asked Charis.

"Yes," said Valentine.

"You see, Father," said Charis, her eyes shining with pride. And she asked Valentine, "Are you in this one?"

"Yes."

"In the . . . chief part?" asked Charis with sidelong look at Mr. van Loomis.

"I take the lead, of course."

"You *see*, father."

Mr. van Loomis snorted.

"It's urgent I get back," said Valentine again. "Your boy says there is no petrol here."

"No," said Mr. van Loomis.

"I suppose that we can cable?"

"We have no cable station."

"Then a wireless signal?"

"There is no wireless."

"Then ——"

"We are dependent," said Mr. van Loomis, "I should say, rather, that we *should* be dependent—did we need anything, which we don't, we are quite independent—on a chance yacht or fishing boat passing. We take our letters, if we have any, out to a buoy, and any ship that comes along takes them to the nearest office, probably Puerto, but that is four days' sail from here. She may have a bag for us; in that case she leaves it at the buoy. It is seldom or never that a ship puts in here. Our only regular caller is the lighthouse ketch, but, since we feed the crew from the island and they are islanders, she calls only four times a year. She came in yesterday. A pity!" said Mr. van Loomis blandly.

Home is the place you can go to without deserving it.
—ANON.

McGinty gave a long rude whistle. Valentine looked at Mr. van Loomis, but Mr. van Loomis met his hard gaze kindly. "And if there is anything urgent?" asked Valentine.

"When you have lived as long as I have," said Mr. van Loomis, "you will know that nothing is urgent."

"Oh, don't be ridiculous!" said Valentine, his patience breaking. He turned his back on Mr. van Loomis, kicking up the sand with his foot. He felt like an ineffectual small boy. Charis looked at him with hurt and pitying eyes. Mr. van Loomis waited blandly.

McGinty went to Valentine and said urgently under his breath, "It doesn't matter what the old guy says. We'll find a way to get out of here. They'll be looking for you, don't forget. Soon as it gets round, they'll be out after us. Don't let's argue. Let him talk all he wants."

"I repeat, nothing is urgent," said Mr. van Loomis. "What you do in your world is your affair. This happens to be mine, and I refuse to have my peace disturbed. You will have to wait and see what comes. You have told me your story. Very well. Now you have landed, you may stay on the island, provided you do as I say."

"Thanks for nothing," murmured McGinty.

"This is my island," said Mr. van Loomis, "and you will do as I say. You will both of you go to my house, and you must give me your word," he said to Valentine, "that you will not try to leave the island, either of you, without my permission, or try by any means to reach the outside world. No rigging up of transmitters," he said severely to McGinty.

"What does he think I am?" McGinty murmured to Valentine.

"Meanwhile I shall go out and find your flying boat," said Mr. van Loomis, "and verify your story."

"It happens to be true," said Valentine coldly.

"In that case I shall be able to verify it," said Mr. van Loomis. "Then I shall arrange to put out a signal, but first you must give me your word."

Valentine was looking at Charis. All this time she had kept quiet, not interrupting her father, though she was distressed. Val appreciated that quietness; presentl guessed, when they were alone, she deal with her father, but she kept his fa him in public. Valentine liked that to felt too weary to compete with Mr Loomis; suddenly it appeared that M Loomis was right and that nothing w gent; London, Birmingham, the pla whole business seemed far away and improbable than this improbable la He capitulated.

"Very well," he said, "I give yo word. What else is there to do?"

"Nothing else," said Mr. van L cheerfully. He turned and looked dow beach, beckoning Filipino. "And you tell your man that he should wear a red head is a dangerous color for the tro

McGinty scowled. "Why can't he to *me?*" murmured McGinty to Val "I'm here, as good as him!"

"And now," said Mr. van Loomis daughter will take you up to the h

When they had gone, Filipino em from behind a palm tree. "Did I do wh told me, Tsula?" asked Filipino. "Tsu you send me to college?"

"Very well. Very well," said Mr Loomis, answering the first part of the tion. He was turning to follow the when Filipino stopped him.

"Tsula, what is this?" and Filipin out something on the palm of his ha shone small and round and white in th and Mr. van Loomis took it and loo it; it was an Australian sixpence. F watched it, angu while it was in M Loomis's hand.

"Where did yo this?"

"The youngest gave it, Tsula. Ple give it back!"

Mr. van Loomis was angry. Till th ment no islander on the island had to a piece of money; even Mario's moth had the sense to keep that from them island currency was barter and wo seemed to Mr. van Loomis to fit Mc that he should have come strolling in them and at once tipped Filipino. *Yes him a vulgar tip*, thought Mr. van Loo fury.

"Tsula, give it back."

"You don't want it," said Mr. van L

"Tsula . . . please!"

Mr. van Loomis would have se sixpence spinning into the sea, but he r bered how tiresome Filipino had been nothing that morning. *I mustn't give a grievance*, thought Mr. van Loomi reluctantly he gave the sixpence b Filipino.

"Tsula, is it money?" Filipino's came out and wet his lips.

"Yes. Curse it and him and you!" sa van Loomis, thoroughly out of tempe walked away up the beach, but Filipi not heard him.

He had never seen any money, but in every book and newspaper that h Charis had read, and he knew it was tant in the outside world. There came pino, from the sixpence, a sense of fr and power, also a great sense of res bility; it was not for nothing that h heard Pheasant tell the story of the Pr Son. Filipino tied the sixpence carefu the corner of his cloth and tucked i down in his waist knot against his *Money! I have money*, said Filipino.

Valentine felt as if he were charme through luncheon he listened to Mr Loomis's urbane conversation, watch clear-cut shape of Charis's small head dining room's shaded light, where N the boy Filipino came and went behind McGinty did not speak; he looked pi sulky in spite of Charis's efforts to tal van Loomis did not notice McGinty McGinty appeared to have offended but none of them knew how. Mr. van L talked to Valentine, whose head was

(Continued on Page 118)



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(Continued from Page 116)

ning to swim. The dining room was restful; the windows were shaded from the noonday light by slats of wickerwork held away from the sills with sharpened bamboos; on each sill was a cascade of white orchids, their roots bound on the wood; the flowers hung down over the sills inside the room; their scent was heavy. There was grass matting on the floors, and against the walls were wooden chests. The table was carved, Mr. van Loomis told them, in a single piece from the roots of a tree; they sat on stools of the same shape; the wood was reddish brown and hand polished. The table mats were grass, woven like the floor mats but fine and of the same green-white color. The soup was served in wooden bowls of the hard red wood, but there was French flowered china and the silver was old-fashioned, heavy and crested. Valentine looked at the crest, a stag's head in a coronet, and looked thoughtfully at Mr. van Loomis.

There was a smell in the room that was homely in its strangeness, the smell of fresh brewing coffee. *Then he must get stores,* thought Valentine.

Niu and Filipino went backward and forward. They wore clean cotton cloths, their hair was immaculately oiled and brushed back with a flower behind the ear.

As soon as Niu had set eyes on Valentine and McGinty he had hurried to the kitchen and stirred up Serendipity. One boy had gone scuttling down to the beach for live crabs, another up the hill to the vineyards for grapes; to Niu, the only way they should be eaten was when they were still warm from the sun. One boy was sent to fetch cream and a fresh pumpkin for Serendipity to make a dish of pumpkin in curd; Niu himself had made a sauce for the chicken.

"First time Tsula have his own guests," said Niu with his inscrutable face. "It must all be good. Nothing must be wrong."

Now they ate a clear strong soup, crab scallops in their shells, chicken with rice and fried vegetables, the rice brought in first in wooden bowls with the hot sauce over it, then fruit and young bamboo shoots crystallized in sugar. On the fruit plates fresh leaves were laid, and Niu brought bowls of water and fringed napkins for their fi after it.

In a corner Webster, the cook's son, holding a huge palm-leaf fan with its resting on the ground between his leg swished it rhythmically, stirring the Webster, named for Webster's English tionary, wore a clean cloth, too, and a land round his neck. The swish of the fa the soft padding of the two men's feet Valentine feel more than ever in a sl dream.

They came out on the veranda for c "How do I get coffee?" asked Mr. Loomis. "I have a plantation. I found c wild here and cultivated it. We roast our berries." He stopped and frowned. Wal unexpectedly round the back of the h before luncheon, he had come full upo coffee machine bubbling over a brazier Filipino squatting beside it. Mr. van Lo was angry, but for twenty years he had been host to anyone and he was enjoyi too much to be put out for long. "This ning you shall taste our wine," he said. islanders make an arrack which is very We have a rice wine not unlike the Japa but I planted vines. Twenty years a brought them from Touraine, and the mate on our mountain seems to suit t We make a white wine, medium dry a reasonable bouquet."

"You seem to have everything here on little island," said Valentine, battling to his eyes open.

He sat facing the light, and the ch that showed between the blinds struck s of light into his eyes and worried Charis quietly stood up and drew closer. Valentine looked at her grate Now he sat in shade and his lids grew he It seemed a long while since the morn since the moment when this surprising m ing had broken into light and he and Ginty had begun to paddle themselves i dinghy with their new unused paddles a from the Water Star. He saw McGinty g large yawn and had to stiffen the corne his mouth not to follow him.

Mr. van Loomis was still talking. "Fo its smallness our island is big," said Mr. Loomis. "I wanted it to be vast, and, as



"Frankly, I don't know why you bother—you know I'll come back soaked to the skin."

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see, it is. You may smile"—Valentine had not smiled—"but it has vast resources. You see the surf on our beaches; the thunder comes from caves far down under it where the water surges up. There are deep growths of coral and holes reaching fathoms down into the sea; the mother rock is igneous, but it is a mass of hidden caves and water. The sea stretches to the horizon all round us," said Mr. van Loomis. "And you will scarcely see smoke or a sail. We don't need them," said Mr. van Loomis; "we have all we need. Our mountain head is lost in cloud so that its height gives us a proper perspective, a feeling of infinity. It gives us our variation in climate too; down here it is balmy, tropical; up there it is temperate."

Mr. van Loomis stood up and put his coffee cup down on the tray, stood upright again and stretched his arms. *They have the span of an old prize buffalo's horns,* thought Valentine.

"I wanted my island to be vast," said Mr. van Loomis again, "and I made it vast. Think of our crops; we have the crops of a whole continent: we have palms and rice fields and jute and groundnut, bananas and copra on the plain. We grow our own tobacco, coffee, Indian corn; on the lower slopes we have tea terraces and orange groves; lemons and vines and olives farther up, and, toward the summit, the fruit trees I brought, almonds and apricots and peach and apples; there I have pruned and cultivated a species of wild raspberry; if you came to tea with us in summer you would think you were having tea in England, raspberries and cream. I planted trees," said Mr. van Loomis, "along the roads and in the forest as I felled; they are saplings still, but one day they will be . . . mighty," said Mr. van Loomis, stretching again. "For building we have bamboo and palm leaves and our own wood. We have little metal on the island; the smith works his smithy only when he is not farming: we work with wood, and wood is a peaceful thing: it's not destructive, it's not too hard, it's strangely human; it has life, it will die; metal doesn't die, it rusts and tarnishes. Beware of anything that cannot die," said Mr. van Loomis. "It has no chance of greater life."

"Pity you haven't any petrol," said McGinty.

"Petrol, refineries, all the rest of it—conjuring, sheer conjuring," said Mr. van Loomis shortly. "We want no conjuring here."

To McGinty that seemed almost like blasphemy. "They are inventions," he argued.

"That is what I said," said Mr. van Loomis, and Valentine laughed.

McGinty did not know what they meant. He understood less and less of the conversation and cared less and less to understand; besides being sleepy, he was bored, and he showed his boredom. He fidgeted and yawned until Charis, coming to the decision that there are some guests who have to be dismissed, said:

"Wouldn't you like to go and lie down? All of us have a siesta here in the afternoon."

"Don't mind if I do," said McGinty. With a commiserating look at Valentine he went in.

In spite of his sleepiness, Valentine was beginning to be fascinated. As Mr. van Loomis described it, the island seemed to rise for him again, in the round, as it had risen to meet him from the sea. Filipino came in to take the coffee tray. Valentine wondered how the laughing, boastful, flying boy with the boat on the sea had transformed himself into this skillful mute; he thought it would be interesting to hear about the island from Filipino too.

"You have your islanders very well trained," he said as Filipino disappeared through the door. "Are they happy?"

"*Happy?*" Mr. van Loomis almost snapped. The sight of Filipino had pricked him sharply. He saw that coffee machine again, bubbling on the fire; he remembered The Rights of Man. *Damn the boy! He is becoming a menace,* thought Mr. van Loomis, but it was too soon after luncheon to be dis-

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turbed. He frowned and said shortly, "They are contented," and put Filipino out of his mind. "Their life is the shape of a round," said Mr. van Loomis. He was beginning to be sleepy too. "That, my dear Doubleday, is the true shape for everything. Everything is a round; the universe ——"

"We don't know the shape of the universe," said Valentine.

"The world is round," went on Mr. van Loomis, ignoring him. "The world's path round the sun, the year that comes round again to the same day, the day and the night that grow through the hours and come back to the beginning of the day—it is all a round. That is the pattern we are meant to follow. The cycle is the shape of wisdom."

Charis gave a little yawn.

"Then you don't think we should choose a line and stick to it?" asked Valentine.

Mr. van Loomis shrugged. "If you like," he said. "But it is very fraying for the nerves."

"It is," said Valentine, and Charis noticed the edge in his voice.

"A line has no beauty and no end," said Mr. van Loomis. "When it's gone, it's gone; you will never see it again. A circle is bounded, it has discipline. The great things of the world are always disciplined," said Mr. van Loomis. "Look at a sonnet ——"

"A sonnet?" asked Valentine, trying to fight the drowsiness in his voice and eyes.

"Yes, a sonnet. The greatest poetry in the world has been written in a sonnet," said Mr. van Loomis and walked away to the other end of the veranda.

"Doesn't your father ever qualify what he says?" Valentine asked Charis.

"I can*not* tell you how much I believe in discipline," said Mr. van Loomis, coming back. "Man must accept a limit, recognize a law, to work and live in peace. We are human, not to be endowed with freedom. That is why I chose a little island that I could control. You will find discipline all through it, in it itself, in its daily life. Here you will find limitation and you will find beauty and simplicity. Men have forgotten how to be simple. Take sewing," said Mr. van Loomis. "What need is there to sew? Here there is no need. There is nothing that needs sewing on the island. For instance, excepting mine," said Mr. van Loomis, "there isn't a single pair of trousers on the island."

"Filipino has a pair of trousers," said Charis.

WHEN Mr. van Loomis went in, the veranda was very quiet. The yellow tropical midday light hung over the garden and the sea; the beaches shimmered in a haze of heat, and the sound of the breakers made a low booming that seemed to Valentine to go far away and come near again and go far away. With the sun beating on them from outside, the grass-blind mats gave off a soporific hot-grass smell; his eyes were lidded with sleep, his legs felt drugged with it.

"What do we do now?" asked Valentine.

"Sleep," said Charis.

That seemed to him the most beautiful thing he had ever heard. He stood up and went to her and took her hand; it felt cool and light, in the universal heaviness. "You are an angel to me," said Valentine and kissed her hand and went away to his room.

Charis caught her breath and stood up sharply; she lifted her hand and held the back of it, where Valentine had kissed it, against her cheek. *Don't be a fool,* said Charis to Charis, but already knew she was a fool. She was tingling from head to foot. *Don't feel like that,* said Charis sharply to herself. She tingled still. Then, another thought came to her, and, standing on the veranda, the warm air, spiced and balmy with sun, blown to her on every breeze, fanning against her skin, Charis was cold with misery. She was thinking of all the other women and girls whose hands Valentine had kissed. He did it so lightly and easily that she was sure h kissed hundreds; someone as famous would have kissed all kinds of Ma duchesses', princesses', beauties', th Charis miserably; hands of dozens of girls, competent, worldly-wise girls; girls, not Anyas or Emmas. She beg have a terror of them.

"Mis' Charis, ain' you goin' to lay do It was Pheasant come to look for her. C did not notice that it was strange for P ant to be awake and dressed at this ti day.

"PHEASANT, when you saw girls, y ladies, before you came here, did seem . . . very . . . clever and pretty?"

"None purty an' clever as you," Pheasant.

But she only says *that,* thought Chari terly. *She says what she thinks I want to*

Impatiently she told Pheasant to "I shall come in a little while," she sai she did not come.

It's interesting for you to have met him, all, said Charis to Charis severely when P ant had gone. *Tomorrow, soon, he will go again. He must go away.* Her lips tren *What do you expect?* Charis asked h fiercely, but her eyes filled with tears a

When Doctor Canfield was inaugurated at Ohio State University, President Eliot of Harvard said to him, "Well, Canfield, now you are president, and everybody will call you a liar."

"Why, Doctor Eliot, did anyone ever call you a liar?"

"Worse than that," said Eliot, "they proved it."

—WILLIAM LYON PHELPS: Autobiography With Letters (Oxford University Press).

bars of sunlight shaded floor fro blind cracks sli gether in a blur. Charis! It is of telling yourself t if you have no a

She stood the the warm veran still that a lizard out and moved cally down the w hind her, then res its pads and f with its tongue at

Each moment days and the nig the island, except in the chill of the morning, was interwoven with a mesh sects and lesser reptiles, like life itsel ceeding, busy and unnoticed. There w ways the tck-tck of lizards and the wh of a cicada in a tree. The maids swept countless cobwebs from the corners, other cobwebs gleamed across the law on the bushes in the morning dew. were the great winged evening beetles every evening, too, at dusk. Niu went room to room in the house, waving a b lit malodorous incense against the m toes, while Filipino and Webster ran to close the slats on the windows. I drinking trough by the back door, or garden coiled under a bush, there was s be a little brilliant grass snake; there beetles with polished green and pe backs like scarabs from Egypt, and were swallowtail butterflies and the w land bees. At night, in every creek an the marshes and along the paths th through forests up the hill, there wer flies. Now Charis stood so still, her against her cheek, her eyes filled with that the lizard tcked fearlessly and c his fly. Suddenly he flicked back into th ner; Charis had raised her head. The walked quickly to the steps and lif crack of the blind.

In the heat of the day, when norma would have been stretched out on his sleeping heavily, Charis saw her father ping off the jetty into the canoe; she sa step down and bend under the awni reach his seat; she saw Luck push off the jetty poles; the paddles were held w for his cry, and then they all dipped flashed together, dipped and flashed, ing the canoe away from the shore. L "hé's" rang out, and the canoe h quickly toward the open sea. Then, the corner of her eye, she saw Phe and Niu walking away from the deep in talk. They should have been ing too.

"Hé, hé, hé" came Luck's cry acros sea. *Now I wonder what they are up to,* th Charis.

(To be Continued)



PHOTO BY GLADYS TABER

simple good things—neighborliness, kindness, gardens, and fire on the
th—we must preserve. Our Thanksgiving should be that we still have an
l of home-loving people, a faith in God unshaken, a will to freedom.

Diary of Domesticity

By GLADYS TABER

N summer is quiet and lovely on
nd. No two people ever agree as
when it is, so I pick out my own.
fter a cold spell, after the black
d after some days of rain. The
vill have been on for some time,
d lumberjackets hang by the back
n comes a day of clear gold, of air
y that the tiredest heart is rested.
benign, and that is the only word
e it. A drifting blue haze smokes
hills. All the sounds are mellowed
ietness, the drumming of a horse's
eorge's barn is soft and pleasant,
l chatter of the hens is muted, the
s horn is like a note in a song.
dogs bark idly, as if they had
ason to chase the rabbit.

, I know, does not think of winter
vinter will be a strange experience
She was born last December
nird, and she spent the winter
down in the house, coming out to
only when the jonquils poked up
ner. But some of the older dogs
a look when I say what a beauti-
t is, a wise and knowing look.
tell the days are getting shorter,
shuts down early, and they, I
re season-wise.

ve added another Irish setter to
y, and there isn't any particular
or it, except that the new one is a
ister of Maeve's, the same father
er but born this year. We spent a
g ourselves why we could not pos-
e her, and then we just went to
er, and she had that look in her
lunged at Jill with a coltish leap,
ll legs and tail, and her smile was
n gaps where the new teeth had
ared.

came home with us, demolishing
g in the car and being wildly
. We named her Daphne, and we were careful about introducing her to the ten cockers and the original Irish. Making a new dog part of a group requires just a little psychology. We were always petting Maeve as Daphne loped up, and Daphne got her loving on the side. We fed her by herself so nobody would think she was eating his food.

Through an unhappy combination of circumstances, she had been mistreated, so she was terribly fearful and anxious and very hand-shy, as dogs get when they are whacked. But in a few days she blossomed. She decided she had gone to heaven, I think, and I never saw a dog so violently and continuously happy. Maeve took her into the closed circle after about three days, and they began to run everywhere together. They chase frogs around the edge of the pond by the hour, and then one of them will start after a rabbit, and pause and turn back and wait for the other one to come along too. Nothing more beautiful than the two red setters flying up the hill!

Jonquil adores Daphne; in fact, Jonquil thinks she is a setter herself. They play tug of war with an old towel, and the small golden cocker holds her own.

There has always been controversy about the relative merits of cocker and setter as field dogs. The cocker, I can guarantee, takes a back seat for nothing on four legs. Now and then the gate is left open by mistake, and Maeve takes Sister off for a hike. Sister is a very small spaniel and Maeve is a very rangy Irisher. Normally conservative, Sister gets the wind in her hair and she goes over bush, over brier, through swamps, across ponds. They cover miles and miles, and hours later we finally see them on some upland pasture, the setter in the lead, it is true, but the little cocker right at her heels, toiling along.

Sister bears evidence of her hunt by bringing berry vines in her ears and swamp

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muck on her petticoats. But where Maeve has gone, there Sister has been also, she tells me, with pride.

Daphne will not run away. Security is so new to her that she thinks if she gets out of sight of the house, it may vanish. So she just hangs around looking in the windows and doors until she is let in, and then she tries to leap into any lap that is available. She is the lovingest setter I ever knew.

Jill has been cleaning up the garden, putting it to bed for the winter. Next year, she says, we shall have more of those new green beans that are so melting tender. But not the carrots we tried this time. They are too carrotty. The zucchini was flawless, the cucumbers just right, but the tomatoes were not a success. A garden is a lifelong experiment. Some of the new varieties are superb, but some lack the taste of old favorites.

We tried freezing slices of zucchini fried. I like it best that way, for the flavor is delicate and the texture is not mushy. I dip the slices in seasoned flour and brown them in butter or margarine in which a nip or two of onion has turned golden.

Our neighbors, Steve and Olive, had their first garden this past summer. How it took me back to our beginnings when I cried so hard at the sight of the first radish! I had never really believed that a tiny black seed could turn into a succulent vegetable. The Stephenscns bought the old red house at the corner of Jeremy Swamp Road chiefly to have quiet week ends. They were all worn out, they said, and they just had to have a little rest. Their little rest kept them busy ten or eleven hours every day while they scraped and painted and Olive sewed curtains and Steve carpentered. And while they weeded their garden. And then all those vegetables "came in," and Olive might freeze beans until one o'clock at night. Yet they kept looking better and better, which proves something about country living.

> **When we are out of sympathy with the young, then I think our work in this world is over.**
> —GEORGE MACDONALD.

One thing just leads to another when you buy an old house. No sooner had they moved in than the water pump stopped working. Then the bedroom floor seemed to sag under Olive's light tread, and of course the beams were giving out. Then they discovered the trees were all starving and simply had to be fed immediately! The tree man analyzed their whole land and the news was grave. Next, lightning rods came into their lives after one bad storm had rocked the whole house. A crisis in the cellar flooded the whole place. The plumber who arrived boated across the water on Steve's first carpenter job, a rack for the freezer.

I was thinking of all the trials an old house in the country does bring as I stopped in one day. The kitchen floor was being repaired, so the refrigerator was in the living room, together with all the dishes and supplies, and the kitchen cupboards. Olive had just been washing the dishes upstairs in the bathtub, since the sink was now outside the back door.

She and Steve stood at the window, and said, "Isn't the view simply wonderful? Last night we sat here and just saw the sun going down over the hill—it was magnificent! '

"Yes, it's lovely," I said, sitting on a carton of books.

"We're going to put in a furnace," said Steve, "because then when we can stay here the year round ——"

"Winter week ends, too," said Olive.

I DECIDED, as I went on to the village, that we are not actually peculiar, we country-minded. We belong in an age of great trouble, great anxieties, great conflicts. In this age, we turn again to the old houses which have stood since our fathers' day, to the good land which nourishes us, to the open sky over the steadiness of hills. We want to see the stars over the apple trees, and we don't mind at all how hard we work—work is indeed the bread of the country dwellers.

Also, I thought, as I went to the store and stooped to pet the dachshund that came back from the last war with Louis, also we have an obligation. Making war is not the end of life, it is a painful means we have had to but it is not the way of life which we me establish in our world. Therefore the v we must keep alive are the values of a w at peace. We must so live that after cease, the good things will remain.

The simple good things, such as neigl liness and kindness, such as gardens clean curtains, such as candles and fire o hearth, these we must preserve. And Thanksgiving should be that we still hav ideal of home-loving people, a faith in unshaken, and a will to freedom.

At Stillmeadow, we have the Thank ing family dinner with an added praye grace. And sitting around the apple-w fire, we are not forgetful of the terrors o time. We feel we must live more deeply, truly, and never lose hope in the futur

A GOOD many wonderful things have pened in our time, as well as the drea ones. Not so long ago, children were wor ten and twelve hours a day in factories sweatshops. Women were a kind of glor servant to man. Schools were run on learn-or-be-whacked theory. There we lot of things fifty years ago which we wou put up with now for a minute. We are gressing, after all.

Now, instead of caning a little boy teacher may send him home with a like the one Dallas got from her son:

"Dear Mother I was throwing roc recess. Dear Mother I was shooting r bands at noon today. Love."

When you see the children going to s in their comfortable easy clothes and r that a short time they were practic clad in strait jacket their lives, you get a den feeling of pleasu the growth we have in our world.

November night edged with chill. Th corn popper comes out we make popcorn over the fire and k big bowl of apples by the hearth. It do really matter whether you use a lo melted butter, or half butter and half ular shortening, or no butter at all plenty of salt.

I would hate to think that I was in s rut about food that I had to have one pa ular thing. With hoarders I have no pat at all, and I cannot understand how can live comfortably with themselves. forms of greed, hoarding is the ugliest. kind of thievery, actually. Better face it see if having a cellar full of sugar and c is really a pleasure. Now saving is a thing, but what a sad thing it is to be a miser! We decided when the news came from Korea that we would not get an can of coffee, although normally we some ahead to save trips to the village. ants had got into our sugar and we had one small bowl left. But as Jill said, w live without jelly and we just won't g and join those women lugging tons of home.

It gives me a sense of satisfaction t alize that I am not a slave to food, much love to cook and to eat. Nor are we goi be slaves to linen or blankets or soa anything else.

Cooking is really more inventive if have to use something different. Some c best things to eat have come from short The pumpkin pie was an early one; so mincemeat. Corn-meal mush—and ch and sliced and browned in butter, how it is! I myself really got intimate with bones the first time during the last war. becued or simmered with vegetables or g and served with dumplings, they are licious.

November is a good month for baked h and salt pork and Indian pudding an those nice New England dishes. Good fo too.

And especially good for brisk walks w bevy of cockers and a wild fringe of Irish ters, and for a Siamese cat named Esm sit on the hottest part of the hearth!

THE

STREIT SLUMBER* CHAIR SAYS:

"Merry Christmas for the REST of Your Life"





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* U. S. PAT. OFF.

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This Christmas, forget the little gifts and wrap up one big package of COMFORT for that all-important man-of-the-house. Give him a beautiful, comfortable Streit Slumber* Chair—for the REST of his life! Day-in, day-out . . . for years to come . . . his Slumber* Chair will keep saying "Merry Christmas" everytime he sinks down into its soft cushions.

See your nearest Streit dealer today and place your most important gift order. And while you're there sit in the Slumber* Chair and discover for yourself the comfort of the thick, upholstered seat-and-back that adjusts to 3 positions of comfort . . . the seat high upholstered footstool . . . and the soft cushion-back that snuggles up to the crook of your neck.



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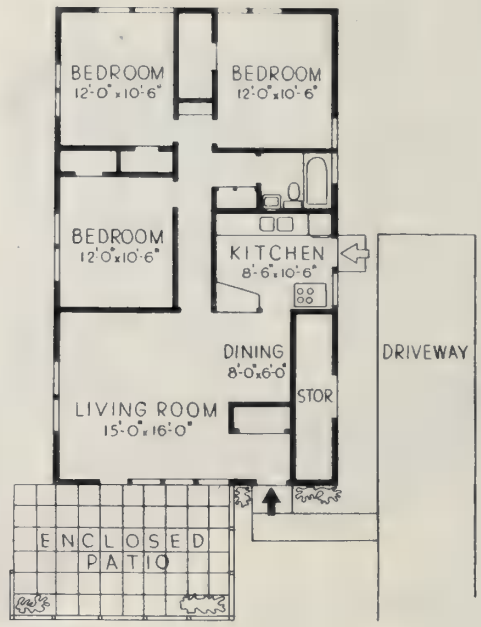
Top buys in ready-built east to west

By **RICHARD PRATT** *Architectural Editor of the Journal*

Most people now looking for new ready-built houses are able to pay somewhere between $7,000 and $14,000. That is the immense home market. And these five houses, in various parts of the country, show how much you can really get for your money, within that price range, when the houses are skillfully designed for livability and looks by leading architects, and built for lasting value by forward-looking developers. All are houses in either large or small developments: the larger the development, generally speaking, the lower the cost of the individual house. All are houses with three full-height bedrooms and one bath; living room with separate or semiseparate dining, and kitchen completely equipped. In every case, the architects have achieved individuality among the houses of each development by varying the colors, materials and minor architectural features; while the builder achieves economy in cost by repeating essentially the same design in quantity construction.

WESTERN WAYS PHOTO BY PIETRO BALESTRERO ■ A. QUINCY JONES AND PAUL WILLIAMS, ARCHITECTS.

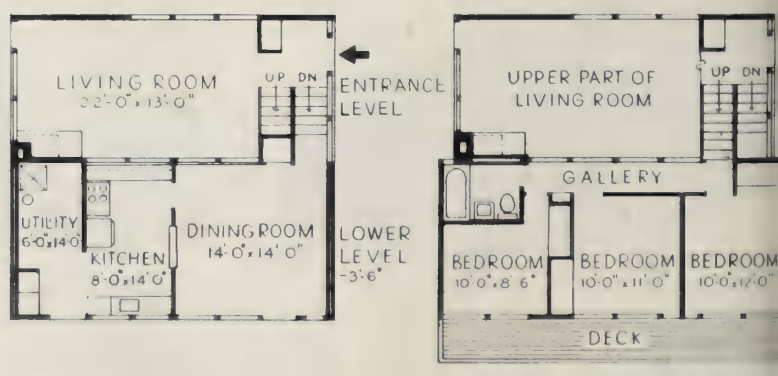




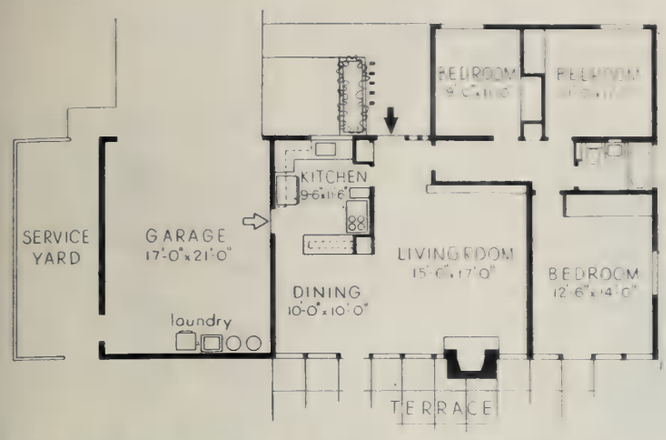
Arizona: $6,950. This house is one of seven hundred in Pueblo Gardens, Tucson, which for price, and quality of design and construction, are probably the best buys in the country. The glass wall of the living room opens into a patio that is panel-fenced for privacy; other windows, protected by wide overhangs, look out on desert or mountain views, but are carefully oriented away from neighbors. Three bedrooms, well placed for privacy and quiet, have generous closets, as does the rest of the house; special features include small snack bar between kitchen and dining alcove, and large outside storage space.

PHOTO BY GENE HOOK • DAVID B. RUNNELLS, ARCHITECT.





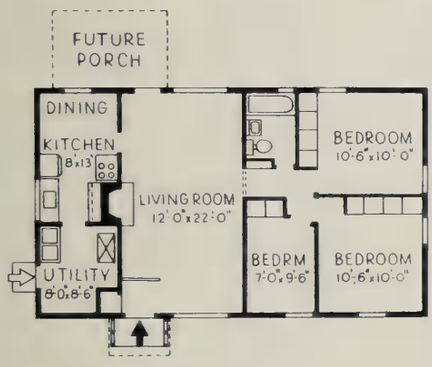
Kansas: $13,046. A three-level house, which you see here from its garden side, is one of nine in Prairie Village, and looks deceptively small in its snug woodland setting. You enter at the living-room level, a large room nicely separated from the rest of the house, an ideal place for your best furniture, easily kept in order. Below, a generous dining room opens onto the terrace, and provides space for other family activities; while the kitchen is well placed for keeping an eye on children at play. Up from the entrance hall are the bedrooms, with deck beyond that shades windows below and adds distinction.



California: $11,900. Turning its back to the street, this edwood City house, in a group of sixty-four, focuses its attention rough floor-to-ceiling glass on its terrace for dining, living, play. The mpact kitchen overlooks both street and garden through its serving- ting counter with shelves above, and has easy access to the garage- undry and adjacent service yard—practical in a mild climate; while e bedrooms become, in effect, a separate wing, planned to avoid affic through the living room, so typical of development houses.

PHOTO BY ROGER STURTEVANT ■ ANSHEN AND ALLEN, ARCHITECTS

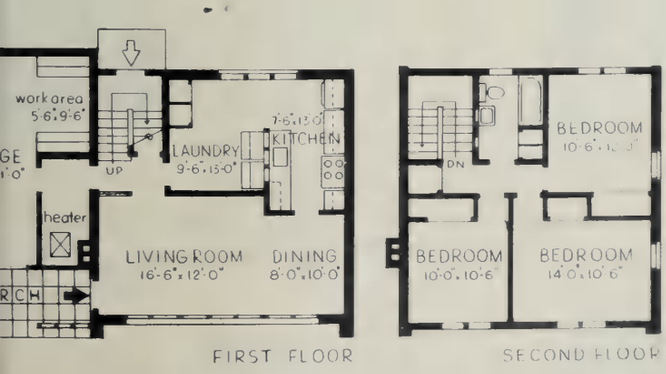




Virginia: $10,434. In a lovely woodland called Provi- ence Forest, this is one of twenty-six houses in McLean, enclosing a rect rectangular plan within a traditionally flavored exterior. Utility, ving and sleeping areas are kept clearly distinct, and simple wallboard teriors lend themselves to either modern or period furnishings. Din- g space is provided in both kitchen and living room, and by carry- g the living room right through the house from front to back, reat flexibility is gained in orienting the house to sun and view. he bedrooms, though not large, include ample storage space.

PHOTO BY ROBERT C. LAUTMAN ■ HARRY E. ORMSTON, ARCHITECT.





Pennsylvania: $13,850. This two-story house in larper Village, near Pittsburgh, one of a group of sixty, has masonry- lock end walls extending slightly to frame its clean, simple exterior nd give it a solid look. Inside, the combination kitchen and aundry provides space for eating as well as for the regular activities f this area, while the separate stair hall and second floor isolate the leeping quarters completely from the rest of the house. A special fea- ure is the work area in the garage. . . . Three out of the five houses hown here are single-story—roughly the current country-wide ratio.

PHOTO BY J. M. ARNOLD, JR. ■ HEROLD BRADLEY, ARCHITECT AND BUILDER.



THE DEAREST FRIENDS



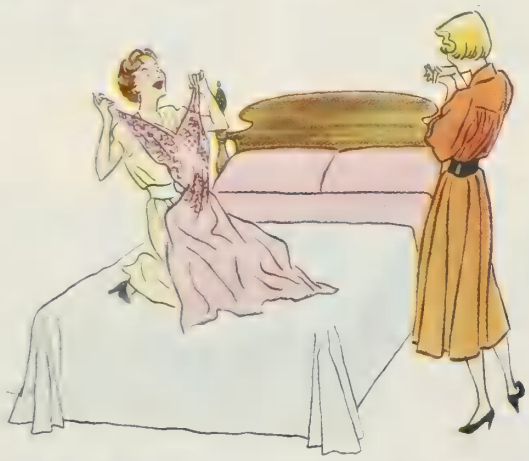
EXCITABLE TYPE: "I almost fainted! Such divine pastels! They're Cannon Combspun Percale Sheets! They're the new Water Colors!"



BUDGET-BEWAILER: "Broke as we are, those Cannon Percales in beautiful Water Colors were such a value even poor us could afford 'em!"



NONSTOP TALKER: "...they're Combspun—makes 'em smoother—the colors are absolu fast—and, my dear, talk about wear..."



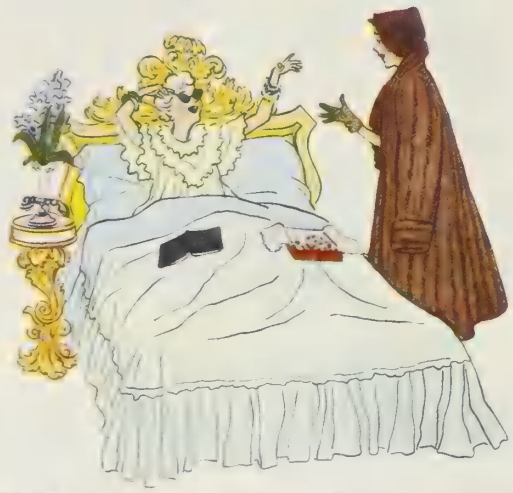
GLAMOUR QUEEN: "I couldn't sleep if my sheets didn't match my nightie—don't you love this shell pink?"



THE HANDY ONE: "I bought some extra sheets, cut 'em up, added ruffles—so, I've got drapes to match my moonlight yellow sheets!"



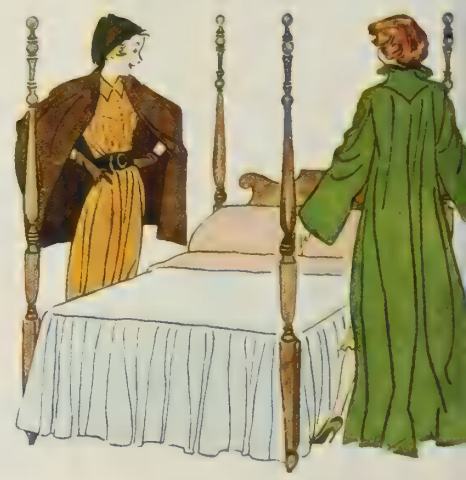
DEVOTED WIFE: "I was scared John would think I was crazy, but he thinks t lagoon green sheets are nifty!"



THE FAMOUS ONE: "Dah-ling! I'm so glad you came today. I'm in my aquamarine mood!"



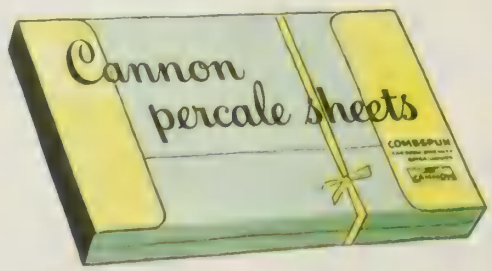
ARTISTIC TYPE: "I asked myself: 'Burnt sienna and what?' And I said 'Ah—Cannon Combspuns in cloud grey!'"

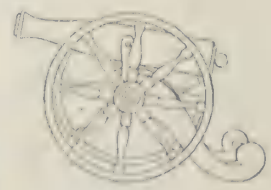


CAREER GIRL: "Executive stuff is fine a office, but the home life is strictly femini —note these sunrise peach sheets!"



OUR HEROINE: "And do you think I could get a word in edgewise about my own heavenly Cannon Water Color sheets?"





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CANNON PERCALE SHEETS – THEY'RE COMBSPU

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SCHOOL HOUSING CRISIS

(Continued from Page 23)

ne of the money would be used for a eleven-room primary school to be the Olympic School; the rest would the beginning of funds for a new junior school.

e campaign had little difficulty attract- pporters. Parents of children on double were particularly vocal. While shifts assroom time only forty minutes, small s in the routine for crackers and milk, play period, had to be eliminated en- and mothers claimed they could see ifference in their children almost im- tely.

etsy had been a calm, complacent lit- l," her mother said. "Now she seemed us and distraught, and flew off the e at the slightest provocation." . . . nie was the same way," his mother "First-graders are too little to spend nuch time at concentrated work. Their of interest is short. They need to feel hey can take things easily at their own . . . "The afternoon shift was terri- a third mother said, "because it threw ildren's mealtime schedule off, and in inter it was dark by the time they left at four-thirty."

er mothers complained that with their nds on shifts at the lumber mills, and children going hool all day, household ules were almost sible. "I have children," one wife said, "and ly time we could down to a meal ner was on the ends."

ngview's strong tive PTA, com- of mothers who ust this way, g into action. briefings by Mr. mara and his ant, Scott Milli- mothers took bills and per- appeals to their nbors, tele- d everyone in during the week each election. "We dreaded going from to door," several mothers said, "but ned out to be fun. Some of us met e on our own streets that we'd never known before."

luenced strongly by these PTA moth- ongview's Educational Policies Coun- .E.P.C.) undertook a study of the m. Formed in 1941 as a vocal outlet e community on educational matters, .E.P.C. (whose membership is com- of the heads of twenty-five civic or- tions and any other citizens who care end its monthly meetings) had already responsible for extension of physical ng, introduction of sex education and ization of a balanced lunch program schools. Now its members, working gh their own individual organizations, that the levies be passed.

d they *were* passed—each by a major- nearly 3000 votes.

RYONE who had worked breathed a sigh ief. The money had been raised, plans new, modern school building were ap- d, and early in the spring ground was n for the Olympic School. But the bat- is not half over. Even then school di- s realized that a new financial drive nly a matter of time.

We could build one Olympic School for of the next five years, and still lose d." Mr. McNamara told school direc- "I think our next step should be a new high school. Then we could turn the nt junior high over to more primary s. Otherwise the Olympic School will double shifts inside of a year."

While recognizing the need for early action, school directors agreed with him that the public would not be ready for another financial drive for "probably two years." The state still was unable to make any funds available. There was nothing to do but wait.

Mothers of prospective Olympic School students took matters in their own hands in the late summer, only nine months after the levies had been passed. Walking home from the grocer's past the new Olympic building, or taking a special trip over at night "because we were all so excited about watching the building go up," they became dismayed when for several days only a few men seemed to be working. "I almost cried," one mother said, "because I thought all our work was in vain, and that the school would never be ready to open in January."

DESPITE the contractor's assurances that there was nothing to worry about, a committee of three mothers—Mrs. Van Sickle, Mrs. Spence and Mrs. Lindsay—went to work telephoning nearly 400 parents whose children might be affected. "We thought some other arrangements should be made in case the school didn't open," Mrs. Spence said. "And other mothers agreed. By the end of ten days we had located a church playroom which we thought could be converted into four classrooms, and carpenters and electricians to do the work free of charge. We asked Mr. McNamara to let us go ahead."

While Mr. McNamara investigated, PTA mothers carried their campaign one step farther. At the October meeting of the L.E.P.C., Mrs. Van Sickle told of the mothers' concern and urged the L.E.P.C. to "do something *now* about getting more schools." Mr. Milligan backed her up with facts and figures. And by the end of the meeting, eight members had volunteered to visit civic organizations, bring them up to date on the school situation, and propose that they join in sponsoring an immediate financial drive. When the answer from each group was the same—"Go ahead, and the sooner the better"—school directors voted to propose a bond issue of $750,000, the most they could legally raise in 1950, at the next general election, in February. The bonds would be retired in ten years by a levy of approximately 3.5 mills each year, or $3.50 on each $1000 of assessed valuation.

"The mothers and the L.E.P.C. really pushed us into it," Mr. Brown said. "We knew the situation and we knew something had to be done sometime. They convinced us we could go ahead *immediately*."

Under the direction of Mr. Milligan and Mrs. Van Sickle, who "practically deserted" her four children for a month, a careful campaign was worked out. The problem was public awareness. With public sentiment so strongly on their side, they didn't have to worry this time so much about *how* people voted, as *whether* they voted, for according to Washington state law, 40 per cent of the number of people voting in the last general election must vote in order to carry a bond or levy. Here lay the difficulty. The last election had been held during a presidential campaign and had drawn better than 8000 voters. This election was for school officials only—always a light election which normally would draw an average of not more than 900 voters.

"In other words," Mr. Milligan said, "we had to draw out more than two thousand people who normally wouldn't vote at all.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Good-by, Good Morrow

(For C. C.)

By Bette Richart

I understand the mourning of the dove
Who fears her solitude before it comes.
I see the fly, the amber that entombs.
I know their helpless grief that cannot move
Seeing my lover leave, but not my love.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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You can see at once the lustrous tufted beauty
of these exquisite new candlewick bedspreads.
What you can't see is the special Morgan-Jones construction
that preserves their luxurious charm.
Both bedspreads have sturdy, smooth-lying cotton backgrounds
but . . . the decorative tufts are a special yarn
of new-found brilliance that sheds practically no lint!
Count on Morgan-Jones for new ideas like this.
Count on Morgan-Jones
for outstanding quality.
Ask for these bedspreads by name,
at better stores everywhere.



MORGAN-JONES, INC.
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There were lots who offered odds that we couldn't do it."

"But what a campaign!" said one businessman. "Frankly, I thought they were crazy even to try and raise a bond issue at a small election like that, but they had everyone and his dog out working. Sometimes it seemed as though they could win if all their workers remembered to vote!"

Guided by lists of all registered voters, mothers again visited other mothers to discuss the issues personally and leave a mimeographed reminder that "February 4th is Vote Day." School officials and members of the L.E.P.C. explained the need and the cost of schools in a special series of fifteen-minute radio broadcasts. Public-speaking students from the Lower Columbia Junior College earned classroom credit with similar talks to any local organization contacting a speakers' bureau run for the campaign by the L.E.P.C. And members of these organizations in turn spread the word at home and among their friends.

No real opposition to the bond issue ever materialized. Though there were consistent rumors that "the lumber mills don't like the idea because, as the largest property owners, they'll be paying the bulk of the tax," many mill officials got out and worked to see the bond issue passed. Other voters, worried for fear the new buildings would be temporary structures like those put up in other parts of the state to meet emergency needs, were reassured by school directors that "We realize our population boom is not temporary. The people are here to stay, and so are the schools we're building." The cost appeared to be the least of anyone's worries.

"We want our children to get the best schools and the best education possible," one father said, "and we'll pay any amount for it as long as we feel it's necessary."

"That was the miracle," a businessman said. "We have lots of young people here and at least eighty per cent own their own homes. Each mill levy cost them in the neighborhood of thirty dollars, depending on the evaluation on their land, and the bond would cost them around five dollars and twenty-five cents a year for ten years. Yet they felt they had to have the schools."

Even the children agreed on the need for more schools. Social-science and English classes discussed "Why it would be better if we had fewer pupils in the room," and "Ways we can help get good election results." In arithmetic classes children subtracted the number of pupils they *should* have in schools of this size from the number of pupils they *do* have. Junior-high-school students acted out their own original scripts for classroom programs—a boy telling the woman next door why more schools are necessary, two girls planning to baby-sit for their neighbors so they could go vote.

Each student, under the direction of his teacher, located in colored crayon on a small mimeographed map the polling place nearest his home, and gave it to his parents with complete directions on how to get there. A six-year-old boy, overcome with enthusiasm, made a door-to-door canvass on his street urging everyone to "vote for schools." Little girls passed out handmade red cardboard V's as another reminder that "February 4th is Vote Day."

THE problem remained: everyone wanted more schools, but would they remember to get out and vote? With this constantly in mind, Mr. Milligan planned a maximum, all-out effort for February fourth—a maximum effort which was needed even more than anyone anticipated when a freezing rain covered sidewalks and roads with a thin coating of ice so slippery that walking and driving were almost impossible.

"You couldn't have found a worse day in the whole winter," Mr. Milligan said. "When my wife and I went down to vote, our car skidded off the road, and lots of men couldn't get to work. We were all terribly discouraged."

Anxiously Mr. Milligan and a few wor watched the weather. Voting was light— lighter than usual for a school election. W at noon, the sun came out, and ice began to break up, walking was difficult; "but if you bundled up for r weather and gave yourself lots of tim skid to the polls and back, you could i it—we hoped," Mrs. Van Sickle said. got to work immediately."

PTA mothers, who had arranged with telephone company earlier to put on operators, began calling every home in L view with the reminder that "You get out and vote if you want more scho Sixty teachers and mothers, workin shifts, provided cars for voters who coul to the polls no other way, and high-sc girls went along as baby-sitters for mo with young children.

A SOUND truck, manned by Paul Bil ton and Dallas Dedrick, two ex-college fessors "with good vocal cords," set after voters in the afternoon. "We pr cally roped them in," Mr. Billington "I'm afraid sometimes we were a little but the people voted. We even sent chil chasing into the house after their par not a political technique I thoroughly prove of, but we needed the votes— *good* cause."

Every hour Mr. Milligan, who was op ing a "nerve center" at the high schoo ceived a report on voting from worke each polling place, and the sound truck off for areas reporting the lightest vo The effects were immediate.

All life is an experiment. What if you do fail, and get fairly rolled in the dirt once or twice? Up again, you shall never be so afraid of a tumble. —EMERSON.

Children didn't f either. "The minute daughter got up that m ing, she wanted to k if the polls were ope and when I was goi go," one mother said. other said, "My brought the map of ing places to the brea table. 'This is ex where you go,' he said, 'and you *have* to was planning to go anyway, but I cou have faced him if I hadn't."

Even so, at six o'clock, with the polls for only two hours more, the situation looked serious. A local news commen warned on his six-o'clock broadcast th thousand more people must vote, "or els drive will fail," and the sound truck out to catch men on their way home work. "We crossed our fingers hard," Van Sickle said. "We really though didn't stand a chance."

Their worries were in vain. People ha forgotten. In these last two hours, 2000 ple voted—1000 *more* than necessary— when the votes had been counted, 9 cent of all voters had agreed to increase own taxes for ten years in order to have schools.

Volunteers, justifiably thrilled with victory, were even more thrilled when Olympic School held an open house so children could show their parents just they liked most about the new school.

"See?" one little boy said. "We've lots of windows and new desks and a sink right in the room where we can our hands. And each kindergarten ha own playground too."

"Come on down this way," another boy said, pulling his mother's hand. "I to show you our toilets. They're swell. work real fast. And instead of having a w bunch of them in one room, we've got a bathroom next to each classroom— know, like having your own private toi

"And look at the piano!" a little girl to her father. "Just our size. Isn't this s wonderful?"

"It made all our work worth while t how much the children love the school," Spence said. "They beg to dust and help things up, and they stay so late after sc that the janitor practically has to push t out the door when it's time to close up

"Yep," a little towhead said, "I d even *mind* being kept in in a place like t

THE





Englander alone makes a mattress of Airfoam* by GOODYEAR



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WITH A RED-LINE* FOUNDATION

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An Airfoam mattress requires a special type of support that ordinary box springs just cannot provide. To fill this need, Englander engineers have designed a special foundation—the Englander Red-Line Foundation—made for Airfoam and only Airfoam. So scientifically matched are they that we guarantee them for 20 years against any defects in material or workmanship when used together.



All the proof you need. Just press down on Airfoam. Feel how it molds itself to your hand, responds with a buoyant "uplift."

No other foundation works like this. Joined only through the middle by flexible steel bands, each spring in the upper half is free to adjust individually to every move. Lower part acts as a unit, supports body in the firm, healthful manner doctors recommend.



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Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

OUR OWN YOUNG MARRIEDS

(Continued from Page 44)

rest of it, it's ingenuity that counts. An open mind, for instance, for inexpensive surprise fabrics for draperies and slip covers—like turkish toweling, ticking, gaudy felts; an X-ray eye that sees through the gingerbread and crackled paint of junk-shop bargains to clean, sturdy lines.

The ideas sketched and photographed on pages 44 and 45 are some of our most prideful and successful budget innovations—all originated, revised or refurbished by our own hands.

Take the matter of draperies, for instance. A room without them has about as much dimension and expression as a face without eyebrows—but good-looking drapery materials for even a small apartment can add up to a nightmare of expense. When Nancy and Fred Russe moved six months ago (Nancy is assistant to Ruth Mills Teague in her Conversation Piece features), their new apartment had three more rooms and six more windows than their old one. They channeled most of their furnishing funds toward a new sofa, and rugs to cover all the floors—for the benefit of the people in the apartment below as well as for themselves. So (see the sketch on page 44) they decided to dress up their nine bare windows in colored muslin sheeting-by-the-yard, an easy, graceful fabric for windows that lets the light in, launders beautifully, denies its humble origins amazingly. It costs about $1.98 per yard, for 90″-wide material (double-bed width), and is generally to be had in blue, pink, pale yellow, as well as white; 81″ and 45″ widths, of course, are even cheaper. These sheeting draperies couldn't be simpler to make—a wide hem at top and bottom, and no lining. If your windows are narrow and you want them to look wider, extend the draperies, as the Russes did, a foot or so beyond the window's actual measurement. They used two 3-yard lengths of 90″ material, hung them on brass rings, strung them along a thick brass portiere rod, 60 cents per foot at most department stores. Total cost for one pair of draperies plus rod, about $15.

THIS same sketch shows a second of the Russes' budget innovations—a coffee table made from an old Jacobean bench base, which cost $7; the booty from a Saturday afternoon's stroll through neighborhood junk shops. After sanding and lacquering the base, Fred fitted a wooden top into the base, pasted it over smoothly with Chinese silvery tea-box paper, using regular wallpaper paste, which comes in a powdered form and must be mixed with water. Any attractive paper—plain silver gift-wrapping paper, for instance—or a good-looking wallpaper might be used. Just be sure the paper is heavy enough so the paste won't come through. Fred and Nancy had a glass top cut to fit, and now it's a family stand-by and as good as it is beautiful—impervious to cigarette burns, and the rings from wet glasses wipe up easily. You might also use a coat of lacquer on the paper, instead of glass—rub it down with powdered pumice and linseed oil, and lacquer it again. (Try the lacquer on a small piece of the paper before you begin, to make sure it doesn't come through and blotch.) The finish will be satiny rather than shiny, and very durable, though not so impervious as glass.

Speaking of windows, another good idea for them is sketched on page 44. An ordinary blind of split bamboo is used, the inexpensive inside-bark type, which over the years has gracefully screened the sun from every kind of room from a tropical patio to your grandmother's sun porch. These blinds are generally available in department stores, cost about 45¢ a square foot. If your windows are a usual size, you can do with the stock blinds a 4′-wide blind costs about $3; a 6′ one, about $4. The trick here is to thread it through with gay-colored ribbons, tapes, anything that has color and seems to you to look well. The range of possibilities is as wide as ingenuity (a discreet one) can make it. The



April Show

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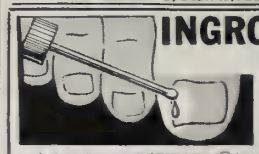


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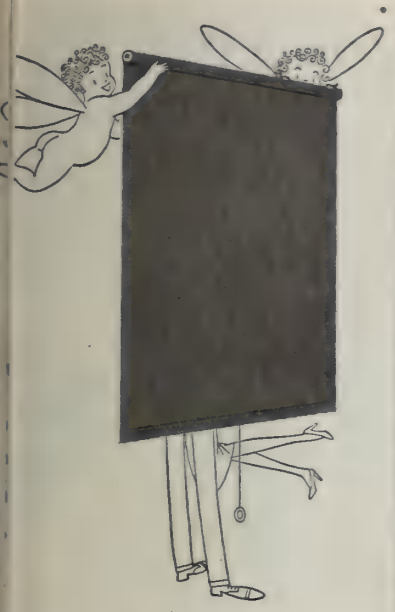
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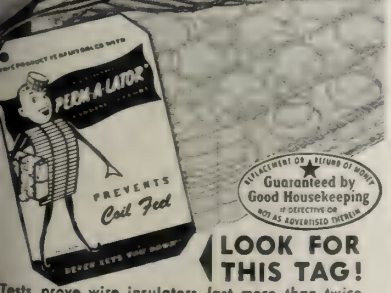
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blind in the sketch might go well with a Victorian type of *décor;* we've used colored tapes, ribbons and strands of knitting wool, and heavy rug-knitting cotton from the dime store; it's finished off with a cascade of woolen tassels on either side, like the ones on children's knitted caps—several short strands of the knitting wool doubled over, tied near the top with a piece of the yarn. The same blind might look wonderful woven through with silver and gold Christmas ribbon; or the brightly striped silk ribbon that belongs to military decorations. For a bedroom, you might run the blind through with old-fashioned white silk-taffeta ribbon, printed with wispy-looking pastel roses and daisies; finish it off at the sides with clusters of ribbon loops in different lengths. Whatever you use, you'll need a flat bodkin (the same kind that's used to thread ribbons through eyelet lingerie) and you should make sure that your ribbon is really sturdy, or else it'll be frayed before you get to the top of the blind. The ribbon should also be the same on both sides, or double-faced, as the underside will show when the blind is rolled up. You'll have to be able to get at both sides of the blind, so it's a good idea to hang it in a doorway while you're weaving. You can use the blind's strings as a guide to get ribbons and tapes straight.

It's hard to find good-looking lamps these days whose price tags don't look as if they belonged on a trip to Europe. The two on page 45 were John and Mary Adele Morris' idea (John is the JOURNAL'S picture editor)—really handsome jobs executed at home by Mary Adele. Following in her footsteps, to

A talent is formed in silence, but a character in the stream of the world. —GOETHE.

make the block-shaped modern lamp on the left, your first stop would be your local lumber company, for a 6″ x 6″—preferably good hardwood. (If you can't get a 6″ x 6″, two 3″ x 6″ may be glued together, after sanding, of course. This works out just as well.) Pine is the least expensive—the block lamp in the photograph is pine, cut across the grain. Walnut, mahogany, oak and birch cost more (a little or a lot more, according to your locality). If there is a shop in town where they do millwork you can have your wood sanded there; otherwise, rent or borrow a sanding machine, assume a solid stance, and sand it down yourself. (It should be a big belt sander, if you want it to be quick. It goes like the wind and all you have to do is keep it from pulling you into the next room.) Doing the sanding yourself has its rewards; it's really exciting to see the whiskers disappear, and the beautiful satiny grain of the wood come to life. Leave your timber in one piece. It's much easier to sand that way, and anyway, you can't tell what grain patterns your piece will have till it's sanded down far enough to see them. When it's finished, mark off the lengths you need for your bases and saw them off (it's a good idea to go by the measurements of lamps you already have), being sure to make the most of the knots, color changes and pattern of the grain in your wood. Drill them for wiring, or have an electrician do it—one hole about ½″ in diameter straight through the center, and another from the side halfway through to meet it at the base. Let your local electrician struggle with the wiring and mounting of the light socket and harp for the shade. You can get all the electrical equipment at any hardware store. The lamp on the right was made from a sawed-off stair baluster purchased from a local carpenter. The procedure (minus sanding, of course) is exactly as described above for the other lamp, wiring and all.

You can suit yourself as to finish. Perhaps the simplest is a coat of clear shellac rubbed down with fine steel wool, and waxed. Or you can have a high gloss with several coats of lacquer, or a pickled effect with paint rubbed in and then rubbed off again, or an exotic black stain with white or pale gray paint

Everybody come and see
WOOLWORTH'S
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LARGE 13″ TREE—Use it as a dinner centerpiece, as a canape server. Clear plastic with bon-bon dish base. *each* **49¢**

COLORFUL CANDY for decorating (*as shown*). Big 12-oz. bag of pure spiced gumdrops. **20¢**

13″ tree with 12-oz. bag of gumdrops. **69¢** *complete*

All prices slightly higher in the West

7″ TREE—Put one at each child's place at parties. Use for place settings at dinners. *each* **10¢**

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Don't wait another second to see Woolworth's exciting plastic tree with its colorful gumdrop ornaments that look good enough to eat—and are! For children's parties . . . birthdays holidays Christmas it's a fairy tale come to life. For grown-up entertaining, the 13″ tree is a smart, conversation-making canape server or dinner centerpiece idea . . . the smaller 7″ tree makes an ideal individual place marker. And you're sure to think of dozens of other clever year-'round uses. Come—see the wonderful Goody Tree at Woolworth's—now!

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rubbed in afterward. For a good-looking shade, you might get a ready-made parchment one and wrap around it a split-bamboo place mat (or two, depending on size of shade), tacking it carefully in place around the top and bottom edges by sewing through to the lamp-shade frame. You might try a colored opaque shade, and paint the bamboo mat in a contrasting color—before you tack it to the shade, of course!

Brick-and-board bookcases are claimed by Polly and Todd Cooke as their most successful budget idea. "We have no desire to endow our apartment," says Polly, "with built-ins which we'd have to leave behind us when we move. But books are pointless unless they're easy to get at, and a nuisance if stored in packing boxes." So the Cookes sanded and primed 2" x 10" unfinished pine boards, cut them cautiously to fit the shallow recesses beside their fireplace, and painted them light gray to match the walls. The supports were well-scrubbed building bricks, piled in a wall-like pattern, but without mortar (see sketch, Page 45). Polly warns all takers, "Since there are evidently hundreds of different kinds of brick, be sure that they're all the same kind!" This type of bookcase can be made to fit neatly into nooks and angular halls, if you're accurate in cutting board lengths. And the shelves have an Alice-in-Wonderland affinity for growing with your library, stretching to fit your twelve-inch records. Variations on this theme, incidentally, might be to use glass brick instead of building brick, or to paint your bricks the color of the walls before you stack them, which is more of a bother, but gives a very finished effect.

HANDSOME and homemade storage gadgets are Ellie and John Simmons' forte. (Ellie, incidentally, did the sketches which illustrate these ideas on Pages 44 and 45.) The old lacy-legged grade-school desk sketched in the upper-left-hand corner of Page 45 was the seed of one of their ideas. John spotted the desk one afternoon in a junk shop, paid $3 for it (including delivery). Painted, and the inside lined with tarnish-resistant blue cotton flannel, it has become an easy-reach home for the family silver. Candles or flowers go in the inkpots on either side, and the shelf underneath is handy for cookbooks, since there's no room for them inside their Pullman kitchenette, off the dining room.

An heirloom from their first pocket-sized apartment is a china cabinet invented to save floor space, and multiply storage space. The base, an unpainted four-drawer chest; the top, an inverted bookcase with a scroll-sawed top (nee bottom). The chest of drawers, painted to match the dining-room walls, houses linens, casseroles, everyday dishes, and the top, which they papered on the inside with a patterned, contrasting color, holds pretty dishes, goblets, bowls.

The Simmonses also made for their living room a two-story table-of-all-trades from a 6'-long student table, cut down to 14" high, and a small square typing stand bobbed off at 16". "We took the drawers out, and use the emptied drawer space for a king-sized influx of monthly magazines," says Ellie. "The cave under the typing stand is for records, and its top is a stand for our record player. There is plenty of room on the table top for our after-dinner coffee tray, and with a couple of bright cushions, it can serve as a perch for several guests at crowded parties."

To keep order in a child's room, if you are the proud parent of a small bronco buster, as Mary Adele Morris suggests, you can lend a bit of Wild West atmosphere by suspending his Gene Autry and Roy Rogers pictures from rawhide shoelaces tied with important looking knots. Another stunt is to get him a large chest of drawers which will hold cowboy boots and chaps, as well as more conventional attire, and make drawer pulls for it from 2" strips of leather (see sketch on Page 45) looped and held in place by a screw and washer (to prevent splitting); make a handle for his toy chest with another strip. Hang a board with 3" pegs in it at a convenient height for him to hang up his guns and holsters. They will be just as decorative on his wall as on his person, and it should keep them out of your kitchen. THE END



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Adolescence is a time of uncertainty, of self-consciousness and an overemphasis on good looks. It is also a time of skin problems that no drug can cure.

What to Do About Acne

By Dr. Herman N. Bundesen

President, Chicago Board of Health

I could say of the acne of adoas it has been possible to say any diseases which plague the that some marvelous new agent ound that will wipe away the ons in a treatment or two. For type of acne usually disappears rity, it is a great burden to the while it lasts. Coming at a time and girls are intensely conscious earance, it can cause acute men- to the sensitive. It is not hard and why I am asked so often if *something* that will banish this asily.

reply that, unfortunately, progng a sure cure for acne has been ne cases, large doses of vitamins, especially vitamin A, have been found helpful. Of course these large doses must be given under a doctor's care.

Much experimental work has been carried out and is still going on, involving the use of glandular extracts. These, too, have helped many youngsters with acne. Scientists feel that they are getting closer to a specific that can be counted on in all, or at least in the great majority of, acne cases. So far, however, this substance has not been forthcoming.

Probably the biggest news on acne is the therapy for skins that have been left permanently scarred or pitted by acute attacks of the disease. A surgical operation similar to sandpapering is done while the patient is under an anesthetic. In order to be effective, it must go deep into the skin—naturally a difficult and painful procedure. In some cases it is necessary to do the operation in two or three separate steps before the appearance is definitely improved. So far the method has been tried with a limited number of patients, so that it is too early to promise that it will help all those on whom acne has left its mark.

But all this is not to say that there are not ways of lessening acne and perhaps of avoiding it altogether. The fact is that if adolescents, guided lovingly and tactfully by their mothers, would only carry out the things we have known for a number of years, most youths could keep the unsightly blotches to a minimum, and perhaps dispense with them altogether.

I must confess here that the cause of the acne of adolescence is not included in this knowledge. The disease, however, seems to be associated with the fact that at puberty great changes occur in the glandular system. One phase of this is an excessive production of fatty secretion, sometimes containing dead tissue cells, from the little glands in the skin. Skin blemishes proceed

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At 12 years. That's not as far off as it seems! So, mother, make the best of these important baby years. Give your baby the world's finest baby diet. Start him thriving on Clapp's Foods today. Like Johnnie's mother, you'll *always* be glad you did!



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from the fact that the fatty secretions just mentioned often harden in the little ducts leading from the glands to the skin surface. Dirt becomes mixed with the fatty secretion, forming what is commonly known as a blackhead. Inflammation may develop around the blackhead, and then infection results. Pustules are formed—the ugly, red, fluid-filled bumps or pimples which come in clusters on the face, neck or back of the acne victim. In severe acne, the infection is deeper, so that tissue is destroyed. When healing takes place, craters are formed that may be permanently disfiguring.

Why do some children get acne and not others? The answer to this question, too, is not fully known. It is thought that perhaps there may be some disturbance in the glands of internal secretion. A vitamin deficiency has been suggested as a possible cause. Diets high in sweets, particularly chocolate, and in starchy foods such as bread, cereal and potatoes, are thought to be a contributing cause. If the fatty secretion is allowed to remain on the skin, this, too, will contribute to keeping the pores blocked.

THERE are some adolescents who consume too many candy bars and chocolate drinks, and many are inclined to carry out their daily ablutions indifferently if left to themselves. In these youngsters it is not hard to understand why acne cases get such a good start.

What is the mother's job in all this? First, when a child starts the changes of puberty, she should explain the situation clearly to the boy or girl, and particularly so if blackheads appear. Work together to see that a well-balanced diet is eaten, including plenty of fresh vegetables. Chocolate, coffee and tea should be eliminated from the diet, if the youngster is consuming these things. Bread, cereal and potatoes should be eaten in small amounts if at all, and the "filling up" so necessary for the hollow leg of this age should be done on fruits, vegetables and milk.

A boy I knew wanted to reduce his weight so that he could enter the Golden Gloves tournament for amateur boxers. Under medical supervision, he did this by cutting out all sweets and starches and consuming large quantities of lean meat, eggs, vegetables, fruit and milk. By the time he had reduced his weight, without losing strength and energy, his formerly blotchy skin had become as clear as a baby's!

Second, it is the mother's job to see that skin cleanliness is strictly observed. The daily bath or shower is a must for youngsters in puberty and adolescence, and mother should make sure that the face and neck especially are scrubbed hard with a soapy washcloth. Where acne has already started, it often helps to wash the face and neck with soap three times a day.

Blackheads should be removed, but this should never be done by forced squeezing with the fingernails. Instead, the area should be washed thoroughly with hot water; then hot towels should be applied for five or ten minutes to soften the skin and loosen the plug so it can be removed easily. This operation should be performed with a blackhead remover, a small, flat instrument with a hole at one end, on sale at drugstores. Afterward, the hot towels should be applied again to diminish the inflammation that may have been caused by the pressure.

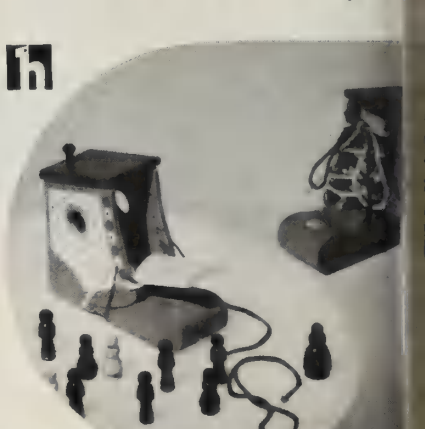
If bumps and pustules break out in clusters, it is time to consult the doctor. Attempts to remove or open the pustules at home will not improve the condition and may result in scars.

But probably the most important job of mothers whose adolescent children have acne is the prevention of severe emotional disturbances. The child with acne has a particular need to know that he is loved and esteemed by his parents. A special effort should be made to encourage acne sufferers to take part in school and social activities. In this way they will learn that they are accepted for their qualities of mind, character and personality, rather than for their appearance. And with the end of adolescence, or shortly thereafter, in most cases the acne disappears of itself.

THE END



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I WOULD . . . I WOULD NOT

(Continued from Page 39)

s you go somewhere afterward, but if is, remember—you might make an idiot of yourself and embarrass Anne. nless you've done a lot more experi- ng than I think you have, you'd better ave a cigarette, either."

h, honestly, mother, you think of the est things!"

t she didn't mind mother's little lec- She sort of liked them, really; they her feel looked after and secure in a hat didn't damage her self-respect, and weren't too hard to take, especially they were about things she didn't in- to do anyway. Bubbly drinks made roat tickle and she had always hated, e same reason, the few cigarettes she een compelled by custom to smoke at . on the damp slope behind Crafts Hall. t a cigarette made you look so sophisti- , she thought regretfully. When she pic- herself moving with beauty and assur- through one of her daydreams, it was st always in a ball dress and she was al- always gliding across a polished floor one hand on the arm of a tall man in while the other hand held a glowing ette like a wand between two slender t-tipped fingers. Maybe, she thought tively, she could accept one, just take puffs to start it burning, and then sort ry it around until it burned out.

d, as if having the braces off and Anne's ation weren't enough, Thursday after- , coming out of Latin, she had run right Chuck Manson's arms! He had put out ong red-wool-checked arm and said, -tut, sugar foot! You wouldn't want wl me over, would you?"

e'd worshiped him from afar ever since started high school last fall, but she'd r thought he even knew she was alive, naybe he still didn't, but he had touched nd he had spoken to her! She'd had to duck around the corner and sit down on the stairs up to Lab for a second, her knees were so jellyish.

The rest of that day, and Friday, by means of notes and verbal communication, she had discussed with Margery and Connie, her two best friends, future possibilities arising from the accident, and they had agreed in the happy conclusion that *anything* might happen. Of course Chuck *was* just about the most popular senior and unarguably he *did* have a girl of his own, but ——

"I think she's a mess," Connie had said comfortingly. "Honestly, I bet her waist measures twenty-six inches if it measures an inch!"

"Oh, Connie, that's mean! It couldn't!" Elizabeth had protested, drawing a deep breath and feeling her own twenty-two-and-a-half-inch waist diminish to nothingness.

And now here it was Saturday and she was almost there. Already she could see Anne, her small square face with its near-sighted frown intent on the approaching train, her small square figure firmly attached to the platform by her cute, funny, short legs that still toed in. Elizabeth felt a rush of affection to the heart, increased by her enormous relief at actually having got here. She hadn't fallen onto the track, nobody had snatched her pocketbook, she hadn't lost her ticket, she hadn't done one thing that might have betrayed her less-than-fifteen years.

The porter handed her down her suitcase, with a grin that was not so much for the tip she had given him as for her fresh, gentle prettiness. Elizabeth had this effect on men of all sorts and ages. She was quite aware of it, but never worked at it, not at all from strength of character but because it seemed to be so effective by itself.

Anne saw her now and they ran to each other and touched cheeks. "Cutie!" said

(Continued on Page 137)



By Munro Leaf

This stubborn creature sitting here with its forehead all wrinkled up, getting squintier and squintier, is a Wrong-Reader. It has been told a thousand times that it should read with the light on the pages of its book. But do you think it will listen? Oh, no. Wrong-Readers read in the worst positions and places they can find; and if they strain their eyes badly someday, it will be their own faults. Foolish, foolish Wrong-Readers!

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WALLACE
STERLING
Silver

(Continued from Page 135)

ıbeth, smiling and patting Anne's face one gloved hand.

ıne gave the annoyed, admiring laugh could never deny her sister's airs. zabeth, honestly! That's a darling suit. 've got too much lipstick on, though."

izabeth laughed lightly, turning her and lifting her chin enough to feel the ht of her hair shift and drop. "Don't be ! Is that the way they're wearing their down here? Yours isn't quite long gh for it, is it?"

aving thus re-established mutually satis- ›ry relationship, they moved along the orm and into the cab Anne had waiting, ng very fast and laughing a great deal. happened every time they had been rated for a while, but at the end of a few s together they would be able to sit in same room all day, reading or playing ·ds, and not say a single word.

Your dress came. It was hardly mussed l. I hung it over the shower rod to take vrinkles out."

There was a boy on the platform where anged. He wasn't very tall, but he had utest smile. He saw me looking at him ıe whistled. It was a riot. I couldn't hear but I could tell the way he held his th. Honestly, I just sat there and ned!"

ou're awful. Look, we're on campus There's Montague, where I have most y classes. And there's Miss Harmsen. woman crossing just ahead of us. See! she distinguished-looking? She's just back from Lon-"

izabeth agreed, cing Miss Harmsen y and terribly old. the dark stone lings that framed campus, where the dils in bloom under great trees looked dently young and of place. No wonder Anne was crazy t her college. In a funny way, every- about it was exactly like Anne, and they went inside the dorm the dark lwork, great stone fireplaces and thread- Oriental rugs were just what Anne d choose.

ıe girl next door to Anne had gone away he week end and Elizabeth was to have room. Unpacking her bag, Elizabeth, had been hoping Anne would open the ect, finally yielded up dignity to curi- .

Well, now, tell me who you've got for or tonight. Is he cute?"

Oh, didn't I tell you? You're going with roommate of the boy I'm going with— lie Armstrong."

s Charlie the roommate?"

Oh, goodness, no! Charlie's my date. sort of goony, but all right, I guess. -John's your date. John Holmsen. 'll like him. He's awfully nice. He's not most boys we know. His father is a or and they used to live in China. He's so very good-looking, but he's very sen- . He doesn't think you're crazy if you about things like politics and music."

Oh, golly! Is he a Brain?"

s he! Charlie says everybody thinks going to be a genius or something. He's teran. He was a marine and he was nded and everything and it made him serious. He's going to be a lawyer. rnational law."

How old is he, for gosh sakes?"

Twenty-two, I think. Or maybe it's nty-three."

H, golly, Anne, what'll I talk to him ıt? Why didn't you ask him for your- and let me have this Charlie character?"

ıne went red. Her small face had that -peeled look it got when one of her secret ghts had been found out. *Well*, thought abeth, *for goodness' sake, Anne's finally d herself a guy!*

ther girls would have fibbed to protect prestige, but Anne, being Anne, said painful honesty, "I've asked John to things twice, and he's only asked me once. And only a dance, not a movie or anything like that."

Elizabeth nodded. In their world, a boy asked you to a dance for a lot of reasons, not necessarily connected with liking you, but he asked you to the movies for just one reason—because he liked being with you.

SHE was cross with Anne for asking somebody whom she herself liked and had gone out with, even if he didn't like Anne in return. Now tonight would be like going on a guided tour when you had thought you were going to explore. But she felt sorry for her sister, too. Anne was an awful innocent about boys. She never had known how to act with them or what to say to them, and now that she had finally found one she liked, she probably scared him off by talking philosophy or acting stuffy about even a courtesy kiss. Elizabeth longed, as she had often longed before, to give Anne some practical tips, but Anne would only turn embarrassed and cross. She had an absolute *thing* about pretending to be something she wasn't. And perhaps she was right. Maybe someday somebody would get to know Anne the way Elizabeth and mother and daddy did, and then he would love her "as is." But how was Anne going to find him, if she didn't experiment? It was really very worrying!

She said kindly, "That's the way it is with me and Chuck. You know—he's the one I wrote you that all our class is so crazy about. A senior and so wonderful in sports. Only I've never even got to go anywhere with him. But listen—last Thursday ——" And she told the whole thrilling story.

There are no unions that have not their dark days; but, when we have loved each other, we remember it always, and those sweet remembrances, that the heart accumulates, survive like twilight.

But Anne was such an unsatisfactory person to tell things like that to. She just said, "He probably thought you were somebody else. Anyway, Elizabeth, you oughtn't to be thinking about going out with seniors. Whatever happened to that nice boy you liked in dancing class?"

Anne *would* bring that up. Elizabeth wriggled in embarrassment. "Oh, honestly, Anne, that was ages ago. I didn't have any sense then. Why, he's only fifteen and shorter than I am! You know a boy that age doesn't have the mentality girls have. Why, if I told you some of the babyish things those kids do!"

The rest of the time before dinner went quickly. They'd take their baths after dinner, Anne said, because the dance didn't start until nine-thirty. Anyway, they couldn't have taken them before, because three or four girls piled in to talk and put Elizabeth at ease. Elizabeth, who was already more at ease than some of them would ever be, gave a charming imitation of "little sister away from home for the first time" while she watched and listened. *All weird characters*, she thought with a not unkindly amusement. *How any female with legs like that could even think of wearing knee-length woolen stockings!* And she would dearly love to get that dark girl's head over a basin with a jar of cream shampoo handy. But they were really awfully nice. That tall thin girl who had lived in Egypt and Turkey was very funny, and Elizabeth was interested in the English way she pronounced certain words. She toyed happily with the idea of saying to Mr. Dillon, "My grandmother is an invaleed"—Mr. Dillon being her English teacher and a man of fascinatingly affected speech.

Dinner was awful—unidentifiable meat in library-paste gravy, cold globes of mashed potatoes that looked like golf balls, and underdone beets. Everybody complained bitterly and everybody took seconds, even Elizabeth, who had a horror of seeming odd, though by this time the familiar "plucked violin string" feeling in her stomach was tuning up. She loved parties so, and yet she had never approached one without this deliciously awful disturbance.

She longed for, but was ashamed to suggest, a nap after dinner. Mother always tucked her in bed with shades down and the



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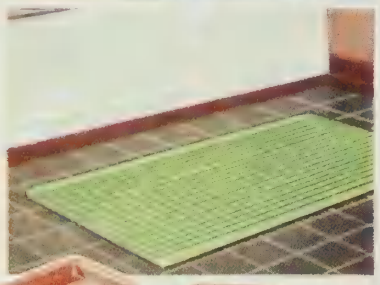
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radio playing softly for an hour or so before a late date. But tonight someone suggested a couple of hands of bridge and they were politely insistent that Elizabeth play. She didn't mind playing—she was quite a whiz at bridge—but the night was stickily warm, and she hated having to get dressed at the last minute. Even on school mornings she liked having so much time that if her hair didn't go right or she didn't like the way she looked she could start all over again.

But finally, at eight, the game stopped and the rest of the time went by like one of those silly movies that are run off too fast, to make people laugh. Nine-thirty and she was actually ready, standing before a tall, dim glass set into the wall at the end of the corridor.

Because she was nervous and cross from being hurried and sleepy, she would have liked to find something wrong with the way she looked, but she couldn't. Above the folds of pale-blue net, held into place with tiny bunches of moss roses, her shoulders glowed with a pearly iridescence, and the wide full skirts of her dress, looped up with roses and held out even farther at the hem by a hoop, made her waist look fabulously small. *I look seventeen at least,* she thought smugly. *I bet I even look older than Anne.*

She was already taller than her sister and—one of her greatest prides!—took a larger bra size. Her brown hair, that looked as if someone had swooshed a brushful of gilt radiator paint through it, waved where Anne's curled, and her wide-set eyes, classic nose and serious, sweet mouth had nothing in common with her sister's features.

She half circled in a waltz step, watching critically, over one smooth shoulder, her moving reflection. *John Holmsen,* she said under her breath, trying to make herself feel romantic, but all she could think of was Anne's vulnerable face and that she wished Chuck Manson could see her.

Anne came out of her room in her plaid taffeta, looking perfectly darling in spite of the slap-dash way she had got herself together—no nail polish, just powder and lipstick and not enough of either, but her hair looked so cute sitting up on top of her head and she had a perfect face for earrings.

"You look very French," said Elizabeth approvingly.

But Anne was looking into the glass where their reflections wavered as if cast upon water. "Oh, Elizabeth!" she said softly. "All you need is a Confederate officer with a sash, saying good-by forever."

Elizabeth was pleased and reinforced by the compliment, but a dreadful thought had just occurred to her. "Anne, did you tell him how old I was?"

Anne looked unhappy. "No. The second time we went out we were talking about painting and I said I had a sister who went to art school and when I asked him for tonight he asked if you were the one and I said yes." She hesitated. "He's so old, I just couldn't tell him you weren't even fifteen!"

ELIZABETH whooshed out a relieved breath. "Well, gosh, I do go to art school. I haven't missed only one Saturday at the museum." She swished her skirts elatedly, feeling all the golliwogs of nerves coming together and rushing up in a freshet of anticipation. "Oh, golly, listen! There's the music!"

From below the gallery a voice shrilled up, "Anne! Anne Patterson! Your dates are here!"

"They're here! Come on, Elizabeth!"

Anne, her skirts awkwardly bunch one hand, scurried for the stairs, Elizabeth lingered to look at herself more before she turned to follow slowly had spent two evenings in her room, she got this dress, walking back and for time to music on the radio, until she mastered the model's trick of moving s and gracefully. She drifted down the stairs, not smiling, instinctively aware t gentle gravity suited the ante-bellum of her dress.

"WELL, here she is, finally," Anne with typical softened exasperation. sister Elizabeth—Charlie Armstrong, Holmsen."

"Hello! Hello!"

She smiled radiantly at Charlie Armst having summed him up and dismissed h one glance as what Anne had described, more so. She smiled, but not radiant John Holmsen, seeing at once that he neither be summed up nor dismiss easily. For one of Anne's beaux, he w too bad. He was short, but still dec taller than she, slight and dark, with a face, unremarkable except for the eyes were dark, deep-set and burningly tho ful. He answered her conventional with one of his own, a singularly sweet

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

These Enduring Young Charms

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

Such beauty as may brave my flaws
Admire, beloved. Enjoy it,
But never let it be a cause
For love. Time will destroy it.

And love me not for wit, my lord.
For though it please you Sunday,
Remember wit's a fickle sword,
And it may pierce you Monday.

Nor more my virtues, dear, exalt;
They tend to waver badly.
But love me for each sturdy fault,
And you'll love long and madly!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

for a man, as th in smiling he d just move his muscles in a p of politeness. brought forth gave away some of himself.

The goon Anne's hand enthusiastic m that he obvi thought very da "Come on, my s Let's not wast music!"

John took beth's hand g "Shall we?" As walked toward long drawing ro said rapidly, "I to warn you I'm much of a da They didn't cat young enough. did not have a cent, but he ha odd way of leng ing vowel sound was not at all American. "The only I'm any good at is waltzing," he wen "My mother taught me that."

"Oh, but I love to waltz! I always they'd play more waltzes at dances."

He looked so pleased and relieved Elizabeth quite warmed to him. She known immediately, as she always knew things, that, for her, John Holmsen never be a Heartbeat, but there was thing very simple and likable about him didn't act like a Brain at all. She was fortably sure they would get along; something of suspense and romance had left out of her evening, at least being a with her date would leave her free to herself in other minor ways.

The music had stopped and the mus were just disappearing through the F doors to the terrace. Elizabeth looked the room, assessing girls and dresses and with a womanly and artistic eye.

"You go to art school, Anne said. Di design your dress?"

"Oh, yes, I did. How did you know

How unexpectedly noticing of him to that! Elizabeth had had an awful time old Miss Henke, who had made it Elizabeth's design and who had kept ing to add a puff here, a ruffle there. Elizabeth, so gentle, so sweet in other t had been all cold decision in this.

"Because it's so simple, so beautifu so like you."

She was startled. The boys she knew have said something like that and it

(Continued on Page 140)

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8-C Utility Table: 17″ × 24″ top, 31″ high. Chromium-enamel finish: red, blue, green, yellow, white.

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(Continued from Page 138)

have sounded ridiculously exaggerated and pleasantly wolfish. She would have answered lightly and derisively and that would be all there was to it, but the way John Holmsen had said the words they sounded completely serious and sincere. Elizabeth was momentarily at a loss. But not for long. She said, "Thank you," with a soft modest inclination of her head. It was the way she thanked middle-aged friends of mother's when they said, "And is this Elizabeth? Why, what a lovely big girl you're getting to be!"

She asked a few unimportant questions about his courses and then the orchestra started to come back, kidding among themselves. With a lovely dark swoop the music began, and Elizabeth and John turned to each other in excited smiling pleasure. It was Tales from the Vienna Woods.

He held her awfully close, but it wasn't the wolfish kind of closeness. It was more as if he thought of her as something very precious that he had to hold extra carefully so that it wouldn't get broken. She could tell, on the first reverse, just from the very perfection of his waltzing, that he wouldn't be a good dancer, ordinarily. But that didn't matter now in this lovely circling moment. Oh, how she loved to waltz! Everything that she dreamed about and could not yet express or experience seemed to be said for her and lived by her then.

They did not speak until the dance ended, and then they stopped reluctantly, smiling a little shamefacedly, as though aware that each shared the other's secret of having enjoyed something almost too much to be safe.

"Oh, that was heavenly!" said Elizabeth softly. "I could waltz forever, I think."

"So could I—with you."

There it was again—the corny words said so gravely. It wasn't a line. She was certain it wasn't a line! And then the goon came dashing up with Anne.

"Where'd you dig up this orchestra?" he was teasing her. "Anne, if you'd only told me, I would have worn knee britches and white silk stockings."

Anne whispered to Elizabeth reassuringly, "You have the next dance with Charlie, and then Peggy Blye and Nancy said they'd exchange dances. After this next one I'll introduce you."

"O.K.," said Elizabeth calmly. "Don't worry about me. I'll get along all right. Your John is quite nice, Anne. Good luck with him next dance."

Anne said crossly, flushing, "Don't be silly." She turned with relief as a girl touched her arm. "Oh, hello, Jane. Who're you with? Have you met my sister? Elizabeth—Jane Taylor. And this is ——"

Under the confused give-and-take of introductions, John whispered, "Don't let A give away all your dances. I wish I c have them all."

Elizabeth was so glad Anne couldn't him. She said untruthfully, "I'll try to as many as I can."

Surprisingly, Charlie could dance like Astaire, and the orchestra, as though it heard his comments and resented them, g out with a lively jitterbug arrangem After that, Anne introduced her to the she had spoken of, and their dates. Elizabeth got an absolute horror who wor her arm à la pumphandle, and next a dar boy with football shoulders, freckles an crew haircut. But the catch was that, b Elizabeth's kind, he saw through her once.

"How many years before you go college?" he asked first thing, and a startling an honest answer out of her, trea her with a nonchalant patronage reserved kid sisters and their friends. He wa sophomore at Yale, too conceited and old enough to conceal his boredom over tacky atmosphere and music. But it tur out a sister of his had gone to the same c as Elizabeth and that they had both s summers on dude ranches, so they had eno to talk about. He wasn't a good dancer, he had that inimitable faculty, so mad ing to those who haven't got it, of assum that what he didn't do well was not w doing well. When the dance ended and winked at her, saying, "Be seein' ya," E abeth was humbly pleased.

John came back for the next dance. It a fast fox trot and he did badly enou though not quite so badly as he evide thought, looking crushed every time stepped on her toes or bumped into anot couple.

"I wish they'd play Did You Ever S Dream Walking," he said once.

"Is that a new one?" asked Elizabeth. haven't heard it."

"No, it's an oldie, but I didn't think it that old."

"Oh, like Al Jolson! Didn't you th he—or anyway, both of them—were m velous? In the movie, I mean."

"I don't go to movies very much, afraid. I ——"

"You didn't see The Jolson St Neither did Anne. What a shame. You ou to try to see it when it comes around agai *Now that's a good hint if I ever gave one,* thought complacently.



"May I remind you that I offered to buy you a bag, too, and you said you didn't care for any?"



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John said suddenly, "Come out on the terrace and talk, Elizabeth, please? Give your toes a chance to get over me."

Elizabeth considered the suggestion. He seemed to be very much taken with her, but he was definitely too much "older generation" to make a pass she couldn't handle. Besides, it was awfully hot in here and fresh air would taste good.

"Will I need a coat?"

"No. It's as warm as summer out there."

There were stars but no moon, and the wind lipped Elizabeth's cheek with a moist warmth that promised rain. Beyond the flagged terrace, steps went down to a small formal garden, enclosing a sundial.

"Let's go down to where we can see the river. Smoke?"

"No, thank you."

"Mind if I do?"

"Oh, no, I love the smell outdoors at night!"

They passed one couple holding hands on a bench and another by the sundial, but when they came to the low stone balustrade beyond which the college grounds dropped to playing fields and the river, they found themselves alone.

John dropped the cigarette from which he had taken only a few puffs and ground it into the flagstone with his heel. Something drifted out of the night and touched Elizabeth's hair.

John said quickly, as she lifted her hand, "No, don't take it off! It's only a magnolia petal, and it looks as if it belonged there."

She tried to achieve lightness. "You and Anne! Anne said tonight my dress made me look as if I ought to have a Confederate officer saying good-by to me forever."

"She was right. Will I do instead? I was an officer once, only I'm not saying good-by. I'm saying hello, Elizabeth!"

He wanted to kiss her, she knew. And she didn't mind. It would have been unkind on a night like this, to refuse him one kiss. She held out her hands and lifted her head, smiling gently, just as she had done dozens of times, practicing, before her mirror.

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth darling!"

Except for her father's, it was the first *man's* kiss she had ever had, and it was so very different from the adolescent variety that, to her great annoyance, she found her mouth trembling under his.

He let her go immediately. "I'm sorry. I'm awfully sorry."

She shook her head reassuringly. "It's all right."

He put his hands out and she thought he was going to kiss her again, but instead he cupped her face in them. "You *are* a gentle sweet darling, aren't you? You know if I said I loved you the minute I saw you it wouldn't be true. I've always known you were there, somewhere, and by the time you came down the stairs tonight, I'd loved you for a long, long time."

She didn't know what to say, what to do. The sudden pressure of an emotion so intense, and focused directly upon her, disintegrated her ability to improvise.

She faltered, "You shouldn't say things like that. Someday you'll really fall in love and then you'll be sorry you said them, not meaning them."

"Not meaning them!" He dropped his hands and turned from her violently, then swung around again. "I'm doing this all wrong. I must be if you don't believe I'm serious. Oh, I know I ought to have concentrated tonight on just making a good impression so I could get another date with you, but—look, I learned one thing in the war if I didn't learn anything else. I learned you can't count on a second chance. When you see something you want, you'd better speak right up for it. And I want you, Elizabeth—more than I ever wanted anything in my whole life. I love you. Can't you see that, just by looking at me? I *love* you."

"But it's so silly!" she cried. She felt a quick resentful hostility. "I mean, you can't just fall in love with me like that when you don't know me. I mean, for instance, you're awfully bright and all that, and I'm not—I'm not a bit. And I probably don't like any

Toast'n Jam-boree!

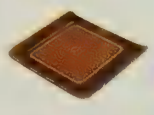


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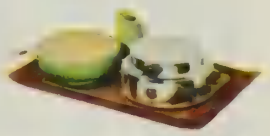
Toast plate has a host of extra uses—butter plate, candy or nut dish, cookie or cake tray.



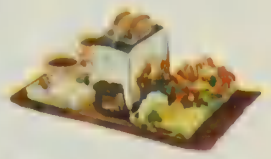
Two matching jam jars also do table duty as sugar bowl, relish cup; are covered for refrigerator use.



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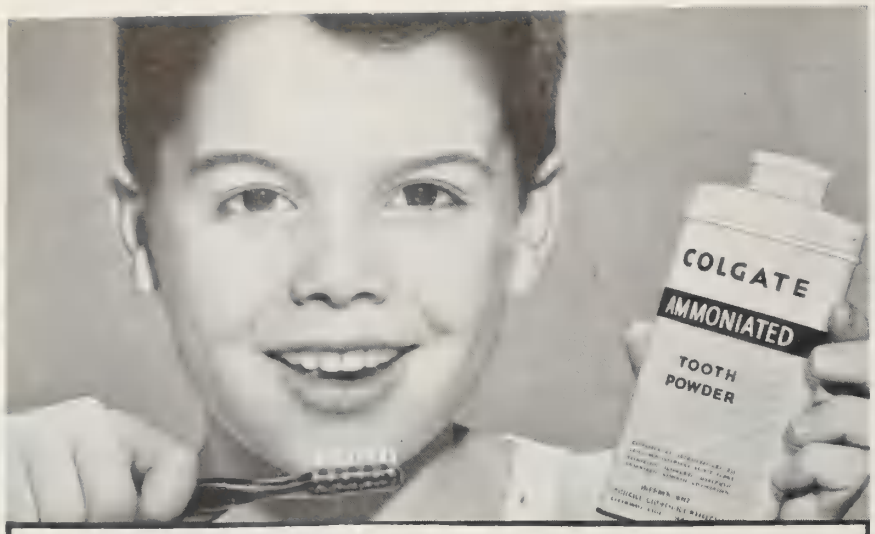
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of the things you like. All the articles you read about marriage say you should marry somebody who has the same interests you have—like, like Anne, for instance." It was a measure of her collapse that she could betray her sister without even being aware of it. She babbled on, "Like you're a Brain and so is she. Things like that!"

He smiled at her and now she saw that the singular sweetness of his smile had been because of her and for her, alone. He was lovingly amused. "But 'things like that' aren't poetry," he said gravely.

For that, she could almost have loved him in return—she, whose thoughts still came and went on the tides of a dreaming heart!

And he saw the quickening of her face. He said urgently, "Elizabeth, darling, listen! I'll be as patient as you like. I won't be a nuisance, I promise. Only—let me see you once in a while, won't you?"

See her once in a while! When mother didn't even like her going out with seniors! She didn't want to see him again, ever! Why, golly, she even thought kids in her class who got themselves Constant Companions were crazy. The awful suck-and-pull of his feeling for her made it difficult for her to breathe. Oh, she must say something, anything, to stop him!

"Please! Please, you mustn't. Honestly, you mustn't. I'm not old enough for you to talk that way. I'm only"—but even now she could not bring herself to the final indignity—"I'm only fifteen!"

But it was no good. He still looked at her with that drained lost look. "Fifteen! Only fifteen? Was it Beatrice or Juliet who was fifteen? Come to think of it, you're a lot like Juliet. That same gentleness, that same

Most of us know how to say nothing; few of us know when. —ANON.

sweetness. And with it so much love, so much love."

The soft musing words were like hands touching her in supplication, but she was too frightened for pity. She wanted her mother more than she had ever wanted her before.

"Oh, please, John, don't say any more! You don't understand. I'm not like Juliet a bit. I mean I'm not really grown up at all inside. Why, I only had my braces taken off last Tuesday!" She stood stripped of pride and shivering. But she had drawn him back out of his dream; she had made him understand.

He put a hand on her arm carefully, as a man does to a strange and frightened child. "You poor kid! Why didn't you stop me? Why didn't Anne tell me? Why did you have to be the one who's fifteen and Anne the one who looks it? Oh, Elizabeth!"

She had thought tragedy was the sweetly aching feeling she got, listening to the Rachmaninoff Concerto, the tears that came so readily to her eyes when she thought of that poor imaginary Confederate officer bowing over her hand. But it wasn't. It was Anne's face when she said "not to a movie or anything like that"; it was the careful way John Holmsen had just put his hand on her arm.

"Oh, I wish I hadn't come! If I only hadn't come!"

He did not offer her comfort. "I know. But it's no good. Wishing won't change anything. Maybe," he added sadly, "now that you know you can't ever go back, you won't want to go ahead so fast."

She could feel the tears pressing steadily and awfully upward in her throat. Under John's hand, the flesh of her arm went prickly the way it always did when she was about to cry.

John felt it too. He peered down at her. "You're not going to cry, are you, Elizabeth? Please don't."

She shook her head, afraid to speak.

"The night's still got a long way to go and you don't want Anne to know anything's wrong, do you? Look—I promise every time I look at you to remember you've just had your braces taken off. How's that?"

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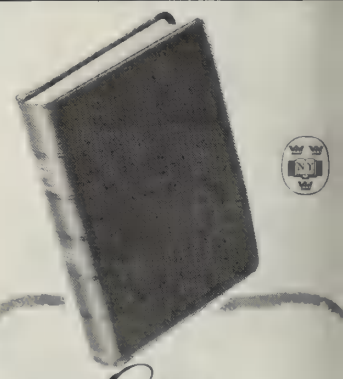
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That was another awful thing about being grown up: you couldn't even cry when you wanted to. She stood rigidly still, pressing her nails into her palms and pressing the tears down with them. It was, she thought with a forlorn inner giggle, like sitting on a camp trunk that was too full. It was the giggle that sat on the tears finally, once and for all. She swallowed to make sure they weren't there any more and then she turned her head and lifted her chin enough to feel the weight of her hair shift and drop.

"Good girl!"

Oh, how good the night smelled, she thought, taking a deep breath. She still felt sad, but now the sadness had moved away so that it was like remembering a pain.

There was only the rest of tonight and tomorrow to be got through and then it would be Monday. She would wear her blue-and-brown plaid skirt and the raspberry sweater. Her silver name barrette, or maybe a plaid ribbon. If Chuck should be coming along the hall when she got out of Latin, maybe —— Oh, she could hardly wait!

ON LIVING DANGEROUSLY

(Continued from Page 12)

material achievements, but around the great spiritual inheritance. To guard the spiritual inheritance of the nation and the civilization is the noblest human task in a time of troubles, such as the one in which we live.

A very young American, more acutely aware than most, wrote me last summer from Stratford on Avon: "I walked by myself along the Avon and into the cemetery where Shakespeare lies buried, and I thought to myself: How rich I am! What a wonderful language has been given me; what beauty and grandeur of thought I have inherited from all my spiritual ancestors. I do not deserve it, and I have not made myself capable even of fully appreciating it, and sometimes I am untrue to it and hate myself. But I shall go on trying. For, I think, perhaps there is a new Dark Ages coming, as there has been before. And I think: Cannot even an individual be an island, as it were, in which no matter what happens, he stores this treasure of beauty and of knowledge, and passes it on to others, if even in a whisper? At any rate, to do this is my life's pledge and aim."

The young man had discovered the secret of living dangerously, which is to encompass, within the area of possibilities, the realization of death; and to accept as equally real that death, too, is only an incident of ever-continuing and unfolding spiritual life, to which, at all times, every conscious person contributes, to preserve and create, or to destroy.

Perhaps he did not realize the magnitude of the challenge to remember and pass on, which is made by societies adept in mental "reconditioning." It is impossible to "know" whether a spiritual inheritance can be utterly obliterated by the methods used by the Soviets, if pursued over a sufficient number of years. Nothing of the kind has ever been tried before, on such a scale. Yet I doubt it. For even were most of civilization overrun, and its noblest heads deported in more columns of boxcars to Siberia and the Arctic—as they certainly would be—and their cities filled with Mongolians, Russians and peoples from Turkestan, germs of remembrance would still live. I am sure.

At any rate, it is not the American past which has yet tested this nation. It is the imminent future, which is likely to give us more of pain than of pleasure; more of defeat than of victory; more of sacrifice than of compensation. But it can also give us more of wisdom than of impulse; more of humility than of arrogance; more of charity toward one another than of competition; and greater realization of what we live *by*, than of what we live *from*.

And in these things there is also joy.

In the spiritual sense, to live dangerously is to live more securely. For it is to live in greater reality.

THE END



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Baby's 9th Month: GROWIN

Photographed by Dana's father, **WAYNE MILLER**

AT nine months a baby is on the threshold of a great adventure: learning to walk. He's not quite ready to try it yet, but everything's pointing ahead to the day when he will. For example, he loves to stretch—and never more than when his clothes are off. He sits up and gives the world a good look in the eye. And his legs have strengthened to the point where he can just about hold himself erect. True, he must keep his feet wide apart and brace against the play pen's rail or his mother's hands, but that's all part of learning that in life he must take a firm stand.

At this time, his humor is generally excellent. Kiss him—he'll kiss right back. Hug him—he'll want more cuddling and play that easily slips into a romping roughhouse. He more or less knows when older people are teasing him and probably will respond to his mother's nursery-game jokes with peals of laughter. He can be so stimulated by fun with the family that he isn't always ready to simmer down for the more prosaic task of eating.

It's possible the nine-month-old will show decreasing enthusiasm for his bottle—a sign that his sucking needs are slackening. He may fret unless he can hold it, or find a cup more fun for both table play



Taps and temper may go together when a nine-month-old feels wide-awake. Some refuse to sleep without a familiar toy or if the crib is moved from its usual position. Daytime naps may cut down to one long morning or afternoon snooze.



Dana can roll, creep and sit for about ten minutes with her head and trunk erect. She's also able to stand up by herself, but often needs help in getting down again.



By nine months, your baby's character is showing. You can tell if he'll be placid or up-and-doing, fearless or timid, friendly or shy. Usually, he knows his name.



Pounds and inches: the average nine-monthe weighs 17 to 23, measures from 27 to 28. Als he's probably the proud possessor of 4 to 6 teeth



Brother's Christmas train is no obstacle when Dana's on the crawl. Nursery games will divert her, however, and she'll laugh at thumbs and peekaboo jokes.



Mischief is fun and punishment is useless, since Dana, like any baby her age, can't remember what she should or shouldn't do. Toys to bang keep her good and happy.



Table manners are growing up. Dana feeds her cracker, picks up candies with her thumb and finger. She can tilt her bottle like a trumpe

P–JUST AROUND THE CORNER

and drinking. In these last four months of the first year, a baby's body grows at a slower pace. His nervous system, of course, is still immature, his brain nowhere near developed enough to control his actions fully. Thus, he may not take easily to any training routine. Just as his hands need practice in grasp and release, so do his sphincter muscles. He'll do best if you wait till his fifteenth month or so, when he's standing and has words to express himself.

He may also object to maintaining a two-nap-a-day schedule, deciding that he can part company with the A.M. or P.M. snooze. When it comes to napping, he likes to call the tune on when he'll be around and when you can count him out. But in his waking time this much is certain: all the rest of the family take a back seat to his mother. In the care of someone else, he's likely to have a tantrum. Above all else, the nine-month-old is that rarest of creatures—a one-woman man.



Eager to learn the touch and tastes of things, nine-monthers like to play with their food. But grubbiness and wriggles are temporary trials and show that the mind is bright. Some very active children soon eat best while they're standing.

Jeanette comforts Dana for an afternoon alone. Over-stimulated by the older children, she became ill at this time, had to be kept in her pen apart from them.



na likes to watch other people, can wave bye-bye, ens with interest to familiar words. She makes thmic motions to music, stops crying to listen.



vs how to take it out of her mouth, also how to put ack again. Company makes mealtimes gay, but, ally, she refuses to eat or drink for strangers.





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PLANNED FOR PERFECTION

(Continued from Page 63)

The JOURNAL immediately suggested moving the kitchen area to the window side to give sunny working hours for cooking. Then by building a narrow half-wall the laundry and kitchen areas were divided, leaving a compact U-shaped kitchen space with the range on one side, refrigerator on the other and the sink at the base of the U.

The eating center was built along the dining-room wall. When the panels behind this casual counter are dropped, it doubles as a pass-through for dishes from the dining room or for buffet service in the dining room. With the panels raised, the kitchen scene is closed off from the dining room.

The laundry area has room for all the laundry equipment plus a freezer, a shelf and closet for extra storage. Supplies can be easily carried in through the outside entry without interfering with cooking activities. I especially like this arrangement, for nothing is worse than to be frosting a cake just as the delivery boy bumps in carrying the groceries.

In the kitchen area, a food-preparation center between refrigerator and sink has space for the mixer, attached and ready to use. Cupboards next to the refrigerator take the baking supplies, mixer attachments and utensils. All cabinets are durable metal with baked-on enamel finish. A hardwood counter top at the left of the refrigerator is just right for chopping, cutting, slicing, and a knife rack above has the tools for it. The juicer lives there, too, right by the oranges!

The new refrigerator is a honey. For one thing, the cold compartment goes clear to the floor, which gives more refrigerated space, so saves shopping trips. And a wide glass-topped drawer keeps fruit and vegetables crisp. Planned place for tall bottles is a big help, and I am particularly interested in the egg compartment, which holds sixteen eggs and tips them out one or two at a time!

The sink is another jewel. A new type of dishwasher is built in, with a glass porthole at the top so you can watch what goes on. A tower in the center spins and swirls jets of water over all surfaces of the racked dishes and glassware inside. But the special feature to me was the booster thing that heats the dishwater extra hot so you need not keep all the water in the house ready to sterilize you! What won't they think of next!

An open counter beside the sink makes room for the step stool, wastebasket and sliding towel bars right where you need them.

The range has one full-sized and one small oven! This is a marvelous feature, because no matter how smart you are, you always struggle to get the oven right for a roast and a meringue at the same time and always fail to do it. At least I do. Also a big roast or turkey takes up all the room there is in one oven, so where does the pie go anyway?

THE range has a well-cooker, fine for slow cooking. It comes into its own for making stew or pot roast, yet isn't so useful when there is a gang to cook for. But this one can be lifted out and a fourth surface unit is there, and that is something I wish I had.

Maybe with all this, it is too much that the lights that gleam behind the push buttons when the heat is on are a *different* color for each heat. But they are. Something like the Emerald City of Oz, the range is, I thought. It does not mix the cake or slice the potatoes, but that's next, I dare say.

A full-height cupboard by the eating center accommodates tall cleaning supplies. And all the odd corners have their day here, with a tray rack recessed in the low wall, and extra shelves and cupboards. Over the refrigerator, the cabinet opens at the end so you don't have to stretch over the box when you want something from it. The clock, a new one with silhouetted numbers, is recessed in the front of this cupboard, and a ventilator draws stale air from both kitchen and laundry area.

The laundry equipment is just as dazzling in its way, for the automatic washing machine is a model which has a measuring gauge so you know how much of a load you are putting in. The door lets down to form a shelf, and the clothes are "weighed in" on. This is the first time I've ever really known how much a six-pound load was.

THE dryer tumbles and fluffs dry the clothes and the control can be set to give clothes just right for ironing or to completely dry towels and underwear. The dryer is vented directly to the outdoors, too, so heat and moisture are not directed into the room.

An automatic gas water heater fits in a corner of the laundry and supplies hot water for everything at the turn of a faucet.

The ironer fits next to the water heater, and has its own cabinet. It slides under open shelves in the entry when not in use. An ironing board for fussy things like ruffles and specialty pressing fits into a shallow cupboard at the end of the laundry space. The board is adjustable for sit-down ironing and a special gadget clamps to it to keep the iron cord from getting under the iron. Ironing-board covers now come in colors and are held snug and unwrinkled not by the old-fashioned carpet tack but by springs underneath. A gay chair on wheels with adjustable back is used for ironing, in case you want to coast between ironing board and ironer.

The freezer is handy to the kitchen and is a fine top-opening model with racks in the top for packaged foods, and baskets that fit in the lower section. In my old-fashioned freezer you bend and hunt and pull and then forget you have the green beans when you really wanted a box of raspberries.

The lighting is recessed at strategic points in kitchen and laundry areas, with extra lights over eating and food-preparation places.

Even the walls and floors are new design. The linoleum pattern is a lovely variegated green, and a washable paper with a charming bamboolike pattern covers the ceiling and one laundry wall. Split-bamboo shades at the windows echo this, and bamboo poles painted white divide the kitchen and laundry. The chairs are metal with a bamboolike design and they have bright red washable seat covers. The walls are soft avocado green, and the counters, which are new resistant plastic material, are a clear dramatic red.

The whole effect is gay, bright and as modern as the shiny new machines that carry the work or the new radio that starts instantly without waiting for a warm-up period.

But even as I marveled at all the automatic devices that make this a kitchen planned for perfection, I thought of the family living that would center in this kitchen, the children growing up, wedding cakes baking in the double ovens, gingerbread cookies cut out on that hardwood counter for hungry grandchildren. None of this is automatic, but it, too, can be the larger part of the perfect kitchen.

As I reluctantly moved to the door, hating to leave, I wondered dreamily as I paraphrased Omar Khayyám, what can the makers of kitchen things buy that's half so precious as the stuff they sell? THE E

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And to all a good gift. What a happy holiday idea it is to send the JOURNAL *as a Christmas gift.*

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I TOOK IT LYING DOWN

(Continued from Page 43)

thumpings. But I was sure he was wasting his time, and told him so. He said he hoped I was right and he'd let me know in the morning.

Next day he came around with the verdict. The X-ray plates and laboratory had confirmed his suspicions.

"It's just about what I thought," he said. "You have a moderately advanced lesion in the upper portion of your left lung, but I think we've caught it in time."

The room began to spin around me. "Are you trying to tell me I've got ——" I still didn't believe it, but I couldn't make myself say the word.

"Yes." His voice was sympathetic but firm. "You've got tuberculosis."

Once when I was a little girl I was way out on the Atlantic Ocean, riding a big heavy plank. My father was swimming alongside. A giant wave came up and knocked me off the plank, which came squarely down on my head, blacking me out completely. Next thing I knew my father was carrying me up the beach in his arms. Hearing Doctor Marvin say the word I couldn't say had the same effect on me as that plank coming down on my head. I went into a complete psychological blackout.

In the course of time Doctor Marvin came to be a sort of second father to me, but at that moment, emerging from the blackout he had hurled me into, I saw him only as an enemy.

He had said I was sick, and I refused to be sick. Besides, I couldn't afford it. I had, among other personal responsibilities, a mother to support; and it was a point of honor with me to do it by myself.

THE very thought of being sick sent me into a violent storm of rebellious weeping which ended in a great racking cough. The point is, of course, that beneath the surface of my mind I recognized the truth of what he had told me. I was a mighty sick girl and I knew it.

But I wanted to handle it my own way, as I had always wanted to handle (and usually did) everything that happened to me. I wanted time to collect my thoughts, to follow up a vague plan that had begun to form in my head. So I dried my tears and said it would take me a little while to get used to the idea, but I would try, and please could I be alone now?

He said I was taking it very well and he'd come back in the morning. Meanwhile I was not to get out of bed and I was not to worry.

Strange as it may seem, since I was usually the world's long-distance worry champion, I didn't. Not then. I got busy thinking about my plan. When I was pretty sure I had myself in hand, I repaired my ravaged face, put on some lipstick and asked for Harlan.

Harlan came in and sat on the edge of my bed, holding my hand. He tried to comfort me and I tried to console him, but words came hard. Words have never come too easily between us in times of stress.

For quite a while we sat there, thinking our separate thoughts. What Harlan's were I don't suppose I'll ever know. Mine were about me. And my plan. But to get my plan started, the first thing was to get Harlan out of the house for the evening. We were supposed to go out for dinner. Quite naturally Harlan felt he should stay home with me. But I pointed out that if he turned up alone my absence could be easily explained, while if neither of us appeared, it would look strange. And I didn't want people to suspect anything.

After some persuasion he agreed to go, but said he'd come home early. By seven-thirty he had left the house. I had a light dinner on a tray. Nothing had been said to the servants beyond the fact that I wasn't feeling well.

When I was sure the coast was clear I slid out of bed and across the room to my desk. There was something in that desk I wanted.

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My insurance policy. That was part of my plan. Anyone who thought I was going to subject myself to the slow living death of a tuberculosis cure just didn't know me. I remembered a friend of my newspaper days in New York. She had been stricken with TB and shipped off to an Adirondacks sanatorium. When she came back to New York, apparently cured, we met and talked.

"It may hit me again," she said. "But if it does I'll stay right here and I won't go to bed and I won't be careful. If it kills me, all right. I'd rather go out fast than flicker along half alive for years."

Well, it did hit her again and she wasn't careful and it did kill her. Sitting there at my desk, I recalled thinking how right she was, and telling myself that if ever such a thing happened to me (which of course it couldn't), I would do just what that girl had done.

Now it *had* happened to me, and I *couldn't* do what she had done. She had been alone in the world. I was surrounded by people who wouldn't let me behave like a Scott Fitzgerald character, however much I might want to. But I had no intention of flickering along half alive either. That's why I wanted the insurance policy.

But I couldn't find it. My desk, as usual, was all in a clutter. Also, as usual, looking for one thing, I found another. I found a short story, all written but the last few pages. I began to read it and got quite interested. Too bad it wasn't finished. It had a good chance of selling, I thought. Besides, the title had a certain ironic significance. I had called it Fadeout.

My room was cut off from the rest of the house, which was lucky. Nobody could hear the typewriter. It was just about midnight when, exhausted but triumphant, I typed a row of asterisks under the last line.

I had become so absorbed in the story that I forgot all about the insurance policy, and I was back in bed before I remembered it. Well, there wasn't that much of a hurry. The morning would do.

That night I slept fairly well, but when morning came I found I literally couldn't drag myself out of bed. I called my secretary, Stella Loudon, at the studio and asked her to come out and get Fadeout, copy it and send it to my agent in New York.

Not long after that Harlan came into the room with Doctor Marvin. The doctor was so nice it was hard to think of him as my enemy.

"I have good news for you," he said.

He had decided to let me take the cure—or at least start taking it—at home. I could stay right there in my own pleasant room, with my family close at hand. I wouldn't be able to see much of them—the children n at all—but still they would be there.

In most cases, he explained, it's far bet for patients to go away to a sanatorium. N so much because they must have a change climate—that's been a highly debata theory for a long time—but because it is much safer, both for the patient and for t rest of the family.

Because of the way our house was ranged, with my room in a wing of its ow the doctor felt he could set up what amount to sanatorium conditions right there. He w willing to try it, at least for a while.

I'm not at all certain, looking backwa that it was such a good idea. But then leaped at the offer. Staying home wou make it much easier for me to go ahe with my plan. So I crossed my fingers a promised complete co-operation.

Doctor Marvin began to outline *his* pla the first and most essential point of wh was absolute rest. It meant lying flat on t back twenty-four hours a day, seven days week. Not even lifting my head from the p low except to be fed by Miss Rose, the nur who by that time had arrived.

To Doctor Marvin it was rest; to me spelled sheer unadulterated torture.

"How long will this be going on?" asked. But the doctor was noncommittal.

"That's impossible to guess right now. have some idea in three or four months."

"Well, anyway," I murmured, "I'll ha lots of time to catch up on my reading."

"Not for a while," the doctor said. " reading at all the first few weeks. You c listen to the radio. Quiet programs, course."

That was the end! I couldn't stand radio. I buried my face in my hands and loose another flood of tears.

Doctor Marvin sat down on the edge my bed. "Try not to cry," he said. "Cry aggravates your cough, and that's bad your lung. Any exertion, however small bad for you. For the next few months yo have to remember that every single mome Your whole body has been depleted by its fort to help fight the enemy in the lung. Yo energy's overdrawn. You can't draw upo until it's been replenished. And only the k of rest I've been talking about will acco plish that."

But I wouldn't have to do it alone, he sa He was going to help me by giving me som thing called pneumothorax. Pneumothora collapsing the lung by artificial means.

"There's a tiny vacuumlike space betwe the lung itself and the surrounding ch wall," he told me. "By injecting air into t space, which is called the pleural cavity,



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lung is relaxed and given a chance to rest. This is often spoken of as a collapse. It's the same principle as putting a splint on a broken arm. The splint immobilizes the arm, which helps it heal faster. The pneumo does the same thing for the lung. It's really quite simple—if it works."

The catch was that in some cases adhesions have formed, gluing the chest wall to the lung itself and thus eliminating the space into which the air must be injected. And there was no way of finding out except by exploring. The doctor assured me it wouldn't hurt a bit. Well, hardly a bit, thanks to a shot of Novocain in the area to be explored. The next thing I knew I was lying on my right side, a pillow under my arm and a long sharp needle in my back, holding my breath with fear and anxiety, waiting to find out if the doctor had discovered what I later came to call the Northwest Passage. He did. He found a clear space on the second try.

Before that year was over I had so many needle marks in my back that I could easily have qualified for a job as a tattooed lady. Pneumothorax is not a one-time treatment. The injected air gets used up, the collapsed lung re-expands, and the whole business has to be repeated. These repeat performances are called refills.

But I'm running ahead of myself. At that moment all I wanted was for Doctor Marvin to take his infernal machine and go away.

And presently he did, with instructions that I was to lie perfectly still, without changing my position or moving a muscle, for half an hour. After that I was to turn over on my back—with the aid of Miss Rose; I wasn't even allowed to roll over alone—and go to sleep for two hours.

For thirty minutes which stretched into eternity I lay there, face buried in the pillow, alone with the bitter truth. Everything that gave life any meaning for me—husband and children, work and fun, my precious independence—everything was gone. There was nothing now between me and my thoughts. Nothing but the idea of the Big Out, to borrow a phrase from Fitzgerald.

Meanwhile Miss Rose was moving about, making me ready for my nap. I assured myself fiercely, I *would not* go to sleep.

But I would be cunning. I would pretend to go to sleep, and then when Miss Rose left the room I would sneak out of bed, get the insurance policy and check up on the sleeping-pill situation.

Two things interfered. First, Miss Rose did not leave the room. Second, I did go to sleep.

I slept the prescribed two hours. When I woke, some kind of change had taken place in me. Maybe while I slept the inner recesses of my mind began to accept the doctor as friend instead of enemy. Amazed to discover I'd been sleeping, I still thought I had a plan to outwit him, a plan I would carry out the moment I got a chance.

Meanwhile, though, I would have to cooperate, to go through the motions of submission. So when Miss Rose, who was a pretty brunette with a strong will under a mild exterior, outlined my routine, I gave every sign of acquiescence.

It was a fascinating routine. Full of stimulating activities like taking my temperature and counting my pulse four times a day—upon awakening, at noon, at four in the afternoon and at eight in the evening. I greeted this program with silent scorn, and yet it wasn't long before the gradations of that fever and the fluctuations of that pulse were matters of overwhelming concern to me.

But that was later. Right now I lay torn between rage and boredom, listening to Miss Rose lay out my days for me.

Eight o'clock: wake up, have pulse and temperature taken.

Eight-fifteen: have teeth brushed.

Eight-thirty: have sponge bath.

Eight-forty-five: have breakfast, without coffee, and *with* milk. I loved coffee, and I loathed milk.

Nine o'clock: say hello (but practically nothing more) to Harlan on his way to the studio.

(Continued on Page 151)

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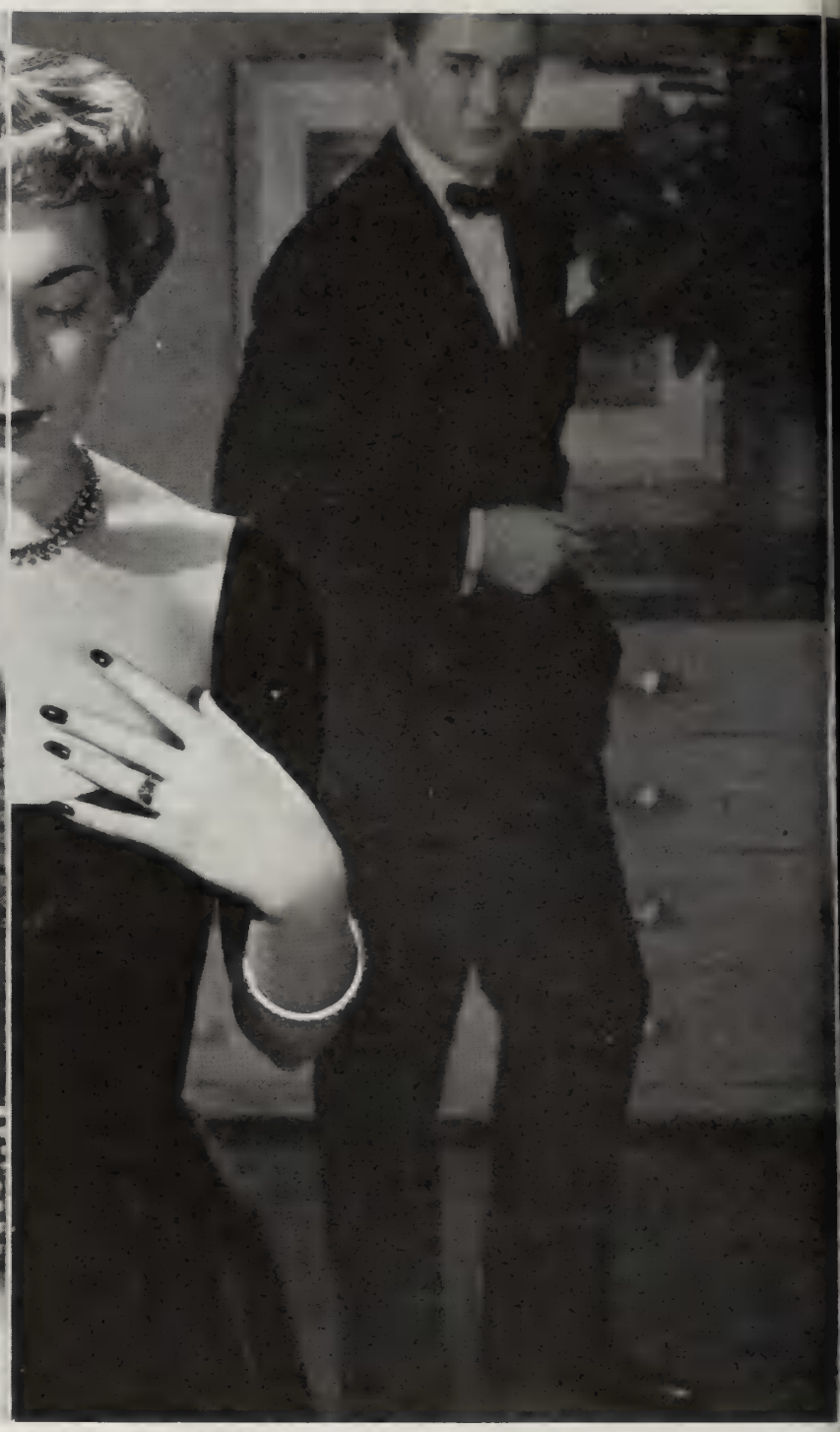


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A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYE

(Continued from Page 149)

ine-fifteen: rest until the doctor comes.
first few weeks he came every day.)
even o'clock: a glass of milk.
ter that, rest till noon.
welve o'clock: pulse and temperature
welve-thirty: lunch. With a glass of
.
ne o'clock: go to sleep.
three, if I'd been a very good girl, I
have another glass of milk, and after
four-o'clock thermometer reading I
turn on the radio.
six-thirty Miss Rose would give me
er, which would include a glass of milk.
re used to be a theory that people with
ad to be overfed. That theory is pretty
in the discard, although doctors like to
the patient put on an extra five or ten
ds. Good, simple, easily digested food,
gh but not too much, seems to be the
At least it was with me. The only ab-
e must was that loathsome quart of
a day.)
ter dinner, I was to rest until tempera-
time, then good night to Harlan, and
s out.
The important thing is to be cheerful,"
Rose said.
eerful indeed! But my new and hateful
ne was not to begin until tomorrow. It
still today and there were things to be
. I had to call Stella, my secretary,
h I did while Miss Rose was downstairs
ng a glass of milk. Just this once, I told
lf couldn't hurt. Stella said Fadeout
already gone off to New York, and what
arth was wrong with

You're so mysterious!"
said. "What's it all
t?"
fore I could think of
. I heard Miss Rose
ng up the stairs. I
bled something about
ng back, and hung up.
en I had to see the people who ran my
e: Ethel, the cook and housekeeper;
ie, in charge of the children; and Joe,
ouseman. Although my staying at home
nded largely on their continued pres-
in the house, it seemed only fair to offer
a chance to leave. No matter how care-
e might be, there was some element of
er. But they never even considered
ng; or, if they did, they never let me
it.
d then there were the children. Of
se they couldn't come near me—I knew
—but I had to see them just once more.
ter some discussion I prevailed upon
Rose, who prevailed upon Mamie, who
and stood, Tommy at her side and
in her arms, at the open door of my
. It was late afternoon and the sun was
ing through the curtains at the window.
there photographing them on my mind,
my with his straight blond thatch and
ly frame, Eric with a little fuzz of yel-
curls along the middle of his otherwise
head.
eing the boys for what I honestly be-
d was the last time, plus the physical
n of my phone call to Stella, left me
y thoroughly knocked out.
lidn't have to pretend to co-operate with
Rose that night. I didn't have the
gth to do anything else. I didn't even
anything to help me sleep.

Venetian blinds in my room were al-
drawn, the room was kept dim so that
ing would distract me from the busi-
of remaining physically emotionally
mentally inactive.
hen I think back to that time it seems
it had all taken place under water. Not
e ocean, but in an aquarium, with that
eful, green, subaqueous light that you
in no place *but* an aquarium.
hen one day I wasn't under water any
. I wasn't in an aquarium; I was in my
. And the illusion, or delusion, or what-
it was, of green had vanished.
octor Marvin was there, accompanied
man who had come to take pictures of
my chest with a portable X-ray machine. This was a tremendous undertaking, since it involved sitting up, which I did with the aid of Miss Rose.

As if that were not enough excitement, there was a letter from my New York agent. The Saturday Evening Post had bought Fadeout. Very neat, I thought, with a little surge of triumph. Now I'd have my epitaph. But of course I'd have to wait until the check arrived, so I could endorse it.

My mind, suddenly out from under its wraps, began to race. And my tongue too. But Doctor Marvin stopped me. Because of the exertion involved in sitting up for the X ray, he wouldn't let me talk at all. In fact, after giving me my pneumo he left instructions that I was to be even quieter than usual, as if such a thing were possible. How I hated that man that day!

Well, I told myself, after he'd gone and Miss Rose had bedded me down again and left me alone, he could stop me from talking, but he couldn't stop me from thinking.

I BEGAN to wonder about Harlan. What had he been doing all those weeks? How was he possibly solving all his problems without my aid? And the Paramount story department? Were they really managing to struggle along without me? I decided I'd find out, and reached for the forbidden telephone.

I can still remember how my heart pounded as I dialed the number. When I got the studio I asked for Stella, but my voice was so low from weakness and fright that I couldn't make the operator hear me. Wild with frustration, but scared that Miss Rose would catch me, I hung up.

When she took my temperature at four o'clock, it had hit a new high.

I got away with it that time; she thought it was due to the X ray. But it meant that Harlan's visit was cut to a minimum that evening, and all I could learn was that Harlan was getting along fine and Paramount was getting along fine. They were getting along fine *without me*. Fine!

That night it was hard to sleep, but in the morning Doctor Marvin came back with good news. The X ray had shown some improvement in my lung, and he could reduce the pneumo refills to twice a week. My month of complete rest was showing results. Nothing to get excited about, he said, but definitely encouraging.

As a result, the doctor granted me a handful of tiny privileges. Like sitting up in bed for all my meals. And having Harlan's visits upped from five to fifteen minutes in the evening. And reading for a little while in the afternoon if I stayed away from anything overstimulating like the newspapers.

There was another privilege, a wonderful one. Doctor Marvin let me have a brief glimpse of the children. In the afternoons, when they got back from their walk, they'd come and stand at the open door.

It was thrilling to see them, but it was tantalizing too. To have them so near and yet so far. To watch Tommy take a tentative step into the room to show me a drawing he'd made, only to be pulled back, gently but firmly. I knew Mamie had to do it, but I began to brood. Then one day I blew my top and cried and coughed until my fever chart jumped and they had to send for Doctor Marvin.

Now Doctor Marvin was a patient man, but when he had to he could talk like a Dutch uncle. This was one of the times. He reminded me I was staying home only on trial, and that if seeing the kids made me act like that he'd stop letting me see them at all.

After that I kept my tantrums to myself, but I didn't stop having them. Someday I'd show him, I kept telling myself. I still regarded him as my enemy.

About a week later the check for Fadeout arrived. My hand shook as I endorsed it; it was more than a month since I'd made so much as my mark on a piece of paper. Mamie, who always helped me with my accounts, made out a deposit slip and mailed it

To practice what one preaches is comparatively easy. Most people would find it more difficult to preach what they practice.

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Evening in Paris Perfume, **$12.50** *to* **$1.00**
Vanities, **$6.75** *to* **$1.50**
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All prices plus tax.





Wear Evening in Paris the way French women do*

This Christmas, give lovely gifts of *Evening in Paris.* It's the world's best-beloved fragrance, the choice of the smartest French women. In Gift Sets, holiday-wrapped Perfume and Eau de Cologne, and lovely vanities to thrill the most sophisticated!



Mlle. Renée Jeanmaire, première ballerina of the *Ballets de Paris*, says, "The fragrance of *Evening in Paris* follows me everywhere—for I touch the lovely perfume to the tips of my ears, the curve of my arms and legs. And, often during the day, I use the refreshing Eau de Cologne."

Madame Charles Citroën, of the famous automobile family, says "Joyeux Noel!" to her friends with *Evening in Paris.* "These beautiful vanities make such cherished gifts. And I'm never without *my* vanity and its indispensable treasure of *Evening in Paris* Face Powder!"



Bourjois *Evening in Paris is compounded here in the U. S. A. from the same French formula that makes Evening in Paris the largest-selling fragrance in France.*

to the bank. Together with that insurance policy—if only I could manage to crawl out of bed and find it—there'd be a tidy little nest egg for mamma when I got around to my own fade-out.

But I couldn't do that—not quite yet. Because with the check was a note, saying the story had been scheduled for an early issue of The Post. A set of galley proofs was being sent me; would I please correct them and send them back as soon as possible. Well, naturally, I'd have to wait for that.

Looking back at it, it seems to me that the days immediately following were the toughest of the whole course of my illness. The period of complete rest had made me feel stronger than I was.

If I'd still felt very ill, or had been in pain, submission might not have come so hard. But there was no pain, and I told myself over and over that they could not *do* this to me. I'd find some way of getting round them.

I'm not excusing myself. I know perfectly well how fortunate I was within the bounds of my misfortune, how many thousands of people there are whose physical suffering and problems are infinitely greater than mine were. I knew it then, and the knowledge should have given me the patience and fortitude I lacked. But it didn't. I was sick, trapped and rebellious. One small consolation is that most T B victims go through a similar period of the sulks. Or so I'm told.

I remember the first thing I did to show myself I was still my own boss. In terms of healthy people it was such a little thing that it may seem ridiculous.

> **We see things not as they are, but as we are.**
> —H. M. TOMLINSON.

Miss Rose had gone to sterilize my breakfast dishes. I was waiting for Doctor Marvin and glancing through a new magazine. All of a sudden I began to wonder what I looked like. On the night table next to my bed was a small mirror. Slowly I edged over and got it, and peered at my reflection.

What I saw was hardly reassuring. My face, though not quite so gaunt as it had been a month ago, was still too thin, and my skin had a kind of prison pallor. In the absence of lipstick my mouth was white and bloodless. Worst of all was my hair. It coiled around my shoulders in limp strands. I could have been a stand-in for Medusa.

Damn Miss Rose, I said to myself silently, *for letting me look like that.*

In the night table I found comb and brush. Inching up to a sitting position, I went to work with the brush on my snaky locks. Brushing the hair, even when you're perfectly healthy, is a pretty tiring thing, and active movement of the arms was almost No. 1 on the taboo list, but that didn't deter me.

I couldn't have been brushing more than two or three minutes when I heard the doorbell ring. Doctor Marvin! Guiltily I hid the evidence, and fell panting back against the pillow.

DOCTOR MARVIN was puzzled by my unusual shortness of breath. "What's going on here? Anything bothering you?"

"Oh, no," I assured him, looking, I hoped, the picture of girlish innocence.

I got away with that swindle. Flushed with victory, I went on to new bits of cheating. Like writing letters with a pencil on a scratch pad I'd found in the night table, and smuggling them out via Ethel. And reading the forbidden newspaper, left by accident on the foot of my bed. Writing was a physical strain and reading an emotional one.

But this was nothing compared with the next step in my war against authority. That involved the telephone. There it sat, right at my elbow, a constant, tormenting reminder of the world outside. I wanted to talk. But this had to be timed carefully. Not only was it necessary for Miss Rose to be out of the house; Mamie had to be gone too. Every afternoon between three and five she went to the park with the boys.

My first thought was the studio and Stella. This time, by a prodigious effort, I was able to make myself heard. We had a big emotional reunion and for the first time in all those weeks I laughed. Really laughed. Bu the laughter quickly turned into the eas tears of illness. And before the tears coul turn into a coughing spell I managed a wea good-by and hung up.

For a few minutes I lay still, while m trembling subsided. I was exhausted, but was triumphant. This was more than just telephone call I had made. This was a ste back into my world. I'd show them the couldn't keep me down!

That afternoon both pulse and temper ture were up. Miss Rose didn't say so, na urally. But I'd been studying that pleasan noncommittal mask of hers and I could te Besides, the reaction had set in. My eyes we hot and glassy, my heartbeat staccato—th price of exertion and a guilty conscience.

WHEN the children came to the door could barely manage a greeting, and lat when Harlan settled down for his evenin visit it was a strain for me to talk at all.

"What's the matter?" he asked anxiousl "Have you been coughing?"

"Oh, no, not a bit." Well, that was tr enough. But I must be more careful, I to myself, and not spoil things by arousi suspicion.

Harlan left me early. He had work to d "Good night," he said, and then solicitous "Take it easy."

In the morning time dragged out int minably; the dull routine was duller than ev and I thought Miss Rose would never through and leave me my devices. Just befo noon, when her back w turned, I sneaked a gla of cold water. In case m temperature was still hig which I suspected it mig be, that would bring down. An old trick, a stupid trick, but worked.

At lunchtime I wasn't hungry, but I a I mustn't do anything to make Miss Ro suspicious. She carried the tray to the h outside. She pulled down the Veneti blinds. She gently helped me to lie down f and pulled the cover neatly up around m

She bent over to pick up something th had fallen between the bed and the nig table—a book, maybe, or a napkin from m lunch tray. In order to get whatever it w she had to pull the night table away fro the bed. And she was gone before I disco ered that she hadn't pushed it back.

It was a round table, a couple of feet diameter, laden with all the paraphernalia the sickroom. On the far rim of the table s the telephone.

A few moments went by before I came the realization that I *could not reach it.* It c curred to me that maybe that table had been moved entirely by accident. May Miss Rose—yes, of course, that was it.

Well, I'd show her! Propping myself on my left elbow, I struggled to a sitti position and stretched out my right arm its furthermost limits. No use. There w still a space of perhaps a foot between m finger tips and the telephone.

All right, then, I'd drag the table ba where it belonged. First removing as ma things as I could reach and putting them the bed, I grasped it with my two han and pulled. But the table wouldn't budg

For a few moments I lay back against t headboard, fighting for breath, battling t hot tears of rage.

Suddenly it came to me! I'd get up. It w only a few steps from the bed to the tab I'd walk to the table, pick up the telepho and carry it back to bed.

Slowly I pushed the covers away. It w a shock to see my legs; I hadn't realized ho thin they were. Trembling with the effort stood up, holding to the headboard for su port. But I hadn't known what six weeks bed can do to a pair of legs. One totteri step and my knees gave way. I slumped the floor like an old rag doll.

That's where I was when Doctor Marv came in. Next thing I knew I was back bed and the doctor was sitting beside m taking my pulse. I wanted him to scold m

(Continued on Page 155)



AT CEIL CHAPMAN'S OWN HOME. When this celebrated fashion designer entertains, you see her sure brilliant touch in every detail. Example—fresh new Congress decks appear at every game. "It's such a pity to strike an off-note with soiled, shabby cards," Ceil Chapman says. "And everybody loves a game that begins with the crackle of cellophane!"

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And see how gemlike their colors flash against the gold and silver glow of their edges!
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Wake up, darling!

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You don't need money in the bank—just in piggy bank—to have luxurious *combed* perc sheets. Lady Pepperell Fine Combed Perc give you all the luxury you've ever dreamed o extra smooth texture, extra softness—at no ex price! Ask for them at your favorite store.



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LADY PEPPERELL *Fine Combed* PERCALE SHEET

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REMEMBER, PEPPERELL IS A PROMISE . . .
OF TOP QUALITY IN COMBED PERCALE AND MUSLIN SHEE
PEPPERELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, BOSTON, MASSACHUSET

(Continued from Page 152)

could lash out at him. But he didn't.
ly I had to break the silence.
ll right," I said in sulky defiance, "why
you say it and get it over with?"
shook his head. "If you want to play
s way, that's your business. Most pa-
go through a cheating period, but I
ht you were smarter."
ıst tell me one thing," I demanded.
came here this afternoon because Miss
squealed on me, didn't you?"
liss Rose didn't squeal," he said qui-
"It was your chart that squealed. A
is rather like a lie detector." He stood
d closed his bag. "And your husband
vorried. I should think you'd want to
im a break, even if you don't care how
you set yourself back. This is hard
m." Doctor Marvin glanced at his
. "I'm due at the hospital. I'll be back
e morning to give you your pneumo."
oice was completely impersonal. "Oh,
he said, turning to go, "here's your
I picked it up on the way in."
a long time after he left I didn't look
e mail. I lay there, licking my wounds
brooding. So I
cheat and a liar.
fool. And I was
ng life miserable
arlan. That one
home, all right. I
do something to
ıis rotten situa-
simply couldn't
it another day.
tlessly I shuffled
gh my mail and
once my heart
a leap. Among
tters was an en-
e with a Phila-
ia postmark. In-
I knew, were
galley proofs of
out.
ore open the en-
e and pulled out
heets. First I'd
t through to see
t stood up, then
ake the correc-
It stood up
well, I thought.
as a neat little
; not important,
un. I wondered
would illustrate
wondered if they'd put my name on
over. Too bad I wouldn't be around
the magazine came out. Of course, I
wait to see what it looked like, and

at's when I heard the voice. It was a
small voice, but not of conscience. It
from somewhere inside me and it filled
oom with silent mockery.
top kidding yourself," it said. "You
want to die. You want to live!"
cing the fact that I hadn't the slightest
tion of dying was my first turning point
e battle of the bugs. In that moment I
oted consciously what I had known sub-
iously almost from the start: that
or Marvin was not my enemy, but my
d and ally.

RE were other things I recognized that
noon. The business of dying, for instance.
ıs clear to me now that, except perhaps
he first moment of shock, I'd actually
intensely anxious to live. I could see
eagerly I'd awaited the outcome of that
pneumo, how I'd searched Miss Rose's
ommittal eyes for a clue each time she
ed my temperature on her chart.
ıd I saw with painful clarity how utterly
entered I'd been, how preoccupied with
rash of my little private world. Not till
very day had I thought what my illness
doing to Harlan, what it must be costing
in strain and worry, to say nothing of the
y financial burden.
ıd the children. Each afternoon when
'd come to the door for their brief visit I
indulged in the same little drama of self-
The theme had always been how hard
it was on me, never the harm it might be doing them. Not so much the physical harm—that was being guarded against—but the emotional harm.

There were others. My mother, who had worked so hard and sacrificed so much for me when I was young; my father, whose warmth and love had brightened my own childhood; my sister. What right had I to run out on them, to quit, to do anything but bend every effort toward recovery?

AND I could do it! I knew I could. I'd fight the disease instead of the doctor. Whatever he wanted, I'd do. Whatever he forbade, I'd renounce. That part would be harder. But I welcomed the test.

Bathed in a rosy glow, I felt like a sinner who'd just hit the glory trail.

I was still in this state of grace when Miss Rose came in, thermometer in one hand, glass of milk in the other.

"Hello," I said, fixing my eyes on her. "Miss Rose, I want to thank you for what you did for me today. I'm really grateful."

She straightened and regarded me with a lifted eyebrow. "What do you mean?"

Under her cool, level gaze I felt foolish. "I mean pushing the table away so I couldn't reach the telephone. If you hadn't done that ——" I smiled pleadingly, trying to establish a liaison between us. But Miss Rose wasn't having any.

"I didn't push the table away," she said. "Or if I did, it was quite by accident."

That's as far as I got with her on the subject, then or ever.

There was nothing to do but wait for the doctor. Most of the night I was on a flying trapeze, swinging between anticipation of his approval and fear that he might not believe me. He did, though.

"That's fine," he said warmly. "I knew you'd get around to it. You'll have your bad times now and then. But between us we'll get you out of here."

"When?" It came out before I could stop myself.

"That's the one question I can't answer. I think you'd see why if you really understood what was going on in your chest."

"Why don't you tell me?"

"All right," he said, sitting down on the edge of the bed.

For maybe ten minutes Doctor Marvin sat and talked. His language was clinical but perfectly clear. Obviously I can't quote him exactly, but I remember what he told me and I would like to sum it up as best I can.

Think of your lung as a bellows, he said. It expands and contracts with every breath, rising and falling countless times a day. Every physical activity increases both the rate and the depth of the breathing. The greater the activity, the greater the increase. On the other hand, any reduction in physical activity reduces the rate and the depth of breathing, and keeps the lung more quiescent.

This in turn does two things: it hastens the healing process inside the lung itself, and it cuts down the flow of blood and other fluids from the tuberculous area to other parts of the lung, or the rest of the body, and tends to localize the infection.

The infection starts when lowered body resistance gives a chance to the tubercle bacilli, which in a vast number of people have been lurking in the system, waiting for just such a chance to attack.

This tubercle bacillus is a pernicious little organism, very sturdy and very stubborn

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Prayer and Correction

By Elizabeth Chesley Baity

The Prayer:

"Now I seek my little bed
While the stars shine overhead,
Father, guard me through the night,
Keep me safe till morning light."

Correction, in the Interests of Accuracy:

Now that they've been dragged to bed
Shrieking murrains on every head,
Ringing the welkin miles around
With their outraged, rebellious sound,
"For heaven's sake," the parents pray,
"Keep them *asleep* until the day!"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



The beautiful color scheme in this attractive room was inspired by the floor. It was planned with Texfloor* tile . . . the new, long-wearing, low-cost linoleum with the textured look. Pattern Nos. 601 and 602 are used.

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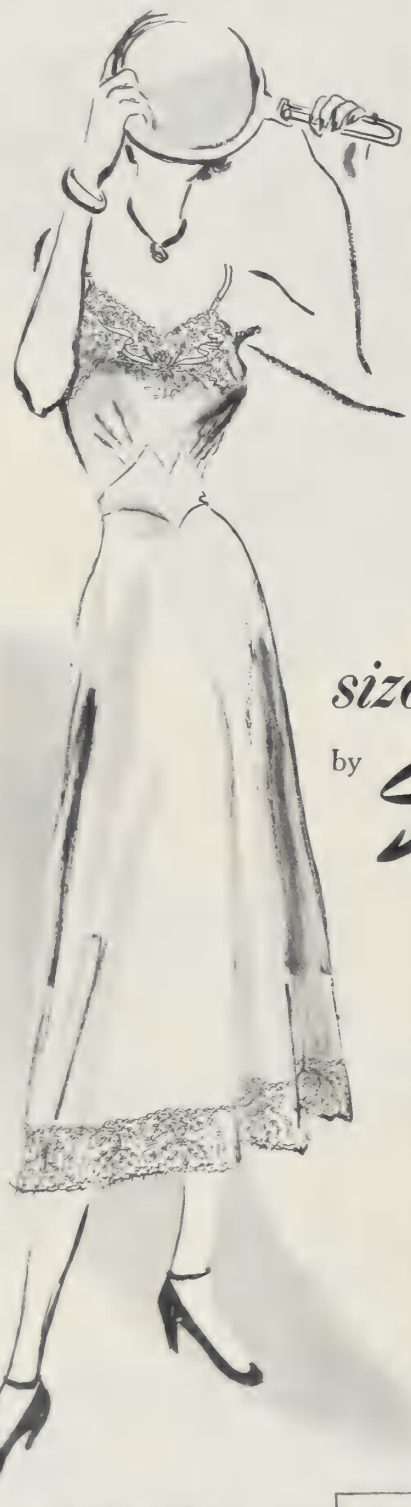
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"SIZE 34 USUALLY FITS ME."


"I GUESS THE LENGTH IS O. K."



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Here's a sure way to a faultless slip fit! When you buy a size-u-matic slip, made exclusively by Seamprufe, simply give your height and bust measurement. As if it were custom made, your Seamprufe slip fits you everywhere, automatically, whether you're tall, average or short. That's because size-u-matic slips are scientifically sized for three height groups, with seven sizes in each group—your own exact size included!

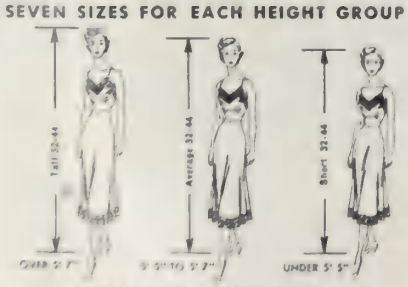
LACE and GRACE

Alencon type lace, with embroidered applique, enhances the dainty scalloped bodice—hemline highlighted with deep matching lace. Of Bur-Mil multifilament rayon crepe in White, Pink, Navy and Black.

About $4.00.

TRIM and TAILORED (not illus.) *About* $3.10.

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Though work is constantly being done in this field, no specific has yet been found which is strong enough to kill the TB germ without seriously injuring the body that harbors it.*

On the other hand, the TB bug has absolutely no power of locomotion, which makes it possible for healthy body cells to collect persistently around the focal point of infection. And while they are not able to kill the germ, they are often able to wall it off.

A protective fiber is formed around the diseased area; in the early stages this fiber is fine and weblike, quite weak and easily dislodged. Anything which tends to move the germs around retards the walling-off process. And anything which limits the movement of the lung makes it easier for the protective wall to grow strong.

That is why the principle of absolute rest is so important. With co-operation on the part of the patient, with complete rest, that protective wall will, in most cases, grow in density and strength, until it securely seals off the tuberculous area. That is when the disease may be considered as under control.

"So you see," Doctor Marvin said, "why I can't tell you now just when you'll get out of here. That depends on how fast the disease comes under control. And *that* depends for the most part on you."

"Oh, I'll be good now," I assured him. "But, doctor, why didn't you tell me all this before?"

"My dear girl," he said without reproach, "I tried to tell you, but in the beginning you couldn't listen, you were too stunned and sick. Later on you wouldn't listen."

"But that's all over now," I said.

After Doctor Marvin had gone I found I was quite content to lie perfectly still, letting my thoughts drift idly. I began to appreciate the healing quality of solitude, and the peace that comes when you stop fighting it.

Everything took on a new light that day. When Mamie brought Tommy and Eric for their regular visit to my door, it was as though they had been restored to me after a long absence. How beautiful they were, how charming, how infinitely precious.

As for Harlan, he came in presently bearing gifts: a dozen yellow roses and the news that as a special dispensation he was to have dinner with me that night.

"You've talked to the doctor?" I asked.

He had. "I hear you're a reformed character." He smiled.

"Well, that's going a little far. But I've come to the conclusion that crime doesn't pay."

THAT was all we said on the subject of my great transformation. But there are other means of communication. Everything necessary was said in a glance.

Dinner was a great event that night. Miss Rose helped me into my best bed jacket, did a nice job of brushing my hair and tied it up with a yellow ribbon. When I looked into the mirror it appeared as if I might, after all, still be a member of the human race.

In the morning I still felt wonderful: rested and relaxed and ready for my career of obedience.

That first day was pretty easy. After breakfast I spent an hour correcting the proofs of Fadeout. The rest of the morning I studied the radio section of the paper and started a radio log in an old black notebook Miss Rose dug up for me. After lunch and my rest, I listened to a few programs—some music and even a couple of soap operas.

The music was pleasant, the soap operas fascinating in a gruesome sort of way, and somehow the day passed without incident. But I knew by nightfall that it wasn't going to be enough. It was made work—boondoggling, I think they called it then. If I were going to make good my determination never to cheat again—and I certainly wanted to

*That was true in 1937, and although some advances have been made, it is substantially true today. Streptomycin stops the germ's growth, but does not kill it; and this effect may be for only a few weeks or months.

More persons, on the whole, are humbugged by believing in nothing, than by believing too much.

—P. T. BARNUM.

I would have to get some extension of privileges.

When Doctor Marvin arrived the n morning I put it to him. "Won't you let read the paper," I begged him, "and liste the news? I'm beginning to feel like Man Without a Country!"

"Well," he said, "what you read in paper is hardly designed to keep you c and serene, which is the way you must le to be if you really want to get well. On other hand, lying here fretting over what don't read isn't any better for you."

"Believe me, doctor, it's worse."

"ALL right, then. Suppose you give whirl and see how you take it. But you n remember that too much mental activit as bad for you as too much physical activit

"I will remember," I promised. "And if tell me it's setting me back, I'll give it u

"That seems fair enough," he said. "Y can start tomorrow."

And so I took another step back into world, via the Los Angeles Daily News and New York Times For a while it worked all right. I read the papers and listened to news—most of which bad—with no untoward sults. But it wasn't simple; life keeps on h pening, to paraphras remark of Lorelei L

There was the time didn't come to my doo a whole week. It was a cold, they assured But I didn't believe them. He was serio ill, I knew it, and they were afraid to tell I brooded over that and nothing could me till I saw Eric again, pink and bou

There was the time my parents, some fifteen years of separation, came to legal parting of the ways.

There were these things, and many oth that made me brood and agitate. Every heaval was recorded on Miss Rose's c as plainly as an earthquake on a seis graph.

Once when Doctor Marvin came in I s "I know I'm acting like a fool. But I can't put myself in a mental isolation w I can't turn my mind off as if it were a l switch."

"No," he said, "you can't put yourse a mental isolation ward. But you *can* your mind off like a switch. You can cultiv a set of emotional stop signals. If you h something, or read something, or even if just catch yourself thinking something turbing, *stop* it and turn to something el something pleasant."

I was dubious of my ability to perf this feat of discipline. Still, it was a challe I promised Doctor Marvin I would try.

That night when the lights were o thrashed about in futile agitation. Then, skeptically, half sheepishly, I ordered m to stop. I'm not at all sure I didn't say word "stop" aloud.

To my amazement, I stopped. And tu my thoughts deliberately toward a plea scene from long ago and far away. My A Claire's wedding, with me done up in accordion pleats, strewing roses. . . . Rebe of Sunnybrook Farm, the first real pl ever saw, with Edith Taliaferro in the role. . . . Tit Willow, the way my fa sang it to me before I went to bed, and private version of Hansel and Gretel, wh never have been lost if only they had membered to take the Madison Ave car. . . . It might have been any one of th things—or any one of a thousand oth Whatever it was, for a moment or tw worked.

After that, whenever something distu ing came along, in the news, in the hous the recesses of my own mind, I switche off and switched on something pleasan worked on it like an athlete practicing a ficult stroke. After a while it became aln an involuntary habit.

I was helped tremendously by a coupl books Doctor Marvin brought me. One, e tled Recovery Record, by a pair of lung

(Continued on Page 158)



FAMOUS BEAUTY BANS COMPLIMENTS AT HOME!

Mrs. Robert Sweeny refuses to be complimented on her loveliness these days—for a very good reason!

As deb Joanne Connelley, she was lauded—and loved it.

But now Joanne has a daughter!

Being a wise mother, she knows how wrong it is to steal the attention that belongs to her child. Both she and her husband are determined that little Sharon shall get her rightful share of the spotlight.

That's why Joanne prefers to hear praise of her daughter. The talk in the Sweeny household is not Joanne's blonde beauty, but Sharon's amazing navy blue eyes.

Joanne is also proving how wise a mother she is by giving her daughter the best of skin care—Jergens Lotion.



Sharon loses no sleep on one problem—skin care, with Jergens Lotion to help prevent diaper rash and chafing. Doctors' tests on hundreds of babies prove Jergens 5 times better than skin cares frequently used in hospitals.



When Sharon is ready to make her debut around 1968, Joanne knows she'll be one of the prettiest debs of that particular year. Sharon can thank her beautiful mother for this—and her wise choice of Jergens Lotion skin care.



The hands that care for Sharon are silky and soft. For Joanne has long been a Jergens fan. Being a liquid, it quickly furnishes softening moisture thirsty skin needs. Yet it's never oily or sticky. (10¢ to $1.00 plus tax.)



Try this film test. To soften, a lotion should be absorbed by upper layers of skin. Jergens Lotion contains *quickly-absorbed* ingredients that doctors recommend—no heavy oils that merely *coat* the skin. Proof? Water won't form "beads" on a hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion (left) as with a lotion that leaves a heavy, oily film (right).

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ORE WOMEN USE **Jergens Lotion** THAN ANY OTHER HAND CARE IN THE WORLD

NEW STIR-N-ROLL PASTRY FOR YOUR HOLIDAY PIES!

Betty Crocker's easy recipe gives Flaky Tender Pastry Every Time!

Now STIR-N-ROLL Pie Crust will give new goodness to pumpkin pie, mince pie, and all your bountiful holiday pies.

Here's a wholly new pastry recipe—so simple, so sure, you can make flaky, tender pie crust every time! Only 4 simple steps! Only 4 ingredients—including Wesson Oil. Light, mild Wesson Oil assures delicacy of pastry flavor. Wesson Oil stands up under highest baking heat, so your pastry is readily digestible.

STIR-N-ROLL Pastry is *quick!* No cutting in of solid shortening! No guessing about liquid. Just measure Wesson Oil and milk together and add to dry ingredients. Rolls out like magic between 2 pieces of waxed paper.



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Betty Crocker's STIR-N-ROLL Pastry Recipe for Pumpkin Pie

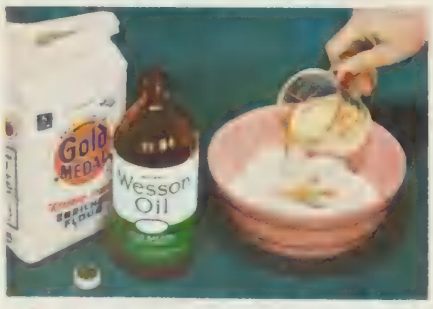
Preheat oven to 425°

1. Mix together
   1½ cups *sifted* Gold Medal Flour *1 teaspoon salt
   Measure into same cup and add all at once... **6 tbsps. (or ¼ cup plus 2 tbsps.) Wesson Oil**
   3 tbsps. *cold* whole milk
2. Stir just until mixed. Round up dough; flatten slightly.
3. Place between 2 sheets of waxed paper (11-inch square). Roll out gently until circle reaches edges of paper. (If bottom paper wrinkles, turn, roll on other side.) Peel off top paper. If dough breaks, press edges together, or add patch *without moistening!*
4. Lower paper, with pastry clinging, over 8- or 9-inch pie pan. Peel off paper. Gently fit STIR-N-ROLL Pastry into pan. Trim. Flute edges. Add your favorite pumpkin filling. Bake 45 to 55 minutes in hot oven 425° until silver knife inserted into side of filling comes out clean. Cool. Add—

CHEESE TOPPING: Whip ½ cup heavy cream: fold in 3 tbsp. cheese spread softened with 1 tbsp. milk.

*If you use Self-Rising Flour omit salt. Reduce baking temperature to 375°.

NO CUTTING IN SHORTENING!



1. Revolutionary recipe! No guessing at liquid. Wesson Oil and milk measured exactly, easily. Just add to Gold Medal Flour and salt in mixing bowl.

NO RISK OF OVERHANDLING!



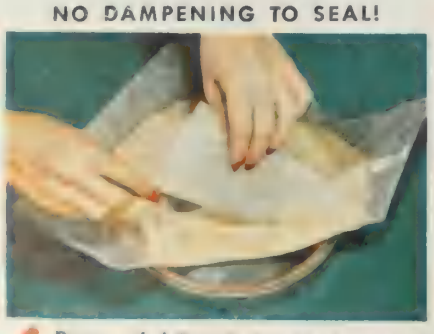
2. Child's play! Just stir lightly. Dough looks moist but isn't sticky. Shape dough into ball; flatten slightly. More pliable, easier to handle.

NO MESSY FLOURED BOARD!



3. Amazing! *Roll out pastry between two 11-inch squares of waxed paper.* Roll out gently until circle reaches edges. Peel off top paper.

NO DAMPENING TO SEAL!



4. Pan-ready! *Dough clings to paper* until you gently loosen and fit to pan. Mends easily *without moistening.* Trim. Flute edges.

(Continued from Page 156)

cialists named Webb and Ryder, had been published in 1923; the other was the autobiography of the pioneer of modern tuberculosis treatment in America, Dr. Edward Livingston Trudeau.

Recovery Record is just what its name implies. Following a brief account of the disease and what must be done about it is a set of chart sheets on separate pages—enough for a couple of years—covering pulse, weight, temperature, remarks to the doctor, plus a nugget or two of admonition and advice on every page.

Any parent who has ever set up one of those brightly colored behavior charts in a child's room and noted the improvement in his conduct when he is allowed to grade himself will understand what Doctors Webb and Ryder were after. As far as I was concerned, they succeeded. Once I had that little book, it became more than ever a point of pride with me to be a good girl. I wanted straight A's on my report card.

Hating bed was not something that developed only as a result of my illness. I had always hated and scorned it. And waking had always been an instantaneous process with me. One moment I'd be asleep, the next moment awake. It was always early, too—six o'clock or before—no matter how late I'd gone to bed.

That's the way it had been, always. Then a strange and wonderful thing happened. It was a soft bright morning in May—a balmy morning and very fair. From a garden down the street came the plaintive murmur of mourning doves, and through the Venetian blinds I could see a spiral of rambler rose reaching toward the blue slate roof of the house next door.

Gradually I realized that I had been watching that rambler and listening to those doves for a long time without a thought in my head. This morning I had not been shot out of a cannon. Then it came to me that today was not the first time this had happened. The systematic campaign of rest and acquiescence had begun to bear fruit. It was only two months since I'd been condemned to solitary confinement, and I was quite reconciled to serving out my sentence. On the whole, I felt a measure of contentment I wouldn't have believed possible.

One of the things that helped me build up resistance to temptation was the working out of a schedule for the day. When I had begun examining the TB books Doctor Marvin brought me, my eye had been caught by the phrase "busy idleness." It was another way of saying what Miss Rose had said the first afternoon she came—that if you blocked off the day into little fenced-in sections, you'd be surprised at how painlessly the time would pass. So I blocked off my day.

In point of time elapsed, the longest part of my schedule was between waking at six o'clock and Miss Rose's appearance at eight to get me started for the day. But in point of time *felt*, it was the shortest. Indeed, during those two hours I had no sense of time at all.

Almost before I knew it Miss Rose would appear and begin her ministrations.

Waiting for breakfast, I'd read the morning paper; after breakfast came Harlan's morning call. Then the radio with the ten-o'clock news, and about the time that was over the mail would arrive.

Then it was time for Doctor Marvin to arrive, *if* he was coming. By now he came only every other day and had reduced the pneumo refills to once a week. If he didn't come I'd use that time to note the contents of whatever magazine had arrived that morning, or go through The New York Times and mark stories to be clipped later. Or maybe I'd answer a letter, and in that department I limited myself to one a day.

The letter-and-magazine period, together with the newspapers, brought me up to the twelve-o'clock temperature-and-pulse [illegible]. This had assumed a vast importance, bec[ause] now I was setting down the results in [my] Recovery Record myself.

Mostly, because I was behaving sen[sibly] these days, both pulse and temperatur[e] haved sensibly, too, seldom rising ver[y] above normal. But it is one of the mystif[ying] characteristics of TB that there will b[e] occasional upset even when the patie[nt] giving complete co-operation. Now and t[hen] for no accountable reason, my pulse or [tem]perature, or both, would soar. This was [one] of the hardest things to take calmly, but [one] of the most necessary, because fretting w[ill] only make them higher.

After this procedure came lunch. And a[fter] lunch for an hour and a half, I read. Th[en] was time for that rest which in earlier [days] had caused me such anguish. Sometim[es] even fell asleep, though not often. An[d it] didn't matter. One of the things I lea[rned] from Doctor Marvin was that the ac[tual] business of sleeping was of minor importa[nce]. When you rest as much as you do in a [day] case, you can't possibly sleep a great [deal]. And the only thing bad about that is [the] worrying about not sleeping.

From four o'clock, when Miss Rose a[nd] went through our temperature *et al* rou[tine] and I had my milk, until five, when [the] children came in [from] their walk, I w[ould] through the aftern[oon] mail, listened to [the] radio, did a little w[ork] on the radio log I [had] begun to keep.

> **Let us discard all this quibbling about this man and the other man, this race and the other race being inferior and therefore they must be placed in an inferior position. Let us discard all these things, and unite as one people throughout this land, until we shall once more stand up declaring that all men are created equal.** —ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Promptly at [five] Mamie would c[ome] and take up her pos[ition] the door, Eric in [my] arms, Tommy stan[ding] docilely at her s[ide]. After the children [left] I'd look at the evening paper or listen to [the] radio.

The radio kept me occupied till din[ner] time. Then, if Harlan had no plans for [the] evening, he'd join me for dinner, taking hi[s] a small table facing me halfway across [the] room. After dinner he'd settle in a big [easy] chair—also halfway across the room—[and] we'd talk. Mostly he'd talk; I was still s[up]posed to use my voice as little as possi[ble]. Small talk it was: studio gossip, reports [on] his projects, news of our friends. And I wo[uld] nod and smile and ask a few questions.

Harlan had, like most nice people [I] fronted with this sort of situation, a str[ong] sense of obligation. And because he k[new] how much I loved fun, he was reluctant t[o] off and leave me alone. But just becau[se] loved fun so much, it was easy for me to h[ave] him go. It may not be very noble of me, [but] it's only honest to say that I wouldn't en[joy] sacrificing myself on the altar of anybo[dy's] illness, and I never wanted anybody to d[o] for me. I detest the odor of martyrdom.

As a matter of fact, one of the s[ur]but steady pleasures I had during t[his] period was the vicarious one that came to [me] through his accounts of the places he w[ent] and the people he saw. It was one wa[y] bringing the world into my room with[out] bad effect on me.

Somehow the days were filled, e[ven] crowded, such was the virtue of this b[lessed] idleness I had embarked upon. And t[hen] suddenly it was almost June.

Almost June, and my own private w[orld] moved on, too, mostly for the better. T[he] protective web around my lung lesion [was] growing stronger. A blood test, a sput[um] test and a new set of pictures by the porta[ble] X-ray man all bore evidence of a marked [im]provement. When the results came in D[oc]tor Marvin fairly beamed.

"You're coming along," he said. "If [you] keeps up you won't need a nurse m[uch] longer. I might even let you ——" I di[d] find out what he might even let me do, [be]cause just then the houseboy appeared.

"There's a lady downstairs," he s[aid]. "Miz Nugent. She was just passin' and w[on]dered would you like to see her?" J[ust]

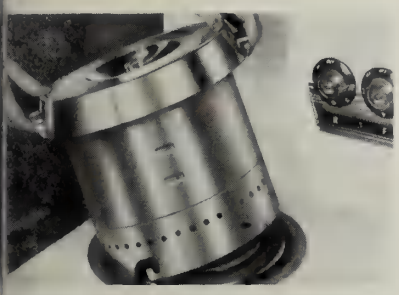
(Continued on Page 160)

Here's that EXCITING NEW ELECTRIC RANGE

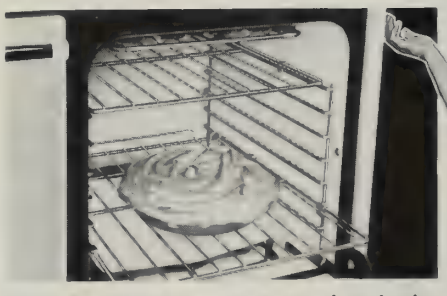
women are raving about from coast to coast!



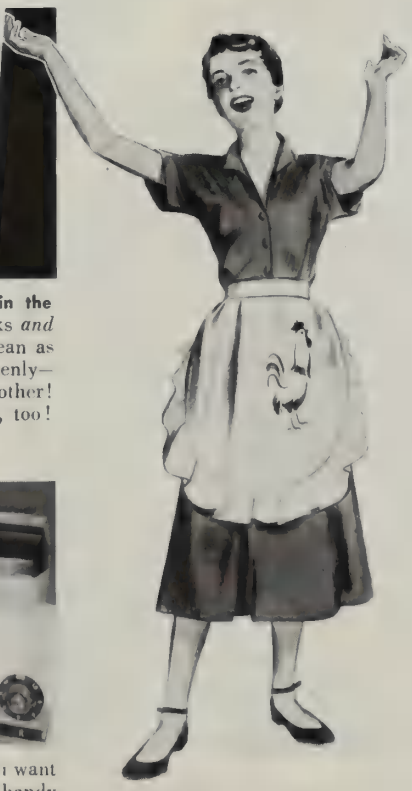
And no wonder! Just see what it does for you!



ep-well with a magic elevator! When you the handy deep-well, the fourth heating automatically *comes up with it!* You don't down" for it or wait for it to cool to have xtra surface unit! This versatile deep-well has a rack, a pudding pan and a deep-ry basket!



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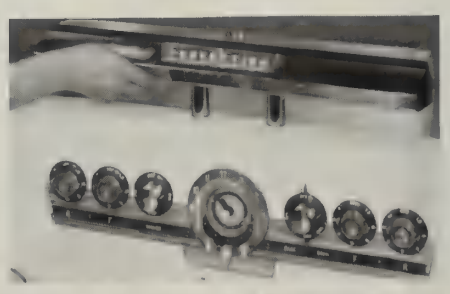




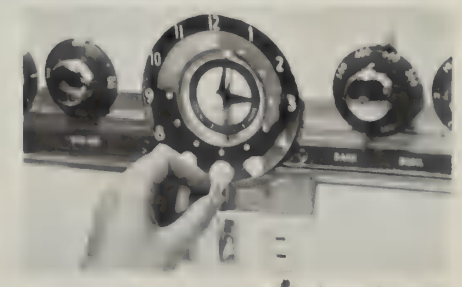
Here's a warming drawer to "warm a lady's heart"! Thermostat-controlled—just like an oven! No more worry about everything being done at the same time! If one dish is ready before the others, you can still serve them *all* piping hot! And it's big enough for dishes, platters and the food!



ning-fast, heating units! In a mere matter econds these speed-packed units become ot! Each gives you *seven* speeds controlled *ne* simple dial! Certain dial-settings heat the *center* coils for small pans. Saves elec-ty! And, these units *clean themselves* ou cook!



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(Continued from Page 158)

words were addressed to me, but his eyes were fixed on Doctor Marvin.

"*Would* you like to?" Doctor Marvin turned to me. "Because you may if you wish. I think you're in good enough shape to see a few people now."

I suppose if anyone had asked me all those weeks what most I wanted beyond the simple fact of getting well and independent again, I would have said, "To see my friends." Yet now, confronted suddenly with this chance to have a visitor, I was oddly reluctant. But I was being silly. Norma Nugent was an old friend; she and Elliott had lived in the same apartment building with Harlan and me for years in New York.

"All right," I said to Joe, "bring her up."

A couple of moments later Norma appeared, looking springlike in a new blue suit. I introduced her to Doctor Marvin, who was packing up his pneumo equipment.

"You're Mrs. Thompson's first visitor," he told her. "Don't stay too long."

"Her first!" Norma exclaimed. "Oh, no, I won't." She took a few steps into the room, a box of flowers in her hands. "He's awfully nice," she said, looking after the departing doctor. "Your psychiatrist?"

"My what?" I said, voice and eyebrows rising in unison. "Did you say psychiatrist?"

"Yes. Isn't he?"

"Norma"—I was torn between amusement and indignation—"would you mind telling me what you think is wrong with me?"

"Well," Norma said uncertainly, "I thought you had a nervous breakdown. I mean that's what I heard and ——"

I cut in on her. "You mean you heard I'd lost my mind?"

"Oh, no. Just a nervous breakdown."

"Norma," I said, trying to keep the fury out of my voice, "I have not got a nervous breakdown. Doctor Marvin is a lung specialist. I've got tuberculosis!"

Norma showed no sign of fear or recoil. She moved her chair a tiny bit closer. "Tuberculosis?" she repeated. "But why all the mystery?" I almost felt I'd been robbed, she was so matter-of-fact about it.

When she'd gone, I lay very quiet and took stock of my conflicting emotions. A faintly shamed amusement that it had taken this blow to my vanity to blast the truth out of me. Mostly a great sense of relief, the feeling of a burden lifted. I had tuberculosis and I didn't care who knew it.

I had cleared the last barrier between myself and reality. There was no longer any reason why I shouldn't have visitors. It was all right with Doctor Marvin, and if Norma Nugent hadn't been afraid, maybe other people wouldn't be either.

THEY weren't. It was June when they started coming, carefully screened by Miss Rose. Never more than one visit a day and that was very short, fifteen minutes or half an hour. Anyone who excited me unduly didn't get by Miss Rose a second time.

Stella, my secretary, came, with her warm red hair and warmer smile. Ernst Lubitsch, Viola Brothers Shore, Nunnally Johnson; Lewis Gensler, the composer, and Bess, his wife; the Marches, Dick and Dorothy Rodgers and Charles Brackett.

There were others. They came and brought me books and flowers and news and gossip and a sense of coming alive again.

"You know," Doctor Marvin said casually one morning, "I think it's about time you tried walking to the bathroom."

I'll never forget those first halting steps, hanging on the arm of Miss Rose, as I tottered the interminable distance. To walk again, however slowly and shakily, after three weary months! From that time forward I made the trip every day, gaining strength and confidence with every step. And it was then I knew, without a shadow of a doubt, that I was going to get well.

Miss Rose went out of my life as unobtrusively as she had slipped into it. "I've a dozen patients who need her more than I do," Doctor Marvin said. And that was th She stayed a few days longer, rehearsing while I practiced taking my own pulse temperature. Then she packed her neat bl suitcase, bade me a farewell and vanis

Meta Reis stepped into my life the after Miss Rose stepped out of it.

Though I didn't need a trained nurse longer, I was still in bed all but a few minu a day, on a highly restricted regimen. Th was still the matter of meals in bed, the exorable glasses of milk, the hundred-a one small but necessary things that must done for an invalid, especially one wh segregated from the rest of the househ and isn't supposed to reach for anything.

DOCTOR MARVIN suggested a practical nu but I was against it. What I wanted, besi the purely mechanical help that was still quired, was a companion whose intere were the same as mine.

Meta had done some writing and a hitch a bookstore, and was just back from a yea New York, where she'd worked for a liter and theatrical agency.

Within a week she was as much a par my life—and the life of the entire ho hold—as if she belonged to the family. (down through the years of her growing f girlhood to womanhood, of love and marr and a successful career as story editor writer's agent, Meta has never quite stop belonging to our family.)

She came in around midmorning ev day and stayed till dinnertime or after. brought me my meals and helped me n tiate the journey to bathroom and back, w letters and made teleph calls. During the aftern rest period, which I had to take flat on back, Meta would shop call for Tommy at sch or drive Mamie and to the park.

> **Woman is the fairest work of the Great Author; and the edition being large, no man should be without a copy.** —J. GILCHRIST LAWSON.

Those were the tangible things, the obvi things. But it was the intangibles counted, the lift I got from the sense youth and life she brought into my ro My strength increased slowly but surely, with the new strength came new privile

The telephone. When Doctor Marvin stored it to me—within limits, to be sure just sat there looking at it, not know whom to call. I'd lost the habit. (But not long.)

A bath, a real bath. Once a week in the When it was over, wrapped in a terry r until I was blotted dry—you must never yourself with a towel; it uses too much ergy—resting till sufficient strength turned to crawl thankfully back into bed

Sitting up, not just in bed. Walking slo a dozen steps to the chaise longue on other side of the room, where for an hou so I'd lie and read. When you've spent most six months lying in bed looking in direction, it's amazing how much del there is in the simple business of lookin the opposite direction.

Guests for dinner. Mostly when pe came they dined downstairs with Harlan visited me briefly afterward. But now then, as a special treat, a bridge table was up in my room and I could join the party remote control.

And so the summer slid by. Little by li my privileges grew. A cup of coffee with breakfast, an occasional glass of wine w dinner, a real shampoo. How grateful I as I got them back, and how soon I t them for granted again.

Labor Day was just around the co when the big break came. I was lying on chaise longue when Doctor Marvin peared, looking exceptionally pleased w life.

"Can you stand some good news?" asked. "I've just had the report on y guinea-pig test, and it's negative."

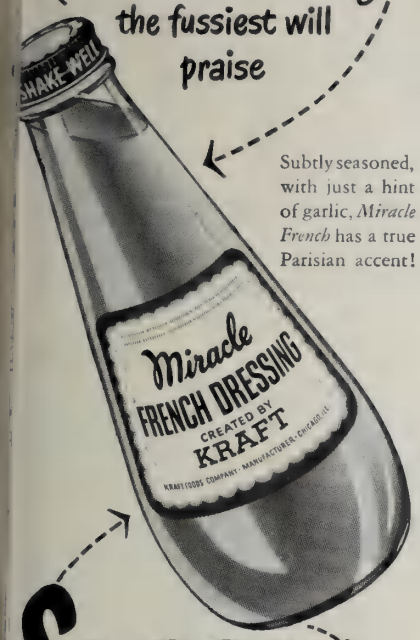
"Meaning exactly what?"

"Meaning there were no tubercle ba in your sputum."

"And *that* means I'm not an untoucha any more?"

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2. To ½ cup Miracle French, add 1 tablespoon Chutney. Chill before serving.

3. To ½ cup Miracle French, add 1 clove garlic, chopped fine. Chill before serving.

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"That's right." He smiled. "As a matte of fact, I've thought so for quite a while You're definitely on the road back. Nex week I want you to come down to the offic for a complete checkup. Meantime you' better practice getting dressed for a litt while every day. Do it slowly, don't ben over. Above all, don't wear anything yo have to put on over your head. I don't wa you to raise your arms."

With Meta's help I spent the next wee carrying out those instructions.

Came the day for my visit to Doctor Ma vin. My first time down the stairs; the el scent was like a trip down a steep mountai side. The drive downtown was like a journe through an alien land. Even Doctor Marv seemed unreal and slightly forbidding, se for the first time away from the safe harb of my room.

When I got home again I tumbled grat fully back into bed, feeling as though never wanted to leave it again. As a matter fact, I didn't for several days, even thou I had come through the examination wi flying colors and Doctor Marvin had e tended my privileges still further. I cou have gone downstairs for dinner, for i stance. But now that I had permission, made excuses to put it off.

"I just don't feel up to it," I told Doct Marvin the next time he came to give me pneumo refill. "I haven't felt up to anythi since that trip to your office. I think it w too much for me."

"No," said Doctor Marvin, smilin "What's too much for you is the prospect returning to normal life. It's an almost evitable reaction. You've been a long time this room. You hated it at first, but th you yielded to it. And now you cling to As long as you stay here, *legitimately*, you protected. Every step you take from now is a step away from that protection, naturally you try to prolong that stay much as you can."

He was right, as usual. The momen heard his words I recognized their tru So I started moving back toward active l Slowly, carefully, always balancing the d ger of overtaxing my strength against opposing danger of retreating into limbo

There was the night when I first w downstairs for dinner, and the day I took first walk around the block with Meta. The day I drove to school to call Tommy. . . . The day that Eric, taking first unaided steps, tottered eccentrically full length of his room and wound up in arms. . . . The quiet, happy week end w Harlan at the Genslers' beach house . . . ting an idea for a story and starting, w Meta's help, to put it down. Almost wi out realizing it, I was living again.

And somehow or other it was Christm What a wonderful Christmas, downstairs whole day without getting the least tired. Well and strong with my family arou me, the whole ordeal like a dream, and even, in retrospect, like too bad a drea And then New Year's, celebrated quie at home, just Harlan and Meta and me.

And then it was time for her to leave She'd been offered a job and it was only ri that she should take it. Besides, I was j about ready to stand on my own feet.

We spent one final week together, M and I, at the B-Bar-H ranch near Pa Springs. We soaked up the balmy desert and screened ourselves carefully from brilliant desert sun. Meta because she dic like it, I because Doctor Marvin had war me against it.

"Contrary to the popular belief," he sa "direct exposure to the sun is not good pulmonary tuberculosis, in any stage of development or cure. For the bones a joints, yes, within limits; for the ch definitely no. Strong sun is capable of activating the disease, and at its best tributes nothing to your well-being."

His word was law with me. That's why his office a few weeks later, I sat with b breath waiting for him to answer a quest Could I go back to work? The subject come up suddenly. My boss at Paramo Harold Hurley, had decided to do a seri



Damask Rose* sings the lead in a melody of color



Theme-song of a happy marriage "We love each other . . . we love our home and each of its dear familiar treasures"—all this your beautiful Heirloom* Sterling says for you. Let its soft-shining grace carry a glow of welcome to every meal—for constant use will only make this solid silver richer in beauty, richer in family tradition. Ask your jeweler to show you Heirloom Sterling's three *greatly loved, young-spirited patterns . . . famous for their freshness, originality.* Start your Heirloom Sterling with two place-settings, if you like, and add more later—on easy terms.

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Suddenly, breathtakingly, you'll be embraced . . . held . . . kissed. Perhaps tonight.

Be sure that you are always lovely to love; charming and alluring. Your deodorant may make the difference. That's why so many lovely girls depend on FRESH Cream Deodorant. Test FRESH against any other deodorant—see which stops perspiration . . . prevents odor better! FRESH is different from any deodorant you have ever tried—creamier, more luxurious, and really effective!





For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap . . . prevents body perspiration yet mild and gentle . . . contains amazing new soap ingredient Hexachlorophene (G-11), reported in Reader's Digest.

(Continued from Page 162)

was nothing in the world but my head, clamped tight in a circle of steel. I'd never had a pain like that before.

It was Tuesday when things got really bad. By Friday nothing had changed. No new symptoms had developed, but the old ones persisted with relentless fury. On Friday night Sam and Doctor Marvin came in together. They'd discarded the flu theory. But it wasn't my lung flaring up again, because the X-ray films had shown absolutely nothing. On the other hand, the laboratory report showed a high white count, which meant there was something toxic in my system.

"Isn't there anything else you can tell us?" Doctor Marvin urged. "Something that might give us a lead? *Think.*"

I thought. Yes, there was something else. Slowly it came back to me, the awareness of that other pain I'd sensed dimly Tuesday morning but hadn't been able to localize. It was still there somewhere, all but drowned out by the violent torment in my head.

"It hurts down here," I told them, sitting up stiffly and putting my hand on my right hip, just below the waistline. "It's only a little pain, though; I don't suppose it could mean anything."

They asked more questions and prodded my back by turns.

"There's some tenderness there, all right," Sam said. "I think you might have picked up a slight kidney infection."

First they called a kidney specialist and made arrangements for him to explore that possibility. It would be something called a cystoscopy, they told me. Then they called the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital and engaged a room.

"Just for a day or so," Sam said, "till we see what it's all about." Then he gave me a shot of something that put me to sleep.

A torn jacket is soon mended, but hard words bruise the heart of a child.
—LONGFELLOW.

It was well after noon when the ambulance came. Harlan sat beside me, holding my hand all through the long screaming ride downtown. My head still ached, but there'd been a new shot, dulling the razor edge of pain. And something was happening, that was the main thing. Besides, riding in an ambulance was an adventure.

"This is fun," I mumbled to Harlan through stiff lips as the siren wailed and warned the traffic to one side.

That's all I remember until I swam foggily up from way down somewhere and found myself lying on a table looking up at the three witches in Macbeth. Their images wavered and after a while turned into Sam Hirschfeld, Doctor Marvin and the man with the cystoscope. I could tell from their eyes and the tone of their voices that there was trouble and I was in it.

LATER, in the maple-and-chintz room that tried so hard not to look like a hospital room, I found out why. There was absolutely nothing wrong with my kidneys.

"You mean we're right back where we started from?" I asked bitterly. "You still don't know what's wrong with me?"

Doctor Marvin shook his head. "That's it," he said. "In the morning we'll try another X ray."

The night nurse, a trim, tiny girl named Schulz, with straight yellow hair under her stiff cap, gave me something to make me sleep, though she didn't approve of sedatives, she told me. "People are too dependent. In the long run it makes them weak."

I started to answer her, and then it was morning again and the pain in my head was as savage as ever, but there was one change. The pain in my back was stronger, it had begun to move. I could feel it creeping like a slow fire up my body as though it had a rendezvous with the pain in my head. Strangely, I welcomed it—one fire puts out another fire's burning, and it gave me a little hope. Maybe the X ray would show something after all.

It did. A cloud no bigger than a man's hand had formed in my chest, on the right side, the good side. It had started very l which accounted for the pain in my b and its failure to show up on the first X r Its official name was pleural effusion.

"It's one form of pleurisy," Doctor M vin explained. "The familiar kind in reve That kind occurs when the two pleural w rub together for lack of moisture and ca friction. What you've got occurs when fl collects between the two walls and fo them apart. Laymen call it wet pleuris

"How did I get it?" I asked. "What d do that was wrong?"

"Nothing. It just happened sponta ously."

"Is it serious?"

HE weighed his reply. "Anything t produces this much fever is serious, but necessarily dangerous. We'll keep you h where we can watch you and give you ev help."

"How long will it last?"

"I can't tell you exactly," he said, " til the fluid starts to recede. I could dra off, but I'd rather not; it might lead complications, and every time you punc the pleura there's a chance of infection al the needle tract. You'll be pretty misera for a few days. But it's much safer. W do you say?"

"I say whatever you say," I told h "Only please can't you do something ab my head? Cut it off, or something. It's b doctor, very bad."

He said he'd do something about that went outside with the nurse. When he c back Harlan was with him, white and dra The New York office had called. T wanted him there and t wanted him right aw

"Don't look so trag I said. "It's no fun aro here anyhow."

"I can't leave you this," he protested.

The nurse came in pushed a needle into arm. I made a mighty effort to talk norma while I still could. "You can't help me staying. Doctor Marvin, tell him to go.

"You can go," Doctor Marvin s "She's not in any danger. It's simply a m ter of riding this thing out."

"Please go, darling. Please." The dropped down a very deep well and wh came back it was night and Harlan was g

After that there was nothing but pain confusion and terror; needles in my arm the steel hoop tightening around my h I lost track of everything.

It was twelve days from the time I ente the hospital to the time Doctor Marvin on the edge of my bed and told me t everything was going to be all right. Tw days of the fluid in my chest rising spreading and pushing inexorably against heart, twelve days in which Doctor Mar against some pretty strenuous opposi from other members of the hospital st clung to his resolve not to tap unless th was no alternative.

And then at the eleventh hour—virtu at the fifty-ninth second, when it looked though there *was* no alternative—his ju ment was vindicated. The fluid reached peak, stood still for a few moments slowly began to subside.

They kept me in the hospital another days, while the fluid continued to subs The process was slow. During those ten d the intravenous drip and I grew as close a pair of Siamese twins. The fever burned, though not quite so wildly, and t had to keep feeding water and salt back i my dehydrated body. What with the d and the opiates and the shots of vitamins make up for what I wasn't eating, and shots of something else to restore someth else, there was hardly an inch on my arm t wasn't black and blue. It was a long ti before I could face a hypodermic nee without a big internal crisis.

When the fever in my veins had simme down to a steady 100, and the pain was li more than a dull remembered echo in head, they took me home, and the l

(Continued on Page 167)

everything you ever wanted

to slim you
...trim you

...and give you
a lovely line

you'll breathe easier, look lovelier, feel more satisfied with yourself... once you're under the influence of these marvelous new Jantzen breathing-toppers... these rib-trimming, waist-slimming, hip-spindling girdles and panty-girdles that begin several inches above the waistline to put you in wonderful shape for your new fall clothes. They're in light-as-air elasticized nylon Leno or net... with light, supple boning knit right in the nylon top... the only top made with knit-in breathe-easy boning! Have it in Talon-fastened or step-in styles with two-and-one-half or three-and-one-half inch tops... 7.50 to 10.95... at most stores.

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Quaker and Mother's Oats are the same

Tomorrow morning serve hot

QUAKER OATS

Less than 1¢ a serving!



(Continued from Page 164)

eary trek across the wilderness started over ain.

A month from the day I came home from e studio with what I thought was the flu, I me home from the hospital with the ves- ges of the pleural effusion. And a nurse, out whom I remember nothing. Until the st of the fluid disappeared from my chest, e nurse remained and I was back on the l twenty-four-hours-a-day-in-bed routine. iat lasted six weeks. For three of those eks the fever kept burning, though with adually diminishing intensity. Doctor arvin came every day until the thermom- er finally dropped to normal and stayed ere.

What I remember most about the first few eks at home is waking up in a pool of ıter every morning just before dawn as the ver began to break. Then the nurse would b me with alcohol and wrap me in a cot- n blanket and I'd go back to sleep again. slept a great deal in the daytime too. But wasn't a good sleep, and I'd wake up enched and shaking from some fearful remembered dream.

There wasn't too much difference between eping and waking. More than six weeks of steady high fever can do a pretty thorough ecking job. I was completely burned out, ysically and mentally both, weak and list- s in a large and empty world.

Only one thing had the power to rouse me m that apathy. That was Harlan's re- rn from New York.

It was only a few days after I came home m the hospital that I got the news. It was ound dusk one evening. I heard the door- ll ring and Mamie came in and handed me telegram. It was from Albuquerque, ned Harlan, and it said *Arrive on Chief ht tomorrow love.* For the first time since tting home from the hospital I felt a spark hope, a connection with life.

Harlan arrived in the morning, and all that y I felt gay and strong. I was full of vi- lity and plans. Now that he was with me again it would only be a matter of days be- fore I was up and around, ready to work and play and be a normal human being. I was sure of it, and for that little while I think I made Harlan sure of it too.

But it wasn't true. The vitality was only a spurt, the strength an illusion. And that healthy glow I'd managed to produce for his arrival quickly faded.

Harlan went back to the studio and soon was caught up in the web of his work. And I crawled back down into my crater, weaker and more apathetic than ever.

The fever subsided, the fluid disappeared, the nurse left, the doctor reduced his visits and still I felt no better. April moved wearily into May and May crept into June, and still no sign of returning strength. By mid-June I was wandering around the house, looking, feeling and acting like a lost soul.

It was the house, I suddenly decided, that was to blame for it all. I had never been sick a day in my life, I pointed out to Harlan, until we moved into that house. And hadn't he had pneumonia there? And hadn't Tommy had the whooping cough? We must get out, find a new place to live.

And meantime we must spend the summer at the beach. Only get me to the beach and I'd be all right. Harlan assented, and Doctor Marvin agreed that the change would be a good idea.

The idea, as it turned out, could hardly have been worse. The beach house was expensive, inconvenient and ugly. The tide was so high that the waves threatened to roll up on the front porch or else so low that the beach was a sodden mass of seaweed and wreckage. The children, who up to that summer had been charming little fellows, suddenly turned into veritable demons.

Harlan's work was exceptionally heavy and kept him at the studio late several times a week, leaving me to my own dreary devices a good many evenings as well as every day. To add to the emptiness, I wasn't allowed to swim, and sun bathing was still strictly taboo. Not that it mattered; my

Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

LESSON from my child: "I don't think we should question it, mother. So often he things which sound true aren't, and the hings which sound perfectly fantastic are."

Twelve-year-old to her mother: "You ıave quite a few black hairs, haven't you, nommy?"

It is much easier to give a dog away to a amily living in an old house than to one n a new.

For the sake of history, there ought to ɔe one person in every family who lives in he past.

It's amazing how members of a large amily develop a real liking for the remote ɔarts of a chicken.

When a husband stops complaining and ı dog begins, they're both on the way to ecovery.

A parent cannot catch up with an ado- escent's flights of fancy any more than a log can catch up with a clutter of butter- lies.

An old, old lady tells her blessings: "I ıave six hens, all laying, the best garden ever, and the cream on my little cow's milk s thick as a leather apron."

Owning a dishwasher accomplishes one thing: it gives the children a clear con- science when leaving mother with the dishes.

Girls should be taught that lack of for- mality may be mistaken for lack of morality.

It must come as a shock to most mothers when, after struggling years to civilize a son, a little five-foot girl with a sweet face tames him in a week.

Wisdom from a colored lady: "Yo' ain't no better'n yo' feet."

When told there was a lightning bug in her hair, a young girl beamed. "Oh, I wondered where he was! I brought him in with me two nights ago and he just dis- appeared."

Children enjoy buffet suppers because they're never corrected for putting elbows on the table.

With mingled emotions we checked the contents, plus and minus, of our son's duffel bag, packed for camp. It contained:

Football Rule Book
The Connecticut Yankee
The Death Wish
The Rustler's Gap
1 pair of socks
(No pajamas)
(No toothbrush)
(No underpants)
2 shirts
Father Flanagan of Boy's Town
2 cowboy hats
New Testament

And—his father and I held each other up—a bar of soap.

"My Caloric showed me NEW SPEED AND COOKING EASE"

"Every feature gives me new joy in cooking," writes one Pennsylvania housewife.



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And thousands of other letters from Caloric owners enthusiastically agree that a Caloric is easier to cook on. From the apartment size "Compacto" to the big 2-oven, 2-broiler model, Caloric Ranges are also recognized the country over as America's Easiest Ranges to Keep Clean.

Compare Caloric with any other range for value and you'll wholeheartedly agree that Caloric gives more for your money. See dealers under "Caloric" in classified phone books. Caloric Stove Corporation, Widener Building, Philadelphia 7, Pa.

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That solid "feel" and fit of doors, and seamless design prove superior workmanship. One-piece front frame.

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Porcelain enamel inside and out. Many exclusive easy-clean features. Broiler washes like a dish in your sink.

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Speed cooking, save gas, protect flavor. Replacement guaranteed for life of range.

Any Caloric model can be factory-equipped for "Pyrofax" Bottled Gas or other LP-Gases. "CP" features optional on all models give automatic cooking.

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recollection is that there weren't half a dozen days that whole summer when the sun broke through the gray enveloping fog.

It was a hopeless, despairing summer. Nothing like it has ever happened to me, before or since. It was infinitely worse for me (and for those around me) than the original siege of tuberculosis the year before.

This time there was no hope in me, no fight. I was haunted by the fear of dragging out the rest of my life as a semi-invalid.

Somehow the summer wore itself away. It was almost over; we were getting ready to return to town. There were tasks for me to do, simple easy tasks like getting my things laid out so Ethel could pack them. I can remember wandering aimlessly around the room, picking things up and putting them down again, moving to and fro in a meaningless rhythm. Suddenly, from out of nowhere I saw a face, a woman's face with hollow cheeks framed in long dark straggling hair, staring at me frighteningly out of haggard eyes. It could have been the face of Lady Macbeth in the sleepwalking scene. Or the face of the Charles Addams woman in The New Yorker. But it was only my face staring at me in the mirror. I stood and studied my grim reflection for a long, long time. Then, with a hopeless shrug, I dropped down on the bed and buried my face in the pillow.

That's when I heard the voice outside. It was Mamie's voice and she was calling Eric. The cry rose to a scream that propelled me out of my private hell, off the bed and over to the window that looked out on the sea.

The tide was coming in, the water line was only a few feet from the house. On the crest of a wave, a long outgoing roller, I could see a tiny sailboat bobbing up and down. And following after, small arms outstretched, completely unaware of danger, seeing nothing but the fast receding toy, skipped Eric on his twinkling little legs.

For a single instant I stood there frozen, knowing that with the next incoming wave he must surely go down. And that's all I knew until I found myself standing knee deep in the surf, the long robe twisted around my legs, the outraged baby struggling in my arms. He wasn't frightened—there hadn't been time for that—only furious over losing the sailboat. But I was shaking with delayed panic and Mamie, a step or two behind, was almost faint with the aftermath of fear.

I SUPPOSE the whole incident didn't consume more than five minutes. Certainly from the moment I ran to the window and saw him pursuing the vanishing sailboat to the moment I scooped him up in my arms, the second hand couldn't have traveled more than once around the clock. But in those sixty seconds my whole life changed again. One minute I was weak, listless, through; trapped in a hopeless paralysis of the will. The next, obeying automatically one of the strongest instincts of nature, I was restored to life and the power to act.

Actually it didn't all happen in that one revolution around the clock. I'm sure now that all that dreary summer, while I moped and brooded, my spent strength was slowly filtering back. It took that sudden sight of danger to jolt me out of my self-pitying apathy.

For the second time that day I stood before the mirror and studied my reflection. Critically, this time, with an eye to the future. I had to admit Hedy Lamarr had noth ing to fear. Still, there was a gleam of hope. didn't look like the Charles Addams woma any more, or Lady Macbeth. Only like spaniel who's been out in the rain. Every thing about me drooped—figure, face, eye hair. Most of all hair. Purposefully I picke up the telephone and dialed Elizabeth Arde

At seven o'clock in the morning of a brig October day a few weeks later, I sat up in b in a compartment of the Twentieth Ce tury Limited and looked out on the autumn glory of the Hudson River Valley.

FROM the morning I'd fished Eric out the waves, and so recovered my will to liv until the morning I found myself approac ing New York with a high singing hear everything had moved with perfect smooth ness. The new hair style and the new fall su I acquired that day were symbols of a who new outlook on life. My next move was a vis to the studio to surprise Harlan with m metamorphosis. From Harlan's office it w just a few steps down the hall to the office my boss, Harold Hurley. There would nev be a better time to ask when I could con back to work.

"You can con back whenever yo bring me a note fro the doctor," he sai "Only be sure th time. I can't hav you getting sic again. People w think I'm Simo Legree."

It was on the wa to Doctor Marvin office next day th the New York ide hit me. A sudde wave of homesic ness swept over m a longing for th city so intense was like a thro bing, wonderf pain. I must home. Before I we back to work, b fore I picked up th normal pattern my family life must go home.

But first I mu get Doctor Marv on record. I waite patiently while put me through the works. He tapped ar prodded and fluoroscoped and X-rayed.

"As far as I can see," Doctor Marvin sai "you're very well."

"Well enough to go back to work?"

"Yes, if you don't overdo it."

"Well enough for a trip to New York?"

"I don't know why not."

Naturally, he went on, I'd have to take easy. Spend the mornings in bed. Don crowd the days. And be home by midnigh Every night.

"That's an absolute must," he said. "An oh yes, stay in bed as much as possible on th train."

"I think I'll fly."

But Doctor Marvin shook his head. "Fl ing is out," he said. "People with activ pneumothorax can't fly. You see, the air put in at sea-level pressure. It would expan at flying altitude and crowd the lung. would be very uncomfortable, and might b dangerous."

I didn't argue. My memory of a crowde lung was still far too vivid.

"You'll need a pneumo refill while you' away," Doctor Marvin continued. "I kno a good man in New York." He scribbled name and address on a prescription blan "I'll write him to expect a call from yo When are you planning to leave?"

"As soon as possible after Harlan's birth day." That was late in September.

And now it was early October. Those fir weeks in New York were deliriously happ The weather was perfect, bright sun an winy air.

NEXT MONTH

"You're only the groom's mother," they told her: but, *"There couldn't be a wedding without the groom,"* Martha said, *"and there couldn't be the groom without me."*

THE real mother of a real groom tells the story of her fears and anxieties, and of her great happiness, during the preparations for her son's marriage and on the wedding day itself. On this day of all days mothers' hearts turn to their children. It is a day of "joining together," and a day of parting too. Martha learned that parting has a special meaning for women with understanding hearts.

Mother of the Groom

By Harriet Fitts Ryan

in the December JOURNAL

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AT LEADING DRUG COUNTERS

With friends, I lived high up in a tall building looking out across Central Park. It was a very quiet time, just as the doctor had ordered, a time of moderation; the only immoderate thing was my happiness.

I don't suppose I did a single thing that October that I hadn't done a hundred times before. But everything was fresh and new and shining with a special radiance. The simplest act was filled with wonder, because I had given all this up for lost and now I had found it again. I felt as if I owned the world.

But I wouldn't keep on feeling that way if I didn't get my pneumo refill. And so, one crisp afternoon, I stepped out of the brilliant, sunlit air of Madison Avenue into the office of Dr. James Auerbach, specialist in diseases of the chest.

A handsome, silver-haired man, he not only knew my whole history without asking questions, but he also knew most of the people I knew in Hollywood. He was a wizard with the pneumo needle, and almost before I knew it the job was done painlessly.

"When you're dressed," he said, walking toward the surgery door, "step into my office for a moment. I'd like to tell you a story I think would make a great movie."

Humming a little, I slipped into my clothes. It was wonderful having the pneumo behind me; it always made me feel so free and light.

I PICKED up my bag and floated into Doctor Auerbach's office. Behind his leather-topped desk he was listening to someone on the telephone and making notes.

"Sit down," he said, waving me into the chair facing him, "this won't take long."

The doctor was still listening, making an occasional reassuring sound.

My eyes dropped to the letter lying on the desk. It was facing away from me, of course, but it was easy to read the name of the letterhead. DR. HENRY H. MARVIN. I could even make out the typing. A minor accomplishment, dating back to my newspaper days (when it was very useful) is upside-down reading. I do it automatically. Half the time I don't even know I'm doing it. The letter was about me, a one-page history of my case. Almost without my realizing it, my gaze traveled down the page.

"That's right, Mrs. Davis," Doctor Auerbach was saying. "Good-by." He hung up the receiver just as my eyes reached the postscript. It stood out from the rest of the page as if written in letters of fire.

"IN VIEW OF THE UNUSUAL NATURE OF THE PLEURAL EFFUSION, THE ULTIMATE PROGNOSIS IS QUESTIONABLE."

PROGNOSIS QUESTIONABLE!

If this were a movie it would be easy to convey what happened to me in the next few minutes. There is a screen technique for the simultaneous transmission of overt action and secret thought. First there'd be a close-up of my eyes, staring in dawning recognition; then a big insert of the letter, upside down the way I saw it, and then so the audience could read it.

The doctor would be talking in a steady drone, and on the off-screen sound track the words, "prognosis questionable, prognosis questionable," and then one final close shot of my eyes, wide with understanding and filled with a new resolve.

That's the way it could be done in a movie. In fact, that's the way it had just been done in a movie: Dark Victory, it was, with Bette Davis. Only *that* girl had a brain tumor, and the fateful words she read in the doctor's office were "prognosis unfavorable," an absolute sentence of death.

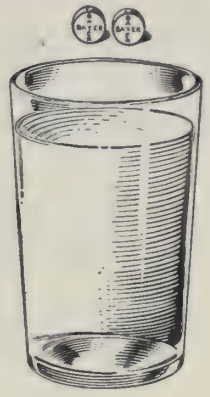
I'd seen the picture only a short time before. And now here I was, in the same sob-story situation. Well, not *precisely* the same. Still, the parallel was close enough.

I asked myself, slipping out of Doctor Auerbach's office without letting him know what I'd seen, *Why go on obeying a lot of schoolgirl rules?* I'd been doing that for months: I'd been good, submissive, acquiescent, and for what? Pleurisy, pain and now prognosis questionable.

Well, from now on, I told myself, I'd go back to my own rules. And the first thing I'd

Here's What You Need For A Cold—To Make You Feel Better, Fast!

RIGHT TODAY, DOCTORS THE COUNTRY OVER will tell you that of all cold treatments, the simplest and one of the most effective is "aspirin and as much rest as possible."

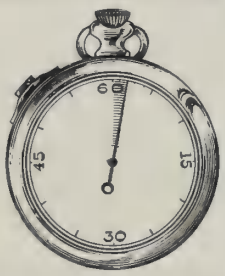


You need this treatment because it's important to you that you get relief from the headachy, feverish feeling—and the muscular aches and pains—that almost always accompany a cold. And BAYER ASPIRIN gives you this important relief. That's why it should be taken at the first sign of a cold—*before you do anything else.*

Regardless of what you do to stop or shorten a cold, we believe that your own doctor will tell you that this is sound advice.

FEEL BETTER FAST

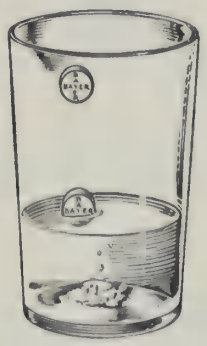
And it's advice you can follow with complete confidence. For BAYER ASPIRIN is the medication used by millions of men and women to treat these distressing symptoms. One reason BAYER ASPIRIN provides the amazingly fast relief you want is that it's actually ready to go to work in *two seconds* to make you feel better, fast.



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do was cut out that twelve-o'clock curfew. The week that followed is pretty much a blur in my mind, a blur of excitement and parties and theaters and people, of greedily cramming in everything I could to make up for all the fun I'd missed. I do remember a flying trip to New Haven to see the opening of The Boys From Syracuse. That was on a Thursday. I was leaving New York Friday at midnight.

"You're supposed to take it easy," a friend admonished me when we got back from New Haven and I started off to keep a final lunch date.

I assured her blithely, "I'm fine. Never felt better in my life."

It was true. I felt happy, released, free. As if the discovery in Doctor Auerbach's office had lifted a great burden. It wasn't up to me any more. No matter what I did or didn't do, the prognosis was still questionable. I began to fall in love with that phrase. I played with the idea of telling my friend about it, but decided not to. It would only worry her. Besides, she might feel she ought to tell Harlan, and I didn't want him to know.

Or did he know? I began to wonder when I settled down on the westbound Chief at the end of that hectic week. Had Doctor Marvin told him? Was that why there'd been so little opposition to my New York trip? Since the outcome was doubtful anyway, were they letting me have one final fling?

The ironic thing was, I thought as the train pulled into Los Angeles, I'd never be able to find out. Because to find out I'd have to confess to that most shameful of misdemeanors, reading another person's mail.

I decided to keep my own counsel, and never refer to prognosis questionable directly or obliquely, either to Harlan or the doctor. In fact, to banish it from my thoughts and let nature take its course.

> If there is no wind, row.
> —POLISH PROVERB.

So I picked up my life where I had put it down almost two years before. Oh, I paid lip service to caution, and a few of the little physical good habits clung, like not bending over or reaching up, and never standing if I could lie down. But before long I was back on the old merry-go-round, and if the phrase "prognosis questionable" flitted across my mind, as occasionally it did, I waved it quickly away. In the absence of clear and present danger, a sense of active fear is a hard thing to sustain.

And there was so much to do. Everything people asked of you was so urgent, how could you refuse? And Tommy and Eric were growing older, becoming people. They needed more of my time and attention. I thought working at home might solve that, and by a coincidence Paramount was having an economy wave, so we parted by mutual consent and I went back to writing short stories. One of them led to a radio series, and soon I found that in radio the hours were longer and the tensions far greater than they had ever been at the studio. But I loved it; it was like working on a newspaper again.

And the thing was, the bad thing was, I gave every evidence of thriving on it. I was still going to Doctor Marvin every three weeks for pneumo refills and every three months for a complete checkup.

I didn't like going to him now; the relationship, on my side anyway, was never the same after I came back from New York. Seeing him filled me with vague feelings of resentment and guilt. Resentment because he had kept the truth from me, and guilt because I'd found it out anyway, and was keeping my knowledge from *him*.

I didn't like going to him now, but I went just the same. I needed the reassurance those visits brought me. And they were reassuring. My weight stayed up, I didn't cough, pulse and temperature were normal. And the scar on my left lung was fading steadily.

"It's quite remarkable," Doctor Marvin said one day, pointing to a tiny spot on my X-ray plate. "If I didn't know exactly where that scar was, I'd have a hard time locating it."

"Well, then," I asked on sudden impu "why do I have to keep on taking pneum

"You don't absolutely have to," he s "but I'd like you to continue for a wh With the active life you're leading, it's extra safeguard. You're doing so well. W push your luck?"

I didn't answer. I was thinking how I'd ways hated that pneumo, forgetting much it had helped me, recalling only dreaded needle and what it symbolized. long as the pneumo continued I'd be lik released convict, out of jail but not re free, obliged to report regularly to a pa officer.

"As a matter of fact," the doctor said, ting in on my thoughts, "the chances ar will stop spontaneously before very long.

"The pneumo? How can that happen?

"Sooner or later the lung and chest grow together and you lose the space. that's the end of the pneumo."

"Is it better to let it stop by itself?"

"It's better for you to keep on havin as long as possible," he said with an ai finality.

So I grumbled and fussed, but I kept going to his office for pneumos. And then day the following spring I went off to P Springs for a week end just before refill t I was due at Doctor Marvin's on a Mon afternoon. But the week end was so plea that I stayed away a couple of extra and didn't keep the appointment Wednesday.

It seemed to me I was on the table for that day. I felt the needle slip into my no less than three times. At last Dr Marvin told me to up.

"Well," he said, uns ing, as I swung into a ting position on the ta "that seems to be t No more pneumo."

My heart contracted in sudden ala "Why not?"

"It's too late," he said. "The space i closed up."

"You think I stayed away those e days on purpose?" I asked defensively.

"You might have," he said. "I'm not e sure it was the two days that did it. Th beside the point. From here on out yo on your own." There was a small pa "That's what you wanted, isn't it?"

It was. Exactly what I wanted. But that I had it, I wasn't so sure.

Time sped by, and the months gallo into years, and "prognosis questionabl faded from my mind, or at least was bu where I couldn't see it. I almost forgot ever been ill at all, and when occasional did remember, it was only to congratu myself. I'd come through all this and at me now—stronger, healthier and bu than ever!

The world plunged headlong down road to disaster and war. We were in it. Harlan was a major in the Signal C and I was on my way to join him.

I called Doctor Marvin to tell him I going, but he wasn't there. He'd gone the service, too, and was on his way overs

Harlan was stationed at Astoria, L Island, making training films, and livin a one-room-and-kitchenette apartment East 48th Street. The plan was for me to a house near the post and bring the child on for the duration.

But houses, near the post or anywhere were pretty illusory things. So I settled d for the winter in that living-dining-bed-a dressing-room affair. I rose at six ev morning to be sure the toast was prop burned and Harlan off to the post on tim went to bed at nine or ten because there nowhere else to go and Harlan, working teen hours a day, had to have his sleep.

I felt I should make a direct contribu to the war effort, so I volunteered to do s editorial work for the Writers War Board unofficial propaganda arm of the Gov ment. Exactly what the war effort got ou my daily treks through the snow and slus that bitter winter is highly debatable. W



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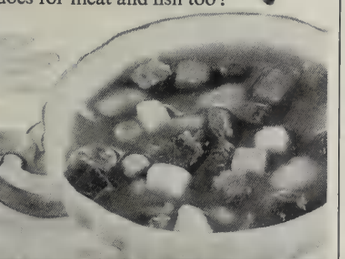
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Harlan got out of my well-meant but fumbling efforts in his behalf is another item that's open to question.

What I got was a cold in the head. Not much of a cold at first, and I pretended it wasn't there. But it hung on, and presently Harlan began to worry about my chest. I brushed off the very idea. There was absolutely no connection between colds and TB, I assured him. That was a distorted interpretation of something Doctor Marvin had told me while I was ill: that people with TB, or recuperating from it, rarely catch colds, because, being isolated, they aren't much exposed to the mysterious little cold bug.

"Besides," I added, "if you go four years without a relapse, you're safe."

Harlan looked skeptical. "Who says so?"

"Why, it's in all the books."

Time passed and the weather stayed brutal and the cold settled painfully in my sinuses. After a few more weeks, even I had to admit that New York in the dead of a wartime winter was hardly the ideal health resort. So one snowy February day I stepped reluctantly aboard a train for California.

By the time I saw the blue sky above Los Angeles, the reluctance had yielded to relief. And I had a plan, as usual. First I'd get to know the children again. Then I'd spend a few days in the desert at Rancho Yucca Loma. Then, when I'd baked the ache out of my sinuses, I'd go back to Beverly Hills and sell the house. Harlan and I had agreed it was too big and too expensive with him in the Army. I'd find a smaller place and then I'd look for a job.

A one-picture assignment would be the best. By the time I'd finished, it would be summer again. Then I could take the children back to New York and settle down with Harlan till the war was over. It was a very neat plan.

A VERY neat plan indeed. I went to Yucca Loma, filled my soul with peace and quiet, baked the ache out of my sinuses. I unloaded the big house and acquired a small one. And I got a writing assignment at 20th Century-Fox.

It was a great break for me, that assignment. It meant a considerable boost in pay, and because the producer was Nunnally Johnson, it meant an even bigger boost in prestige. All that, and a good story too. After a couple of discussions, Nunnally turned me loose and told me not to come back until I'd finished a treatment. Happily, I went to work, throwing myself into the task with great intensity.

With no Harlan and no Doctor Marvin around to act as brakes, I kept drawing more and more on my physical reserves, until a chance encounter with Sam Hirschfeld brought things to a momentary halt.

"I don't like this at all," Sam said, surveying me with the critical eye of a family physician. "You're too thin, your breathing's shallow, your eyes seem feverish. Come to my office in the morning and let me look you over."

The next morning I was in Doctor Hirschfeld's office. And the morning after that, at his insistence, I was in the office of the lung specialist who had taken over Doctor Marvin's practice for the duration of the war. His name, for the purposes of this record, was Dr. Philip Burr.

"Young lady," he said, indicating a vague blur on the X-ray film that hung from a rack on his wall, "you see that shadow?"

"Which one, doctor?" I asked, bracing myself for the blow. "I never could learn to read an X ray."

"Up there," he said, tapping the film, "at the apex of the right lung."

The *right* lung. That's where I'd had the pleural effusion. My heart gave one wild plunge and stood still.

"You mean I've got TB again?" At least I wasn't afraid to say it now.

"Not necessarily," Doctor Burr said. "The shadow's so faint it doesn't give me a definite picture. It might be the beginning of a new lesion, though I can't be sure. You have no cough, and your sputum is negative. On the other hand, you *are* run-down and the shadow *is* suspicious." He glanced from me

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to the folder on his desk and back to me again. "With your history, the only safe course is to go to bed for a few weeks."

"Doctor," I said, "you say it only *might* be a new lesion. Please don't make me go to bed."

He said, "I'm a doctor, not a policeman. I can't clap handcuffs on you and *make* you go to bed. I can only tell you that's where you belong."

"Doctor," I said, "I can't go to bed just now. I'm in the middle of a job, the best job I've ever had. I've got to finish it before I go to bed."

With an urgency that bordered on hysteria, I pleaded my case. I tried to convey to him how much the story meant to me, how important it was that Harlan be left free to do his war job without the added strain of my problems, financial or emotional.

"I know it's a gamble," I said, "but it's one I have to take. When it's over, if you tell me to go to bed then I'll go, and I'll stay as long as I should. I'll do anything, absolutely anything, just so I can finish the job."

Doctor Burr regarded me sternly. "How long will it take you to finish this story?"

"About six weeks," I estimated.

"Very well," Doctor Burr said, "you can have your deal if you stick to these rules."

He ticked them off on his fingers: No outside activities of any kind. Half an hour's rest, morning and afternoon. Straight home from the studio every day, dinner in bed, lights out early, bed again every week end.

"And once a week you'll come down here for a checkup and X ray."

"I give you my word," I said gratefully.

I stuck faithfully to our agreement. It was a good, sensible life I led, probably the most sensible since I'd stopped having pneumothorax. And it paid off. My weight went up, my temperature went down, and the menacing little shadow on my right lung grew steadily smaller and dimmer. By the end of six weeks—just after I'd turned in my script—the shadow had virtually disappeared. Amazed, almost distrusting the evidence of his own eyes, Doctor Burr put me through a whole gamut of tests. Everything came out negative.

"You see," I exulted, when he gave me the good news, "I *told* you I'd hold my own."

"You've done better than that," he beamed. "You're in better condition today than you were six weeks ago."

"Well, then, there's no good reason why I should stop working, is there? My outline's been okayed and I have a chance to work on the screen play."

"Go ahead and work, but stick to your present regimen. I'll want to keep an eye on you, at least twice a month for a while."

So I went to work on the screen play, living the good life and reporting to Doctor Burr every other Monday. Harlan, touring the Army posts in connection with his training films, got home for a week toward the end of May and was amazed at the improvement in my health.

It was almost July when I turned in the screen play, which was promptly read and just as promptly shelved. Nunnally Johnson liked it well enough, but he had decided to leave 20th Century-Fox and form a company of his own. None of the other Fox producers seemed inclined to take it over. That disappointed me, naturally, but it didn't surprise me.

What did surprise me was the offer of a new assignment. It was a musical about the Dolly Sisters, those dancing sirens of my youth. A dream job, really. It was one of the most instructive, entertaining and stimulating experiences of my whole life. So stimulating that I never felt tired when the day's work was officially done.

Almost without knowing it, I started staying out to dinner, or bringing people to the house with me. And doing that, how could I refuse to serve a couple of nights a week at the Hollywood Canteen or help the Victory Committee line up material for its overseas entertainers?

BEFORE anyone beats me to the draw, let me say it myself. I was a fool. After all my experience I should have known better.

But this is not a story about what I should have known or what I should have done. It is an account, as honest as I can make it, of what I did do, and what the consequences were. When my sister Janet and her husband decided to come and see me, I greeted them with cheers and embarked upon a whirlwind of extracurricular activities. And when Darryl Zanuck assigned me to a hurried rewrite chore on Lifeboat, the Alfred Hitchcock epic of the high seas, I persuaded him to let me stay on The Dolly Sisters too.

That was a hectic time. If I felt a little tired, that was easy—I'd borrow a Benzedrine tablet and keep on going. If my eyes felt feverish, that was easy—I'd just stop taking my temperature. And if the voice of experience whispered a word of warning in my ear, that was easy too—I'd just laugh loudly enough to drown out the sound.

It wouldn't be long, I kept telling myself. And it wasn't. Only two weeks, that was all. Two weeks till I finished my chores on Lifeboat, till Jo Larkin and I turned in an outline on The Dolly Sisters, till I said good-by to Betty and Janet.

On the Sunset Strip I passed the Mocambo, one of the film colony's plushest night spots. There was a party going on, I remembered, a fund-raising affair for the Free French. I'd bought a ticket, not really intending to go. But driving by, I hesitated. Lots of my friends would be there, I could easily join a table.

It was a good party. And when the party was over I took half a dozen people home for scrambled eggs and coffee. By the time they left it was almost dawn.

And when I woke up I could hardly drag myself out of bed. I felt as if, in my sleep, a giant truck had run me down and crushed every bone in my body. A couple of hours later I was looking into the no-longer twinkling eyes of Doctor Burr. It was he who broke the silence.

"It's back," I said, more as a statement than a question. "The shadow?"

"Yes," Doctor Burr said, "it's back and it's bigger." Two weeks before it hadn't been there at all.

"What do I do now?" I asked, just as I didn't know.

"Go home and go to bed. And stay there till I say you can get out."

So I had to learn my lesson all over again. It was harder than ever this time, partly because I wasn't so desperately ill as I'd been before, partly because I had to give up much more. But I've never been able to learn anything except the hard way.

And this time, I really took it lying down. No rebellion, no cheating. Four months in bed, in comparative solitary. Not because I was so dreadfully sick, but because with the war going on nurses were busy with more important cases.

(Continued on Page 174)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Boy With a Bang

By Jessie Farnham

The little boy blew and blew and blew,
His face like a small, full moon.
Then the bag outstretched, he sharply punched—
Bang! went the big balloon.

So little boys have blown and blown
Across the years' wide span—
And there's still a boy with a paper bag
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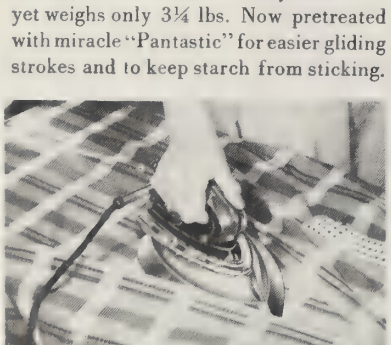
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(Continued from Page 172)

"Wouldn't it be better if I went to a sanatorium?" I asked Doctor Burr.

"Much better, in theory," he said. But wartime conditions made it impractical. "All the places are overcrowded and understaffed."

I took it for granted he would give me pneumothorax. But Doctor Burr said nothing doing.

"You don't really need it," he said, "and once you started it, you'd have to continue for two or three years. Just settle down and take it easy and leave the rest to me."

Which is what I did. I worked out a schedule, with the doctor's visits as its focal point; read a lot, particularly all sorts of books on TB that he brought me, wrote letters, planned stories, and listened to the radio. Not a bad life, but in the midst of war, an awfully wasteful one. And it made me think.

It came to me slowly that I had never really accepted one simple basic fact: once you've had tuberculosis you must change your behavior pattern, not just for the duration of the illness, but for the *rest of your life*. You can have the best doctors in the world and read every "self-help" book ever written, but the decision to face tuberculosis and conquer it can come only from within. And long after you've conquered it, you've got to keep your guard up, because TB is a sleepless, tricky enemy, always looking for a chance to sneak up on you again.

Whenever I catch myself getting a shade too careless at work or at play, I stop and remind myself of what Doctor Burr told me when he let me go back into the world again.

"The way to live a long life," he said, "is to follow the advice of Doctor Osler: 'Get yourself a chronic disease and make a pet of it.'"

It was 1943 when Doctor Burr offered me those words to live by. I think I must have really lived by them, for I haven't had a trace of illness since. That is no guaranty I never will have, but my chances are good, and getting better every day. I still have a checkup and chest X ray twice a year. And, just as a precautionary measure, so do my sons. To that extent they're safer than children who've never knowingly been exposed to the disease. They grew up strong healthy—Tom's in college now and in high school—apparently none the for living under the same roof with me I was ill.

And speaking of that, it's odd: when really ill I never felt any pain in my but ever since that last relapse if I start doing the least little bit, I get a warni nal—my chest begins to hurt. I have le never to disregard that warning.

Most important, I have learned wh quit. No matter what I'm doing or w am, at the first sign of fatigue I simpl and head for bed. I still work and I stil but within reason, and never the two a

If for any reason I have to—or wan keep late hours, I make up for it by s in bed longer the next morning—a ver plan, incidentally, even for people w never been serious

It seems to be tional, in recounting and tedious illness, fe ple to say they're happened to them. I'm not glad it hap to me. I wish I'd bee enough to live intelli without the long and costly lesson of culosis.

There are no uninteresting things, there are only uninterested people.
—G. K. CHESTERTON.

But since it *did* happen to me, I am least that I finally learned something the experience.

It was only when I went over the m for this book with Doctor Marvin finally confessed I'd seen his note abou nosis questionable. I had to tell him could clear up the lingering mystery f self. "Just what is 'prognosis questiona I asked him.

"It's a doctor's way of saying that isn't quite closed and has to be watch pleural effusion on the good side of th following pneumothorax on the ba often leads to dangerous complication

"Then why didn't you tell me?"

"Because it would only have confus and you couldn't have done anything it."

"But I found out anyway. Doesn' prove it would have been better to tell the first place?"

"No," said Doctor Marvin. "It proves the truth of an old axiom. N ever comes from reading other people's

LET'S FACE IT—AND GET ON

(Continued from Page 56)

beginning at Greece, and crossing Southern Asia to Indonesia. Western Europe was to be a joint responsibility, along with France.

It did not work out that way. During the war we were not told, and no one that I ever met realized, how long it would take and how hard it would be for Britain to recover from the war. Yet while Britain has been making the uphill struggle to recover, she has been unable to play anything like the part that we thought she would. Nor did we realize that before the peacemaking could even begin Roosevelt would be dead and Churchill would be out of office. All this was, at least in my own case, the real miscalculation about Yalta. I assumed that the imposing partnership of Britain and America, and of Churchill and Roosevelt at the head of the two great world powers, would continue until Europe had revived. Instead of that the United States, under inexperienced leadership, has been called upon to carry its own responsibilities and a large part of Britain's as well. We were not prepared for what we never expected we should have to do, and we ran into difficulties and dangers.

By 1947 the situation was working up to a crisis both in Europe and in the Far East. All of Western Europe was on the verge of economic chaos and social collapse. Nationalist China was disintegrating before the Chinese communist advance. General Marshall, fortunately, was Secretary of State. I say fortunately, because the crisis demanded the kind of decision which he was uniquely qualified to make. Secretary Marshall decided that Western Europe could be with American help, but that Nati China could not be saved except by ican military intervention on a very lar incalculable scale. Our experience in the Korean war suggests that General Ma did not overestimate the military c American intervention in the much Chinese civil war.

The Marshall Plan to save Wester rope, and the Marshall decision not to vene in China, became U.S. policy spring of 1947. The decision not to su Nationalist China any further was one hardest choices that this country ha had to make. But it had to be made b when the war ended this country wa willing to impose conscription and to tain a military budget at least equal whole budget in order to remain perma on something like a war footing. Ha done that, had we been willing to ma a large peacetime conscript army, as w the war industries and the war control go with them, we might perhaps ha inforced Europe and at the same time intervened successfully and decisive China.

But without a great military esta ment in time of peace, the choice General Marshall made as Secretary of was unavoidable. He had to choose be China and Europe. Had we tried to do thing in both places, we should almos tainly have not done enough in eithe

(Continued on Page 177)



No finer gift











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star of "South Pacific"



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Hugs... flat elastic band holds hair securely!

Locks curl... new "quick-lock" band fastener! . . . so quick, so easy you can fasten it blindfolded!

Grips... tiny "teeth" hold hair-ends from slipping on curler!





"See? . . . not a single stray wisp! Bless these new little curlers! And this heavenly Rayve wave leaves my hair soft . . . shiny . . . like *naturally curly!* I've had dozens of permanents since "South Pacific" opened—yet my hair has never been healthier. Rayve's very, very easy on the hair. I know!"

12

NEW Mary Martin SHORT-CUT CURLERS

plus Rayve REFILL

only $1.29



Now, while they last! . . . Get your MARY MARTIN SHORT-CUT CURLERS!

Not 6—not 8—but a whole dozen Mary Martin short-cut curlers, *plus* a Rayve Refill, for $1.29. At drug and cosmetic counters everywhere.

"**Quickest, *easiest* little curlers!** They wind a *better* catch every single hair." That's what Mary Martin said she tested these new short-cut curlers. And she's had p of chance to learn about winding up short curls! "T isn't a hair on my head longer than 2½ inches!" she

"**Can you brush your wave** into pla in two minutes?" asks Mary Mart "That's what I do! . . . give it a fe quick sweeps with a brush after r shampoo—and every little Ray curl falls into place as 'naturally' you please! You can see why I lo Rayve!"

Now—a revolutionary little curl helps you catch every short end . speeds your "Rayving" time.

(Continued from Page 174)

d have been entangled in both. We
d have failed in both. Once the grave
ness of Britain was known, then with
mited military power that the nation
villing to support, the historic choice
o be made. General Marshall made the
e. It came down, in the last analysis, to
ision to withdraw from the mainland
ia in order to reinforce the defenses of
tlantic community.

ound this decision there has raged ever
a fierce controversy which not only
es and bewilders the nation, but inter-
dangerously with the formation of any
ive U.S. policy. The crux of the con-
rsy is whether it is in fact true that the
d States is not strong enough to re-
e Europe and to intervene on the Asi-
nainland at the same time. Obviously,
were strong enough to have done both,
the Marshall choice was unnecessary,
he withdrawal from China was, if not
ne, at least a blunder. But if in 1947 the
e had to be made, then it would be
ult for any critic of the Marshall policy
gue successfully that Europe is not
more important to us than is China.

hold that we have never been strong
gh to project our military power across
oceans, and deep into Asia and into
pe simultaneously. To those who say
we could and should have done that, the
er, I believe, is that even in 1944, when
ere fully mobilized and had ninety divi-
and an enormous air force and the
est fleet in the history of navies, we
care not to engage the main force of the
nese army until the German army had
defeated. We took care not to fight on
across the two oceans at the same time.
n 1944 we had as our allies against the
nans and the Japanese a much stronger
in and the immense Red Army itself.
we have no big allies, and the armies
e Atlantic community are outnumbered
ne armies of the communist orbit. Mr.
chill, speaking of Europe alone, says we
outnumbered seven or eight to one. In
the ratio against us is even worse.

SE are the stark realities we have to
in mind when we study the historic de-
n of General Marshall, made in 1947,
fuse to involve this country in a military
rtaking in China while Europe was so
dly undefended. All that we are able to
n the mobilization of our own military
er, and in the mobilization of that of
ce and Britain and even Western Ger-
y, will certainly not be more, and may
ss, than the barest minimum needed to
nd Europe.

he defense of the Atlantic community is
easy to guarantee. But if we are resolute
wholehearted about it, we can make the
sion of Europe so fearfully dangerous to
Russians that the probabilities are they
not attempt it. But to do that there must
roused in Europe and in America a will
esist, which is fed by a deep conviction
that we are defending our own lands and our own civilization, and nothing else. We can count, I believe, on the power and the spirit of the West to defend its homelands. We must not count on more than that, however. We must not expect the western democracies to stake their existence on wars in Asia, where the issues are confused, where their vital interests are not directly touched, and where the outcome cannot be decisive.

What, then, the reader will ask, do I think American policy in Asia should be? This is a fair question, and I would say to begin with that in the Far East we should work with our friends and not separately and unilaterally. The leading friendly powers in Asia are India and Pakistan, Britain and the British Commonwealth. We should seek agreement with them on all Far Eastern questions, on the future of Korea, on Formosa, on the Japanese peace treaty, on China and the United Nations. When I say that we should seek agreement, I mean that we should, unless it is clear that a truly American vital interest is at stake, prefer an agreement in which all can concur sincerely to winning diplomatic "victories" and to having our own way.

A FAR EASTERN policy of concerted, rather than of unilateral, action could have, if it is boldly and astutely managed, large and beneficent results. If ever we could convince the peoples of Asia, including the Chinese and the Japanese, that in the affairs of Asia we now recognize the moral and intellectual leadership of Asian statesmen and thinkers, the only foundation on which Asia and the West can now live together peaceably will have been laid. The notion that the way to deal with "Oriental psychology" is to overawe it is, I am convinced, at least one world war out of date. In Asia too many Western men have been defeated by Asian soldiers. The peoples of Asia are not going to be overawed.

A policy of concert would mean that we would undertake nothing inside Asia which had not been approved in advance by the free peoples of Asia. It would mean that in questions which concern them more intimately than they concern us—the treatment of Communist China, for example—we would let them lead, and we would follow. This is not a dynamic and aggressive Far Eastern policy. It is not meant to be. It is meant to be prudent, moderate, economical of American soldiers and of American wealth, unambitious, honest and realistic.

I believe we must concentrate our main energies on the defense of the homelands of our own civilization. I think that a policy of concert in the Far East is all that we can afford. I think, also, that were we much more powerful than we are, it would still be the wisest course for us to take in Asia. For while we shall never overawe and dominate the peoples of Asia, we might, if our motives are pure and our manners are suitable, begin to reduce their suspicions and then to earn their confidence, and we might end perhaps by winning their friendship. **THE END**



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penetrates deeper because it contains PENATEN

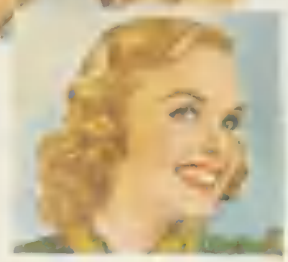
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For hair that's Radiant, Soft, Smooth, Younger-Looking... Shampoo with Prell!





Prell—for that "VITALLY ALIVE" Sparkle

Your hair is sparkling and *radiant* after Prell—more radiant than with cream or soap shampoos, in *hardest* water! That's because Prell Shampoo's patented cleansing ingredient gives *free rinsing* action . . . brings out all the glorious sheen in your hair—leaves it so vibrantly younger-looking, so "*vitally alive*," so much lovelier.

Prell—for that "VITALLY ALIVE" Spring

After Prell your hair is so much softer, smoother—yet with the "body" and "spring" that make it more manageable. Curls and waves set beautifully, and even hair that seems dull and lifeless has a more glamorous *sparkling* radiance. You'll love the glorious "*vitally alive*" look your hair has after Prell—use this different, *marvelous* Procter & Gamble shampoo today!



Different! Emerald-clear for that

"VITALLY ALIVE" LO

Problems of remodeling house are shared as were young-married problems, when Dr. Charlie averaged 1.3 patients a day and money was their biggest worry.

Country Doctor

"Show Charlie and Lola anything that isn't the way it should be and they're both in the fight up to their ears." The Sheppards, of Hutchinson, Minnesota, have ideals about the part a doctor and his wife should play in their community.

By BETTY HANNAH HOFFMAN



ONE of Dr. Charles Sheppard's earliest memories is sitting behind old Don and Bess with his father, also a country doctor, as they plowed through the hilly, snow-covered Minnesota roads on calls. Hutchinson, where Dr. Ernest Sheppard practiced for 53 years, and where his son Charles practices today, is about 60 miles west of Minneapolis. It is located in rolling black-earthed and lake-dotted dairy country where every bend of the road presents another breath-taking Adolf Dehn landscape. Here the restless winds turn the sweeping fields of corn and wheat and alfalfa into rhythmic waves the colors of the sea, kick up dust storms and an occasional tornado during the blazing summers, and pile the snow eight feet high in wintertime.

They tell the story of the newcomer out there who finally asked during a snowstorm in May just how long Minnesota winters lasted. "Don't know," was the reply. "I've only been here eleven months myself."

The town of Hutchinson was founded by the famous troupe of singers of that name from Milford, New Hampshire, back in 1855. Their purpose in so doing was to promote the triple causes of Temperance, Abolition and Woman Suffrage. The new settlement was barely launched when Little Crow and his Indian band decided to wipe the place off the map. The townsfolk anxiously gathered in a knot to see what they should do; the men were in favor of making a run for their lives, but the women (so the story goes) circulated among them and

First home, one floor of house later bought for $7500. Remodeling cost $20,000, provides 12 rooms, 5 baths.



Even a doctor's twelve-hour (minimum) work day can be stretched to include a share of all family interests and fun.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GORDON COSTER



Reserved for mother-daughter talk. the after-breakfast time when Lola does Barbie's hair. Barbie. 9. "would rather run races than play dolls," loves arithmetic (finds brother's 6th-grade problems "fun"). Future question—should she become a teacher or a nurse?



Lola, First Vice-President, presents "Build a Better Community" awa Federation of Women's Clubs Convention. She also worked with Dr. She on governor's better-mental-health committee; conducts adult speech

Often it's the busiest peop

persuaded them one by one to stay and fight, and so manag save Hutchinson.

Today the town has 4600 residents, largely retired farme German and Scandinavian stock. It boasts a Kraft Foods facto "Scotch" tape plant, one movie house, two small hotels and so parades down Main Street that youngsters learn baton tw before they pick up hopscotch. Each summer a two-day carnival is held on Crow River—which runs smack through town—presided over by the Sauerkraut Queen, the Flying Fa Queen, the St. Paul Winter Carnival Queen and other eye-f royalty.

In the old days, when telephones were few, emergencies reported to the doctor by someone bicycling or galloping into with the news. By the time Doctor Ernest had ordered his and buggy from the livery stable and driven perhaps twenty out into the country, the patient had been waiting three or hours. Today his son purrs along the wide, well-paved Minn roads at seventy miles an hour in his big Buick Roadmaster, u he is forced to a crawl behind a snowplow. Like his father, a



When the day has been particularly busy Dr. Charlie returns to his office in the evening to complete records. His interest in his patients is friendly, personal—"a doctor you can really talk to."



"You must be a doctor, Charlie," sister Agnes used to tell him when both were children. "and I will be your nurse."



"What did you think when I asked if you wanted to from the delivery table to your bed?" Dr. Charlie as young mother. "Brutal," she laughs, "but I feel just fi



pards stayed in their house during part of remodeling. H from room to room "a step ahead of the workmen." oid dust, Lola cooked oven meals, or served picnic-style.



When Leland was born 11 years ago hospital bill was $88; brand-new Dr. Sheppard's income that month—$60.



Despite crowded life "the family always comes first." Because the doctor is often late in the evening the big meal is at noon. Lola relies on timesavers like well-stocked freezer, pressure cooker.

e the Sheppards—who manage time for community work.

al practitioner, Doctor Charles relies upon a lifetime's inti- knowledge of his patients, but unlike his father, who was d to practice medicine with one small black bag and a heap of tion, Doctor Charles has enough gadgets in his nine-room office uip a small hospital. Each year he goes back to the University nnesota to learn the latest in special fields of medicine.

What marvelous opportunities you have," his father used to im, with a shake of his small pointed Vandyke beard. "How lives you will be able to save, what miraculous cures you ccomplish!"

harles (or Charlie, as they all call him in Hutchinson) can't mber the precise moment he decided to become a doctor; he lways wanted to. At the age of eleven he was not at all non- d when a strange woman had a baby in his bed. It was a rnity patient of his father's who came dashing into town to the hospital only to find that it was still in the hands of the bers and carpenters. She barely managed to reach the doc- house in time; while Doctor Ernest briskly scrubbed his hands e kitchen, the baby arrived upstairs in young Charlie's bed.



ontroversial questions, discussions very often get quite heated." As r of the House of Delegates, Dr. Sheppard presides at meetings of the sota State Medical Association; delegates "thrash out" policy matters.

"What opportunities you have"— Charlie's father, a country doctor for 53 years, marveled over wonder drugs like penicillin—"what miraculous cures you will accomplish!" But some things never seem to change—like a curious little girl stuffing a bean or a pea up her nose.



"A doctor merely lives in the same house with



English still confuses Estonian Kathë, 18, who came to Sheppards to help Lola, stays as "family."

The old country practitioner died in 1946 of a stomach cancer, perfectly self-possessed to the very end, a small spare man with formal, courtly ways and wonderfully kind eyes. He never encouraged his son to become a doctor, because he considered it such a hard life, but Charlie's sister kept telling him, "You must be a doctor, Charlie, and I will be your nurse." Which is precisely what happened.

Now Charles' son, Leland, who is 11, says he wants to be "a doctor in Hutch just like grandpa and dad." Leland and his sister Barbie, 9, like to sit in the laboratory of their father's office watching Aunt Agnes, a registered nurse, as she does blood counts or prepares X rays.

Doctor Charlie, now 39, is a big man, 6 feet tall and 190 pounds, with dark hair and mustache and a constant pallor from overwork. An articulate and fast talker, he emphasizes his points with staccato motions of the cigarette holder always in his fingers, but he can also be a good listener, intuitive and sympathetic. "Extremely thorough and a doctor you can really talk to," is Hutchinson's satisfied comment.

And then there's that laugh of his. If something should strike him funny while driving, his wife, Lola, grabs the steering wheel and pulls over to the side of the road while the doctor sits there helpless, with head thrown back, mouth wide open, spectacles streaming, his whole body shaken with explosive bellows. There is some question whether this laugh has helped achieve the wide personal popularity he enjoy People often phone to ask when the doctor is going to see the ne comedy in town. "Some go the same night to laugh with me, and son of 'em make sure to stay away," grins the doctor.

This is not to say that the doctor isn't essentially a serious-minde guy. Without being in the least bit stuffy about it, both he and Lol have a high ideal of the position a doctor and his wife should hol in the community. "Both Charlie and Lola are reformers," says h mother. "Just show them anything that isn't the way it should be an they're both in the fight up to their ears." Last year, Charlie spen three weeks of his vacation attending various conferences about th state. He has been fighting eight years for an adequate milk ordinanc (Minnesota is still riddled with undulant fever), is on the Stat Tuberculosis Committee, treasurer of the Minnesota Public Healt Conference, and is beginning his third yea as Speaker of the House of Delegates of th Minnesota State Medical Society. Locally, h is active in the Kiwanis, the Civic and Com merce Association, the Boy Scouts, and Hutchinson's health officer and deputy coun coroner.

Favorite food, macaroni, 3 or 4 helpings.



Lola, like the doctor, is that rare combin tion of personal warmth and executive driv She is an attractive woman with trim ankle softly waved brown hair turning gray, and ey brimming over with good humor. Whatev she believes in, she believes with a towerin



Leland briefs mother on day's itinerary, including stop at father's office where Dr. Charlie always finds room for Cokes and popsicles in laboratory refrigerator. Leland's ambition—to be third-generation Sheppard doctor.



Sheppards feel all family problems deserve thoughtful consideration. Lelan says his bike needs a new brake and seat, a light, a horn. Dr. Charlie trie it out himself, finds the brake is definitely worn and okays the refitting jo

ily—he doesn't live with them."



ie's club has 4
ibers, 4 officers.

fervor; nothing makes her more hopping mad than insincerity. Outspoken and direct in manner, she still manages to be objective about her own shortcomings. Although both she and the doctor have hot tempers (she says), they have never had a quarrel in seventeen years of marriage. "We hash everything out, always have."

Both she and Charlie served on Governor Youngdahl's committee for better mental health in Minnesota. Together they visited mental hospitals throughout the state, and the conditions they saw there froze them with ror. They both went on speaking tours, telling about eighty mental ients crowded in one sleeping room with one open toilet, t.b. cases ong them, and some patients chained like animals to their beds. All has now been changed.

Lola is local president of the Association of University Women, a nber of the League of Women Voters, and was first vice-president he State Federation of Women's Clubs for 1949–50. She also con- ts a local speech class for adults who want to attain confidence in lic speaking, directs the local Methodist Youth Group and is a Girl ut leader.

But for all her activities, Lola picks only the things which really erest her, and always puts her family first. Three in the afternoon, en her children come home from school, invariably finds her at the nt door to greet them and Charlie, whether he gets home at six,

ily crisis. "Too busy" to choose wallpaper for his room, Leland objected nother's choice of two walls in Hopalong Cassidy print, two in plaid. He ted it *all* Hopalong, but later allowed mother's selection was "wonderful."





Third-grader, Brownie Scout, Barbie loves music, swimming and startling friends with an ability to do "mirror writing"—"Dear Miss Star, I love you," written backward—as swiftly and easily as she writes a normal hand.



"I used to cry myself to sleep—now I say I will *not* be sorry for myself." Pretty Kathë has had no word of her family since Russians occupied Estonia in 1944. Sheppards are "mother and dad, little sister and brother."



Even a doctor can be a worried parent when a child develops a sudden fever—and be just as relieved when the fever has disappeared by morning.

Best part of Doctor Charlie's day—when children cry "Daddy's home!"

seven or eight o'clock at night, can expect both an attentive wife and a hot meal waiting for him. The latter she accomplishes with a pressure cooker and a home freezer loaded with plenty of sirloin steaks, squab, shrimp, lobster tails, even venison, plus her own mouth-watering grape and apple pies, cakes and rolls ready to pop in the oven. Lola can put a holiday meal on the table in forty-five minutes from start to finish, and clean up even faster with her electric dishwasher.

Although Charlie is mainly a "mealtime" daddy—his working day starts at 8 A.M. and ends at 9 P.M.—his relationship with the family is a very close one. His son Leland is a lanky kid with big hands and feet and a fetching grin encased in braces. Until three years ago he suffered a great deal with asthma, but seems to have outgrown it. His favorite food is macaroni—at his birthday parties he eats three or four helpings along with cake and ice cream.

His adoring sister Barbie is a bright and boisterous child with flying blond pigtails and blue eyes. She takes lessons in everything from baton twirling to acrobatics to tap dancing and piano. "Leland needs to be pushed—I suppose he was sick so much as a child," says his mother, "and Barbie needs to be curbed." They both make their own beds, help with the dishes, and Barbie can already run the mangle to do flatwork.

A year ago the Sheppards added a new member to their household, an 18-year-old displaced person from Estonia. Kathë Bender, who came as a household helper, at first addressed them as Doctor and Mrs. Sheppard, but before long was *(Continued on Page 241)*

Of first date alone with Lola (they talked 7 hours) Dr. Charlie recalls, "It was a meeting of minds. I never even kissed her—although I sure wanted to."



Quick, quick fixin'! Grand feastin'!



HEARTY MAN-SIZE MEAL . . . IN 15 MINUTES!

Minute Rice Dinner Plate. Here's a delicious dish that would take *twice* the time and *three* times the effort with oldtime rice! See how quick and easy it is with amazing new Minute Rice! Just start a pre-cooked ham steak frying; dump Minute Rice into water, bring to a boil and remove from heat. While it sits 10 minutes, cook Birds Eye green peas. An appetizing, perfect meal!

BUDGET PLEASER . . . IN 30 MINUTES!

Minute Rice with Meat Balls. Saute meat balls (¾ lb. beef) in 2 tablespoons fat with 2 tablespoons each chopped green pepper and onion. Add 8-oz. can tomato sauce, 1½ cups water, 1⅓ cups Minute Rice, ½ teaspoon salt. Bring to full boil, cover, remove from heat, and let stand 10 minutes. Minute Rice absorbs *all* the liquid and flavor . . . packs a taste-thrill no other rice can boast. Serves 6.

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It's new! It's quick! It's heaven!

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Something sensational has happened! Now you can serve fluffy, perfect, *fresh-made* rice with NONE of the tiresome preparation regular rice requires.

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COMPANY DAZZLER . . . IN 20 MINUTES!

Tangy Orange Rice. Wonderful with duck, ham, chicken! Cook 1 cup diced celery and 3 tablespoons diced onion in ¼ cup butter till tender. Add 1⅓ cups Minute Rice, 1½ teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon sugar, 1 cup water, ¾ cup orange juice. Bring to full boil, cover, remove from heat, and let stand 10 minutes. Add 2 teaspoons grated orange rind and fluff. Now *all* the orange flavor is in the rice! Now—taste lusciousness that *only* Minute Rice can give you! Serves 4 or 5.

SUNDAY NIGHT SNACK . . . IN 15 MINUTES!

Olive Rice with Tomato Rarebit. And only Minute Rice can make it so *fast* and good! Dump 1⅓ cups Minute Rice in 1½ cups water, add ¾ teaspoon salt, and bring to full boil. Remove from heat, let stand, covered, 10 minutes. Heat a can tomato soup, add 2 cups grated sharp cheese, ½ teaspoon mustard, cook and stir till cheese is melted. To rice, add ¼ cup chopped stuffed olives, 2 tablespoons butter. Serve with sauce. Serves 4.



For perfect rice without the work ★★★ pre-cooked

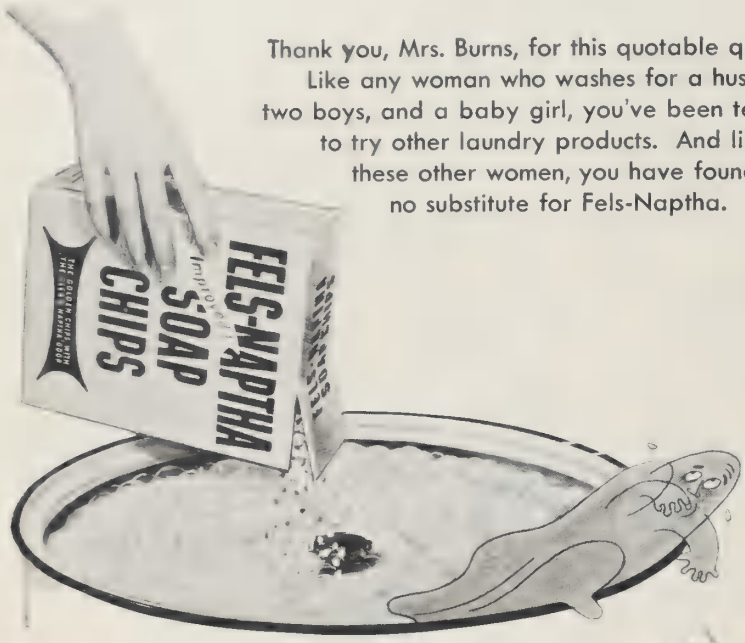
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writes Mrs. Robert J. Burns of New Brunswick, N. J.



Thank you, Mrs. Burns, for this quotable quote. Like any woman who washes for a husband, two boys, and a baby girl, you've been tempted to try other laundry products. And like these other women, you have found no substitute for Fels-Naptha.

Fels-Naptha's mild golden soap and gentle, active naptha *plus* the new "sunshine" ingredients make white clothes *whiter* and colored fabrics *brighter*. May you and all Fels-Naptha's friends live long and prosper—and may Fels-Naptha always make your washdays lighter and shorter.



Always use Improved Fels-Naptha—the only laundry product that gives you three washday advantages—

1. **Mild, golden soap.**
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IMPROVED

Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

PHOTO BY GORDON COSTER



Mrs. Sheppard puts in the oven a dinner that will wait well.

Meals that Wait

By LOUELLA G. SHOUER

EVERY doctor's wife knows that the telephone is often the ruination of a good dinner. Every wife knows the frustration of trying to keep a meal waiting for late-comers.

"Through the years, I've learned that it's foolish for me to plan meals that won't survive waiting unless I'm absolutely sure the doctor is going to be home on time," says Mrs. Sheppard. "When I see a recipe that reads 'Serve at once,' I know it's not for us.

"My three greatest helps in planning survivable meals are my freezer, my pressure cooker (I can start the vegetable when I see the doctor's car enter the drive) and the warming oven of my range."

Here are some of the Sheppards' dinners that have passed the test of keeping a reasonable length of time. Those of you who have freezers will want to try some of her suggestions for meals in advance.

Pounded Steak with Mushrooms
Lima Beans Coleslaw
Brazil-Nut Ice-Cream Pie

The Sheppard freezer has such good capacity that they buy a hind- or fore-quarter of beef at a time and have it cut into steaks, stew meat, hamburger, and so on, at the butcher's. By buying in large quantities, there is a real saving. Bones, cut out at the butcher's, go into soup stock. This is reduced and frozen too.

They usually have round steak cut thick for Swiss-steak-type dishes. Slow-baked, it's tender and succulent with lots of good gravy. A tarry in the oven at a little lower temperature doesn't seem to spoil this dish a whit. The Brazil-nut pie waits in the freezing compartment of the refrigerator until you're ready for it.

POUNDED STEAK WITH MUSHROOMS

Pound a ¾-inch-thick slice of round steak with one of those wooden meat tenderers; or use the edge of a saucer—it works as well. As you pound, work in ¼ cup flour mixed with 1 teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Cut meat into serving pieces. Brown well on both sides in 2 tablespoons hot shortening. Transfer meat to roasting pan. Add 2½ cups tomato juice to pan drippings. Add 1 small can mushrooms and 4 onions, sliced. Pour over meat. Cover and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., about 1½–2 hours, or until meat is tender. Taste gravy after first hour, adding more salt and pepper if needed.

BRAZIL-NUT ICE-CREAM PIE

Grind enough shelled but not blanched Brazil nuts in a nut grinder or food chopper to make 1½ cups finely ground nuts. It takes about ½ pound. Mix in 3 tablespoons sugar thoroughly. Pat and press this mixture into the bottom and up the sides of a 9-inch piepan or plate, reserving about ¼ cup of sugared nuts for sprinkling on top. Fill the shell with 1 quart softened coffee or chocolate-chip ice cream. Sprinkle remaining nuts over the top. Freeze in freezing compartment of refrigerator or in freezer until ready to serve. Cut as you would any pie.

eezing for the future: You want to put down two or three ese ice-cream pies while you're t it. They're easy-dos and ready rts. Wrap each pie well in alumi- foil and freeze.

Meat Loaf Baked Potatoes
Broccoli
(Pressure-cooked)
Chocolate Roll
with Chocolate Sauce
(From freezer)

ıe mornings Lola has meetings or intments, she puts her dinner in oven before she leaves the e—this time, sage meat loaf and d potatoes. By using the auto- c timer on the range, baking will ı at the appointed time. The pards have dinner at noon. Two ree hours is the longest ground should be left in the oven before ıg starts. Remember this when re timing a meal. The broccoli only 1½ minutes to cook in the sure cooker. If Lola learns that loctor is going to be detained, she postpone cooking it till he gets e. The meat loaf and baked pota- won't suffer too much from a in the warming oven. The choc- roll is frozen, ready to slice. You buy these at most frozen-food ıters, but Lola's homemade ones xceptionally good, we think.

ıe freezer gets something in re- from this meal—usually about third of the meat loaf, which Lola ›s and freezes for soup-and- wich suppers.

SAGE MEAT LOAF

ıbine 2 pounds ground beef, ½ ıd ground fresh pork, 2 slightly en eggs, 2½ teaspoons salt, ¼ poon pepper, 1 teaspoon ground and ¼ cup finely chopped onion. 1 cup fine, dry toast crumbs with p milk and mix into meat mixture. ›e into loaf in a large shallow pan. pepper rings and 2–3 strips of ›n over the top. Bake in a mod- e oven, 350° F., 1 hour.

reezing for the future: You ıt make up two or three times the ›e at once. Bake (in smaller es, if you wish). Cool before ›ping well with aluminum foil. ze.

CHOCOLATE ROLL

t 3 eggs very light and add 1 cup ır gradually, beating well after ı addition. Add ¼ cup cold water. together ¾ cup cake flour, ¼ cup ›a, 2 teaspoons baking powder and teaspoon salt. Beat slowly while add the dry ingredients. Flavor ı 1 teaspoon vanilla. Line a jelly- pan with wax paper. Pour in bat- spread smooth and bake 12–15 utes in a hot oven, 425° F., just un- cake springs back from a light ch. Turn out on towel which has ı sprinkled with confectioners' ar. Roll up. Cool. Unroll and spread ı coffee or vanilla ice cream. Soften ice cream enough to spread. Roll quickly. Wrap in aluminum foil freeze. Slice and serve with choco- sauce.

Chocolate Sauce: Bring to ■ boil 2 s sugar, ½ cup cocoa, 1 cup water and a pinch of salt. Boil 3 minutes. Remove from heat and add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Cool. If sauce is going to be served hot, add 1 tablespoon butter or margarine when you add vanilla.

Tuna Amandine
Green Salad
Fruit Cup *or* Lemon Ice

"Tuna amandine is one of the hot dishes my family likes most," Lola says. "If the doctor is going to be late, I bake it for a longer time at a lower temperature."

TUNA AMANDINE

Make a thin cream sauce, using 2½ tablespoons flour, 2½ tablespoons butter or margarine and 2½ cups milk. Season with 1½ teaspoons salt and pepper. Remove from heat and add ½ cup grated Cheddar cheese and blend smooth. Cook 1 eight-ounce package medium-wide egg noodles in boiling salted water until tender. Rinse with hot water and drain in a colander. Add to the sauce with ¼ cup chopped pimiento, ¼ cup toasted slivered blanched almonds. Drain off oil from 2 seven-ounce cans tuna fish. If tuna is solid-pack type, break it up with a fork. If it is the type that is in bits or chunks, it is ready to use as is. Fold into the noodle mixture. Add more salt to taste. Pour into a 1½-quart casserole. Sprinkle another ¼ cup grated cheese and about 2 tablespoons more of the toasted almonds over the top. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375° F., about 20 minutes or until bubbly hot. To hold back for late-comers, lower temperature to 350° or 325° F.

Lamb-and-Red-Bean Goulash
Green Salad
Easy Steamed Fig Pudding

Though Doctor Charlie dearly loves popovers, cheese soufflé and lamb stew with dumplings, Lola can't plan on having them very often. On one occasion when he had especially asked for lamb stew with dumplings, the doctor called to say he would be home in ten minutes—and then didn't show up for an hour and a half. "Of course the dumplings were miserable things by then," Lola said sadly. But the Sheppards do have lamb stews of all kinds often, as they are easy to reheat—easy to make in quantity and freeze. Steamed puddings, too, don't take a beating if they have to keep on steaming longer than expected.

LAMB-AND-RED-BEAN GOULASH

Have your butcher cut 2–2½ pound shank or neck of lamb into 1-inch pieces. Season well with salt and pepper. Roll the pieces in flour. Brown the meat well in 2 tablespoons shortening or salad oil—on all sides. (A Dutch-oven-type utensil is best for anything of this sort that takes slow cooking.) When meat is well browned, add 1 clove garlic, minced, 2 onions, chopped, 1 No. 2 can (2½ cups) tomatoes, 1 green pepper, diced, and 1 teaspoon salt. Cover and simmer slowly 1–1½ hours or until lamb is tender. Add 2 cans red kidney beans. Reheat. Season to taste. Serves 4.

(Continued on Page 240)

HOW AMERICA LIVES

Chili con Carne

A QUICK-AND-EASY RECIPE BY ANNE MARSHALL

- 2 tablespoons shortening, melted
- 1 medium onion, finely chopped
- 1 pound ground beef
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon black pepper
- 2 teaspoons chili powder
- ¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper
- 2 cans (2½ cups) Campbell's Tomato Soup
- 1 No. 2 can (2½ cups) kidney beans

Melt shortening in a saucepan, add onion and beef, brown slightly. Add seasonings, tomato soup, and kidney beans. Cook slowly for about 30 minutes, stirring occasionally. Serve hot with crisp crackers and relishes. Enough for 6.

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The Clubwoman's Wardrobe – $94.70

PHOTOGRAPH BY GENEVIEVE NAYLOR



Tissue-faille tucked dress, $25.00; chiffon scarf, $1.95.

Mrs. Charles Sheppard, a doctor's wife, lives in Hutchinson Minnesota. She has many varied activities outside her hom and family, belonging to several clubs, social and communit organizations. She writes us, "The groups to which I belong ar conservatively and nicely dressed." For this fall, she says, sh would choose a suit, a tailored dress and "a simple afternoo dress which would be appropriate for bridge luncheons, teas an dinner out." These, then, form a basic wardrobe for her bus life; convertible with accessories, worn under her fur coa they are right for many occasions. ▪ By CYNTHIA McADO



Mrs. Sheppard's oxford-gray flannel suit, velvet collar and cuffs, $29.95; worn with black velours hat, $5.95; suède gloves, $5.95; and fabric bag, $5.00.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FONSSAGRIVES



Black crepe coat-dress with double buttoning, $10.95; white capeskin gloves, $7.95; jet earrings and necklace, $1.00 each.



"I'm never troubled with blemishes*," says charming Mrs. Phyllis MacDonald of Toronto. "I apply Noxzema the first thing every morning for my powder base and use it liberally as a night cream. Noxzema makes my skin feel so much softer and cleaner. It's my all around beauty aid—such a help in so many ways."



"My skin was dry and sensitive," says successful Philadelphia career girl Barbara Swanson. "Since my Prom Queen days, I have used Noxzema regularly as my night cream and during the day, and my rough, dry skin condition has improved wonderfully. Noxzema has consistently taken care of my skin."

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p 2.—After drying, oth on a light film of zema for your make- foundation. This seless, invisible film of zema not only holds e-up beautifully, but also helps to protect r skin—*all day!*



Evening—Step 3.—At bedtime, "creamwash" with Noxzema, just as you did in the morning. How clean your skin looks! How fresh it feels! See how you've washed away make-up, the day's accumulation of dirt and grime—without any harsh rubbing!



Step 4.—Now, lightly massage Noxzema into face and neck. Pat a little extra over any blemishes*. While you sleep, Noxzema helps heal them—helps your skin look softer and smoother, too. And it's greaseless! No "smeary" face or messy pillow!

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You see, greaseless Noxzema is a unique *medicated* formula—a marvelous oil-and-moisture emulsion. This exclusive formula not only helps supply a light film of oil and moisture to the skin's outer surface... but it helps heal blemishes*, at the same time! That's why daily use of Noxzema, in this easy Home Facial, can do so much for your skin...why it can help bring you lovelier-looking skin in 10 days—or your money back! Noxzema leaves your skin feeling cool, refreshed, too!

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We're so positive that the new Noxzema Home Facial can help make your skin lovelier-looking—we make this sincere offer. Try the new Noxzema Home Facial for 10 days. Then, if you are not genuinely satisfied with the results, return your jar to Noxzema, Baltimore, Md.—your money cheerfully refunded. But you will be delighted! Get Noxzema today—while you can get the 85¢ jar for only 59¢ plus tax—*almost half again as much* for your money as in the Small size! But don't wait—this offer is for a limited time only. Get your jar of Noxzema now—at any drug or cosmetic counter.

*externally-caused



"Weathered" skin. Exposure to wind causes Gerry Haynes' only serious skin problem. Says this San Francisco sports enthusiast, "Thanks to Noxzema's help I can enjoy outdoor sports now!"



Blemishes*. "Noxzema is grand for helping to heal minor blemishes*," says Lucille Sheriff of Hyattsville, Md. "It's so refreshing to use, too—leaves my skin feeling soft and so clean!"

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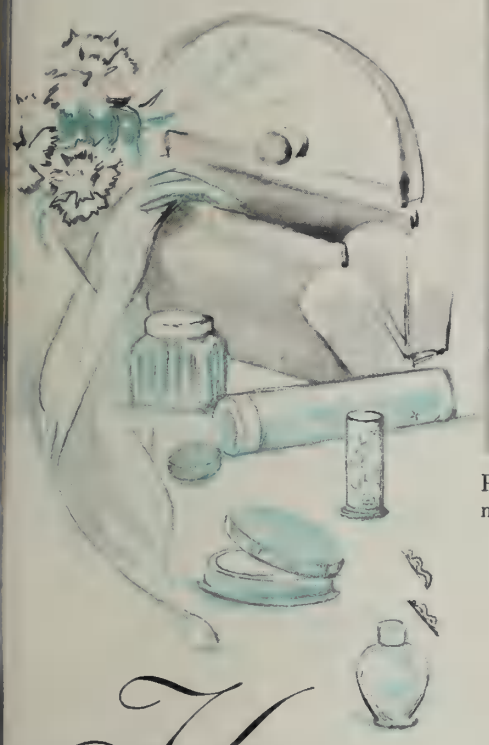
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PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANCESCO SCAVULLO

Popular Lola Sheppard's consistent good grooming makes her ever ready for her many invitations. Simplicity in her hairdo, make-up and clothes makes it easier.

Keeping up appearances

By DAWN CROWELL NORMAN

Beauty Editor of the Journal

"TOO many women create their own emergencies by not getting ready in the morning for what the day might have to offer," says attractive Lola Sheppard. A good morning's start carries Lola serenely through the maze of activities entailed in being a doctor's wife, an active clubwoman, and mother of a young son and daughter. Her morning routine is simple, fast and effective. In twenty minutes she is bathed, brushed, powdered, lipsticked, scented, and dressed in a fresh cotton in time to meet her family at breakfast looking bright and cheerful.

Another prebreakfast ritual is "weighing in." Lola, who is 5′ 7″ tall, has set her ideal weight—for efficiency as well as appearance—at 143 pounds. On occasions when the scale goes above 145 or below 140, she revises her diet accordingly.

She loves to trade an old hairdo for something new and becoming, but insists on a style which doesn't require her constant attention. Her manicuring, eyebrow tweezing, face creaming and clothes repairing are purposely done in the late afternoon or evening to clear the morning decks for action!

For Lola, or any equally busy housewife, here are some suggestions for facilitating and speeding up beauty routine.

Good-Grooming Favorites. Let them sit prettily on your dressing table for use at home, or tuck them into your purse to travel with you wherever you go.

Tiny, square powder puffs which hold a month's worth of powder inside. To use, just tap the puff on the back of your hand to bring the powder to the surface.

A matchbook-size package of cotton squares pressed into thin, thin sheets. Sturdier than regular tissues, less bulky than cotton, they are used to remove lipstick or nail polish and cost 10 cents.

Face powder in a "pint-size" talcum jar. It allows you an immaculate application each time, and is spillproof for traveling.

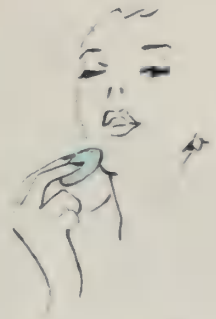
Liquid or powder deodorants in squeeze or push-button bottles to spray easily and quickly.

Tinted hand cream to soften, scent and camouflage redness or roughness in one application. Choose a color that blends with your own skin and massage it into your hands just as you would an ordinary cream. Wipe off excess with tissues.

Softening lotion which doubles as a make-up base. Smooth it with your finger tips over your face and neck, blot the excess, powder lightly.

For evening glamour try an eye-shadow brush (companion piece to the lipstick brush) to help you apply your shadow smoothly. Dip the brush in shadow and "draw" the color from the center of the eyelid toward the outer edge.

Eyebrow pencils take on evening jobs. Moisten the pencil point by dipping *(Continued on Page 208)*



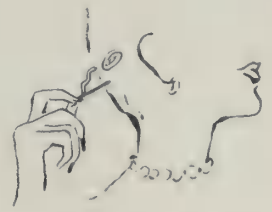
Cotton disks saturated with scented skin astringent are timesavers when you want to freshen make-up without redoing.



Nice for traveling, your guest room, your hostess. Perfumed cotton tablets swell to face-cloth size in warm water.



Take your favorite fragrance with you in the form of a nonspillable stick cologne. This solid scent cools and soothes.



One clip to a curl. For hasty hair setting, use one of the metal clips designed to hold a curl securely all by itself.



A bottle of nail-polish remover with its own brush inside. Dip each finger in, swish against brush—polish is removed!



PHOTO BY HAROLD HOWARD POWLER

Audubon birds supply the theme for the Sheppards' dining room. The cupboards are arranged with Audubon bird plates and a collection of white glaze and milk glass. Conveniently placed side pieces leave plenty of space about the table.

Audubon dining room

By HENRIETTA MURDOCK
Interior Decoration Editor of the Journal

Until a few weeks ago the Sheppard dining room was just an undistinguished family room with dated furniture and no attempt at special decorations. Both Doctor and Mrs. Sheppard felt that the time had come to create a more pleasant atmosphere and treat themselves to some good, new furniture. They asked for suggestions, and in planning together we chose for our theme—because the Sheppards are a family of bird lovers—the exquisitely beautiful Audubon bird prints. For our theme group, we used two prints of American songbirds centered by the favorite mallard group, which looks exactly like the duck families the Sheppards often see on the shores of their own Minnesota lakes.

Outdoor blue proved an appropriate background for the birds, and the geranium red of the rug and cupboard linings an effective foil for the collection of

(Continued on Page 211)



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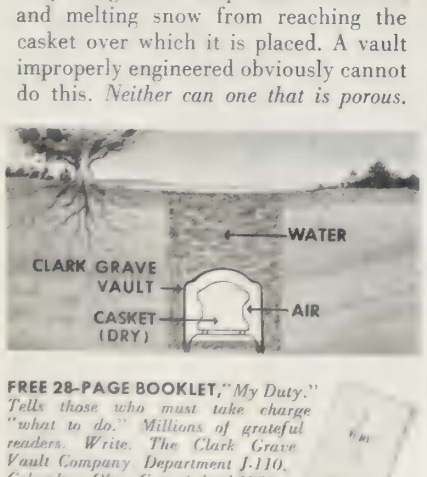
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WITH SONGS IN HIS HEART

(Continued from Page 47)

the standards and tastes of his youth is reflected in his lack of any affinity for the occasionally Bohemian ways of the theater. Perhaps one third of his friends are theater people, the others work in various fields of business, professional and creative endeavor. Since he does not care for poker, racing or hard drinking, the conduct of business is for him in the nature of recreation.

There is, however, a more fundamental factor underlying Rodgers' business ability, and that is a store of restless energy which his creative efforts do not nearly consume. The practical reason why he, rather than Hammerstein, carries the major administrative load of their corporate partnership is simply that he has more time. He is one of the fastest and most facile composers who ever lived. Where it may take Hammerstein two or three weeks to complete a single set of lyrics that satisfy his rigorous poetic standards, Rodgers often exudes his loveliest melodies in a matter of minutes. Asked to describe their methods of collaboration, Hammerstein once said, "I simply hand him a lyric and get out of the way."

One evening a few weeks before South Pacific was due to enter rehearsal, several observers had a chance to witness this system in operation. Rodgers was dining with a few friends at the home of Joshua Logan, the director and playwright. Coffee had just been served when Hammerstein arrived, happily waving the completed lyrics to the final song that remained to be written for the show. It was Bali Ha'i.

Rodgers quickly scanned the typewritten verses. Then, pushing his demitasse to one side, he took out a pencil, drew a staff on the paper Hammerstein had given him, and without visible hesitation began writing down notes. Five minutes later he laid down his pencil. The melody for Bali Ha'i was done. Not a note or an accent had to be changed after those first moments of swift creation.

All Rodgers' melodies have come into being with comparable ease and rapidity. Some were born, like Bali Ha'i, without aid of piano. In other circumstances Rodgers simply sits down at the keyboard and without preliminary fingering plays a completed melody as though it had sprung, Athena-like, fully formed from his brow.

While Rodgers and Hammerstein were writing South Pacific, Dick was in bed with a heavy cold. A messenger brought him a lyric which Hammerstein had just completed. Dick knew from experience that Oscar would call him on the phone in about twenty minutes to ask if he had received it. He read Hammerstein's verses, then asked one of his daughters to bring him a pencil and some music-manuscript paper. Exactly twenty minutes later, the phone rang. Of course it was Oscar.

"Did you get the lyric?" he asked.

"Yes, I did."

"Fine," said Oscar. "Now you can start sweating over it."

"I've already stopped sweating," Dick came back. "It's finished."

The song was Happy Talk, one of the show-stoppers in South Pacific.

RODGERS, for all his melodic glibness, is no less painstaking a craftsman than his partner.

To understand the statement that he "wrote" a certain song in five minutes or less, it is necessary first to remember that he is exclusively a theatrical composer, who has never written an independent song—i. e., unrelated to some stage or screen production. He therefore looks on the problem of writing a song as one of finding the right musical approach to a given dramatic situation, and long before he ever begins to compose a melody many of the determining factors have been resolved in his mind.

"A friend once asked me how long it took to compose the whole score of Oklahoma!" he recalled recently. "I said, 'What do you mean, flying time or elapsed time?' Counting everything—overture, ballet music, all the songs—the most I could make it come to was about five hours—*flying* time. But the total *elapsed* time covered months of discussion and planning, starting with the over-all conception and then getting down to specific questions like how to bring the chorus on stage and whether to end this or that scene with dialogue or music. So before you can say Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin' was written in three minutes you have to know a little about semantics. By the time Oscar gave me the lyrics and I sat down to the actual business of writing the notes, I already knew all the governing circumstances—the scene, the mood, the singer, the subject and even the fact that it was to be a waltz, a simple little waltz. These things had all been decided.

"So when the three minutes began to tick off, the only problems that remained were in a sense indefinable ones. Something had to be added—it's what you add if you're a good composer. For me, the process of musical composition is a very rapid outpouring. I can't compose note by note, as though I were carving wood—a chip here, a chip there. Lyric writing can be like that, and that's why Oscar needs more time than I do. It may have taken him an hour, for example, to decide that he would start Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin' with 'Oh.' And I have no idea how long it took him to find that wonderfully apt, simple and perfect fourth line, 'Everything's going my way'—a phrase of really great inspiration. Oscar's work is mosaic work. I use a longer stroke, a longer line."

Rodgers is not the sort of composer whose inner ear resounds continually with airy voices. Music never comes to him at unexpected moments—he produces melody only when in quest of it. Yet his swift bursts of creative activity never lead him, as might be expected, into unwitting repetitions of his previous work—or, worse, somebody else's work. More than one interested observer has remarked that this very gift of ever-regenerating invention is the essence of the mysterious thing called genius.

Rodgers' fluency is such that he appears to be almost completely indifferent, when composing, to external circumstances. He once received a set of lyrics as he was leaving his house, read them in a taxicab en route to a rehearsal, and played the finished melody in the orchestra pit of the theater while the performers were reading dialogue on the stage over his head.

"Writing music doesn't tire Dick," says Hammerstein, whose professional habits are the antitheses of Rodgers'. "I'm worn out when I've finished a set of lyrics. But when Dick has ripped off a song he feels wonderful. He's elated, stronger and fresher than when he began"

From time to time people ask Rodgers why, if music comes so easily to him, he doesn't write more of it. "If I wrote all the time," he says, "I suppose I *could* turn out one song every day, seven songs a week, three hundred and sixty-five songs a year. What would I do with them? Who'd want them?"

His approach to music appears to be so completely pragmatic that casual acquaintances sometimes wonder how much he really enjoys it. He seldom attends concerts, and claims no favorite among academic composers, although he admits a slight preference for the harmonic line of Brahms, Chopin and other romantics to the simpler classical idiom. Rodgers never plays the piano for his own amusement, but will perform by the hour to entertain guests at a party, or when his daughters request it. There is reason to believe, however, that his outer resemblance to a tycoon with a musical hobby is not a whole picture of the truth. His wife testifies that whenever he is stirred powerfully by music, or by one of his sudden flashes of inspiration, his skin contracts into goose pimples.

MARY MARTIN, star of South Pacific, also made some interesting observations during rehearsals. "When he is conducting the orchestra and you see him from the stage," Miss Martin says, "you're looking at another man. The walls are down and you see something of what lies beneath the surface. The expression on his face—it isn't happiness or sadness, but rather an expression of utter tranquillity, of completeness. And you think, here at last are all the things he feels. Here is Richard Rodgers as he really is."

Others have noted that expression: his friend, Josh Logan, once described it as "incandescent."

It is only at such moments that friends occasionally penetrate beneath what one observer has called the "coat of cellophane" he wears in public. He can be moody and unapproachable, and when pondering a problem often seems to withdraw into a secret chamber of his mind, oblivious of everything around him. When his feelings have been hurt by some unexpected criticism or barbed remark, his response of shock and surprise is sometimes violent enough to make him physically ill. Conversely, when he is relaxed, enjoying himself at home with his family or friends, he may be gay and talkative, eloquent on a variety of subjects and often genuinely funny—with a special flair for intricate compound puns.

The only person who can accurately translate Rodgers' inner feelings is his wife, Dorothy. Her influence on his life and work, while quiet, has been consistent and profound. Over and above providing him with a happy home, which he prefers to the after-work distractions that lead many theatrical people to regard midnight as the start of the evening, she has given him an aesthetically satisfying home. The Rodgerses' house at Southport in particular is imbued with a gaiety and grace that never fail to impress callers. But even more valuable to Rodgers' professional life is the intimate role Dorothy plays in his work during his interludes of active creative effort. She is almost always the first auditor of his music, and over the years they have built up their own special code of critical communication. Rodgers knows that when she is really stirred by one of his songs her eyes will fill with tears and she will put her arms around him. If she simply nods approvingly and says "Very good," he knows she dislikes it.

On one subject Rodgers makes no secret of his emotions: he is stage-struck. "I cannot imagine a life without the theater," he once declared. It is probable that irrespective of his contribution to American music, Rodgers' influence upon the American theater will be seriously assessed by future annalists of dramatic art. In the last quarter century the form known as "musical comedy" or "musical play" or plain "musical" has undergone a revolution. Where the musical of the twenties was most often a stylized, disjointed and generally low-brow amalgam of synthetic comedy and bloodless romance, the well-wrought musical play of today—like Oklahoma! and

(Continued on Page 196)

The Rose Jar

By Helen Harrington

A woman red-rose sweet and fair
Should not waste upon the air
All her sweetness; for the wind
Will waft it off till it is thinned
To nothing and the stalk is bare.

Farsighted, she should put away
Some petals for a future day
When winter shall have stole her bloom.
Then will her fragrance fill her room
In daughters, young, and fresh, and gay.



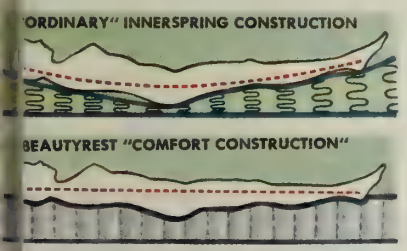
Did you ever think that a day would ever come when you could sleep on the famous Beautyrest* for the price of only three slices of bread a day?

You see, the price tag on Beautyrest reads "$69.50." But Beautyrest is guaranteed for at least 10 years. When you break the price down into 10 years you get $6.95 a year—or less than 2¢ a night. *That figures to less than the price of three slices of bread a day!*

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YOURS! All yours...the one and only BEAUTYREST ...for the price of three slices of bread a day!



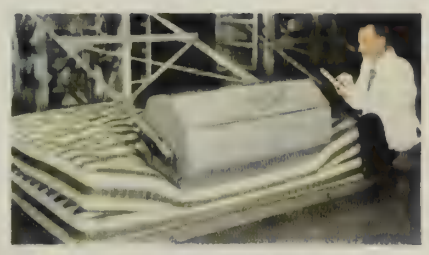
Beautyrest gives you better rest! Note (top) how ordinary mattress *lets spine sag.* Note (bottom) how Beautyrest mattress gives spine-perfect "Levelized Support." Each of the 837 springs in Beautyrest is in a *separate pocket*—can't pull others down.

TESTS PROVE BEAUTYREST FIRMEST!



Dr. Taylor

A test that was made recently at the United States Testing Co. by Dr. T. Smith Taylor proved Beautyrest the firmest of ALL mattresses tested. A man was lowered onto heat-treated plastic sheets covering the mattress. When the plastic cooled, the depth his body had sunk into the mattress was measured. Beautyrest proved FIRMEST, the most "levelized" of all.



Beautyrest lasts longer! Torture Tester proves Beautyrest will actually outlast other mattresses. In tests made by the United States Testing Co. with a 275-pound roller, Beautyrest lasted *more than* TWICE *as long* as any other mattress tested!



Beautyrest still comfortable after 21 years! "*All* of my mattresses," says Mrs Lillian B. Marcille of Rochester, N. Y., "are Beautyrest, purchased in 1929 and used steadily with matching box-springs. All are still giving ultimate comfort and luxury."

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"And then sag like sad sacks?



"What a man likes are socks that stay up nice and neat... are easy and quick to get on... and feel comfortable all the time...



"That's why my wife and I agree that all my socks must have tops knit with

Lastex

...the miracle yarn that makes things fit

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(Continued from Page 194)

Carousel—has the unity and emotional substance of so-called legitimate drama.

This revolution began thirty-one years ago when Rodgers met his first great collaborator, the late Lorenz Hart. Then only a high-school junior, Rodgers was already a capable amateur musician and had begun to compose. He had grown up with music about him, though his training was informal and largely self-directed. His mother played the piano, his father liked to sing, and Rodgers recalls with great clarity the first dawning of his musical awareness. The Rodgers house was a typical New York brownstone situated in upper Manhattan a few blocks from the Columbia University campus. The ground floor was given over to Doctor Rodgers' consulting room, waiting room, laboratory and office. The living room was on the second floor, and in this room stood a Steinway upright piano. One day, when Richard was about four years old, his parents came home from the theater with the score of an operetta they had greatly enjoyed. Mrs. Rodgers sat down at the piano, Doctor Rodgers stood beside her and together they went through the score, song by song. That session kindled a fire in young Richard's mind. His elder brother, Mortimer, showed little inclination for music and subsequently followed his father into medicine; he is now one of New York's foremost obstetricians. But Richard, whose head scarcely came to the keyboard, climbed up on the piano stool and tentatively fingered the notes of the songs he had heard his parents sing.

By the time he was six, he was playing fluently with both hands. At twelve he was spending hours daily at the piano and had begun to elaborate on themes and improvise in an imitative way. At fourteen, while attending a summer camp in Maine, he composed his first song: Campfire Days. Indifferent to sports and schoolwork, he spent his allowance each week on gallery seats for Saturday matinees. "My week used to begin at two-thirty on Saturday afternoon," he recalled years afterward, "and it ended a little after five when the final curtain fell."

When Rodgers was fifteen he wrote his first complete score—for an amateur show put on by a boys' athletic club in behalf of the New York Sun's cigarette fund for American soldiers in France. The show was presented in the grand ballroom of the Hotel Plaza before a large and dressy audience; Rodgers conducted the orchestra.

The following year he met two young men who were to be closely associated with him in the future. One was Herbert Fields, son of the great comedian Lew Fields; the other was Lorenz Hart. Fields was five years older than Rodgers; Hart, seven years older, had already graduated from Columbia with the class of '16. He was a strange and tragic personality. The younger son of an indulgent mother (whom he once described as a "sweet, menacing old lady"), he was gnomish in appearance, barely five feet in height, with a head that seemed too large for his frail body to sustain. Brilliant, intellectual, a German scholar, and a superlatively agile versifier with a talent for inventive rhyming approached by no one else since W. S. Gilbert, he was also bitter, sardonic and unstable, given to alternating moods of noisy gaiety and black despair. His tragedy was that this instability increased rather than lessened with the unfolding of his talent and fame.

RODGERS and Hart shook hands for the first time with a single idea in mind. Rodgers needed a lyric writer; Hart needed a composer. Their collaboration began immediately, and a few months later one of their songs was purchased and used in a now-forgotten musical called A Lonely Romeo. The song itself, Any Old Place With You, is memorable today chiefly because it is probably the only song ever written by a sixteen-year-old boy to land in a professional Broadway show. A few months later Rodgers entered Columbia with the class of '23 and promptly submitted a complete score in the annual Varsity Show competition. Although no freshman had ever before won this contest, Rodgers' score was selected for production. One of the judges happened to be a member of the class of '16 named Oscar Hammerstein II, who had only recently abandoned law school for the stage. Hart wrote the lyrics to Rodgers' music in accordance with a Varsity Show tradition permitting alumni to participate; Fields devised the dances. The product of their collaboration, Fly With Me, received serious notices in the New York newspapers. "From that moment on," a mutual friend recalls, "Larry simply waited for Dick to grow up and graduate from college."

As it turned out, there was no need for him to wait. For Lew Fields had seen Fly With Me and liked the songs so well that he decided to discard the score of a musical on which he was then at work and incorporate Rodgers' tunes. Hart rewrote the lyrics to fit the new script, and that summer Rodgers had the satisfaction of hearing his score performed on Broadway. The show, called The Poor Little Ritz Girl, proved to be a hit.

Rodgers spent one more year at Columbia, during which he collaborated with Hart on another Varsity Show. At the end of his sophomore year he left college—somewhat to the distress of his parents—and entered the Institute of Musical Art (now combined with the Juilliard School of Music), where he put in the next three years studying harmony, theory, musicology, ear training, composition, and other constituents of the formal musical education that was to enrich his inborn talent. Between classes he continued to write shows

One day a visitor arrived in the home of Leonard Liebling, editor of Musical Courier, just as the family was about to sit down to dinner. Mr. Liebling, annoyed at such thoughtless timing, had the maid ask the guest to wait. After an unhurried meal, Mr. Liebling greeted his friend. "Sorry to keep you waiting," he said, "but we always eat at seven."

"That's what I thought," the friend replied, "when you invited me to dinner tonight."

—ABRAHAM MANDELSTAM.

with Hart and Fields, but only one of these reached Broadway: The Melody Man, which they offered under the joint pseudonym, Herbert Richard Lorenz, and which was remarkable only for the presence in the company of a then unknown juvenile named Fredric March. Their other efforts were rejected by every producer in New York. Frustrated and unhappy, Rodgers and Hart offered their services to schools, clubs, churches, charitable institutions, and wrote and staged amateur shows by the dozen without any compensation.

After five years of this—three at the Institute, and two more afterward—Rodgers was ready to give up. Most of his relatives felt the time had come for him to find a job and earn a living. Doctor Rodgers was not among these. His sympathy filled Rodgers with a gratitude that never waned, and until Doctor Rodgers died last year at the age of seventy-seven, their relationship was distinguished by a warmth of mutual friendship and devotion.

In the spring of 1925, when Rodgers had reached the depth of discouragement, a man he knew recommended him for a $50-a-week job with—of all things—a babies'-underwear concern. It goes without saying that this proposal didn't attract the young composer in the least, but still he was tempted to accept the offer. He was thoroughly tired of writing music without compensation and, besides, he was in debt to the extent of $100, borrowed $5 at a time from a friend to stretch his allowance, which didn't enable him to take young ladies dancing as often as he liked.

"The man who tried to get me the underwear job," Rodgers told a friend not long ago, "was the very fellow I owed the money to. No fool he!"

That evening he had about decided to accept the offer, when the telephone rang. The caller was a patient of his father's, a theatrical lawyer, who wanted to know i Richard would care to put together a little revue for some talented young people. Rodgers replied despondently that he was through with amateur shows and was starting work next day in the babies'-underwear line.

"That's too bad," the lawyer said regretfully. "The Theater Guild will be disappointed."

"What was that?" Rodgers yelled into the phone.

The words "Theater Guild," he said afterward, "were like an alarm to a fire horse." The lawyer explained that the Guild, to raise money for decorations in its newly built theater, had decided to let some of its young extras and understudies put on an informal Sunday-night musical show. Early the next morning Rodgers retired from babies' underwear and went back to work with Hart.

THE "little revue" they wrote made theater history and launched Rodgers and Hart on a fifteen-year period of creative effort that was to affect the whole character of the American musical stage. Public response to their Sunday revue proved so vehement that it was promoted to full-time status at the Garrick Theater, where, billed as The Garrick Gaieties, it ran for a full year.

As a matter of fact, the original Sunday-night benefit of The Garrick Gaieties was given to raise money for a pair of large tapestries that were to be draped from the boxes of the new Guild Theater. The tapestries hung in the theater for years and to this day enliven the walls of Theater Guild headquarters in West 53rd Street, New York.

A good many years after the days of the Gaieties, Rodgers and Hart attended a Guild opening. Larry nudged Dick.

"Look at those tapestries," said Hart. "We were responsible for them."

"No!" said Rodgers. "They were responsible for us."

The momentum generated by this first success led Rodgers and Hart immediately into one of the brightest seasons of their entire careers. Barely three months after the opening of The Garrick Gaieties they brought forth Dearest Enemy, which they had written with Herbert Fields two years earlier and tried in vain to get produced. This, too, ran for a year and introduced one of the most popular and long-lived of all their songs: Here in My Arms. The following spring came The Girl Friend, with several hits, including the durable and still captivating Blue Room; and soon afterward The Second Garrick Gaieties, with Mountain Greenery.

At the age of twenty-three Rodgers thus had three hit shows running simultaneously on Broadway. Even then his self-discipline was such that sudden success had no apparent effect on his temperament or way of life.

"I didn't do anything silly," he admitted years afterward. His only material indulgence was the purchase of a LaSalle coupe with a red body and a black hood.

Then he embarked for London with Hart and wrote a musical (Lido Lady) for British consumption. For Rodgers the trip was chiefly important because during the homeward voyage on the Majestic his eye was caught by a lovely golden-haired girl of seventeen who was returning with her parents from a vacation tour of Europe.

Rodgers had known Dorothy Feiner since her early childhood, but their age difference was such that it was not until now, when she was out of school and en route to her freshman year at Wellesley, that he took his first serious look at her. He waited till the end of her sophomore year. Then the distance between Massachusetts and New York became too great for them. Dorothy left college and they were married in 1930.

In moments of retrospection Rodgers sees his professional career divided into three chapters. The first chapter began with The Garrick Gaieties and ended with an unfortunate trip to Hollywood six years later. In this period he and Hart—usually in collaboration with Herbert Fields—turned out a dozen shows which set new standards of theatrical taste. In revolt against the prevailing mediocrity, Hart poured forth polysyllabi

(Continued on Page 198)

After 25 —— Beware of Dry Skin

Drying begins to show first in the places pictured below. See how best to help correct it!

After 25 every woman ought to use her mirror with a more critical eye.

From 25 on, the *natural oil* that keeps skin soft, smooth and pliant, starts *decreasing*. Before 40, skin may lose as much as 20% of its own oil.

But you can help offset this drying out—by giving your skin an oil especially suited to its needs. You can use a dry skin cream that is extra-rich in *lanolin*, which is very like the oil of the skin itself—this special cream is Pond's Dry Skin Cream.

See its effects on your skin. Work it in *thoroughly* for night softening. Use it *lightly* for a smooth look under make-up. It brings your skin a softer, fresher, younger look immediately.



t on your Cheeks dryness is often noticed; little y "dry-skin" patches can spoil your make-up.

Correct—Work into your cheeks *nightly* plenty of d's Dry Skin Cream. Swirl its softening help from chin- *up* in front of ears. This lanolin-rich cream is homo- zed to soak in better. Use a *light* film of this special m under your make-up for day softening, also.



Under your Lower Lip—little dry "puckers" tighten, make your mouth look "set" and older.

To Relax—Always at bedtime help supple this dry skin with Pond's Dry Skin Cream, smoothing this soft cream in well from the center of your lip *out* and *up* to each corner. This lanolin-rich cream helps soften those little puckers, helps relax that tightness caused by dryness.



Around your Eyes, on Eyelids—dry "crow's-feet" come, and skin takes on a dark "crinkled" look.

To "Uncrinkle" Dry Lines—Never skip nightly help with lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream. Finger-tap this soft-as-satin cream *very lightly* around your eyes. Leave on lids all night. A special *emulsifier* makes it extra-softening. Leave a little on eyelids during day, too.



your Nose and Mouth—skin tenseness and "down- s" harden your expression.

Help Soften—"Knuckle in" softening, smoothing d's Dry Skin Cream. Use knuckles of first fingers to ad this lanolin-rich cream in firmly—*out* and *up* from trils and mouth. See that "dry skin" tense look soften.



Between your Eyebrows—tiny, dry lines etch in.

To Smooth Down—Use lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream regularly every night at bedtime to give your dry skin more of the softening, soothing oil it needs. Circle the cream on generously, making firm, quick little circles *up* between your eyes—*out* over your eyebrows to your temples.



Along your Chin-Line—you don't want that matronly-looking sagging to start.

To Tone Up—Use thumb and first finger of each hand and "pinch along" from point of chin to ear with lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream. This treatment brings circulation up, and gives this skin the *rich lubrication* it needs.

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rhymes, interior rhymes, multiple rhymes, allusions, symbols and literary conceits. "The Garrick Gaieties," Cole Porter has observed, "was the first musical show outside of Gilbert and Sullivan where people listened to lyrics." In his own domain Rodgers employed a melodic line no less rich and varied.

Perfectly fused in mood and rhythm, in verbal and harmonic expression, the songs of Rodgers and Hart achieved the unity of a single artistic utterance. The titles of their productions in this initial chapter—Peggy Ann, Present Arms, Spring is Here—stir sentimental memories in those who knew New York in the 'twenties. The best of them, A Connecticut Yankee, won international acclaim and was revived on Broadway and screened in Hollywood in later years. But even more enduring than the shows themselves were the songs that came from them. To this day young Americans who were born long after the lights were darkened and the last curtain lowered on these hits of twenty years ago continue to sing Where's That Rainbow?, Thou Swell, My Heart Stood Still, You Took Advantage of Me, With a Song in My Heart, Dancing on the Ceiling, Yours Sincerely, I've Got Five Dollars, and Ten Cents a Dance.

It was inevitable as their songs floated westward across the plains and prairies that they would eventually strike the ear of Hollywood. And inevitably Hollywood's reaction was an irresistible offer.

"For twelve solid months I was under contract to a certain studio," Rodgers recalled recently, "and they let me write six songs. I'm not bitter about a thing except the fact that I was completely disconnected from my work. I was leading the life of a retired banker. That's no life for a thirty-two-year-old fellow. As a result I got sick—I developed a real chronic indigestion which still bothers me from time to time."

> **The water is shallowest where it babbles.**
> —WELSH PROVERB.

Their stay in Hollywood was not altogether unfruitful, however, for it was there they wrote Isn't it Romantic?, Mimi, Lover, and Blue Moon.

"The thing that finally terrified me," Rodgers relates, "was picking up the Los Angeles Examiner one day and seeing a little item in O. O. McIntyre's column. It was just one sentence: 'What ever became of Rodgers and Hart?' That really made my head jerk. I sat right down and wrote him a letter, thanking him and telling him we were getting out of Hollywood as fast as we could. The day our contract was up we climbed aboard The Chief and came back to the United States."

The second chapter of Rodgers' career began with his grateful return to Broadway; it spanned the 'thirties and ended with Hart's untimely breakdown and death in 1943. But before this tragic end to one of the great working friendships of theater history they demonstrated that the musical stage held resources beyond any revealed either by the Viennese school of operetta or even by grand opera, whose dramatic aims are for the most part defeated by its own conventions.

THEIR first job, after returning from Hollywood, was Jumbo, Billy Rose's colossal synthesis of circus and song at the old Hippodrome. Then in quick sequence came On Your Toes, a satire on Russian ballet; Babes in Arms, a gay and bubbling story of precocious youngsters in economic straits; The Boys from Syracuse, an adaptation of Shakespeare's Comedy of Errors; I Married an Angel, a fantasy about an authentic but tangible angel on earth; and Pal Joey, a dark and sardonic study of an unscrupulous hoofer. Over and above their variety, these shows were notable in other respects. On Your Toes, for example, was the first popular musical to employ ballet as an implement of plot development, drama and satirical humor, thus paving the way for the great development of this medium in Oklahoma! and its successors in the 1940's. Adorning all these productions, lighting them like spangles on a fabric, were new constellations of ever-fresh and evocative songs: Small Hotel; Whe When; The Lady is a Tramp; Johnny Note; My Funny Valentine; This Can Love; Sing for Your Supper; Bewit Bothered and Bewildered (which rec enjoyed a tremendous new boom); a Could Write a Book. And most notew of all, Slaughter on Tenth Avenue, the intermezzo from On Your Toes, which re sented Rodgers' first attempt at susta abstract composition and today still out in sheet music, everything Rodgers w during his entire partnership with Hart

BENEATH the quickening tempo of t success, unknown to all but their cl friends, a personal tragedy was meanw unfolding. With the passing years Hart become more and more erratic and unst From the first he had been a fitful wor breaking appointments, disappearing w out warning for days at a time. Ther some question if any of their later sh would have come into being had Rodgers first completed his score, then corralled H held him in custody, and begged, wheed and worked with him while he wrote.

Hart was a lonely man, a bachelor, lived an unquiet and disorganized life. Se tivity about his height led him to employ vious measures of self-assertion, like wea built-up shoes and smoking big cigars. H also drank heavily—far too heavily for health of mind or body. Yet along with eccentricities, he had generosity and a ceptible heart, and for these qualities as as for his coruscating wit he was greatly li by all who knew him well.

"Dick wasn't just a partner to Larry, friend recalled recently. "He was more lik father to him, and at end he was also a kind guardian and nurse."

The last complete sh they did together was Jupiter, and most of t was written in a hospi where Hart was a patie at the time. To fulfill their contract Rodg took a room in the hospital, too, brought a piano, and stayed there working day af day until the job was done.

In the fall of 1942 the Theater Guild ask Rodgers if he and Hart would be interest in undertaking a piece of Americana. T proposal was specific: the Guild want Rodgers and Hart to adapt Lynn Riggs' pl Green Grow the Lilacs for the musical sta Rodgers read the play and enthusiastica agreed to go ahead with the Guild's id But when the time came to begin work, Ha balked. Pleading that he felt debilitate which was undoubtedly true, he announc his intention of going to Mexico for a f weeks' holiday. Rodgers begged him, as reasonable alternative, to enter some near convalescent home. Hart refused. Declari he didn't think much of the project anyw and advising Rodgers to find himself a other lyricist, he left for Mexico.

In this emergency Rodgers turned to t fellow Columbian and fraternity brother w had voted for his score in the Varsity Sh competition of 1919. At this particular m ment Oscar Hammerstein, too, happened be at a crossroads in his career. Following series of huge successes when, in collaborati with various composers, he had written Ro Marie, Show Boat, The Desert Song a other major hits, he had unaccountab slumped.

"What happened between Oscar and r was almost chemical," Rodgers recalled a erward. "Put the right two components t gether and an explosion takes place. Osc and I hit it off from the day we began d cussing the show. For one thing, I needed little calm in my life after twenty-three he tic years. When Oscar would say, 'I'll me you at two-thirty,' he was *there* at tw thirty! That had never happened to m before. But those were just the exte nals. The important thing is what we ga each other creatively. The very first ly Oscar finished was Oh, What a Beautif Mornin', and when he handed it to me and read it for the first time I was a little sic

(Continued on Page 201)

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"Scotties," "Soft as o

(Continued from Page 198)

because it was so lovely and so right. ou're given words like 'The corn is as in elephant's eye,' you get something usically."

irst product of their reciprocal in- opened in New York on March 31, id played for 2246 consecutive per- es—a period of over five years, the run ever achieved by any musical the history of the theater. Oklahoma! ecords in every realm of statistical son. Eight million people saw it—an ever attended a musical play any- n the world. It won literary and c awards, including a citation from itzer Prize Committee. Its cumu- ross receipts ran high into eight But more important to Rodgers over-all artistic verdict: critics and like agreed that Oklahoma! had out to be just what its authors had make it—a piece of Americana, yrical, sunny and undoubtedly des- occupy an enduring place in the theatrical heritage.

te the enormous success of his first with Hammerstein, Rodgers did not is breach with Hart as a permanent r did Hart, following his return from show any trace of envy or jealousy riumph his old friend had enjoyed him. Rodgers, nevertheless, felt a regret, which, combined with his concern for his friend's well-being, to seek a new idea on which he and uld go back to work immediately. He everted to a suggestion he had con- ed many times in previous years: a of A Connecticut Yankee. Rodgers d several new songs; and Hart, ap- enthusiastic and in good spirits, ew lyrics. Thus revised and modern- Connecticut Yankee opened to good on a Wednesday night in the autumn . The following Monday Hart was

ndered away for the last time during ning scene of the *première*. Restless, ys, he had declined a seat and re- in the rear of the theater, pacing up vn. People seated in the back rows m muttering to himself. Then he dis- d, and when the final curtain fell he where to be found. No one ever saw scious again. He did not go home that r the next, and it was not until Fri- t he was found sprawled alone and d in a hotel room. An ambulance im to a hospital where it was obvious that he was dying of pneumonia. No r learned where he had strayed or had done during the two days follow- disappearance from the theater. Al- penicillin—which had just been dis- and was still extremely rare—was l through the personal intercession Eleanor Roosevelt, Hart's illness was advanced to be allayed.

Monday night Rodgers and his wife tting outside Hart's room when 's air-raid sirens began screaming al for a blackout. The hospital lights t, activities ceased, and the corridor dark and silent. Through the still- e oxygen pump gurgled steadily in room. Then footsteps came down l, a deeper shadow moved in the and a doctor went inside. A few moments passed. Then the doctor l and stood over Rodgers. "He's the doctor said. Soon afterward the gnaled All Clear and lights flashed on out the city.

fter twenty-four years of sustained lliant creative endeavor the famous Rodgers and Hart dissolved and gave the new and even more felicitous ship of Rodgers and Hammerstein. first time in their lives each found united with a collaborator of ible tastes and temperament. Like s, Hammerstein is a self-disciplined whom artistic talent is abetted by a f responsibility. "He is a dreamer," s remarked not long ago, "but a very dreamer." Unlike Hart and like Rodgers, Hammerstein has no Bohemian inclinations. He, too, is happily married, enjoys his children, likes to spend week ends in the country (on his self-sustaining dairy farm near Doylestown, Pennsylvania), drinks lightly, does not smoke, and believes firmly that daytime is the best time. "I guess I've never been young enough to enjoy night clubs," he says. More advantageous to both, however, than this concord of personal habits is their happy co-ordination of working habits.

Hammerstein, who has always preferred to write his lyrics *before* the music, had yielded throughout his career to previous collaborators (Jerome Kern, Sigmund Romberg and others) who liked to create their melodies first. Conversely, Rodgers, who prefers to set his music to finished lyrics, had necessarily adapted himself to the dilatory ways of Hart, who seldom would write a word until the entire score was done. These basic differences in method are reflected in the songs themselves. Hart's primary concern was with form and manner—with *how* he said something rather than with what he actually said. Hammerstein, a more philosophical and romantic man, is essentially concerned with the *content* of his songs and thus likes to be free to

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Childless Mother: Her Song

By Elizabeth McFarland

I sing of all forsaken things—
Torn twigs, rent clouds, disheveled wings,
Tired leaves adrift on autumn's floor,
And letters yellowing in a drawer;
The worm evicted from the rind,
The lamp that in the wind goes blind.

I sing of dreams and treasures lost,
Of all young hope that braves the frost;
Stars locked behind embedded skies,
And little lonely children's cries:
Lacking my own, each child endears;
Nor all the world could dry my tears.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

phrase them as he will without reference to a fixed musical pattern.

Thus perfectly paired in all departments, the talents of both Rodgers and Hammerstein matured and flowered. It was evident in Oklahoma! and still more obvious in the productions that followed it—Carousel, Allegro, State Fair (a motion picture) and South Pacific—that Rodgers' music had attained a new fullness and emotional depth. Each show had its individual hits; among them If I Loved You; What's the Use of Wond'rin'?; You'll Never Walk Alone; A Fellow Needs a Girl; It Might as Well be Spring; and finally the famous South Pacific songs, which, by all gauges of public favor, including sheet-music and record sales, have in a single year already eclipsed Oklahoma! and all else Rodgers or any other composer has ever written in the entire annals of the American musical theater.

To extend their concepts into every phase of dramatic expression, Rodgers and Hammerstein formed their own producing firm. As their experience enlarged they began producing plays by other authors, and soon proved as successful in this realm as in the purely creative field.

The producing firm of Rodgers and Hammerstein customarily stages the pre-Broadway tryouts of its plays in Boston. The partners like the city, they like the Ritz and, above all, they like the sympathetic and constructive attitude of the Boston drama critics—an invaluable help to a play or musical, in its formative stage, that is headed for a New York *première*.

"I wouldn't open anything except in Boston," Rodgers said the other day. "Not even a can of tomatoes."

In a business usually regarded as a turbulent one, the firm of Rodgers and Hammerstein is something of an anomaly. Where the offices of many producers are overrun with litter and short tempers, the newly leased R. &. H. suite on New York's Madison Avenue presents a trim and efficient if occasionally hurried aspect to visiting strangers. A reporter from a Western newspaper who came to New York recently on an assignment, posing as an unemployed actor, wrote after making the rounds of various theatrical offices that he received the most sympathetic treatment at the Rodgers & Hammerstein headquarters. Its atmosphere is especially designed to encourage unknown and timid applicants. Rodgers translates this policy to his own demeanor at auditions.

"He is gentle and kind to everybody," says librettist Dorothy Fields. "If some kid gets up and sings half of Aida he will sit there and listen respectfully and never wave him away or walk out. Dick and Oscar have put a quality of humanity in the theater. When they hire people they protect them and take an interest in their personal affairs. I don't think a producing firm like that ever existed before."

RODGERS specifically disavows any long-range aspiration to write purely formal, self-contained music.

"I'm a commercial-theater kid," he says. "It may enlarge my vanity to hear Koussevitzky conduct the Boston Symphony in The Carousel Waltz, or go to an all-Rodgers concert at the Lewisohn Stadium. It's also very nice when a good-looking actress flirts with you at a party. But you don't want to live with her. You want to go home to the girl you married." Rodgers also shrugs off suggestions that he has achieved any kind of immortality. "I don't write for posterity," he declares. Posterity may be glad to know, however, that provision has been made to preserve the original manuscripts of all his songs, along with other important American compositions, in the library of the Juilliard School.

Rodgers' friends agree that next to his apparently inexhaustible reserves of musical inspiration, his most striking characteristic is his personal immutability. Those who knew him at Columbia and earlier insist that he appears unaltered by the passing years or success or wealth or the growing up of his children. Today he is just about the same fellow: his hair is graying, but he still has all of it; he weighs a little more, but not very much more; and the same cool intellect still governs his behavior.

Hammerstein recently recalled an incident which first revealed to him a little of Rodgers' inner nature. At a party immediately following the opening performance of Oklahoma! someone in a group surrounding Rodgers and congratulating him on his obviously enormous hit remarked, "Well, you certainly ought to get drunk tonight." He replied, "I don't want to get drunk. I want to *feel* this."

What he feels, however, he habitually hides beneath the armor of casual materialism he puts on each morning with his pin-stripe suit. Only his family and closest friends are ever aware how easily he can be hurt, how keenly he can enjoy the good things that happen to him, how profoundly he may be stirred by a passage of music, or how apprehensive he may be on an opening night of one of his shows. Yet every once in a while he reveals a fleeting symptom of his supreme, governing emotion—a rapturous infatuation with every branch, twig and sprig of show business.

"Just the other afternoon," he confessed to a friend recently, "I was walking down Broadway when I passed a billboard with a big picture of Mary Martin. And I thought to myself, 'Gosh, Mary's a swell girl. I'm so glad I know her. What's more, she's not only a swell girl, she's a big star. Just think, I know Mary Martin, and she's a big star in a Broadway show.' And then all of a sudden I stopped short and asked myself, 'Whose show? *My* show!'"

THE END



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EVERY SUNDAY MORNING

(Continued from Page 65)

departure, before I am fully awake. l the time I am listening, too, and ng the clock on my desk. Ten-thirty . . . ty-five . . . fifty-five. I am on the point ng when David's door suddenly opens, stumbles sleepily through the hall. I ever known him to fail her, but still he her in front of the church, and comes or breakfast and a shave.

that you, David?"

s." He knocks and brings in the g papers.

e been waiting for these." His father and props himself higher. "Take randmother to church?"

id nods, his young face still creased leep. "I'm going to pick her up at -thirty."

the signal for me to rise. Dressed in and a long-sleeved blouse, I pass my r's room without really looking. Though ways makes her bed, I know the evi- I should find—the sprinkling of powder of her dresser, the white hairpins and et. There might even be strands of her avy hair, and for some reason I cannot o see them.

n quickly down the sun-flooded stairs, nto the kitchen. But once inside the I stop. She has left her cup and plate in nk. The water from the faucet drips on them with a curiously empty sound. e them aside, and brush some shreds of real from the breakfast table. She has ree places—the ice water is made, the e juice squeezed; and in front of the pot there is a brief, scrawled note: ing—please leave the dishes until I home."

as happened week after week, and each I wad the paper in my hand, and go with the muffins. But no matter how they are—how crisp the waffles or ers—I never have much appetite for ay breakfast. My husband and son pre- o enjoy it—the three of us sip and read gth, and afterward I wash every dish. ighten the living room, too, and there clock in our living room, but at twelve- y-five, as if a gong had been struck, I nse for the sound of the car.

David?"

m just leaving, mother."

y upstairs, and into her room. It is all now; I can finish the little things , in her haste, my mother has left un-

the dresser stand three little pictures ll gilt frames. They are arranged like a uard of perpetual innocence—my own ly forward, since I am the oldest, my 's set back a few inches, my brother's All of them were taken when we were ore than five. They face the bed where other sleeps, and in their round, solemn there is no hint of questioning. They to reflect my mother's faith, and noth- earth can shake it. Though my brother d, now, and neither my sister nor I have ed that first promise, my mother's life l one of service, and she prays on her every night.

RE than once I have gone to her room, ootsteps intentionally deadened, some siness drawing me . . . I don't know. I stepped through the doorway to find nother on her knees, her face concealed een outstretched arms, the shining plait ir lying motionless between her thin ders. I stand there for a minute, looking at her; I glance at my brother's pic- and I think, *Next Sunday I will go to h with her. It is such a little thing, and are only two of us, now. I will go to please other.*

hink this as I straighten her room and for the car. It is early spring. The trees de are a bright, stabbing green, and all retty things with which my sister and I thought to delight her catch the sun and how mock me. There is, among them, heap little paperweight on her book- es. A replica of a cathedral shines up through the glass—each window and dome is inlaid with iridescent mother-of-pearl. My sister and I found it in a secondhand store near New York. I was visiting her there, and my suitcase was already half filled with gifts we had bought for my mother. We had just finished choosing a garnet brooch which both of us knew would mean nothing.

"I don't care—I want her to have it," my sister said, and she laughed as if this sense of failure—this inability to thrill my mother with material things—had been a kind of challenge. Still, it was she who found the paperweight half buried under a pile of broken trinkets. I am not sure I would have seen it at all, but my sister's hand suddenly plunged down, and came up with the spired cathedral. "How quaint," she said. "Let's take it to the light."

We tilted it back and forth, and bought it for a quarter. In the confusion of unpacking, I forgot the cathedral until the very last.

"And here's an old paperweight we found in a junk shop, mother."

"Oh," she said, and for some reason I had to drop my eyes. I don't mean that she cried out, or even seemed excited. But later on that afternoon, I found her turning the glass disk in her hand. She was sitting by the window, and her hair framed her face like burnished silver. "I'll bet you didn't see this," she said, smiling.

I bent down. "What?"

"This little star," she said. "Look, when it catches the light."

Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire. Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them. —MATTHEW 7:16–20.

"Unh-hunh." I straightened abruptly. "That's just an imperfection," I said. "Just a trick of the imagination."

"No," said my mother, "it's right over the church spire, darling. You can see it very plainly."

I laughed and patted her shoulder. "All right, it's a star," I said, yet I had seen it too.

I see it every Sunday morning when I straighten her room, and always my eyes slide past.

Twenty-five cents, I think, *and she likes it better than anything in this room.* Only the pictures mean more to her, and the Bible, frayed on the edges. I pick it up from the floor by her chair. *Is it my fault?* I cry silently. *Haven't I done the best I could? Going to church is not the only answer—it's what you are, and believe.*

Then there is the sound of an approaching motor, and I unconsciously drop what I am doing, and run.

I am nearly always reading in the living room when my mother comes up from the basement garage. It is my way of hiding from myself, more than from her. Elaborately casual, I glance up from the paper, and something inside of me contracts. Is it just my imagination, or are her eyes faintly bleak? There she stands, trim and slender as a girl. Every spun-silver hair is brushed in place, she is smiling. But it seems to me that I can detect some weariness about her—something lonely and asking—and the roots of my tongue begin to ache. Instantly, I point to the bulletin she holds—I am ready to blame the church.

"Well," I ask, "how was everything today?"

She looks at me, as if puzzled. "Fine," she says. "It was really a beautiful service. Why?"

"Nothing. You seem rather tired."

"I'm all right. I just didn't sleep quite so well as usual last night."

"Then you shouldn't have gone to church!" I say harshly. "Good heavens, mother, it wouldn't hurt you to miss one Sunday."

Her answer is quiet. "I know that, but I feel perfectly all right." She begins to take off her hat. "I begged David not to come back for me," she says. "It's such a nice day. I would have enjoyed the walk."

In that instant I see her doing this—hurrying out ahead of the others, as she does when she is alone. I know those wide stone steps, how empty they look ahead of the crowd, and cold in the sunlight. I can see my mother walking down them, with one hand on the iron railing, the other clutching her bulletin. I know how rapidly she would walk until she reached the corner, her step slowing then, for she tires more quickly since my brother's death, though her back is straighter than mine.

"I've kept the coffee hot for you," I say aloud. "Go and drink a cup, mother. Eat something too. For pity's sake, you're getting so *thin.*"

From his lounging chair on the sun porch, Phil looks in at me and turns his paper. "What makes you so cross on Sundays?" he asks, when she has left. "Must be your conscience bothering you."

"My conscience!" I laugh. "What about yours?"

"I always go to church with my mother."

But you only see her once or twice a year! I do not say it aloud, for what is the use of reminding him? Besides, I am listening again.

Upstairs, David has begun to work on his theme. As a child, he went to church each Sunday, dressed and encouraged by my mother—walking back and forth with her, just as my brother walked, and my sister and I before him. Now, at the university, he is studying the Bible, as literature. It is a part of his English major, and armed with his new intellectual approach, he sometimes challenges my mother.

"What do you think of this?" He reads a passage from the Old Testament. "Now, wait, I can show you something else . . . it's right here."

She listens, in patience and quiet. "The Bible was never meant to be taken literally, David. It is simply the word of God," she says, and there is such conviction in her voice that my son falls silent before her.

Now, as she moves about the kitchen, I think of this and of how, at times, my mother blames herself for having failed her children. I hear her open the oven door, and I fling my paper aside and go out to help her.

"I've kept the muffins warm, mother, and there's some Canadian bacon."

"It looks delicious," she says, taking only one piece.

"Let me scramble some eggs for you."

"Oh, no, thank you. This is fine." She sits down at the breakfast table, where I have left a place for her. There is nothing martyred or reproachful in her manner, but her eyes still look drained. "I thought I asked you to leave the dishes for me."

"They didn't take two seconds." I stare through the window at the green, swirling trees. "Were there many people at church?"

"Quite a few. They all like Doctor Michaels, and then the music—I wish you could have heard it today."

"They have a good choir," I admit, and then, forcing myself: "Did you enjoy the sermon?"

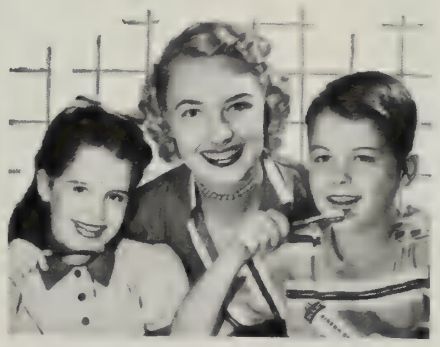
"Very much." There is a pause, while she reaches for a crumb on her plate. "Next Sunday they're going to have a man from the university. A professor of philosophy."

"That should be interesting."

She brightens, in the way that I dread. "I thought I'd tell David about him, too," she says, but his door is closed most of the day. He is studying for his finals, and my mother knows this and does not press the point.

She has her church duties the following week, and I am busy with different things,

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and we do not mention Sunday. Still, on Saturday morning when the telephone rings, I feel reprieved and grateful. A friend of my mother's who lives ten miles away is calling to ask her for dinner. And will she spend Saturday night with them? Her daughter is going to be out rather late, and they can have a nice, long visit.

My mother stands there nodding, she is pleased as a child.

"Edna's going to be alone," she explains. "I think she really wants me."

"Why wouldn't she?" I put my arm around her, laughing. "You can take my overnight bag."

"All right." For a moment she stands there, lost in anticipation. "She wants me to go to church with her too."

"That will be lovely." Maybe my relief is too evident; I don't know. But my mother gives me a swift, troubled glance, and I stoop down to rearrange some pans. "We'll come and get you tomorrow afternoon, mother," I tell her.

"Oh, I don't mind taking the bus, but I just remembered something. The sermon tomorrow—I wanted to hear it."

"So did I." The words are out before I can stop them, and there is a cry so unexpected that I straighten up in alarm. "What is it?"

She is looking at me with quick, shining eyes. "I'm going to call them! I can go next week just as well."

"Mother, please ——"

"I'd much rather go to church with you, darling. Much, much rather."

"No!" Panic sharpens my voice, and something else, too painful to define. "You've promised her now. You'll have to go."

"It doesn't matter. I can tell Edna right away," she says.

"Listen." I draw in my breath. "You know I was just talking. We'll be out late tonight. I doubt very much that I'd go, even if you were here."

"I'm willing to take that chance, darling," she answers softly.

"Oh, mother!" I strike out, in a kind of helpless fury. "I'm not going, so that's all there is to it."

She turns away. Her shoulders look so thin, through the house dress she wears, that I can see the deep hollow between them.

"Listen," I beg, "go on to Edna's. Have a good time. One church is as good as another, isn't it?"

She is washing lettuce, now, and she nods. "Of course."

"You don't go for the sermon, anyway. You've often told me that."

"Yes."

I edge around, so that I can see her face. She isn't crying. Her mouth does not tremble at the corners, but there is such open sorrow in the lines at either side that I am stricken with shame and self-loathing.

"Look." I press my cheek against hers. "I'll go with you next Sunday, mother. I give you my word."

"You needn't do that—I believe you," she tells me.

"I don't know what makes me so hateful."

One wet hand reaches up to my hair. "You're not," she says, "you're my sweet, fine girl."

I draw back as if she had burned me. "Don't say that. You know you think I'm lost. A heathen," I cry, bitter as gall, "just because I don't go to church. Because I can't believe the way you do, no matter how I try."

"I don't think any of those things," my mother says gently. "If I give that impression, then I am sorry."

"You mean you really think there's hope for me?"

"I know it," she says, and though I am prepared to mock and gibe, a strange thing happens then. For a moment, I move backward in time. I am a child, unburdened by the weight of years—a little girl kneeling beside her mother, with her head bowed in trustful imitation. The next instant I see myself as I really am, and the taste in my mouth is acid.

The soul is dyed the color of its leisure thoughts.

—DEAN INGE.
More Lay Thoughts of a Dean (Putnam & Co.)

"Now, you've got something to loo
ward to—for a whole week!"

My mother hides any grief she ma
"You needn't go on my account," s
marks quietly.

But I must. I have promised, an
through the week I am conscious of t
only because she never quite lets me
it. Though she never actually says a
there is about her some added tenderne
hint of joy that closes my throat, and
me sharp when I notice.

I find her pressing my street dre
Saturday, and I exclaim impatiently, "W
that for?"

"Nothing. I just noticed it was wrin

"I wish you wouldn't, mother." I s
the iron away. "You do entirely too
around here. You'll be sick, the next
you know."

"Oh," she smiles, "I doubt it. I'm n
sickly type, darling."

This is true, but she looks very frail,
find myself watching her anxiously. "Y
cleaned my gloves too!"

"Well"—she opens a drawer, and pre
to look inside—"I thought maybe you
planning to wear them tonight."

"We're not going out." My answ
short; I can't seem to help it. Not
mind staying at home—no, it isn't tha
her very longing clips my voice, and
know she will never wake me.

I have tried that, before, and four
gone when I finally opened my eyes.
didn't you call me, mother?" I rem
asking, and I can still see the quick
shake of her head, and her eyes going
me to the window.
didn't get in until so

Well, I think, *this won't even read*. I tu
my light at ten o
and Phil looks up
his book. "So early

"I'm going to
with mother."

"No!"

"Oh, hush." I turn on my side. "
you want to go with us?"

"Some other Sunday—I've got to fi
screen door."

But he is still sleeping when I wa
drizzling rain has begun to fall; I pu
covers higher. Lying there, I wait for
first, hushed sounds in my mother's
and when they come, I take a deep
and, barefooted, walk down the hall.

"Mother?"

She is wearing her kimono—a Chr
gift from my sister; not the one sh
chosen, of satin and lace, but the plai
crepe for which it was exchanged, b
my mother preferred something simple
she stands before the dresser with her
hair brushed loose, and the robe ti
gether at the waist. It is a size too larg
it hangs in folds, so that her shoulder
very narrow. Her face, above it, is swe
thin, and her eyes reflect the weather

"It's raining," she whispers. "Why
you go back to bed?"

"You know." I make a pretense of wi
"Remember?"

"Oh, your promise." She smiles, as
had forgotten. "I won't hold you to it
I may not even go myself," she say
turning away. "I seem to have a to
indigestion."

"Probably the dessert last night."
miss it as lightly as that, but becau
mother so seldom complains, my own st
tightens and spins. "Where does it hu
your chest?"

She nods, avoiding my eyes. "No
much, but it's such a dreary day. I just
you wouldn't wake up early."

"Well," I begin, "maybe you *had*
stay at home. I tell you what—you
bed, and I'll bring your breakfast u
You really should rest, mother. I don'
the weather, but ——"

She jerks around, and in the motio
that beneath her robe she is already
dressed. "You mean you'd go any
she asks.

(Continued on Page 206)



Round-Up Strap

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(Continued from Page 204)

"Why, certainly." I scowl at her—my eyes are smarting. "I'm just thinking about you," I tell her.

"Oh, if that's all!" She lifts her comb in a gay, sweeping gesture, and points toward the door. "Now, you run along and dress—I'll fix a little breakfast. I've already made some cinnamon biscuit for later on," she adds. "We'll have a nice, hot breakfast when we come home from church."

So, even before we leave the house, I am robbed of any comfort I might have had—any possible complacency over going to please my mother. She betrays her longing in these little ways, and each of them is a reminder. No last-minute rush—no listening, as she must, for David to wake . . . no tension. This is the way it should always be, I think, driving over the glistening streets at exactly ten-forty-five. Here we are, early enough to find plenty of parking space. Here is my mother, exquisitely neat, her blue eyes suffused with some inner radiance, a small purse clasped on her knees. She looks across at me, smiling, and I give the car a savage swing, and scrape the tires on the curbing.

"Feeling all right now?"

"Oh, yes. Isn't this nice? We're early."

The spires of the church seem to bend down and pierce my breast. Both heavy doors are opened wide, and through them I can hear an organ prelude. But the deep, somber music, so beautiful to her, accuses me with every step I take. Though I try to walk briskly, my knees are weak, and I shrink when the ushers come forward.

"Good morning . . . good morning."

"Mr. Williams?" Her voice is hushed, really breathless. "This is my daughter."

"How do you do." I smile painfully—it is always the same.

Walking stiffly behind my mother, I sink down in the designated pew—a little farther forward than usual, I suspect, for she is not alone today, and it is neither Easter nor Christmas. The stained-glass figures remind me of this—their eyes burn darkly as she slips to her knees, and reading mercy in their lifted hands, I glance away, and swallow.

Without turning my head, I know every motion that my mother makes, and commonplace though they may be, every one of them stabs me. First she takes out her glasses, hooking them sideways through the meshes of her hair. Then she opens the bulletin, reads it with childlike absorption, and smooths the pages together. Next there is the rustle of an envelope which contains her weekly offering—at least one tenth of all that she has, and anything extra we give her. She slides this beneath the cuff of her glove, and reaching for a prayer book in the rack just ahead, draws closer and whispers a number. "Page 287."

"Yes." I grasp the other side of the book—I try not to notice her moving lips, or to think of my brother and sister. But they are here with the choir which files toward the loft—each white-surpliced boy has my brother's eyes, each rosy girl is my sister. *She has never seen us any other way*, I think. *She comes to find us every week, and none of us is here.*

"Excuse me, please."

AN usher stands at my elbow—I move over for a couple who are late. Groups of three and four, young married couples, whole families are seated around us. There is not one who seems to worship alone, yet every Sunday of her life my mother sits in a space by herself, and prays for the strength to guide us. She stands erect, as now, and repeats the Scriptures with boundless faith, for whether or not we live by them, in this respect we have failed her.

"Glory be to the Father, and to the Son ——" Her voice rises, clear and true. But it is not so steady as when she was young, and thinking of this, I try to sing, and not a word comes out—not a sound.

I sit beside her and grope for a bill—it seems to shout from the collection plate, but my mother's hand is quicker than the eye, and she listens to the sermon without moving. Though my own sense of failure is like a weight on my chest, she gives no sign of feeling this, and after a while I am reassured in some way . . . I can't explain it.

But then, with the last hymn, I look at my mother, and her thin, luminous face is too much for me. I see her quickly gather her things, and I long to rush out ahead of the crowd, for I know too well what is coming.

"Good morning—how are you, Mrs. Estes? You've met my daughter, haven't you?"

"Why, of course! So nice to have you with us today."

We shake hands, and move slowly up the aisle. There is no hurrying my mother now—she must stop and greet each person she knows, and always with her hand on my arm. "Mrs. Lockridge, this is my daughter—my oldest daughter—you remember my daughter." *Oh, see, she is here. She has come with me to the house of our Lord. Be warm and friendly—be kind to her, for she is confused and in need.* "Let's cross over, darling, I want you to meet the Theilens."

Pulling tighter within myself, I smile and smile. "How do you do? Yes, wasn't it? Just wonderful. Mother ——"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

A Place in the Country

By Elizabeth-Ellen Long

Oh, somewhere there are orchards
I never yet have seen,
Nor shall, and grassy meadows
All daisy-white and green,

Which still belong as much to me
As though the deed were writ,
And plain for everyone to see
My own name signed to it,

For they have been my one refuge
For years, my one retreat
From all the unloved sights and sounds
Of crowded city streets,

From pavements where no grass dares grow,
From buildings rising high
With neither song nor beauty
Upon a treeless sky.

Oh, somewhere there are fertile fields
I never yet have sown,
Nor shall, but which until I die
Will be my very own!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

At the entrance the minister waits, his black robe billowing in the fresh spring wind, for the skies have miraculously cleared and even the sparrows are splitting their throats in a kind of tuneless hymn.

"Doctor Michaels"—my mother's expression is unbearably eager—"you remember my daughter," she says, and in the next shaken breath: "We were sorry to have missed your visit last week. Both of us happened to be out."

A quick flash of understanding darkens his eyes. "I'll come again soon," he promises, and suddenly I feel stubborn in the way I have already described—set hard against him, and the others.

"Thank you for the sermon," I murmur. I straighten my arm, and move away from my mother. I walk down the steps with my head lifted high, and all the time there is this grinding wretchedness which I blame on the church, and on orthodox faith in general. "If he comes, I won't be at home, mother."

Sitting beside me in the car, she looks over as if I had struck her. "Doctor Michaels? Don't you like him?"

"Oh, he's all right. Very intelligent," I admit grudgingly. "I just don't know how to talk to a minister."

"Why, that's ridiculous!" She tries to laugh. "They're no different from other people."

I press my foot on the gas. "They are, to me."

"But you heard his sermon. He isn't narrow, or smug, or—or anything you might object to."

"I know all that, and if he'd just come and talk the way he *sounds*. But no, he'd want to convert me!"

SHE doesn't answer. I turn my head—the flesh beneath her chin is sliding down. "You are already a member of the church," she says at last. "All of my children . . . you were nine."

"Was I?" But I remember too well. The old church at home—the lilies on the altar, my mother's eyes. Three of us, I think, and now none. I almost sideswipe a car. "That was too young, mother. I couldn't possibly have realized what I was doing."

"You were happy, though—such a sweet little thing."

I slap at her hand. "Stop it, now!" I laugh. "Don't let's get sentimental. This is a hard, materialistic world, and I've been conditioned to it. Only ——" She looks so stricken that I have to say something. "I'm glad I went to church with you, mother."

Her whole face springs into life. "You do feel better for it, don't you? . . . It's really no trouble at all," she remarks a few minutes later. We are in the kitchen, and the combination breakfast and lunch is already cooking. The table has been set—Phil and David have had their orange juice, and are reading the morning papers. Through the window behind them there is the moist, verdant world, and birds cry shrilly for notice. "Sometimes I feel a little tired," my mother confesses, "but today it was lovely, wasn't it?"

I just nod. I want, more than anything, to assure her—to say that I will join her every Sunday after this—but I can't bring myself to promise—not so soon. Instead, I heap her plate with omelet. I read in her room, during the symphony hour; I take up her supper on a tray.

"Phil and I are going out for a little while, mother. We'll be home early."

"That's all right—you have a good time."

"Here are the New York papers, and some magazines."

She reaches for them—I see the paperweight half concealed in her hand, and I just go blind, for a minute. I know there is nothing wrong with her, now, but I have to speak to David.

"Watch out for your grandmother," I remind him sternly. "She wasn't very well this morning."

He lowers his book—it is Darwin's Descent of Man. "Is she all right now?" he asks quickly.

"Yes—I suppose. But you might go to church with her now and then! It seems little enough—you'll be sorry, someday."

"All right, mother." He sighs. "Don't rub it in. I'm going, just as soon as I finish these finals. I promise."

I turn away, knowing that he, too, feels this nagging lack for which I am partly responsible. I know I can trust him to look out for my mother, but her room is dark when we come home, and I have to stop and listen. There is no sound. In the kitchen below, David is drinking milk with his father. The clink of their glasses comes up to me. I am afraid of disturbing my mother's rest, but still, I must turn the handle of her door, and look inside, as always.

She is lying on her back—facing the mirror where the three miniatures glint softly in the light from the hall. One thin, white arm is curved around the pillow, the other lies over her chest. Her body seems flat and very still, and watching until the covers rise, I bury my face in my hands.

I tell you, I am afraid . . . I don't know. She seems so little and pale in the shadows. She isn't very young any more, and in a way I have helped to age her. I want to fall down on my knees and pray—I want to beg her, and promise. But my back is rigid with the habit of years—I stand there waiting until a clock strikes twelve, and then, on Monday, I buy her a dress, or a hat trimmed with pretty cloth flowers. THE END



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WHY I LIKE WOMEN

(Continued from Page 61)

and cosmetics and lack of whiskers. I mean the aura about her which man has not, which cannot be feigned and is in no way imitative of a man.

The physical structure of the female body and its life-bearing potential are, of course, basic to all a woman is and does. Because the physical structure of the female body cannot be separated from the mind and spirit (as some men discover too late), I have avoided saying that I like it. (But I do.) Woman's thinner muscles and smaller size have had something to do with her "inferior position" from the cave-man era on, for theoretically a man can lick a woman in a free-for-all fight if only force is used. Women are weaker and, incidentally, shapelier than men. I like them for both of those reasons—and they don't need to conform to a single standard of beauty in shape or weight. If all women were alike in figure, it would play no part in their attractiveness. Pictorial conceptions of the female form are always distorted. Because women do not wholly resemble Venus de Milo any more than they wholly resemble paintings by Rubens, Gauguin or a pin-up artist, I like them.

During World War II, an outstanding woman military leader lectured to girl recruits: "Remember you are ladies and forget you are women." While I recognize the purpose of her euphemism (as if we did not have proof enough that war is hell), it seems to me the advice would have been more effective had she said: "Be ladies if you can, *but never forget for a single moment that you are women.*" Now *that* would have made them think a time or two before relying on any brittle armor of mannerism, and perhaps helped them to direct normal emotions and desires toward the greatest happiness.

Women often do not like women because they are women, but I like women primarily for their femininity and so do all men, I believe, who are brave enough to admit they like women. Why any woman would want to forget she is a woman is more than I can imagine. It seems to me the smart career girl would not conceal her femininity, but use it, and not merely to get a husband. Both Tugboat Annie and the proudest queen are successful chiefly because of their femininity. There are still some men tangled with cobwebs of superstition who mean it as a compliment when they say, "She thinks just like a man." But no woman "thinks like a man." It's a lucky thing for both sexes. And the man who thinks of women in terms of men is either a knave or a fool—very often he is both. This is one of the few rules of life to which there is no exception.

Women allegedly "think from the heart," are guided by "feminine intuition," and respond emotionally to all situations. I am not sure how they do it, but I like the effects they achieve. There was a memorable scene in the movie version of Pearl Buck's famous novel, The Good Earth, in which the father of a starving brood pulls a shank of meat out of the pot and beats his son for having stolen it. While the father is beating some honesty into the kid, the mother picks up the bone, brushes it off and drops it back into the soup. Her behavior was typical of a nicety in morals that belongs only to women. I won't discuss it because I don't understand it, but I admire it. The pessimistic German philosopher, Schopenhauer (they say a blond *Fräulein* once gave him an unphilosophical brush-off), wrote an essay to prove that women have no souls. I am inclined to agree. Either that, or they are all soul. At least, when the chips are down, they are not likely to copy some moldy old soul they've read about.

But of all the traits of women, the most endearing is their love for men. This is more than the simple affinity of the sexes, for women, far more often than men, love selflessly without "reason," or even love in return. How many mothers will not admit they prefer sons to daughters? How many women teachers do not like their male pupils best? They say oh, of course they like the girls, but boys are less trouble, or boys are less worry, or boys are not so devious—but none of their excuses bears analysis except: *they like boys.* Could anything be sweeter?

The three-year-old and his father were being pushed toward the rear of a rapidly filling elevator. A kindly woman turned to the dad and said, "Aren't you afraid your little boy will be squashed?"

"Not a chance, lady," answered the father. "He bites."

Any scoundrel, wastrel, milquetoast or genius may have a devoted wife. Sometimes a woman's love seems to grow stronger in proportion to the ingratitude she bears, and who can say that it is foolish to love? . . . On crisp, cool evenings Uncle Louie could not resist the lure of a train's whistle. He left Aunt Mamie nineteen times in sixteen years. Without a quarrel he left her, and often without a cent, which is a little less than Mamie would have had if Uncle Louie had never strayed. Whenever a freight train moaned, she would exclaim, "Here comes Louie!" In a month or two she would be right. She always received him the way he left her: empty-handed, with a kiss. "*I love him,*" was her only explanation.

Women are a good idea God had. The Eternal Feminine belongs with the sunshine and pleasure in the world, rather than with the shadow and pain. The most disillusioned man inevitably associates the female of the species with challenge, not fear, with triumph, not defeat, with beauty and warmth and comfort and clean clothes and good things to eat.

I like women, for the substance of Woman is both flesh and a dream.

If all this is obvious, I wish it were more so; if too slight, it is because words are so weak; if too idealistic, it is because my glasses are rose-tinted by the woman who loves me.

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES

(Continued from Page 191)

it lightly in a jar of cream. Now hold the point at the center of your eyelid and draw a line, as close to your eyelashes as possible, toward the outer edge of your eye. From there, allow it to extend upward slightly. Pretty for a wide-eyed look.

Hope for Your Hair. It's often the one curl that undoes and dangles over your forehead or lies pencil-straight against your cheek that makes you feel "My hair's a mess!" To avoid a hair-up-in-pin-curls look, rewind these stubborn locks and fasten the curls with gold- or silver-colored bobby pins.

For an orderly, inexpensive and pretty effect: Place a ½-yard rectangle of veiling over the crown of your head, allowing it to cover all of your back hair except the curly ends. Now gather the ends of the veiling together on each side and secure to your hair just above your ears with tiny black velvet bow in bobby pins.

Try one of the new adjustable nylon hair nets designed to accommodate any hair style you wish to wear.

While dressing, protect your hairdo, make-up and clothes by wearing one of the new transparent plastic caps (complete with air vents) which slip on over your head and snap under your chin.

Anchor unmanageable cowlicks and wisps by using one of the new faintly scented creamy hair preparations. Moisten the palm of your hands with the cream and smooth them over your hair. THE END

AND OTHER VIEWS OF PATTERNS. Pages 54 and 55



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TELL ME DOCTOR

(Continued from Page 31)

I'd have to read you a lecture upon female physiology to make you understand it. I'm sorry I haven't the time now, so you'll have to take my word for it."

"I think I understand it, Doctor."

"That's because you look at things intelligently."

"I try to. Can this bleeding be remedied, Doctor?"

"I'm sure it can, provided we have satisfied ourselves of its cause. I'm going to examine you now, to try to eliminate any other possible conditions."

Later, in the consulting room, the doctor radiated a confidence that was exceedingly comforting to his patient.

"I believe we're on the right track, Mrs. Tow. At least I can find nothing else that might account for your trouble, after a most exhaustive examination. The cervix is clean and healthy, the womb normal in size for a woman who has borne children, freely movable, in good position and not unduly sensitive. The ovaries and tubes are negative."

"Of course, that relieves my mind," Mrs. Tow admitted. "Will you tell me just what you propose to do to help me, Doctor? I don't suppose you are going to let me keep on bleeding this way every month."

"Certainly not. In fact, I propose to do something very definite about it as soon as I can establish the diagnosis I have tentatively made."

"And your diagnosis is?"

"Premenopausal bleeding, induced by the glandular causes I tried to explain. Now, what I propose to do is this—first, I'm going to suggest a thorough curettement of the inside of the womb."

"What would that accomplish?"

"It would remove the excessive growth of endometrium—lining cells—and probably give immediate relief, at least for a year or so. Even more important, it would also afford an opportunity for microscopic examination of the curettings, which would be most important on the very small chance that we might be dealing with something more serious than hyperplasia."

"I hope you don't mean cancer."

"I think it is extremely doubtful that there is anything of a serious nature present, but the reason why I want those curettings for examination is to make absolutely certain. If nothing harmful is found, I shall proceed to give you a series of hormone injections, which I expect will be most helpful."

"Of course I trust your judgment. When will you want to do this curettement?"

"Right away. Oh, I nearly forgot something. Didn't you mention some other complaint about which you wished to consult me?"

"Of course! I forgot it myself. It's about my breast. About two weeks ago I noticed a small lump on the left side. I'm sure it isn't anything—I see you're frowning, Doctor. Don't tell me it's bad."

"Well, it *could* be most anything. Let's see it. We won't need to go back to the examining room for that."

A moment later the doctor was running sensitive fingers over the delicate skin structure covering a well-developed mammary gland, testing the size, location and mobility of a small, hard lump that was situated within two inches of the nipple. The frown that his patient had noted increased, rather than diminished.

"Don't tell me it's bad, Doctor."

"I honestly can't tell from such an examination," he confessed. "This must be investigated further. You say you first noticed it about two weeks ago?"

"Yes. I think I remember hitting my breast on a chair last month. That could cause the lump, wouldn't it?"

The doctor shook his head slowly. "I doubt it. As a matter of fact, women receive small injuries to the breasts so constantly that there's always some such accident recollected whenever anything like this turns up. Purely coincidental, as a rule. Do you nurse your babies? I don't remember."

"Yes, Doctor."

"Never had any trouble with the breasts at that time—no hardness, or inflammation or anything?"

"I don't remember anything."

"You probably would, if you'd had. Anyhow, that fact is not important."

"It—it couldn't be a—a cancer, could it, Doctor?"

The doctor hesitated. "I—don't—think so," he replied slowly. "As I said before, I don't know."

"Would it have anything to do with the change of life we've been discussing?"

"It might. I'll say this, Mrs. Tow—that a lump in the breast and increased bleeding occurring simultaneously may look at your case more happily. That may sound odd to you, but I am pretty well convinced that both occurrences are of glandular origin—that is due to the same cause, stimulation. The cancer age corresponds roughly with the change of life. I purely coincidental, I pointed out. Now, I think your hitting your breast was the cause of this lump. In fact, I don't know too much about the cause of things. What I know is that you have a lump in your breast which must be investigated—never mind how it came there. The most common cause of such a lump is a chronic inflammation of the gland itself—or part of it—together with cystic formation. In other words, *mastitis*. Unfortunately, I can't tell, as can anyone else—its nature by looking at it from the outside, or feeling it. We've got to get it under the microscope for examination—a *biopsy*, in other words."

"Operate, you mean?"

"That's right. Right away. There is no time to be lost."

"And you can't tell me anything definite about it?"

"I'm sorry to say, I cannot."

"Is it really as bad as that? This cystic inflammation you mentioned ——"

"Is the most common cause of such lumps, and probably the cause of yours, but not positive."

"But if it were cancer, wouldn't there be definite signs to denote it?"

"There would, but not at this time. Even if we could make a positive diagnosis by waiting at it, it would be too late."

"There is no other way except by operation?"

"No other certain way. It is essential that all such cases be investigated at the earliest possible moment. *All* of them. They usually change. Only this last spring I operated on a young woman whom I had had twice before for what proved to be cystic mastitis. I was forced to use all my persuasive power to get her to submit to a third operation when a third lump appeared. Someone, it seems, had told her that *once* cystic mastitis always cystic mastitis. We did operate, and proved to be a cancer. I think it likely that early operation will save her life.

"You see, it is of paramount importance to get these things early, if they are

CAESAR'S WIFE SHOULD BE ABOVE SUSPICION

Claudius, a Roman patrician, made love to Caesar's charming wife Pompeia and had his affections returned. When news of the scandal got abroad Caesar immediately divorced Pompeia. At the trial Caesar maintained that he knew nothing of Pompeia's clandestine meetings with Claudius. Upon being asked why he was casting her off, Caesar replied, "The wife of Caesar ought not only to be clear of such a crime, but also of the very suspicion of it."

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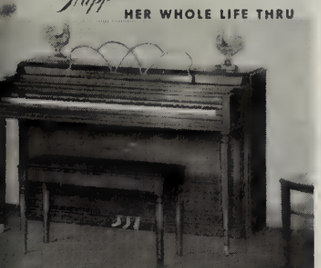
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nant. *If* we can get them before the lymphatic glands into which they drain become involved, we have a pretty good chance. Once the glandular system has become involved, no one can tell how far or how fast it has gone. The cancer infection—that is not the proper word for it, but it will suffice: it isn't really an infection, but an actual transference of cells—may jump ahead into almost any part of the body. When that happens, the case is hopeless."

"What is it that you propose to do, then?"

"Take you into an operating room, remove this small lump, which is simple enough to do and requires only a couple of minutes, have it frozen, stained and sectioned, and examined under a microscope. If it proves to be only mastitis, you can go home the same afternoon, rejoicing. If it's worse, then you must understand that we shall go ahead, at the same setting, and do the most radical extirpation of the entire breast and its lymphatic glands which stretch clear under the armpit, that it is possible to accomplish. Not a small operation, you understand, but one of the first magnitude."

Mrs. Tow drew a long breath. "When do you want to do this?"

"Tomorrow morning. You'll go to the hospital this afternoon."

"Very well. I'll do as you say."

"Good. Be assured that you're doing the right thing. And one thing more, Mrs. Tow. In the event, as I hope and believe, that this operation proves trivial, we'll go ahead with that curettement we were talking about. You'll be under anesthesia, anyhow."

"All right, Doctor. I'll see you tomorrow."

When his patient was gone, the doctor sat for a short space of time, silently thinking. Unconsciously he picked up an engraved card that had been rescued from his morning's mail and laid on his desk.

"Announcement of the marriage of Miss Jane Doe to—what's this? Mr. John Doe? Humph! She didn't have to change her name much. Now, this is what—the twenty-fifth of April? I'll give her to the first of August until she comes in to see me because she's missed her period. Heigh-ho! What a life!"

(To be Continued)

AUDUBON DINING ROOM

(Continued from Page 192)

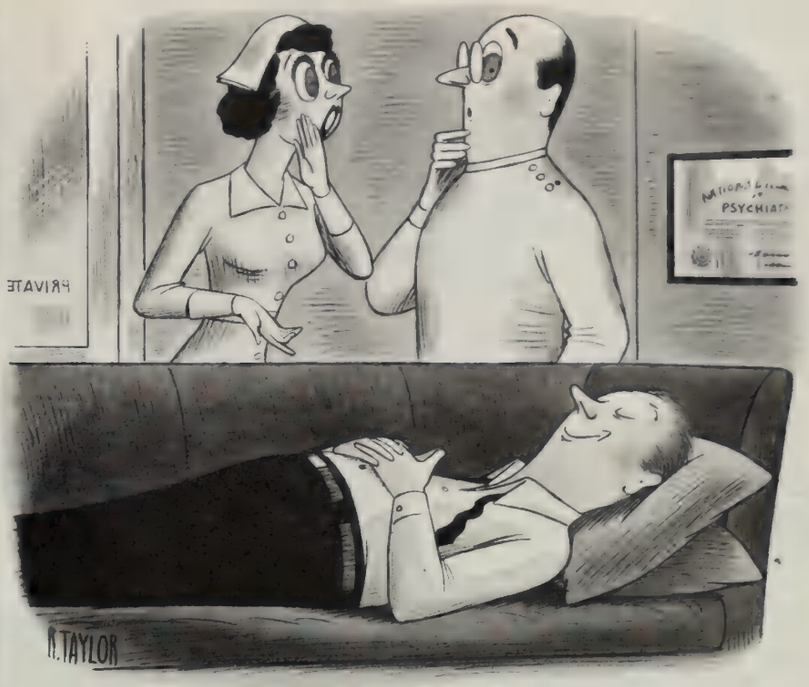
Audubon bird plates, milk glass and ironstone arranged on the shelves.

Since the room was small and we needed extra space for an extension table, we selected side pieces to suit the available spaces. This type of eighteenth-century mahogany reproduction furniture represents one of the best values today, as it can be bought separately. The table, chest and server cost in the $70-to-$125 range each. There are a chest of drawers for linens and a server with a double top, which can also be used for tea or fireside supper. The pedestal table will extend to accommodate all the in-laws as well as the family, on special occasions.

Audubon prints come in many sizes, and you will find it easy to pick out the ones you want, inexpensively priced. We used a 25" x 38" print in the center, which cost $15. A portfolio of seven 18" x 22" Audubon prints can be had for as little as $20. The beautiful bird plates and cups are copied from these prints and cost about $2 each.

You can choose a dining-room theme from any number of interests or hobbies. A most charming room can be decorated around pieces of old Spode or Wedgwood, blue willow or even a single big picturesque platter. Match the colors of your china or contrast them delicately. A collection of luster on shelves or in cupboards, used with arbutus pink or leaf green, makes a dazzling scheme. Pieces of old silver or white glaze used against French blue are dignified and traditional. A collection of Pennsylvania Dutch pottery combined with warm yellows and browns makes a cozy and inviting dining room.

THE END



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Double enjoyment—turkey with two kinds of stuffing (oyster and ham); two bowls of gravy and cranberries; variety in vegetables.

PHOTOS BY STUART



By RUTH MILLS TEAGUE

IF there's any more cooking fun than preparing Thanksgiving dinner, I don't know where it's to be found. On this one feast day of the year the kitchen is the most important and popular room in the house, and you have every excuse to spend as much time there as you like. No one expects a Thanksgiving dinner to appear as if by magic, and the Thanksgiving menu is decreed by tradition.

Not that you can't inject some originality into the historic dishes. Your turkey stuffing can be blended with novel flavors. Your vegetables can have a difference. Your pumpkin dessert needn't be pie. And when you bring them to the table they can give you an aesthetic as well as a gastronomic thrill.

We'll start with soup, not a heavy soup but delicate Madrilene. A cup of hot clear soup will be a perfect preface to the hearty fare that will follow. Our beautiful turkey will hold two kinds of stuffing, oyster and ham. The basic recipe for the stuffing is the same for both, but just before it is put into the bird, oysters are added to about one third of it and slivers of uncooked ham to the rest—so we get two stuffings *(Continued on Page 214)*

conversation piece



Guests of just family, service of Thanksgiving dinner is traditional: in all its glory the turkey comes to the table for carving—and admiring.

Traditional dessert flavor, new—and lighter—form. Pumpkin nut pudding, served well chilled with a creamy vanilla sauce—add the best coffee you can brew.



Hard Club to get into

BEAUTIFUL AS THEY ARE, MANY OF THESE PEAS WON'T MAKE THE GREEN GIANT LABEL



Our neighbors up in Minnesota used to shake their heads.

"Here you are," they'd say, "growing what we'll admit is a finer pea from that selected seed of yours. And those newfangled notions of yours—like hiring scientists to tell just the hour when each field should be picked—they worked out pretty good, too.

"But, what gets us is—after all that, you go ahead and kick out so many of those peas as not being quite tender enough!"

Well, maybe we are too fussy, but we've got a point, too. We've never seen the day when women didn't want more Green Giant Brand peas than we could grow. Try a can



How tender is a pea? Green Giant scientists do guess. This machine, known as the tenderometer, te them exactly by shearing peas and measuring th resistance. This is only one of the tests for tend ness that Green Giant Brand peas must pass.

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Good cooks everywhere praise Franco-American Beef Gravy. You will, too! *Get* several cans *today!*

Franco-American
BEEF GRAVY
READY TO SERVE!

(Continued from Page 212)

of decidedly contrasting flavors with a minimum of effort. Giblet gravy, and lots of it, comes next, and we mustn't forget cranberries. I'll give you a recipe for raw-cranberry relish, as a change from cranberry sauce or jelly. For any other meal one vegetable would be enough, but for Thanksgiving we must be opulent and provide a variety. I've chosen four: cauliflower with butter sauce, peas, onions cooked with bacon and a little vinegar, and fluffy mashed potatoes. They can be served on the same platter if you like, and I think that's a fine idea.

Instead of salad, which would be going too far even for the feast day, we'll have relishes, and the choice is up to you. Assorted pickles, watermelon or cucumber, celery, olives, radishes, green-tomato pickles—but whatever you choose, celery should be included. The crisp texture and delicate flavor of celery are a perfect accompaniment to a turkey dinner.

The staff of life has to get in here somewhere, and small baking-powder biscuits would be lovely if you want to bother with them. Rolls that you buy at the grocery or bakery would be good, too, but whatever it is, serve the breadstuff hot.

Now we're ready for dessert, and here I want to be slightly untraditional and suggest a pumpkin nut pudding instead of mince or pumpkin pie. The pudding is rich enough, heaven knows, but it isn't as heavy as pie, and a thin wedge of it served ice cold with a vanilla sauce makes a delicious finale. Also, it *has* to be made the day before, and that's all to the good.

I won't specify the number of people these recipes will serve. A big turkey will take care of a lot of healthy appetites, and so will the pudding. Count noses on the vegetables and cook more than you think you'll need.

MADRILENE

You can buy excellent canned Madrilene in grocery stores, and for this occasion it might be better to buy rather than make it. However, here is a recipe in case you want to do the job yourself. Get a veal knuckle or shank with some meat on it. Put it in a kettle with 4 quarts cold water and add 2 stalks celery, a handful of parsley, 1 bay leaf, 1 or 2 cloves garlic, 1 small onion, chopped, 1 No. 2½ can tomatoes, 1 tablespoon mono sodium glutamate, 2 teaspoons salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Bring slowly to a boil; skim and cook slowly, covered, 6 hours. Taste for seasoning, add more if needed and strain through fine sieve lined with wet cheesecloth. When thoroughly chilled, remove fat from top. If you use a pressure cooker, cook the soup 2 hours at 15 pounds and use 3 instead of 4 quarts water. Make soup as far ahead as you like and reheat before serving.

ROAST TURKEY

When you buy your turkey, ask the butcher to remove the large tendons from the legs. Wash turkey well and remove lungs and other objects that lurk inside it. Your cat will love them—as if you didn't know this, in case you have a cat. Dry bird inside and out and rub with salt and mono sodium glutamate.

Turkey stuffing. It's difficult to give exact rules for quantity, but allow approximately 1 cup stuffing per pound weight of turkey after it is dressed. A 1-pound loaf of bread will make about 5 cups of stuffing. If you have more stuffing than will go into the bird, cook it in a small casserole. For a 15-pound turkey (dressed weight) get three 1-pound loaves of sliced bread a day or two old; spread slices on a cooky sheet and let them stand at room temperature overnight. This will dry the bread a little, not too much. Remove crusts and pick bread apart with your fingers into small flakes. Finely chop celery, using some of the green leaves, to make 3 cups, and onions to make 2½ cups. Melt ¼ pound butter or margarine in a skillet, add 2 or 3 cloves garlic, finely minced, and cook 1 minute. Add chopped celery and onions and cook until they begin to brown. Cool to lukewarm, empty contents of skillet over bread and mix thoroughly. Coarsely chop 2 pounds chestnuts that have been boiled until tender. (To remove shells and skins from chestnuts, make a V-shaped cut in the flat side of each nut, spread them out on a pan or cooky sheet and pour a little salad oil over them. Turn them over several times with a pancake turner so they are all coated with oil. Put pan in a hot, 450° F., oven for 10 minutes, and when cool enough to handle, remove shells and skins.) Add nuts to stuffing with 6 tablespoons chopped parsley and 1 tablespoon mono sodium glutamate. Now we're ready for seasoning, and here it's a question of taste and tasting. Salt and freshly ground black pepper, of course, but not too much salt because the ham slivers will be in two thirds of the stuffing and they will add salt. Melt another ¼ pound butter or margarine in the skillet in which you cooked the onions and celery, and add whatever herbs you're going to use. For my taste, 2 tablespoons dried sweet basil, 1 tablespoon marjoram and 1 teaspoon sage are just about right. Or you can use a prepared poultry seasoning according to directions on the package. Put butter and herbs over low heat for a minute to release some of their flavor and add slowly to the stuffing, tossing all the time. Now eat a few bites and correct seasoning to your taste.

Put one third of stuffing in a separate bowl and add to it 12 large oysters or 24 small ones cut into pieces, mix well and add salt to taste. This is the stuffing for the neck of the turkey. It will be moist because of the oysters, but it will not be soggy. Into the larger bowl of stuffing put ½ pound uncooked smoked ham cut into slender slivers about ¾ inch long, and mix well.

Fill the neck cavity with the oyster stuffing, packing it in well, and sew down the flap. Fill the body cavity with the ham stuffing—and you needn't be afraid to give it all it will hold. This stuffing will be fluffy and light no matter how firmly the bird is packed. Sew up cavity, or fasten it with poultry pins and lace with twine. Using strong twine, fasten legs to sides of bird—don't let them stick up in the air. I always stuff my turkey the day before, not only for convenience—which is no small matter—but because I think it improves the flavor of the meat.

Now to the roasting. If you can get aluminum foil—and most of us can these days—completely wrap the turkey in an airtight covering of foil. Maybe the covering won't be *completely* airtight, but do as good a job as you can. The foil keeps the turkey from drying out or browning too quickly and eliminates the necessity of basting—a big nuisance too. If you can't get aluminum foil, cover turkey with a cloth that has been dipped in salad oil. Put the turkey, breast side down, in a roasting pan for the first hour of cooking and turn it breast side up for the rest of the time. Have a small quantity of water in the bottom of the roasting pan at all times.

Some birds of exactly the same weight will cook quicker than others, but here are some fairly safe rules to follow. If the turkey is wrapped in aluminum foil, which delays cooking action, allow 22 minutes a pound in a moderate, 350° F., oven, and if it is covered with a cloth allow 19 minutes per pound in a moderate, 350° F., oven. Test by inserting a skewer into the fleshy part of the second joint. If the skewer goes in easily and the juice that flows out is clear and not at all pink, cooking time is over. Don't cook the turkey until the legs and wings practically fall off. About ½ hour before cooking time is up, remove covering from turkey, brush well with softened butter or margarine and put it in a hot, 400° F., oven until beautifully browned. During the browning period brush several times with more butter or margarine. The skin should be crisp and brown but not hard and dried out.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Little Room

By Eleanor Halbrook Zimmerman

The little room beneath the eaves,
That slanted down so snug and low,
How rich and beautiful it seemed
In childhood's kingdom long ago.

The red geranium on the sill,
The little clock that showed the hour,
The star dust on the windowsill,
The sudden music of a shower,

The singing winds in spring and fall,
The colored dreams from Fancy's mart . . .
Were never quite lost, after all,
Because I have them in my heart.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

GIBLET GRAVY

While you're making the stuffing, cook the neck, gizzard and heart until tender in salted water to which 1 tablespoon mono sodium glutamate has been added. I always use a pressure cooker for this job because it saves time. Strain broth, and when gizzard and heart are cool, chop them into small pieces. Sauté liver a few minutes in a little butter or margarine, chop fine and add all the giblets to the strained broth. Cool and store in refrigerator. When you're ready to make the gravy, pour drippings from roasting pan into broth and giblets, add water and thicken with flour and water beaten into a smooth paste. Season to taste with salt and freshly ground black pepper. I'm not specifying quantities here, and perhaps I'm more gravy-minded than a lot of people, but I think it's a sin and a shame not to have plenty of gravy. It's so good, not only with the Thanksgiving dinner, but for making delicious concoctions out of leftover turkey and stuffing.

CRANBERRY RELISH

Wash and pick over 4 cups cranberries and put them through medium blade of food grinder with 1 unpeeled navel orange, center vein removed. Drain juice from 1 small can crushed pineapple and add pineapple and juice of ½ lemon to cranberries and orange with 1 cup granulated sugar. I think 1 level teaspoon curry powder improves the relish. The taste of the orange and raw cranberries is so dominant that the curry flavor is almost unrecognizable, but it's there. Make relish a couple of days in advance and store in refrigerator.

MASHED POTATOES

I don't have to go into complete details about mashing potatoes, but here are a few points I think are important. Don't cut potatoes into small pieces or they are apt to be soggy. Cover with boiling salted water to start cooking. When you're ready to drain them, don't hold lid of kettle and try to pour off water, but dump the whole business into a colander to be sure the potatoes are thoroughly drained. Return potatoes to kettle and set over low heat to expel moisture. Heat milk and butter or margarine before adding to potatoes. Put kettle in a pan of boiling water during mashing—*never* let the potatoes get cool. Don't spare the horses on the whipping, and use an electric beater if you have one.

ONIONS AND BACON

Peel small onions, leave them whole and put them in a kettle with a little water, enough vinegar to give the water a delicately acid taste, and a small quantity of bacon cut into slender strips—¼ pound bacon will be enough to season 24 small onions. Cook, uncovered, until flavor of bacon has been released, and add salt and freshly ground black pepper to taste. By the time the onions are tender, most if not all the liquid should have evaporated.

CAULIFLOWER

Cook a small head of cauliflower in salted boiling water until barely tender. It's so easy to overcook cauliflower, and just a little of that mistreatment will ruin both the

(Continued on Page 216)

Why not you ?

A new triumph awaits at your very finger tips—a cake with all the tender deliciousness, all the sumptuous come-hither as the one you see here. And must you go through a struggle to score this new triumph? Not at all. You merely have to add milk to either one of the two new Pillsbury Cake Mixes—White or Chocolate Fudge. Why don't you march in tonight with one of these truly wonderful cakes and give your family a thrill that they can feel right down to the tips of their toes? Why not? Why not you?



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(Continued from Page 214)

taste and the texture. Test with a fork, and the minute the prongs go in without too much effort on your part, cooking time is up. If the fork sinks in with no effort, the mischief has already been done.

To make butter sauce, melt 3 tablespoons butter or margarine in a saucepan, stir in 1 teaspoon flour and add ¼ cup boiling water. Cook until sauce thickens and add salt to taste.

PEAS

Cooked peas—whether you use the frozen kind or the canned variety—need nothing in the way of fixing up but salt and freshly ground pepper to taste, and a little butter or margarine.

If you're going to serve all the vegetables on one platter—which is a very attractive way—put the cauliflower in the center and pour the butter sauce over it. Around the outside rim of platter put a border of mashed potatoes. Arrange three or four groups of onions extending from cauliflower to potato border like the spokes of a wheel, and fill the remaining spaces with peas. Sprinkle cauliflower and potatoes with paprika.

> **Youth, though it may lack knowledge, is certainly not devoid of intelligence. It sees through shams with sharp and terrible eyes.**
>
> —H. L. MENCKEN.

PUMPKIN NUT PUDDING

Use a 3- or 3½-quart oven-glass baking dish, and the first job is to caramelize the dish. Into a saucepan put ¾ cup light brown sugar and 3 tablespoons butter. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until mixture has come to a boil. Let it boil 1 minute, still stirring, and add ¼ cup water. Again bring to a boil and cook 4 minutes. Let the dish stand in hot water while you're doing this so that the hot liquid won't crack it. Pour sugar mixture into baking dish and immediately tilt the dish in all directions to coat bottom and sides with caramel. If there are any spots at top of sides which aren't coated—and probably there will be—grease these well with butter or margarine. Set dish aside while you make the pudding.

Into a large mixing bowl put 4 cups mashed pumpkin (canned pumpkin is fine), 1¾ cups light brown sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons cloves, 3½ teaspoons cinnamon, 2 teaspoons ginger, ½ teaspoon grated nutmeg and 1 tablespoon grated lemon peel, and mix thoroughly. Beat 6 eggs with rotary beater a couple of minutes, add these t pudding with 3 cups undiluted evaporate milk and ¾ to 1 cup broken nut meats. St until well mixed.

Pour mixture into the caramelized bakin dish. If your dish holds exactly 3 quar there will be some left over. This can b baked in custard cups or a small dish. Pu baking dish in a pan of hot water in a mod erately slow, 325° F., oven and cook abou 2 hours, or until center is firm. When coo put in refrigerator. This is a day-before jo

VANILLA SAUCE

Melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine i a saucepan and blend in 3 tablespoons flou Add 1 cup milk and ½ cup sugar and coo over low heat, stirring constantly, unt thick and boiling. Stir in a few drops yello vegetable coloring and 2 teaspoons vanilla. I you like, a few tablespoon brandy may be added fo flavor. The sauce shoul be made the day befor and stored in refrigerato

When you're ready t arrange the platter, let th pudding dish stand in ho water for a few minute Don't plunge the cold dis in hot water or it may, an probably will, crack. Start with lukewarm w ter and increase heat. Run a spatula arou top rim of pudding and invert dish on cent of platter. The pudding will unmold easil Decorate top with halves of nut meats, p cans or English walnuts. Whip 1 cup more heavy cream, mix it with the vanil sauce and spoon around pudding in a borde

Service. I'll pass lightly over this depar ment, because serving a Thanksgiving dinn is bound to follow much the same patter The turkey is carved in the dining room part of the fun is seeing the beautiful crea ture in its glory. The other dishes are eithe passed to us or handed around the tab from person to person. Just a few suggestion I'll make: be sure that the gravy is on th table immediately after the bird arrives; an it's wise, also, to have two bowls of gravy two dishes of cranberry relish and two c pickles and other relishes. All the vegetable on one platter will avoid an endless proce sion of serving dishes. This is all in the inte est of expeditious service, so that everyon can enjoy the entire gamut of flavors at th same time. A happy Thanksgiving to yo and yours.

FAVORITE MEALS OF OUR EDITORS

(Continued from Page 66)

may have observed that there was a decided inclination to sit on the edge of the chair and fidget with the paper cutter and glance at the wrist watch and otherwise indicate a strong desire to say, "Well, get on with whatever you came for and make it snappy." But when you spring the sixty-four-dollar question, you're *in*. That's what, and you know what *that* means.

Demonstrating our theory. With all this in mind, and thinking you might like to know *some* of the things—I don't say all—that four JOURNAL editors eat, like and, on occasion, cook themselves, we picked out four and here they are. Two men and two women to keep the seesaw balanced, and I believe you'll find the menus surprising in some ways, and interesting in all ways. In fact, I find it difficult to tell you about them on a day when I'm sort of specially hungry and there isn't a chance of getting a mouthful until dinnertime—a long way off.

Let's start at the top. Beatrice Gould is one half of the two editorial high lights who guide the destinies of our JOURNAL. She is an ideal interviewee. She isn't in a hurry, no matter what. And when asked regarding her favorite meal, she came through without a moment's hesitation: "Why, it's curry—curry of chicken, the way you make it here at the Workshop. And don't spare the curry. I like it hot." (Mrs. Gould is slender an blond and delicate-looking. Hot curry woul seem far from her taste, but that's the way is, and the hotter the better.)

There were other and less lusty dishes o her favorite menu, but first I shall set dow the receipt for B. Gould's *and* the Worl shop's favorite and famous chicken curry.

CHICKEN CURRY WITH RICE—CONDIMENTS

Wash and simmer in 1 quart water a nic plump roasting chicken, weighing about pounds. Add salt, celery leaves, an onio peeled and cut up, and parsley, to make a ni stock. Cover and simmer until the chicken tender. Lift out the chicken and cool. Strai the stock and save for the sauce. When th chicken is cool enough to handle, remove th skin and take the chicken off the bones in a nice large pieces as possible. Put bones and ski back in the strained chicken stock. Add 1 cu more water and simmer slowly another minutes. Strain again and save. This make the stock richer and better for the curry.

When ready to make the curry, peel an chop 4 onions. Peel, core and chop 1 ta apple. (After peeling and coring, the appl can be chopped with the onion.) Cook th apple and onion slowly in 5 tablespoon butter or margarine, stirring often. Don have heat too high, for you don't wan

(Continued on Page 219)



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FOIL-ROASTED TURKEY

(recipe developed for use with Reynolds Wrap only)

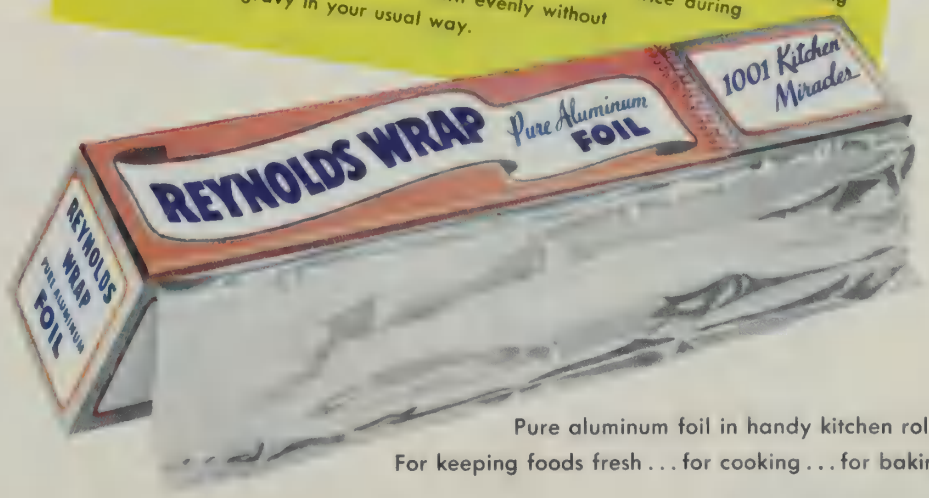
Clean, stuff and truss turkey, rub with seasoning, salt and fat.

To wrap: Place turkey on a long sheet of Reynolds Wrap, more than twice as long as the bird. Fold foil over turkey, join edges firmly. For a large bird, join two long pieces with a tight double fold in center. (Turkey may be wrapped the night before and stored in refrigerator. Before roasting, open foil and bring bird to room temperature, then reseal foil for roasting.)

To roast: Place wrapped turkey on rack in pan, breast side up, in moderately hot oven at 400°F. Allow the following approximate times for stuffed bird. (Stuffed weight is about the same as undrawn weight; or allow 3 lbs. for stuffing.)

10–14 lbs.—18 minutes per pound—3 –4 hours
15–18 lbs.—16 minutes per pound—4 –4½ hours
19–24 lbs.—14 minutes per pound—4½–5 hours

To brown: During last 45 minutes, open and slip foil from around turkey, letting juices run into pan. Brush well with melted fat once or twice during browning. Turkey and juices will brown evenly without burning. Make gravy in your usual way.



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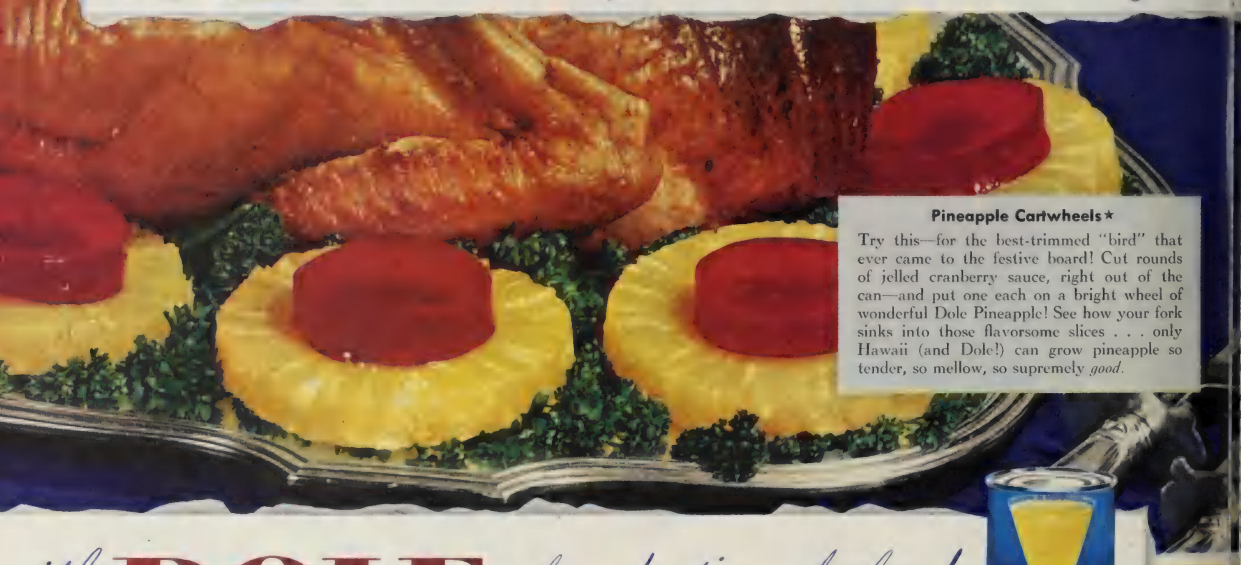
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Snow Cap Salad★

Company season calls for something party-special, and here it is—Dole Fruit Cocktail! Happy news for holiday menus, this medley of five different fruits—among them, Dole's famous pineapple! Heap it in a nest of cottage cheese. Then top with a saucy "snow cap" of cheese, too—and you'll have a real treat to grace your table!

Holiday the Hawaiian way—



Pineapple Cartwheels★

Try this—for the best-trimmed "bird" that ever came to the festive board! Cut rounds of jelled cranberry sauce, right out of the can—and put one each on a bright wheel of wonderful Dole Pineapple! See how your fork sinks into those flavorsome slices . . . only Hawaii (and Dole!) can grow pineapple so tender, so mellow, so supremely *good*.

with DOLE for festive dishes!





Pineapple Pumpkin Pie★

Pumpkin pie with a "plus"—that turns it from an ordinary dessert into one that's *marvelous!* Make your pumpkin filling using evaporated milk for extra richness; take pie from oven 10 minutes before it's done and give it the luscious-touch—Dole *crisp-cut* Crushed Pineapple across the top. Return to oven to let that true Hawaiian pineapple taste simmer in. Every forkful is pure heaven!

★*By Patricia Collier,* DOLE HOME ECONOMIST
DOLE, 215 Market Street, San Francisco 6, California

(Continued from Page 216)

vning here. They should be just golden
ow. A large skillet is best for this. Push
n and apple to one side of the pan and
oth 4 tablespoons flour into the fat,
ing and stirring slowly until flour and fat
a light brown. Remove from the heat
add 1 quart chicken stock. (If the stock
reduced so much there isn't quite a
t, add canned, clear chicken broth to
e up your quart. That's 4 cups, in case
don't remember.) Stir over low heat un-
ne sauce is smooth and thick enough. If
hick, thin with a little broth. Now add
p seedless raisins, the juice of ½ lemon
a strip of lemon peel ½" wide and 1½"
. Simmer 5 minutes and add 1 cup light
m.

ason with salt—about 2 teaspoons.
2 to 5 tablespoons curry powder with a
cold water and stir into the sauce.
better to start with 2 tablespoons curry
work up to the point where it's just
t for your taste.) And don't forget to
. It's the only way to tell. Add more
at this point if you need it.

hen the sauce is well seasoned, remove
n peel and add the chicken, cut into
s that are easy to eat. Simmer until the
ken is heated through. The sauce should
f the consistency of very heavy cream.
good soft custard. Serve with perfect
ed rice, every kernel
rate. As all rice should
cooked. For condi-
ts: chutney, of course,
ed chopped almonds
peanuts, and grated
coconut. (Serves 4–

If all mankind minus one were of one opinion, and only one person were of the contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind. —JOHN STUART MILL

sual and special. I shall have to move into the first-things-class and tell you t a rather unusual and remarka- ppetizer that is one of Beatrice Gould's rites. She often serves it with other meals curry.

OKED-SALMON-AND-CUCUMBER APPETIZER

are the cucumbers at least an hour l of time, so they will have a chance to nate and chill and act like ladies.

mbers with sour cream and dill: Peel ge or 4 medium-size crisp cucumbers. thin but not paper-thin. Add 1 cup sour cream, 3 tablespoons finely minced s, 1½ teaspoons dried dill (or fresh, is wonderful), 3 teaspoons salt, a good of pepper, a dash of Tabasco sauce and lespoons vinegar. Mix very thoroughly hill 1 hour or more. (Cucumbers take lot of salt, and when you taste them they have stood or marinated, they at first taste too salty—but flavors ogether when they have a chance. before serving and be sure the season- just right.) Lift spoonfuls of cucumbers a slotted spoon onto cold plates to re- some of the juice. You will want some but not so much that it will run on late.

ound the cucumbers, arrange alternat- rips of thin sliced smoked salmon and les of buttered pumpernickel bread.

happy ending. And maybe to cool at Indian summer that makes the main e in this meal, is a dessert that Mrs. d's mother used to make and that Bea- still thinks is tops. It's three in one, and icious as they come. And it's as good any meal as it is with curry. It's some- to remember and surprise folks with, the same time.

THREE-FRUIT SHERBET

nd mash 3 small ripe bananas. Add the of 3 oranges and 3 lemons. Add 2 cups and 2 cups water. Stir until the sugar solved. Pour into 2 refrigerator trays eeze, setting up refrigerator to coldest n. During the freezing time, stir 20 minutes until mushy and sherbet- t runs to about 2 hours. Serves 4–6.

Last August we made this with puréed ripe peaches for Mrs. Gould and she didn't recognize it at first. Try it with peaches sometime—or apricots.

A designer next. The young man who eats such exotic fare as Shrimp Tempura and Beef Stroganoff and dates with oranges, an idea picked up in Bagdad, is one of our more Pegasus-riding architects and designers. He has done some pretty, eye-bewildering things around our Workshop, including the beautiful and fascinating entertainment room where parties and luncheons are given, and from where you look down on the magnificent panorama that is New York, set in its glorious jade-and-silver bracelet of river and park, with the towers of Babylon standing over all. Well, Hal Williams has been almost everywhere *except* Babylon for his inspiration. Come to think of it, I haven't asked him; maybe he has, since his favorite dessert comes right out of Bagdad, and I guess that's as romantic as you need to get. So let's get to it. The first item is:

FRIED SHRIMP TEMPURA

Wash, shell and take out the back veins from 1½ pounds raw shrimp, but leave the tails on. Cut almost but not quite in two, lengthwise. Press open. For the batter, sift ¾ cup flour with ¼ teaspoon salt. Beat 2 egg yolks and add to ⅔ cup milk. Beat into the flour. When smooth, add 1 tablespoon melted shortening or salad oil. When ready to serve, dip the shrimp one by each, as they say, into the batter by their tails. Plunge into hot fat (shortening or salad oil, heated to 375° F.). Fry until the shrimp are golden brown and cooked through. Two or three minutes—well, stand by, as all good fryers do. Serve with little bowls of soy sauce to which you've added a little canned chicken broth and a little dry mustard. Taste your sauce, as you ought to *all* sauces, and add soy or mustard or both, as you like it. To eat, dip each shrimp in the sauce.

Hal has a word for it. I mean the genesis of the dish you are to learn about now; but whatever its origin, Hal Williams describes it as "lyric." That's high praise for any dish, and I know a lyric when I see one. Hal's an accomplished cook in his own right as well as a genius with color, and I'm not questioning his phrases.

Knowing that Hal's masterpiece will soon become a specialty hither and yon (and isn't he pretty good to give?). I won't keep you waiting. Here's your ——

BEEF STROGANOFF

Cut 1½ pounds tender sirloin steak into thin strips—about the thickness of a pencil—first cutting off all the fat. Don't substitute round or chuck steak for this—it *must* be tender beef to begin with. Dredge the meat lightly with flour and season with salt and pepper. Sauté 2 onions, chopped fine, with ½ pound mushrooms, chopped or sliced, and 1 clove garlic, minced, in 4 tablespoons butter or margarine, for about 5 minutes. Add the beef and enough more butter or margarine to take care of the beef. Have the beef good and hot. At this point, stay with your masterpiece and keep tossing the mixture as it fries. This is a quick process and should take no more than 3 minutes, as you want the steak to be underdone. Lift out the meat and mushrooms. There should be about 2 tablespoons of drippings in the skillet. Pour off any extra. If not that much, add what is needed.

Now blend 2 tablespoons flour into the fat. Add 1 can condensed bouillon or consommé—don't dilute it—stir until smooth and thickened. Then add 1 pint thick sour cream, salt and pepper to taste. Keep heat low, so the cream won't curdle. Add 1 teaspoon paprika and 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce. Just before serving, add beef and vegetables to sauce and heat together a



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few minutes. Taste for seasoning, adding more salt if needed. The trick is to get the meat done to just the right stage and to keep it so. That last trick gives you a grand slam!

A simple-dish guy. Hal cooks more at his week-end house in the country than in town. "I'm a simple-dish guy," he says. He likes his spinach chopped and sprinkles Parmesan cheese mixed with sieved hard-boiled-egg yolk over it. He puts everything in the world in his salad, mixes the dressing in an old Navy cup. For seasonings, he uses garlic salt, plain salt, considerable dry mustard, a good shot of cayenne—always marjoram or rosemary.

And here is that contribution from Bagdad. As you see, it's simple too and very, very good.

HOT STUFFED DATES—WITH ORANGES

Stuff ½ pound pitted dates with pieces of walnut. Heat in a moderate oven, 350° F. Squeeze lime or lemon juice over the dates and sprinkle with powdered sugar. While the dates are still hot, serve with orange sections.

Another gourmet. This introduces Biffy Page, who claims that her husband, Tim, is the gourmet of the family and does most of the fancy cooking while she does the chores of peeling the vegetables, plucking the ducks and such. You would never dream it to look at her—would you? However, she comes into her own with centerpieces and table fixings, at which she has a master hand. In fact, she brought her own silver, china and place mats from Philadelphia, where she lives, and arranged the centerpiece for her meal. I should also tell you that the table settings of each of our editors are from their own personal collections.

Love is a journey into a new country; and like any other journey, its length depends entirely on what the country has to show. There should be woods with silent undergrowth, where comfort lives; bright rivers of vitality; clean cities built on foundations of fine tradition and splendid with tall towers of learning and religion; green fields where simple thought and senses play . . . and mountains so high that as one climbs one breathes quickening air not known to ordinary men—so high that by day the earth lies clear beneath like an open map, and by night the stars are just beyond arm's length above. In such a country a man can live forever. —REBECCA WEST.

Around the JOURNAL, one of Biffy's jobs is meeting with the cartoonists who come to the New York office every other Wednesday in droves, with cartoons by the hundreds. From their wares, Biffy makes the first—but not the final—selection of all those cartoons that you come upon in our pages.

But now we come to her chosen menu, and what a choice to make the mouth water—if you happen to have a husband who is a good duck shooter.

BREAST OF WILD DUCK

Lay strips of bacon or salt pork over the breasts of 2 cleaned and dressed wild ducks. Chop coarsely 2 peeled onions and place inside the birds. Put them in a shallow roasting pan with ½ cup water to prevent sticking. Then roast in a very hot oven, 500° F., 18 minutes. Birds should be underdone, as you will cook them again later. Carefully remove the breasts. Set them aside until this famous sauce is ready:

Sauce Bigarade: Pour 1½ cups canned clear chicken broth over the duck carcasses and legs. Add ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon grated onion and a bouquet (small piece of bay leaf, few whole black peppers, 1 or 2 small pieces of celery, 1 leek, diced, several sprigs of parsley and a pinch of thyme—all tied in a square of cheesecloth with a string). Now, girls, don't use the clothesline for this. A modest string will do it. Simmer 1 hour. Strain stock. Rub the grater sparingly over the outside of 1 orange to break the oil cells in various spots. Peel off the rind in pieces, making sure there is no white membrane attached. Cut into thin julienne strips or slivers. Boil 3 minutes in water. Drain.

To the drippings in the pan in which you roasted the duck, add 1 tablespoon flour. If there is no fat in the pan, use 1 tablespoon butter or margarine. Now smooth in the flour for 1 minute over low heat. Add the duck stock, ½ teaspoon paprika, a dash of cayenne or Tabasco sauce. Stir until the sauce is smooth and slightly thickened. Strain. Add ¼ cup strained orange juice and the slivered orange rind. Put in the duck breasts and cook 2 to 3 minutes to heat up the duck. Serve the breasts in the sauce accompanied by wild rice. (Tim adds onion salt, and a little grated garlic to the rice when cooked.) Serves 4.

End of a perfect meal. There has to be an ending to every good beginning, and Biffy Page, after much thought and turning over of mind, settled for this one, out of a possible three or four. This is one of her favorites, and it's light enough and right enough to wind up—with coffee to follow on—this superb and superior menu. (By the way, she says that broccoli and green-beans hollandaise are her favored greens. "And," she adds, "lay out the beans in neat little rows." If you knew her, you'd know what *that* means.) Well, to get on and put you out of your "expense," as my mother's cook used to say, here's the dessert:

SPANISH CREAM

Pour 2½ cups milk in the top of the double boiler and soften 1 envelope unflavored gelatin in it for 5 minutes. Place over hot water. Add ¼ teaspoon salt and ½ cup sugar. Stir until the gelatin and sugar are dissolved. Pour slowly into 3 slightly beaten egg yolks. Mix until smooth and cook over hot water until slightly thickened, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Pour into a bowl and add 2 teaspoons vanilla. Fold in 3 egg whites, beaten stiff but not dry. Pour into a mold. Chill until firm. Unmold and serve with fresh or frozen raspberries. Serves 4–6.

The easiest man. That, my friends, is Hugh Kahler, who screens and selects the stories JOURNAL readers pore over till the wee small hours. May I present Mr. Kahler, who says he is the easiest man in the world to cook for, and his simple favorite menu, which is steak. This, he says, he eats four nights out of seven, though the steak is more often hamburger than sirloin. Mrs. Kahler says she cooks by guess and by golly—a pinch of this and soupçon of that. Good girl, that Mrs. Kahler. Name is Louise, good-looking too.

Here it is. Most men will endorse this setup. Lots of women will, too, including yours truly. And so that you may have all the low-down, I'll give it to you as Hugh likes it.

BROILED PORTERHOUSE STEAK

Preheat the broiler. Slash fat around edge of a 1½–2″-thick steak. Place on broiler rack about 3″ from heat. A thinner steak can be placed 2″ away. Broil until top is well seared. Season with salt and pepper and turn over. Finish browning on other side. Season and serve. Steaks 1″ thick require 18 to 20 minutes for rare, 20 to 25 minutes for medium done. Steaks cut 2″ thick require 30–35 minutes for rare and 35–45 for medium.

You don't need receipts for his meal. The Lima beans are frozen, as is the pineapple. Black cherries and madrilene are canned. Well, he *is* the easiest man!

Oh, yes, indeed. We have other editors, and very good editors too. If you have been reading the JOURNAL in the past years, you have met some of them before. But I'm sure you're glad to meet these four. What could be a happier meeting than one around the dinner table? To paraphrase an old cliché and one I guess you'll agree with, eating is here to stay. And we're here to prove it, with you all to help us. THE END

My! My! ...what a PIE!



Pineapple-Custard . . . a marvelously rich, smooth custard made with famous Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese



2 POPULAR SIZES
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DESSERT THAT'S DIFFERENT!

No ordinary pie, this. It's utterly different. In its filling there's the enrichening magic of fresh, delicate Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese!

Guests will beg for this recipe:

Blend ⅓ cup sugar with 1 tbsp. cornstarch and add a 9-oz. can of crushed pineapple, juice and all. Cook, stirring constantly, until the mixture is thick and clear. Cool.

Blend an 8-oz. package of Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese, softened at room temperature, with ½ cup sugar and 1 tsp. salt. Add two eggs, one at a time. Stir well after each egg is added. Blend in ½ cup milk and ½ tsp. vanilla.

Spread cooled pineapple mixture over the bottom of a 9-inch unbaked pastry shell. Pour in cream cheese mixture and sprinkle with ¼ cup of chopped pecans.

Bake in a moderately hot oven (400°) for 10 minutes, then reduce heat to a very moderate oven (325°) and bake for 50 minutes. Cool. *And hide it from the family!*

BE CAREFUL! *This custard gets its smooth richness from fresh-tasting Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese. Other cream cheeses are in similar wrappers but they can't bear this brand name or bring you this quality famous since 1880. "Philadelphia" is so superior it outsells all other brands of cream cheese combined. So always look for and insist on genuine Philadelphia Brand.*



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HIGHLY ELIGIBLE BACHELOR

(Continued from Page 40)

calmly. "I had nothing else to do. Nothing but come down and watch the hoary ones make spectacles of themselves."

"This is my wife's sister," Bud said. "Mabel Miller, Tim Carroway."

She looked around, and like a thousand others in the long and troubled life of Timothy Carroway, whetted the razor. "Carroway?" she repeated. "My, but you're a seedy one."

Bud and Tim looked at each other. Bud shrugged. "My wife's sister," he said again. "Don't look at *me*. I only made one Carroway-seedy crack in four years here and that was the first week."

"If I knew you were coming," Tim said to her, "I'd have baked a loaf of rye bread."

"I know I asked for that," she said, "but it still wasn't very good."

Tim studied her. She was about twenty-two and she had brown hair and she was nice-looking. She looked about a year out of Barnard. Mabel Miller. Bud Kinnaird's wife's sister. There was something about her.

"Wellesley," she said, looking up at him again. "I can't keep it."

"Watch the game. They're kicking off."

"Yes, sir," she said.

The ball spiraled into the sunny blue-gray sky, hung for a moment like Nijinsky in his *Spectre de la Rose* leap, and then dropped into the arms of a Pennsylvania back, who made fourteen yards up the left side of the field and was brought down on his nose by a Princeton end. They lined up for the first scrimmage, arranging themselves in fiendish positions; everybody in the stands stopped holding his breath and sat down, and she looked back at him once more.

"Hello, Carroway," she said.

"Miller," he said, nodding politely.

The game was played and somebody won and they had three hot dogs each. When they were walking back to the center of town, through the campus and past venerable institutions like Nassau Hall and Osborn Field House, Bud got nostalgic. Tim suggested that he can it.

"But we were happy here," Bud said protestingly.

"You sound like Noel Coward," Tim said.

MABEL MILLER was walking between them, grasping the inside arm of each one firmly. "No soul, Carroway?" she asked.

"College is college," he said. "I did all the required reading, sold the Tiger on football afternoons and even helped burn a big *P* in the grass at Yale Bowl with chemicals one Friday night. But it's over. It was over a long time ago. I got other adventures now."

"I'll bet you have," she murmured.

"Huh?"

"Nothing. We didn't have college at Wellesley. All we did was shoot bows and arrows and play field hockey. So I don't know what all this fond-reminiscence stuff is about. I'm just beginning to come alive."

"Where?" he asked.

"New York. I work for the Federal Broadcasting Company and I have a good job. A very good job for a twenty-two-year-old with the handicap of a Wellesley education. I write to my mother and I put the cap back on the tooth paste."

"I work in New York too," he said. "I live there too. As a matter of fact, is there any other place but New York?"

"Of course not," she said matter-of-factly.

Bud snorted. "You two make me sick," he said. "What's the matter with Westchester?"

"*West*chester?" she echoed. She looked at Tim and he shrugged at the suggestion of the idiot child.

They had reached the Nassau Tavern.

"Shall we wash the nasty word out of Mr. Kinnaird's mouth with some ale?" Tim said.

"By all means," she said.

He looked at her as they started up the steps. "New York, hey?" he said. She just beamed.

"Watkins seven-three-three-one-four," she said. "If my roommate answers, you're in luck. She's *much* prettier than I."

To be confronted at any stage of one's life with a woman whose nickname is "Mealy" is an unsettling thing.

But life in a girl's school is a precocious thing at times, and it involves the bestowal of such names on defenseless females. Thus, Mabel Miller: Mealy Miller. The girl at Wellesley who was most unlike a Wellesley girl. She abhorred field hockey, she wasn't particularly interested in the fate of the world and she had a 100 per cent record for absence from all lectures on how to be a successful wife and mother. The poor child operated by instinct—assuming, therefore, that becoming a successful wife and mother was the natural thing to do and she wouldn't have any trouble with it—and so she spent a great deal of her college career doing what she felt like. She never was in bed at the scheduled curfew, always coming in two hours late, through a window leading into the coal cellar, after having had not a heavy date but a peaceful evening sitting on a nearby hilltop and meditating quietly on the cosmos. She was a rugged individualist, but never obnoxiously so. To repeat, she was a creature of instinct.

But a number of things are necessarily forced on a girl coming to Manhattan fresh from the ivy halls. You must acquire a roommate because you can't pay the rent yourself. You need a telephone for assorted reasons, and when you are twenty-two you don't feel presumptuous enough to have a private listing of the number. So you are in the phone book for all your assorted schoolmates and their dates and your own dates to look you up when they hit New York, and they do. The roommate, the telephone, the beardless youths on the doorstep all do not make for the private, individualistic life, to any great extent.

But, Tim Carroway observed, Mealy Miller didn't seem to mind. He called Watkins 7-3314 two days after the Pennsylvania game, asked her to have dinner with him and got to her basement apartment in East 55th Street about 6:45 that night, to discover that Gloria Moore, the roommate, was entertaining a date, and that there also was on hand in the big living room a third couple, answering to the mystic names of Farthing (the boy) and Perkins (the girl). There was a spread of some thirteen years or so between their average age and that of Tim, but it has been mentioned that he is the Joe College type. They accepted him promptly as a peer.

"Where'll we eat?" Farthing asked.

"Who's got any money?" Gloria's date asked.

"Farthing," Perkins demanded suspiciously, "I thought you got your first pay check yesterday."

He looked at her blandly. "I bought this sports jacket. Cost me all but two bucks of my first pay. Don't you think it becomes me?"

(Continued on Page 224)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

No Bargain

By Jehanne de Mare

Love will not follow you dancing,
Nor follow you dead,
Nor put scented sheets of fine flax
On your bridal bed.

Love will do all of the asking,
And you, of the giving.
But those who grow tired of love
Are tired of living.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



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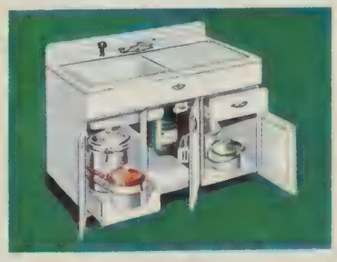
…n Kitchens Automatic Dishwasher, …; the exclusive JET-TOWER …ydro-Brush Action. Beautiful …net of *die-made* STEEL. The …nes she has, the more time she'll …es all the dishes for a meal for …matically, *electrically*.



New Youngstown Kitchens Electric Sink with JET-TOWER Dishwasher. In just 9¾ minutes (average water pressure), 64 booster-heated jets wash and double-rinse every part of every dish. For full labor saving, add Youngstown Kitchens Food Waste Disposer (extra).



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Youngstown Kitchens 48" DeLuxe Twin Cabinet Sink has two bowls, one laundry-deep. Sliding drainboard covers either bowl. Note rinse spray, sliding shelf and cutting board. If you build or buy, insist on a Youngstown Kitchen. You'll *save!*

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(Continued from Page 222)

Tim felt for the arm of the easy chair in which he was sitting, and sought his bearings. From the bedroom came the voice—the lovely, warm and young voice—of Mealy Miller.

"Carroway?"

"Um-m."

"We're going out with these characters, at least until we can give them the shake and go somewhere to neck. Okay?"

"Sure, sure. Fine."

What he had had in mind was the St. Regis, but looking around, he realized that that would be another time. This looked like a G.A. session. The G.A. is a place at Third Avenue and 17th Street, under the elevated tracks, called Joe King's Rathskeller. It used to be the German-American A.C., but world wars do wonders for names of restaurants. Tim Carroway had gone there first in 1934. If you called it the undergraduates' home away from home, you might be corny but you wouldn't be far wrong.

Tim studied Gloria Moore furtively as the conversation bubbled along. She was tall and blond and busty, and she had gone through four years at Wellesley, but she had fought off its influence successfully. Aside from a thin right-side-of-the-tracks veneer, that definitely was there, she looked more like a musical-comedy clotheshorse. And there was, it appeared, no lack of self-confidence in Miss Moore.

"What do you do, Tim?" she asked, coming around to his chair and sitting down on the arm. She was twenty-two, too, but in many ways she was not twenty-two. Tim wondered how she and Mealy became roommates. Nice legs, though.

"I'm a literary agent," he said, hunting for his pipe. "I discovered at a reasonably early age that my writing was not quite everlasting, so I try to sell other writers'."

"And who are the other writers?"

"Well, I make most of my money out of Harry McKinley—you know, The Love of Cara Hills, *et al.* I fastened onto Harry about three years ago, like the tsetse fly on the rhinoceros—no, that doesn't sound right—and he's been paying my rent ever since."

"I'd love to meet Harry McKinley."

"I guess you would," he said, smiling pleasantly. She looked at him candidly.

"Why don't we all go to the G.A.?" Perkins broke in.

TIM paid himself twenty-five cents for winning his mental bet. Farthing and Perkins both were small and dark and animated. They must have gone through college, he reasoned, but they looked like third term at Groton or Miss Hewitt's.

They got the show on the road, finally, piling into a taxi which Tim paid for as unostentatiously as possible, and then went in through the doors of the G.A. like Notre Dame on an end sweep. Dinner at the G.A. is a comparatively inexpensive process, but during the fumbling for funds to meet the check, Tim wondered if he could volunteer to pay it all. He vetoed that finally as the wrong gesture, and went along with the business at hand by producing four of his oldest and most tattered one-dollar bills. Mealy, sitting next to him under a dark wooden wall covered with carved initials and college emblems, squeezed his hand. When they got the check paid, however, they decided to stay awhile and drink some beer. It was only a little while before the strange chant began, in one corner of the smoky downstairs room, as it has every night for a hundred years.

"We are table number one!" roared the occupants of a corner festive board. "We are table number one! We are table number one—where is number two?"

From across the room, the cantata resumed: "We are table number two! We are table number two! We are ——"

Tim grinned and sipped his beer. Farthing was betting Perkins a dime he couldn't drink his beer chug-a-lug (no, wait a minute, that was Perkins betting Farthing)—i.e., without removing the glass from his lips. Farthing tried and won, and then eyed the big glass

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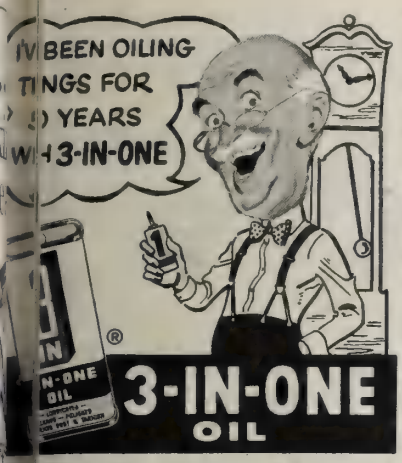
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on the nearby bar that holds seventeen glasses. Drink that one chug-a-lug and you get the beer free, a dubious reward. Gloria's date, who had the nondescript air of a Harvard man, attempted holding her hand under the table and she kicked him, coolly, indifferently. A stout man with a violin stood at the piano and played the Maine Stein Song against the counterpoint of a corner group singing The Grim Gray Palisades.

I have been here before, Tim Carroway thought idly. *What is it, what is it, I almost remember?*

The night moved along, producing more of the same: a Greenwich Village tavern full of Characters, to each of whom Tim was introduced three times; a journey in the direction of the Staten Island ferry that ended instead at the one-room apartment of another ex-Wellesley girl in Hudson Street; many college songs in the night . . . until, at 1 A.M., Carroway found himself alone with Mealy Miller, walking through the dark paths of Central Park, the trees soughing gently in the night breeze of fall.

"So," she said, "I got back from my vacation in Guatemala in October and thought I would start scrubbing around for a job, and then this thing at Federal Broadcasting fell into my lap. I make a lot of money and I'm allowed to make suggestions at conferences. All in all, life is good, life is sweet."

"Are you going to stay there?" he asked, feeling for her hand.

"I don't know if I'll stay there," she said. "I just don't know."

"If you have any brains," he said, "what you really want to do is get married and have a couple of kids. And somebody who looks

It seems as if we kept part of that happiness which we gave away.

like you—no, somebody who *is* like you—shouldn't have any trouble doing that."

They picked out a bench and sat down. A complacent water rat scurried out from under it, regarded them a moment and then shuffled off to the lake a few feet away.

"That's just it," she said. "I think I will have trouble. I'm afraid I'm going to be the dopey one—the one, you know, who won't get married unless the man is just right and she loves him completely. I just don't seem to have the knack, as a good Wellesley girl should, of picking out the best thing at hand and saying, 'Well, I can learn to love him, can't I?'"

"That's the way most marriages are made these days," he said, "and not in heaven, as popularly supposed. You know that, don't you?"

"Yes," she said, "and I wish I could be like the others, and compromise." She sat there regarding her toes for a moment. Then she looked back at him. "No, I don't, either. At least most of the time I don't. It's such a short life, and just to get married for the sake of being married isn't my idea of how to spend it."

"You," he said, tapping the ashes from his pipe, "are in for plenty of headaches." But he grinned at her. "And, it is just barely possible, some real happiness if you wait long enough."

They started toward the Plaza exit of the park, and she grabbed at his arm and shifted her feet so they walked in step. "What did you think of Gloria and Farthing and Perkins and so on?" she asked noncommittally.

"Fine," he said. "Fine. A little young, but fine."

She squeezed his arm and they continued along until they were just about to emerge into the glare of the Plaza. Then he stopped her and looked down at her.

"I was reading in a book the other day," he said, "that most young girls actually are scared to death of being kissed on their first date with a man."

"A Wellesley girl," she said, "is not a young girl. Never."

They kissed, and it was as he had known it would be, enveloping, warm and lost in the stars. When they were apart and at arms'





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(Continued from Page 226)

nths out of Wellesley. The second was at these were the things he had done him-f, willingly and maniacally—fifteen years fore.

It wasn't only physical tribulation, this *enilia*. There was more. Like the time ealy felt miserable one night and suggested take Gloria to dinner. She leaned back ainst a green sofa in a lime-colored house-at, her brown hair clinging to the clean, aight face, and smiled at him.

"It's about time," she said, "that you ok a glamorous one out of an evening. Then me back to me tomorrow and tell me I nce better than she does."

"Are you," he asked, "making up Gloria's nd too?" But Gloria just smiled a soft and miliar smile.

"I'd love to," she said. "I'll get my coat." nd when she disappeared into the bed-om, Mealy just grinned at him.

"Have fun," she said, smirking.

He threw a sofa pillow at her, but she cked and then Gloria came back into the om with the familiar smile still glued ex-ctantly to her face, and they went out of evening.

Gloria was a doll type. Her nondescript en, Yale and otherwise, might make her ttle for Hamburger Heaven, but Tim ew that something like the Persian Room the Plaza would be expected of him, a an with a bank account. She wore a bur-ndy dress with gold choker and her long ond hair glistened in the amber table light Tim noted with relief that the program lled for, not a strenuous evening with ildegarde as entertainment, but a quieter, ore romantic one with Evelyn Knight. But might, he decided after a half hour of aking in Gloria's mood, be a strenuous eve-ng with Gloria. She was being serious.

It wasn't completely unexpected. Gloria's ts as a siren were enormously effective on enty-year-old Yale men. To someone who ad read the book through once, however, as ost thirty-five-year-old gentlemen have, e was somewhat obvious. Tim had known r a couple of weeks that she deeply appre-ated his poise, his well-made suits, the fact at he had a profitable trade, and his apart-ent in Beekman Place.

"This may sound silly," she said somberly er dessert, "but I think you and I have a eat deal in common."

"Do you, now?" he asked Gloria. "Why?"

"Oh, it's hard to say, but I feel it. We e the same songs and the same books."

"Do we?" he asked gently. "What books o we like the same, Gloria?"

HE tossed the blond hair in amiable nnoyance. "Well, we *would* like the same es, if we matched notes. I'll bet we ould." She was silent for a moment and en you could see the bells ringing and the ution signals going up in her twenty-two-ar-old head. "I'm *so* glad you come to see lealy. I couldn't have hand-picked a man r her any better."

Now, Tim thought, *it will be all right if we ve ended that business right here.* But it asn't that easy. The beautiful Miss Knight cluded the Kurt Weill tune, September ng, in her dinner-show program, and later, hen Tim took Gloria outside and started oking for a cab, he knew the song still was orking on her chemically, because she said e wanted to take a quick walk down to the ke in Central Park and get a little fresh air. e was pensive, almost silent—Gloria never as completely silent—during the walk, and e held his arm and every so often came close him to give him the benefit of the expen-ve perfume. Gloria's father had a wholesale quor business in St. Louis.

They stood for a moment and watched the ark lake. Gloria reached for his hand and queezed it. He politely let her squeeze. He ew better than to say anything, but when e turned her face up to him and closed her es and said "Kiss me," he knew the bull ad him pinned to the fence.

"Gloria," he said gently, "I'm Mealy's an. Remember?"

She turned away from him and, he pre-med, bit her lip. "Of course," she said, her voice just the tiniest bit flat. "I was just—I was just carried away."

She stayed turned away and carried away for a few seconds, then came back to him slowly and looked him full in the face, candidly, the way a very physical young girl does when she sees a man she wants to hang on her charm bracelet, never mind whether he was her roommate's.

Tim took her elbow. "We'll go home," he said, and they left the lake and went up the path to the hack stand.

He knew, the next night, he didn't have to tell Mealy. "You know," she said, in the ten minutes they had alone in the wildly Wellesley apartment before the rest of the chapter began drifting in, "it struck me last night after I had shooed you and Gloria off, that she might ——"

"Yes," he said.

She shook her head in sorrowful apology. "I'm sorry," she said. "I wasn't trying to test you or anything, and, you see, I'm used to Gloria. She tries that on . . . well, on what you might call My Men, I guess—and some she wins and some she loses. I just was trying to find something for you to do because I wasn't up to par."

"I didn't mind," he said, "except Gloria's line is pretty pat. I felt as if I were reading a comic book." He lighted his pipe and then exhaled with what possibly was the longest sigh he ever had sighed. "At my age"—he paused for a moment, but he had a point to make—"a man doesn't have the patience to listen too politely for too long to purple passages too full of movie dialogue. He feels, God help him, as if he were wasting his time. *I* did, anyway."

Mealy studied that for a couple of moments, but whatever comment she might have been ready to make was stillborn, because the doorbell rang and Farthing and Perkins came in with the news that they all were going to crash the Art Students' League costume ball at the Waldorf that night.

Three months. That was the extent of it.

If Tim had had a chance to catch his breath, he might have decided he was terribly, terribly in love with Mabel Miller and wanted to make her his lawful own.

But the 55th Street version of college life never gave him the opportunity to meditate. All his life he had looked darkly at the lives of those of his friends whose curiosity about living had ended in their mid-twenties and who had Settled Down and begun the long, sagging slide downhill to the grave.

Now he suddenly saw the other side of it. Now he knew that a man, although his mind might be as fresh and nosy as ever about the problems of existence, simply cannot be the eternal juvenile forever and ever. There were any number of reasons why—but the most important was that it didn't become him. There is a time to be born and a time to die—and, it might be added, a time to be juvenile and a time to grow up. Only the café-society playboys defy that time, and all in all they don't count, Tim thought.

ALL this, like the smoke from a fire fanned by the autumn breeze, was in his head one night when he knew, as they sat with Gloria and not one but three nondescript young men—one of whom, heaven forfend, appeared to be a Groton student—that the thing was ending. They were in a *Bierstube* in Yorkville, and the group of them was having an elegant conversation with the waitress, complete with gestures, when Tim looked across the table at Mealy and knew that it was too much for him. There were, he knew, too many years between them.

Well, he said to himself, because Timothy Carroway always was an honorable man, *I will tell her and if she has any feeling for me, really, she will get over it.* He wasn't being ruthless or rationalizing about that. He knew well that in all but one of a thousand cases, the heart forgets, the pain goes away for good.

The others took a cab on to someplace else in Yorkville, but he begged out for himself and Mealy and they walked down Third Avenue under the dark skeleton of the elevated tracks for a few blocks, before heading for 55th Street. He could tell, a little, by the way she walked along with him quietly that she knew the plot had thickened.

"Tim?" she said. "Tim—I've never seen your apartment. I'm grown up and you're reasonably honorable and it's not too late at night. May I?"

"Of course," he said, and they buttonholed a cab and made for Beekman Place.

It was one of the older apartment houses, but a well-kept one. The elevator let them out on the fourth floor and Tim fitted his key to the door lock and they went in. What Mealy expected isn't quite certain, but what she saw was an apartment that was smart, comfortable, restful and enormously interesting.

There was no particular motif, but everything fitted. There were a half-dozen horse prints in white frames—Citation, War Admiral, Whirlaway with the long tail—and a Picasso original that wasn't overoutlandish; a giant floor lamp with a chartreuse parchment shade; a dark green rug spread to the corners of the living room; a bedroom with an eight-foot-long double bed covered with a black corduroy spread piped in light blue; big hassocks; a wall covered with books to the ceiling . . . a lot of things that you took in one by one and decided you liked most of them. It was the apartment of a man who . . . well, Mealy took a swift but searching look and found no NO PARKING signs, no college banners on the wall, no bulletin boards—no *juvenilia*.

One look was enough, but she wanted to be sure, so she stayed there a moment at the steps leading into the dropped living room, getting it impressed on her mind.

Tim put his arms around her waist and kissed her ear. She leaned back against him for a moment, and, standing there, they could hear the hooting of a tug in the East River below. A faint smell of pipe tobacco hung over the apartment.

"Take me home, please, Tim," she said.

In the cab over to 55th Street, there was little talk; he held her in his arms against his shoulder, wheeling the side window up when her hair began to blow. *I guess I love her*, he thought; *I guess I love her and it's a shame that I'm thirteen years older, because otherwise we might* —— But he didn't want to think about it. *The heart mends*, he thought. *The heart mends.*

"Dinner tomorrow?" he asked, at her door.

She nodded. "Yes, Tim," she said, "dinner tomorrow."

He kissed her once and went up the steps from the basement apartment and walked east in 55th Street, in the night that was growing by easy stages into a winter night.

(Continued on Page 231)

I Gave My Love

By Hannah Kahn

I gave my love a silver word,
My lover could not hear . . .
I wound my love a golden cord,
It did not bring him near.

I wrought my love a slender urn,
I filled it to the brim,
It overflowed and yet it made
No difference to him.

I spun myself a silken robe
For no one's eyes but mine,
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Durkee's Own grade AA

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Glidden

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF DURKEE'S FAMOUS DRESSIN

(Continued from Page 229)

ne world's greatest novel by Harry Mcey couldn't have kept Tim's mind on his ness, that next day.

e would work for twenty minutes, then back in his chair and look at the shops n on Madison Avenue and the passing going about their errands of lust and and think of something else to make this night a good one. They would start at Drake Room with cocktails and then dinner at—at where? Why, Chambord, urse. He reached for the telephone.

Paris?" he said. "Paris, I'm bringing a g lady for dinner tonight and I want the table in the house. That means a quiet n the corner, and at least five removed any movie stars. . . . Yes. . . . Yes. . . . listen—I'll leave the dinner to you, won't have to get mixed up with the u. . . . Yes. The very best. Nothing on ng swords. Just a superb meal."

e hadn't been in Chambord for months, there was an elegance and quiet and ort about it that he liked. *We will dance,* hought, *at LaRue—no, not there.* Too y undergraduates. The St. Regis—yes, would be it. Another phone call; another vation.

he could keep the evening going on dule, they would end up with a hansom around Central Park, and there was no- to phone for a reservation for that. Tim oway had waited thirty-five years to around Central Park in a hansom; it just ed there should be the most special of sions for that, and this was it. It dn't be the happiest of occasions—but nother day, another ten years before, it t have been. She was the girl; that he . She just had come g too late.

e walked over to 55th t that evening. The were stripped bare eir leaves by now, and en Hecht line went ugh Tim's head—"I a stranger, wandering always; only the trees know me."

e shook himself briskly. *Carroway,* he ered to himself, *things are rough when get that corny. So a love affair is ending. 's happened to five thousand other people.* — But even then it wasn't any good. He down the basement steps slowly and ed the bell.

hen she came to the door and opened it, then looked at him through the blackted iron-grill gate, she had on a black and a single strand of pearls. He ln't recall having seen her in that wonl costume before.

e took him by the hand and brought nto the apartment, and there was a difce.

e looked around. The NO PARKING signs gone, and so were all the other evidences llegiana. You no longer felt you had ped by mistake into the Tri Delt house. ooked at Mealy Miller.

t's different," he said, not very brightly. Yes," she said. She picked her black cloth up from the easy chair it was draped and he helped her on with it.

apartment, he decided, among other gs, was much quieter than usual. ere," he then added, as the night unto day, "is Gloria?"

he's gone to New Jersey for the week ' Mealy said.

ey started for the door, and just as she er hand on the light switch, he took her y by the shoulder and turned her to- him.

Why?" he asked her. "Why? The apart-t, I mean?"

e looked at him, and her twenty-two-old face was remarkably grave. "This," aid, "is the way I like an apartment. I t want to be considered old before my —but I'm not now and never was part he rowdydow, razzmatazz college life. t's what bothered me all through Welles- I'm sorry and I guess it makes me abnal, but I like my humor adult. Also my

He stared at her. Then he cleared his throat. "But the G.A.," he said feebly. "We are table number one." He shook his head like a terrier coming out of a pond. "The roller skating the wrong way and the two wheels around a curve on the West Side Highway. Football. Football."

She snapped out the light switch and they stood there in the darkness, with the faint light of the street lamp coming in from 55th Street through the basement windows. Then she pulled him over to the easy chair and sat down in it on his lap, in one motion. She held her cheek next to his and he could smell, faintly, lilies of the valley.

"I thought that was for you," she said.

He sat up. "For *me?*" he exclaimed. "That's blasphemy. For me—but *how?*"

SHE wasn't sure how to say it and she took a little time answering. "Well," she said, "every*body*—everybody but me, that is—is like that at one time in their lives, putting salt in somebody's coffee, rolling peanuts down Forty-second Street with their noses, stealing trash baskets and so on. I saw you that first afternoon in Palmer Stadium and you looked so strangely young and you had on the college costume and everything—you know, the striped tie, the flannel pants, the odd jacket—that I thought you still were like that."

Tim reached his free hand for his short hair. *I will start growing an Actors' Equity coiffure tomorrow,* he thought. *And never wear anything but a blue suit again.*

"Oh, I didn't mind your being the perennial undergraduate," she said. "I like you any which way. But I wanted to hold you, and a Miller never comes out and announces things like that. She becomes, it appears, what she thinks her man wants her to be."

We should all be perfect if we were neither men nor women.

There was a grin on his face as he looked at her, only it was more a faint grin of relief than anything else. "I thought it was you," he said. "After all, you're twenty-two and In Love With Life. You're *supposed* to—to want to play football in Fifty-fifth Street on a Saturday morning."

She snorted. "I broke two fingernails," she said indignantly. "Two beautiful, lovely fingernails. All for the love of a man. What I want to know, Mr. Anthony, is, was it worth it?"

He leaned over her in the lovely dark quiet of the Glorialess apartment and settled that question far, far better than Mr. Anthony ever could have. Then she kissed him back and for a couple of minutes there, the conversation was held up.

"Tim?" she said finally. "Tim—there's a little place over on Third Avenue, terribly expensive, where I would like to have dinner. It's called ——"

"I forget the name," he said, "but we have a table there for two. Why don't we start with a cocktail at ——"

"Darling," she broke in, "could we go to the Drake Room, just this once? I'm so tired of looking at girls in sloppy socks and boys in old school ties, that ——"

He squeezed the breath out of her at that point, and then ultimately they eased themselves out of the easy chair. When they were going out the front door and up the basement steps, he smiled to himself and said, *Well, one thing she hasn't in the back of her little pinhead is the hansom ride around Central Park, later. And she hasn't mentioned anything about dancing at ——*

"Have you a pile of money on you, Tim?" she asked. "Because there are just two other things I want to do tonight. One is to have at least one dance at the St. Regis, and the other —— "

"Don't," he said, drawing his topcoat around him. "Don't tell me. Let me guess." And they went out into the street of trees, she in high heels and a dinner dress and he in a respectable gray suit and not a football or a NO PARKING sign between them. The wind was up and the night was old. Well—not old exactly. Just grown up.

THE END



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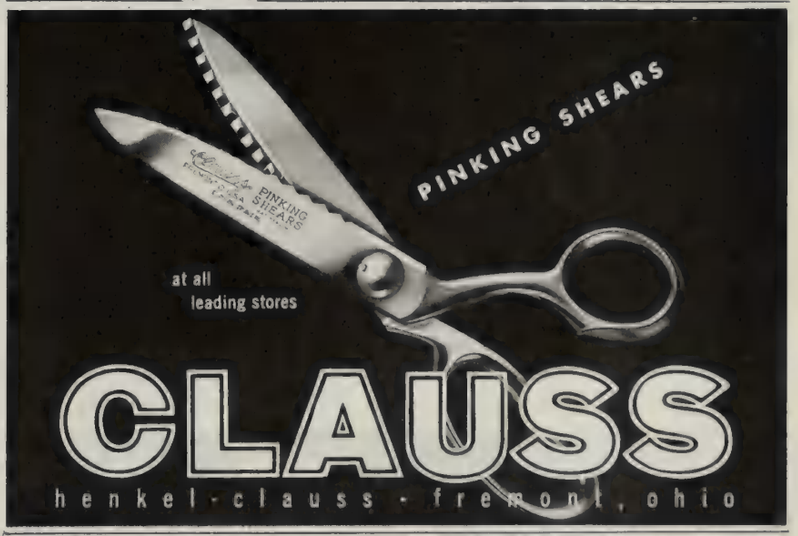
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Have all ingredients at room temperature.

Beat together for one minute: 2 eggs
1¾ cups sugar

Sift together and add:
2 cups sifted cake flour
1 teaspoon Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand Baking Soda
½ teaspoon salt

Combine: ¼ cup vinegar
¾ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Add: ½ of the liquid
½ cup shortening (emulsifier type)

Beat vigorously one minute.

Add: Remaining liquid
3 sq. chocolate (melted)

Beat one minute: Turn into two well-greased 8-inch layer pans, 1¼ inches deep. Bake at 350° F. (moderate oven) 30 minutes.

Chocolate Flake Frosting. When cake cools, spread 7-minute frosting on top, sides and between layers. Sprinkle top with shaved chocolate.





recipe

Thrifty Peach Bavarian...another quick, luscious dessert made with orchard-ripe Canned Cling Peaches from California

½ cup ice cold Pet Milk
6 canned cling peach halves
Syrup from peaches
1 package lemon-flavored Jell-O*
Few grains salt
2 tablespoons lemon juice
½ teaspoon grated lemon rind

Chill milk ice cold in 2 quart bowl. Drain peaches well, saving syrup. Place in circle cut side down, in oiled 9-inch or deep 8-inch round pan. Chill. Add enough water to peach syrup to make 1½ cups liquid; heat to boiling. Dissolve Jell-O in hot mixture; blend in salt, lemon juice and rind. Chill until slightly thicker than unbeaten egg whites. Beat ice cold milk with cold rotary beater or electric mixer at highest speed until stiff. Gradually beat in Jell-O, beating until smooth. Pour over peaches and chill until firm. Unmold and cut into wedges. Garnish with cherries if desired. Serves 6. * Reg. Trademark of General Foods Corp.

Right from the can these gorgeous cling peaches taste as sweet and dewy-fresh as the moment they came from the orchard. They're quick-picked, quick-packed so that you get every bit of their natural sun-ripened goodness. And how thrifty they are! You can afford to keep them handy, serve them often in dozens of easy ways. Everybody likes cling peaches!



Quick and Easys for Two

By LOUELLA G. SHOUER

OTA and Wes and their five-year-old son, Kip, live in one of New York's apartment projects. Kip goes to nursery school during the day. Ota teaches speech at Hunter College. Like most working wives and mothers, she has found her own quick-and-easy route to a good dinner.

"To me, a *quick* dinner is measured only in terms of the time I must spend in the kitchen, regardless of the cooking time of a dish. The *easy* part is in having an hour away from the kitchen, after I've finished my stint, to relax with Kip while the meal matures.

"Casseroles would be theoretically ideal for my needs—except for Wes. He has a profound and indestructible suspicion of such concoctions. Nevertheless, with little perceptible variation, our meals are of the oven or simmering type.

"This kind of meal works out well, for, though I teach, I'm usually through with classes in time to call for Kip at nursery school. I like to have dinner ready to serve promptly at five-thirty, when Wes gets home. A long evening is one of our most prized possessions."

MONDAY
Kip's Night

Liver in Sour-Cream Sauce
Baked-Potato Halves
Scalloped Tomatoes and Celery

"Now and then we have what we call Kip's night, as occasion arises. It might be because of a new book I have bought to read to him in the evening, or a building project he and his dad are going to start. Kip loves to make things and we encourage it. He chooses his own menu for that night. We treat him like a guest.

"When Kip chooses liver, I serve his plain—but we like ours with a sauce. Otherwise, we all have the same dinner."

LIVER IN SOUR-CREAM SAUCE

Cut ¾ pound sliced calf's liver into 1-inch strips. Season with salt and pepper. Melt 3 tablespoons bacon drippings in a heavy skillet. Brown liver and an onion, sliced, in the fat. Add a 3-ounce can sliced mushrooms. Use the juice too. Then add 1 cup commercial thick sour cream. Cover and simmer over low heat 15 to 20 minutes. Reseason to taste with salt, pepper and about ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.

TUESDAY
Discovery Now Standby

Quick Spanish Steak
Peas
Green Salad

"Wes loves this dish that we call Quick Spanish Steak." Ota explains. "Originally I bought flank steak to make it. The whole flank was too much for one meal, or even two. And you have to buy the whole flank. This meant a series of three meals from the one flank—London broil, this dish and hash. One day I discovered skirt steak at the butcher's. It's similar in texture to flank, but much smaller. Now we can have our favorite dish as often as we want to without having to have two other meals more or less prescribed along with it."

QUICK SPANISH STEAK

Slice a ¾-pound skirt steak crosswise against the grain into thin slices, then cut into strips. Marinate overnight in ½ cup diluted wine vinegar (¼ cup vinegar, plus ¼ cup water), 1 clove garlic, crushed, and a good pinch of crumbled bay leaf. Half an hour before mealtime, drain the meat thoroughly and save the juice. Sear the meat quickly in 1 tablespoon very hot salad oil. Do this quickly, stirring with a fork. Add half the marinade, 1 onion sliced, ½ green pepper, cut into strips, and 1 can tomato sauce. Cover and simmer over low heat until meat is tender and sauce is of good consistency.

WEDNESDAY
Humoring a Husband

Acorn Squash with Sausage
Shoestring Potatoes
Green Salad

"The shoestring potatoes are a bi concession—and by no means a regu



PHOTO BY DONALD STUART

When Ota fries shoestring potatoes, it's a family affair.

lar ne—to Wes. He is mad about Fr ch fries, but watching and turning hem take too much time to secu my enthusiastic co-operation fre ently. Since the rest of the meal en ls no effort at all, it's a good time to mor him. For this special occasio I fix enough potatoes to feed six pe le—and if Wes doesn't quite get is fill, he feels that at least he had more than a sample."

ACORN SQUASH WITH SAUSAGE

Cut good-sized acorn squash in half and scrape out the seeds. Mix ¾ pound bulk pork sausage with 1 onion, minced, and 4 tablespoons tomato sauce. Heap the sausage mixture in the squash halves. Bake in moderate slow oven, 325° F., about 1 hour or until squash is tender and soft when pierced with a fork. It all depends on the squash. Some may take less time, sometimes longer.

THURSDAY

Fortunate Accident

Ota's Meat Loaf
Baked Potatoes
Green Salad

My meat-loaf recipe was a wartime accident! Our stamp allotment for meat seemed to provide us with only frankfurters and hamburger in quantities sufficient to our desires. In order to stimulate Wes's interest in franfurters, I made a barbecue sauce to serve over them. That didn't help the ranks a bit, as far as he was concerned, and I was left with a pint of barbecue sauce in the refrigerator. The next day I started to make a meat loaf and threw in some of the barbecue sauce. At dinner, Wes took one bite of the meat loaf and said, 'What did you do to this meat loaf? It's wonderful.' Now I always add barbecue-sauce ingredients to the meat loaf."

OTA'S MEAT LOAF

Mix together ¼ cup catchup, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 onion, chopped fine, 2 tablespoons water, 1¼ teaspoons salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and a dash of cayenne. Mix into a pound of ground beef with 1 egg and ½ cup dry packaged bread crumbs. Shape into a rounded oval-shaped patty and place in a greased shallow pan. Bake in moderate oven, 350° F., 45–50 minutes. Wes likes the leftover cold meat loaf for sandwich snacks.

FRIDAY

Bridge or Theater Night

Veal Birds With Wild Rice
Green Beans

"Friday night, with a week end forthcoming, we feel in a gala mood. We like to have what we consider an especially good dinner, then play bridge with friends or go to the theater. Veal birds with wild rice is one of our most favorite dishes. It's easy to do, adaptable to a few or many, and popular with our friends. We get a year's supply of wild rice, right after it's been picked and packaged, when we go fishing in Northern Minnesota every fall. When we have green beans we add sliced raw onions, vinegar and horse-radish to taste."

VEAL BIRDS WITH WILD RICE

Have ½ pound veal cutlet sliced thin and then pounded still thinner, as for veal *scallopini*. The pieces should be about 3″x5″. For each of the pieces (5 or 6) fry slightly a small link sausage—enough to remove some of the fat. Roll each sausage in a piece of veal and fasten with toothpicks. Season the birds with salt and pepper and roll in flour. Brown well on all sides in the sausage fat. Drain off fat in pan. Add 1 cup water and 2 onions, chopped. Cover and simmer about 25 minutes, or until tender. Remove toothpicks. Serve with freshly cooked wild rice. Double or triple for company.

Ota often bakes this in a covered casserole instead of simmering on top of stove. It takes longer in the oven, however—45 minutes to 1 hour in a moderately slow oven, 325° F. Do whichever comes easier.

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MEN LIKE MARCIA

(Continued from Page 36)

comfortably large. My salary isn't so startling as Marcia's, but it's steady—and more than once I've advanced her half of the rent.

But we have no quarrels about money—or division of labor. It all works out beautifully. I get up first and prepare what we laughingly call "breakfast." Marcia doesn't keep office hours, so she washes the dishes and makes the beds. If we're dining at home, she heats the can of soup—and after dinner, I do the dishes. Neat, complete, and hard to beat! (There I go again, bringing business home with me!)

Well, let's get back to the most important subject—men. Gr-r-r-ough! Let's face it, friends: any woman who says they aren't important ought to have her mouth washed out with soap—Snowdrift Soap, of course, the soap that saves your skin! Pardon me, I'm *so* ambitious! Back to my subject: men—men and Marcia! In spite of looking like an angel, Marcia has a definite gleam in her eye—and the men, bless their hearts, never miss it! With her, it comes just as natural to flirt as to breathe—and every bit as innocent!

To give you an idea of what I mean, here's a typical example. If Marcia has a date and I haven't, I usually put on an old beat-up bathrobe, pin my hair up in curlers, put cream on my face, and curl up with a good book. I like this sort of thing. Besides, I can actually feel myself becoming better looking by the minute. After all, you can't write those things day after day without believing some of them.

But if the situation is reversed—I mean, if I have a date and Marcia hasn't (This has been known to happen. Honest! I'm no glamorous model—but I have nice brown curly hair and freckles which I like to call provocative. I'm clean, bright, a good sport, and my friends say I'm loads of fun!) well—if I'm the one with the date—does Marcia retire to the bedroom with a good book? Not her—er, she! She usually applies a fresh make-up, brushes her golden hair into a halo, and changes into some informal, simple little old thing—like the blue velvet Dior slacks—and an old last year's sweater that's too tight. Then she settles herself in the living room to wait for my boy friend. Marcia's awfully old-fashioned, really. She thinks a man will respect a girl more if he meets her family. I appreciate it, too, only sometimes I'd just as soon have a little less respect and keep a few of the men.

This situation is what the other girls have in mind when they pass those uncomplimentary remarks about my intellect. And I suppose, from one standpoint, they're right. But I prefer to think of myself as philosophical. Not many girls have the setup I have. I never have to lie awake nights wondering if a man is the true-blue type. My own home is equipped with the acid test! If the guy still goes for me after being exposed to Marcia—God bless his eccentric heart, he's a solid matrimonial risk! Surely someday a man like that will come along, I've always kept telling myself. Don't you agree? . . . Well—don't you?

But, I digress. After all, I do have a story to tell or I wouldn't have started this whole thing. Enter—Cory Bannister. He's the glamour boy at our office: young, good-looking in a Cary Grant-type way, successful—he's already an account executive—*and* single! So-o-o-o, two months ago, when he casually stuck his head in my office door, smiled pleasantly, and said, "May I come in, Ellen?" I knocked my rhyming dictionary off the desk with my elbow, blushed from head to toe and replied, "Gulp—yes." I always like to use the nonchalant approach.

"If you're not too busy, Ellen, I'd like to have a talk with you. I need your help."

"Of course, Mr. Bannister—anything at all," I think I said. I'm not sure because my brain was working overtime dreaming up all the ways Cory Bannister might possibly need my help. Perhaps he wanted me to help entertain an important client some evening soon. Then again, suppose he had recognized in me a kindred spirit to whom he could pour out his troubles, while I stood stanchly by stroking his fevered brow, murmuring soothing words of wisdom?

I guess he didn't notice the look of simple dedication on my face, because he went on quite naturally.

"I've just landed the Sparkodent Tooth Paste account—and it's big! Been trying to get them away from Stewart-Buxton for two years—do you know what finally did it?"

"I don't suppose you promised to marry the homely daughter?" I asked timidly.

"Not on your life!" he laughed, obviously in high spirits. "It was you. I owe it all to you!"

"Me?" I squeaked, forgetting completely to strive for the low, husky tones.

We Never Had Time

By Abigail Cresson

I never figured until he was dead
How much we had missed out of life, she said.
We were so busy—the children, the farm;
So many of us to keep fed and warm.
Planning ahead and working together,
We talked of the crops, the stock, the weather;
And there never was time for foolishness—
Leaving it out is a pity, I guess.
Sometimes I would look at him sitting there
All hunched up and tired in the rocking chair
And long to lay a hand on his shoulder
Or smooth his hair; but, when you get older,
Such things seem silly. It's sort of as though
Loving was something you ought not to show.
So I never did it. He never knew
The time and again that I hankered to.
It isn't just death makes a body sad—
It's not to have done what you wish you had.

"Sure. I showed them some of your jingles. Mr. Matson was crazy about 'em! He can't wait to have you write some for Sparkodent!"

"Oh," I said—my pulse approaching normal again. I might have known. What else about me could possibly interest Cory Bannister but my own bizarre talent—advertising jingles?

"So you see," he was continuing, "you and I have a job to do. I promised Matson a complete layout by Friday night."

"Friday?" I repeated. "But this is Wednesday!" By this remark, I'm sure he deduced I'm the intelligent type.

"I know." He looked at me appealingly with that guilty small-boy expression that always does something to me. "It's a lot to ask, but this is such a big account—and he's so anxious—well, I want to strike while the iron is hot, so to speak."

"Naturally," I replied quickly.

"Good!" He smiled at me confidingly. "Actually, I'm depending on you, Ellen, for most of this campaign. You'll have to write the verses—but I'll work with you in any way I can. We'll keep at it day and night!"

Day and night! H-m-m-m! This was beginning to sound interesting—in fact, fraught with possibilities.

"We'll do it, Mr. Bannister!" I cr ringing tones. "Sparkodent! Now the product we can get our teeth into!"

He laughed uproariously, while I wa him, awe-struck. Cory Bannister was ing—showing all those gorgeous teet dimples. He was happy—and I was the of it! Ah-h-h—life was good!

The next two and a half days—Wednesday noon till Friday night—sheer heaven! I worked steadily, re reams of copy about Sparkodent Paste—its tangy zesty taste, its attr blue-and-yellow tube, the miracles it ised for healthy teeth and gums, the en astic endorsement of dentists, and the know-how and solid dependability company behind it. I wrote enough j limericks and singing commercials to Encyclopaedia Britannica—from A to vark, anyway. Lunches and dinners sent up to the office, or at the coffee s the building. I did sleep at home nigh der protest—but I was back at the bright and early ready to start in ag worked like a medieval slave and w envy of every girl at Sloan, Markha Bricker. For Cory Bannister was as good word, and stayed loyally at my side th it all.

Just between you and me, I could turned out those jingles a lot quicker solo. Let's face it, that's my trade—I'm to it! But when you see those pearly opening right before your very eyes, an those celestial harps playing sweet mus you going to say, "No, thank you"? you're a realistic, resourceful, quick- girl like me! No sir! Opportunity may more than once, but personally, I beli answering the first time!

Anyway, by Friday afternoon late, and I ("Mr. Bannister" disappeared W day at dinner) sat in my little cluttered tired but triumphant, surrounded b combined handiwork. The Sparkoden paign was complete. There were ma and newspaper layouts prepared by department, miniature billboards, re radio commercials. My contributio cluded such gems as:

The misguided square who neglects to care
Will surely be lost in the rush!
But the man worth-while has a Spark smile
And only his teeth get the brush!

And then I wrote:

Brush, brush, brush your teeth—
Morning, noon, and night!
Sparkodent—Sparkodent—Sparkode Sparkodent
Keeps them extra white!

All right! So Edgar Guest and Irvin lin have nothing to worry about! Cory them. And the only other person we convince was Mr. Matson.

"Well, Ellen—tonight's the night!" was arranging everything lovingly portfolio. "I'm seeing Matson at seven. soon know."

"Oh, Cory, he's just got to like said—and suddenly I had a moment of It was over—this delightful interlude Cory Bannister. "But, of course," I add most hopefully, "if Mr. Matson isn't fied, we can always do it over again."

Cory groaned. "Oh, no, not that cried with such a look of horror that my sank. Obviously, he didn't share my f

"I'll keep my fingers crossed," I murm weakly.

"I'll call you the minute I leave M Ellen, you've been wonderful these pa days! I'll never forget it—never!" He my hand soberly.

While I was still blushing, and murm "It was nothing"—my eyes modestly

(Continued on Page 236)



"Folks, it's Easy to make ALL these HOLIDAY TREATS with BRER RABBIT Molasses!"



Brer Rabbit Molasses Mint Brownies

Most unusual brownies ever!

½ cup butter or margarine
¼ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses*
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
¾ cup sifted all-purpose flour
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup chopped walnut meats
½ teaspoon vanilla
16 chocolate mint wafers, broken

Melt butter in saucepan over low heat. Remove from heat; let cool. Add molasses and sugar; mix well. Add eggs, one at a time, beating after each addition. Sift together flour and salt, add along with nut meats and vanilla; mix well. Line 8" x 8" pan with waxed paper; grease. Pour ½ mixture into pan. Sprinkle with mints; cover with remaining batter. Bake in moderate oven, 350°F., 40 min. Cool. Remove from pan; cut into 16 squares.



Brer Rabbit Raisin Pie

Dare to be different this holiday time! This out-of-the-ordinary pie will be a "conversation piece."

3 cups seeded raisins
½ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses*
1 cup hot water
2 tablespoons cornstarch
1 tablespoon lemon juice
grated rind of 1 lemon
½ teaspoon salt
1 9" unbaked pastry shell

Cook raisins, molasses and water together for 5 minutes. Make a smooth paste of cornstarch and lemon juice. Add to raisin mixture and cook 5 minutes more. Remove from heat; add lemon rind and salt. Pour into pie shell; arrange strips of pastry on filling, lattice fashion. Bake in hot oven, 450°F., for 15 minutes; reduce to 350°F., and bake for 25 minutes.



Brer Rabbit "My Best" Gingerbread

(SAUCEPAN METHOD)

Hot homemade gingerbread gets cheers . . . and this is the best ever! Grand with butter, or perfect for dessert, topped with whipped cream!

½ cup shortening
½ cup sugar
1 egg
2½ cups sifted all-purpose flour
1½ teaspoons baking soda
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon ginger
½ teaspoon cloves
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup Brer Rabbit Molasses*
1 cup hot water

Melt shortening in 3 or 4 quart saucepan over low heat. Remove from heat; let cool. Add egg; beat well. Sift together flour, baking soda and spices. Combine molasses and water; add alternately with flour to first mixture. Pour into a greased wax-lined 9" x 9" x 2" pan. Bake in moderate oven, 350°F., 50-60 minutes. Cool 5 minutes. Remove from pan.



Brer Rabbit Holiday Cookies

Perfect for Christmas Tree Cookies! Delightful for "homemade" gifts!

⅔ cup margarine
1 cup sugar
½ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses*
2 eggs
1¾ cups sifted flour
½ teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon salt

Melt margarine in saucepan over low heat. Remove from heat; let cool. Add sugar and molasses; mix well. Add eggs, one at a time, beating after each. Sift together flour, soda, cinnamon and salt; add to first mixture. Mix thoroughly. Drop by scant teaspoonfuls on greased baking sheet 2" apart. Bake in moderate oven, 375°F., 8-10 minutes. Remove from pan while warm. Yields about 7 dozen.

Molasses Coconut Cookies: Add ¾ cup shredded coconut to above recipe with flour mixture. Mix thoroughly. Bake.

Date Drops: Add ¾ cup chopped pitted dates to above recipe with flour mixture. Mix thoroughly. Bake.

Chocolate Molasses Cookies: Add ¾ cup semi-sweet chocolate bits to above recipe with flour mixture. Mix well. Bake.



Brer Rabbit Molasses Popcorn Balls

For Thanksgiving—for Christmas, these are fun to make, fun to eat!

3 quarts popped corn
1½ cups Brer Rabbit Molasses*
⅓ cup water
½ cup sugar
2 teaspoons cider vinegar
½ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons vanilla extract
5 tablespoons vegetable shortening

Pick over popped corn, discarding all hard kernels. Combine molasses, sugar, water, vinegar and salt; cook slowly, stirring constantly, to 270°F. (or when a small quantity dropped into cold water forms hard ball). Remove from heat; add vanilla extract and shortening, stirring only enough to mix. Pour over popped corn, stirring constantly. Grease hands; shape lightly into balls. Cool. Wrap in waxed paper. Makes 28-30.

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(Continued from Page 234)

cast—he left, and there I stood, feeling a little like Cinderella after the ball, her coach turned to a pumpkin, her beautiful clothes in rags and Prince Charming only a memory!

I put in the time that evening while I was waiting to hear from Cory washing my hair, putting on fresh nail polish, and pressing my good black dress. That was Marcia's idea.

"It's the most natural thing in the world," she insisted. "If he has good news, he'll want to celebrate. If it's bad, he'll need consolation. In either case, you've got to be ready."

"But, Marcia," I protested, "he thinks of me simply as an animated jingle."

"Wait and see, my pet—wait and see!" Marcia smiled sagely.

She was right, of course. It was a celebration! I met Cory in a dimly lighted, gay little restaurant on Forty-ninth Street, where there was a good three-piece orchestra and plenty of atmosphere. He greeted me with open arms and kissed me on both cheeks like a French general conferring a decoration. The musicians came over to us grinning and playing Row, Row, Row Your Boat. Cory and I began to sing "Brush, brush, brush your teeth"—and from that moment on, I thought of it romantically as Our Song.

After things had quieted down a little, Cory put his hand over mine on the table, gave me a long look that for intoxicating effect had wine beat a mile, and said, "Ellen, you're lovely! We must celebrate often!"

It was nearly two weeks before my bubble burst. During that time I wore my good clothes to work every day, bought two new hats, and put on a double application of freckle cream every night. Cory and I had lunch together nearly every day, partly for business reasons, of course—there was more work to be done on the Sparkodent account—but the rest was for pleasure . . . and what a pleasure! Several times we had dinner together, after we finished our work at the office; once he took me to a play, and once dancing. By this time we had discovered a great deal in common, including a preference for New York steaks, piano music and a crazy kind of off-beat humor which we were sure nobody else understood.

Then there was the night we drove out into the country to a quaint little restaurant he knew on Long Island. It was one of those small, intimate places, pine-paneled, with a crackling log fire and plenty of gleaming copper everywhere. The food was superb. After dinner, which lasted a full two hours, we started driving slowly back to town, relaxed and at peace with the world. Just before we got back, he stopped the car, silently took me in his arms, and kissed me. While I was still weak and dizzy, he started the car without a word and drove me home. Now I'm not sweet sixteen. I've been around, and I've been kissed before—plenty—but never like that! Believe me, girls—never like that.

On our next date, the inevitable happened. It was Wednesday night, Cory was due at eight, and Marcia was settled comfortably in the living room playing solitaire. I was in the bedroom putting the finishing touches on my make-up. I took a deep breath and called out casually, "You—uh—staying home tonight, Marcia?"

"Yes, pet," she called back cheerfully. "I'm going to turn in early. I'm dead tired. I've got circles down to here."

I peeped around the door at her hopefully. I couldn't see any circles. In fact, I thought I'd never seen her looking lovelier. She was wearing her quilted satin housecoat—blue, just the color of her eyes—her golden hair was tied back carelessly, Grecian fashion, with a blue ribbon, and she'd taken off every speck of make-up and scrubbed her face with soap and water. It had that clean, glowing look that's so devastating if you have a complexion like Marcia's to begin with—that innocent guileless effect that throws a man off his guard while she moves in and gets the situation well in hand.

"Besides, sweetie," she went on, "I'm dying to meet your Cory."

"He's not 'my' Cory . . . not yet, anyway," I said a little crossly. *Probably never will be now.* I thought to myself gloomily.

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"You need some color at the neck of that suit, Ellen. Why don't you try my blue scarf?" Marcia suggested, as she eyed me appraisingly like a mother anxious for her child to make an impression.

"Thanks just the same, but it doesn't match my eyes," I answered. *Nothing does*, I thought to myself, and then I had an idea. Maybe if I made some excuse to go down to the lobby—like buying stamps or mailing a letter—Cory would come and we just might go right on from the lobby and —— Just then the buzzer sounded. Too late! Oh, well, I might as well relax and let nature take her well-known course.

I went to the door and opened it. There he stood looking taller and handsomer even than I'd remembered.

"Come in, Cory," I said in a resigned voice. "I'm so anxious to have you meet my roommate, Marcia Campbell. . . . Marcia, this is Cory Bannister, from our office."

They looked at each other and I could tell they were impressed. The way Rita Hayworth and Aly Khan were impressed the first time they met. Or Ingrid Bergman and Rossellini. Or Wally Simpson and the King. Or Romeo and Juliet. Then they both smiled—and for a minute I almost forgot to be depressed, there was so much high-voltage charm turned on in our tiny apartment.

"Well, why don't we all sit down?" Marcia said graciously.

"I'm sorry, Marcia, but we ——" I began edging toward the door, but Cory evidently hadn't heard me.

"Thanks. Let's do," he said, settling himself comfortably in the big chair. Right then I knew I might as well take off my hat. We wouldn't be going out that night!

The reason teaching has to go on is that children are not born human; they are made so.

—JACQUES BARZUN:
Teacher in America, Atlantic Monthly Press (Little, Brown & Company).

We didn't. Since Marcia had the cards handy we played three-handed canasta. It was a gay evening—and for some reason, Marcia forgot all about wanting to go to bed early. She didn't even seem tired. Instead, she put herself out to be scintillating—and so did Cory. Or maybe, I told myself, they really weren't putting themselves out. Those two didn't have to. People like that don't have to try. They just sit there and the magnetism oozes out all around. But all during the evening there was one hope I clung to.

We have something in common, I kept telling myself, *Sparkodent*. I knew how important that account was to Cory, and since I was a vital part of it, maybe that would give me a slight edge.

Then, toward the middle of the evening, when Cory said something amusing to Marcia she looked up at him with her dazzling smile, and he jumped to his feet as though he'd been struck by lightning.

"Why, that's it!" he exclaimed. "I've got it, Ellen— just what we've been looking for!"

"You have?" I said stupidly.

"Marcia's just the girl!" Cory practically danced around the room in glee.

"Excitable, isn't he?" drawled Marcia, amused. "Do you know what this is all about?"

"No," I answered, but I was afraid I did.

"Do you think you might tell us, Cory?"

"Sparkodent!" he practically shouted. "Marcia's the perfect Sparkodent girl! Look at those teeth! Look at that smile!"

I didn't look. I didn't say anything either. In fact, I felt a little sick.

The next day, Marcia came down to our office at Cory's invitation. She was introduced to all the top brass and finally to Mr. Matson of Sparkodent. It was decided she was the perfect choice for the Sparkodent girl. Then they all patted Cory on the back, shook his hand and agreed that it was uncanny the way he always came up with just the right idea at the right time.

(Continued on Page 239)

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!





Not a soap, not a cream— Halo cannot leave dulling, dirt-catching soap film!



Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather —needs no special rinse!

Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp!



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(Continued from Page 237)

For days after that, Marcia and Cory were sy together at the photographer's. You've bably seen those ads with the gorgeous nde, beautifully gowned, in a romantic ting smiling up at a man (only the back of head shows) and in the opposite corner a blue-and-yellow tube of Sparkodent. Or some of them, the girl is in front of the shbasin dressed in a filmy negligee—thbrush poised in one hand, Sparkodent e in the other. It takes time to get a whole son's campaign lined up—and sometimes y work long hours. Then, of course, it's y common decency for the account execue to take the model out to lunch, dinner nome.

Oh, sometimes I was included in the ty—in fact, lots of times we made up a y threesome. I felt like a heel because I ldn't help wishing that just occasionally, ry and I could be together again alone—hout Marcia.

And then the big blow fell. Cory and rcia were at the photographer's for a few akes Mr. Matson had ordered and I'd ved late at the office to finish up some y. It was a last-minute idea of Cory's, I was anxious to check it with him, so ok a taxi over to Sixth Avenue. I prom-l myself if they were still busy I wouldn't g around and wait without a special in-ation. I'd show them I had some pride! When I arrived, Joe, the photographer, n't around. Neither was his receptionist. idn't hear a sound so I opened the door the darkened studio, and was just about call out, "Anybody there?" when I saw m. Marcia and Cory. They didn't see me. ey weren't looking. They were kissing h other. I went out to the street, hailed ther cab, and went home.

didn't eat any dinner that night. I didn't n put on my freckle cream. What was the ? I just slipped out of my clothes and wled miserably into bed. But not to sleep. no! I had to suffer some more.

INKING back to that time, now, I'm minded of those scenes in fantasy-type vies where the person's other self, repreted by a transparent figure, appears and ries on a conversation with the flesh-and-od character. In my case, the other me med to be standing at the foot of my bed h an ugly sneer on her face.

"Well, what did you expect, you dope?" taunted me.

"I don't know," I replied, "but not this!"

"Oh, come now, Ellen," she said, "you surely can't pretend you're surprised!"

"No, I'm not," I said miserably. "I only hoped—I wanted him so much ——"

"Of course you wanted him! You and twenty or thirty other girls! Tell me, Ellen Carr, what's so special about you that you should win him when none of them could?"

"Nothing, I guess," I admitted. "But I thought—well, there was a chance that our work would bring us together."

"You mean that tooth paste?" she jeered. "You're dumber than I thought you were! Listen, when Cory Bannister falls for a girl, tooth paste will have nothing to do with it!"

"But I helped him—he was grateful—he said he never could have gotten the Sparkodent account without me!"

This time she was really disgusted with me. "Such colossal ego! You certainly don't think you're the only person with a rhyming dictionary, do you?"

"Oh, go away." I started to cry. "Leave me alone! Quit torturing me!"

"Don't blame it on me! You're the one who moved in with Marcia Campbell. Your friends all warned you!"

"I don't care," I sobbed. "I still think I was right about that. If a man doesn't want me after he sees her, then I'd rather find out about it right away! I like Marcia—and I'm not afraid to live with her!"

She raised her hand as if to strike me. "You!" she jeered. "You and your darn-fool philosophy!"

So it went on for hours while I tossed in my bed, cried into my pillow, and wondered what Marcia and Cory were doing—why he didn't bring her home. Later, when I heard her key in the lock, I quickly smoothed my covers and lay as still as a statue. I heard her open the bedroom door softly and then close it again. Then I could hear the water running in the bathroom and I knew she was getting ready for bed. Pretty soon she tiptoed in and slipped quietly into bed. I still didn't move. I had no desire to talk to anyone.

I tried to analyze my feeling toward Marcia. It wasn't her fault that she was beautiful and desirable—and I really couldn't honestly blame my failure on her. I couldn't blame Cory either. Faced with a choice between Marcia and me, how could any man in his right mind not pick her? Still, I couldn't help feeling resentment. I thought of all the men Marcia could have had—could have right now—just for the asking; all the men she would meet in the future—and charm without the slightest effort—and it didn't seem fair! Life handed happiness to some people on a silver platter, while others ——

Something that sounded like a muffled sob interrupted my reverie. I listened and heard it again. This time it was unmistakable. Marcia was crying!

I sat up in bed and whispered, "Marcia!" Everything was quiet. I turned on the lamp between the beds and said aloud, "Marcia, were you crying?"

"It's nothing," she answered in a muffled voice. "I'm sorry if I woke you."

"You didn't wake me—and you *are* crying!" I insisted. "Is anything wrong?"

She turned and looked at me then and I could see that her beautiful blue eyes were red and swollen! "Oh, Ellen!" she cried and buried her face in the pillow, her shoulders shaking with sobs. At that moment I forgot my resentment for Marcia. I went over and sat on the edge of her bed and put my arms around her.

"Marcia, darling," I pleaded, "what is it? What has happened?"

"I'm so miserable!" she sobbed. "I hate myself—I hate everything! I feel like jumping out that window and ending it all!"

"You'll have to wait your turn," I answered dryly.

"Oh, Ellen, how can you stand to live with me!" She broke out into fresh tears. "I'm such a mess!"

"Why don't you tell me about it, Marcia?" I said quietly. I was pretty sure what was bothering her—and I thought we might as well get this thing over with and try to go on from there.

"But you're so good, Ellen—you've been such a wonderful friend—and now you're going to hate me!" She sat up in bed and made an effort to stop crying. She dried her eyes and then said quickly, "Tonight, Cory—we—he kissed me!"

"I shouldn't think that's a cause for tears," I said, the bitterness coming back in a wave.

"But, Ellen, you don't understand," she went on painfully. "I'm in love with him. For the first time in my life, I'm really in love!"

So now it was out. I hadn't admitted it to myself before, but I suddenly realized I'd been hoping down in one corner of my heart that perhaps it was only a flirtation with Marcia—and when she tired of it and found somebody else, Cory might return to me. Pride? Never heard of it!

"Ellen, say something! Don't just sit there looking so—so crushed. I can't bear it!" Marcia was urgent now.

"What is there to say, Marcia?" I answered dully. "You're in love! So that's that! You didn't do it on purpose."

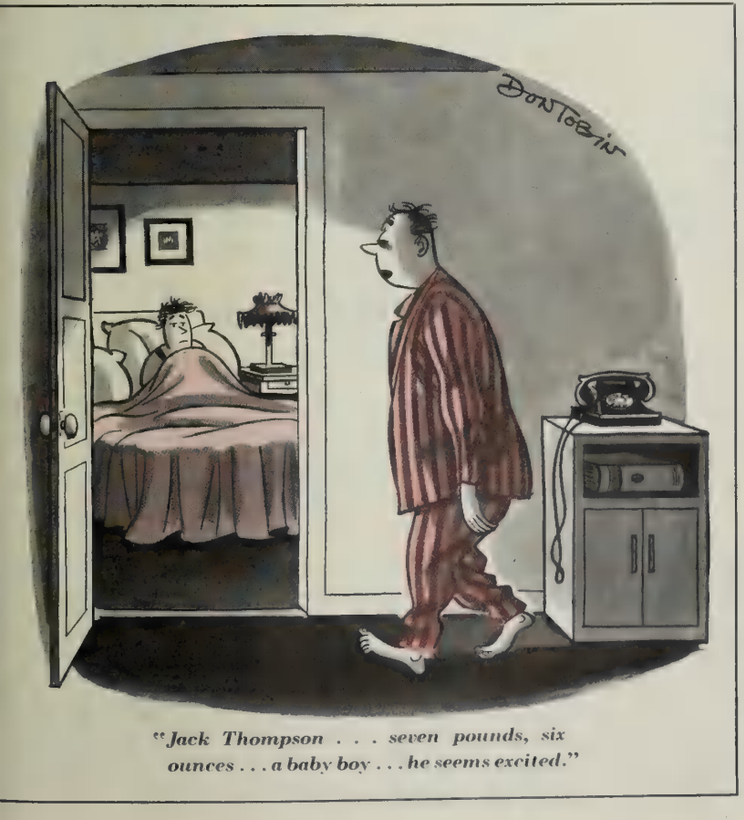
"Oh, no!" she agreed. "I'd give anything in the world if it hadn't happened—if he'd been anyone else! You do believe me, don't you, Ellen? You will . . . forgive me?"

"All right, Marcia," I said, turning out the light. "Let's not talk about it any more."

I crawled into my bed and pulled my misery up over me like a blanket. I couldn't talk to Marcia any more. I couldn't let her see how much I cared. She was taking it hard enough. Poor Marcia! Such troubles I should have. That night lasted a thousand years—and I didn't sleep a wink of it. By morning I was exhausted, but somehow I'd reached a kind of peaceful acceptance of the situation. I dressed carefully, as one might for a funeral, and went to the office with a sweet, sad smile of resignation on my face.

I DIDN'T see Cory all day. He didn't come to the office. Probably didn't want to face me, I guessed. By evening I was really tired and my beautiful serenity was wearing thin. I was just finishing up the dinner dishes when the phone rang. Marcia was nearer, so she answered. She said "Hello" lackadaisically, and then suddenly her voice came to life. It was Cory! I turned from the sink and stood tense, listening, my hands dripping water all over the floor. Ridiculous, isn't it, the way two grown women with fairly high I.Q.'s can change into quivering morons—just at a voice on the telephone?

After a brief conversation, Marcia hung up the phone and came into the kitchenette. "Cory's coming over right away," she said,



"Jack Thompson . . . seven pounds, six ounces . . . a baby boy . . . he seems excited."



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not looking at me. I turned back to the sink and the dishes. "Well—aren't you going to change, or anything?" she asked, eying my faded cotton housecoat.

"What for?" I said shortly, stealing a glance in the small mirror above the sink. I really was a mess. Tossing all night doesn't do your hair any good; my eyes had about as much sparkle as leftover hors d'oeuvres.

"Well—all right," Marcia said hesitantly, "but I think he wants to see us both. He asked if you were here."

She went into the bedroom to make herself even more beautiful if possible. So Cory wanted to see me, did he? Probably about those new Sparkodent jingles I'd written yesterday. Well, he could just wait and see them tomorrow at the office. I was through knocking myself out for Cory Bannister!

A few minutes later, when the buzzer sounded, I was still scouring a saucepan. It was already cleaner than when we'd rented the apartment, but did I know what I was doing? Marcia went to the door and I heard her greet Cory in her most provocative manner. He was in high spirits. I looked around desperately for a hole to crawl into—but there was no escape. I'd have to face the music!

Then he appeared in the doorway and my heart did a nose dive right into my shoes. Every time I saw him, his handsomeness hit me like a blow!

"Egad!" he cried. "The little lady is domestic too! Is there no end to her talents!"

"I'll have you know I can tat a mean doily, and simply everyone raves about my candied potato peeling!" I said.

"It's lucky I found you home tonight," Cory went on. "I've been up to Boston today. Just got back an hour ago. I was so afraid you'd be out or something."

"I'm sorry, Cory," I said, pouring scouring powder on the saucepan for the ninth time, "I left the new Sparkodent jingles at the office ——"

"Never mind the Sparkodent jingles!" he said recklessly. "This is much more important. I'm in love!"

Marcia was standing just behind him—her face radiant. "Congratulations," I said.

"I drove all night last night," Cory said. "Up to Boston to see my family. I just couldn't wait to tell them! They were tickled to death, so now there's only one thing left to do—and that's propose!"

I WONDERED why he kept looking at me when Marcia was standing right there. The next thing I knew he came over to the sink and put his arms around me.

"Oh, Ellen, darling," he said intensely, "that last fifty miles was so long! I was thinking of you every minute! I love you so much! Please say you'll marry me!"

"Who—me?" I said stupidly. Everything seemed vague and out of focus—like in a dream. In another second he was kissing me.

"I'm so crazy about you, Ellen!" he murmured in my ear. "You're the sweetest, the cutest—the most lovable ——"

"Who—me?" I breathed. All my life I'd dreamed of this moment—and here I was acting like a half-wit, but Cory kissed me again.

"I'll probably make a terrible husband—but will you marry me and take a chance?"

Part of my brain began to function again. Marcia wasn't there. I didn't know when she'd left—but the thought of Marcia brought up a question I just had to ask.

"What about Marcia?" I asked. "Last night you—you kissed her. I thought ——"

"Yes, I did kiss Marcia, bless her!" he said jubilantly. "That was when I knew how much I loved you! Don't you see, Ellen?"

"Not exactly," I admitted.

"You will! You see, darling," he explained, "I knew from the first you were different—but I've never been in love before, so I wasn't sure. I kept waiting for some proof—some sign. And then I kissed Marcia!"

"And that—that did it?"

"That did it! Marcia is a beautiful girl. She has a gorgeous figure, a wonderful personality—and plenty of sex appeal!"

This was not news to me, so I made no comment.

HE went on triumphantly, "I just had to kiss her! It was the only way! And it worked. It didn't do a thing to me. Not a thing! All the time I was kissing her I could only think of one thing—how much I loved you!"

Poor Marcia, I thought in one part of me, but in all the rest, hope was at last rearing its lovely head.

"Oh, Ellen," he finished soberly, "you just can't say no! Please!" He looked at me anxiously like an eager small boy and my last doubt curled up and died.

Yes, folks, it's all true—he loves me! It wasn't a dream after all. I know that because I'm black and blue from pinching myself these past few days. He even thinks I'm beautiful. He said so right after I said "Yes"—and me in my old housecoat, no make-up, and dishpan hands! I don't remember who that character was who said "Love is blind"—but he was so right! I mean, not even a nearsighted guy with astigmatism would pass up Marcia, especially when she was just standing there waiting to give in.

Meanwhile, I refuse to let myself waste too much sympathy on Marcia. She's ever busier than usual these days with her modeling and her men. She had three proposals last week—which is about par for the course. But she has her mind on other things—to wit, finding a new roommate. And for Marcia, that won't be easy. In spite of her beauty, her intelligence and congenial disposition, there haven't been many applicants. Women are afraid of her. She looks like an angel and has a personality with the kick of nuclear fission. Yes, men—unless they have rocks in their heads—like Marcia. But, girls, don't let me discourage you! If you're interested in sharing an attractive apartment with a good address, go on, take a chance! After all, you, too, may find yourself a rockhead!

MEALS THAT WAIT

(Continued from Page 187)

Freezing for the future: Double or triple the recipe. Do not reheat after adding the beans. Cool to room temperature. Pack in freezing containers and freeze. Thaw and reheat when ready to use.

EASY STEAMED FIG PUDDING

Break up 2½ seven-and-three-quarter-ounce packages (a generous quart) of commercial fig-filled cookies. Pour 1 cup milk over them. Let stand 15 minutes, until they become mushy. Add ½ cup flour sifted with ½ teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon baking soda. Blend well to avoid lumps of flour. Add the following additional ingredients: ¼ cup molasses, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ½ cup melted butter or margarine, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon ground cloves. Mix and blend thoroughly. Pour into a 1½-quart pudding mold that has been well greased. Fasten cover on tightly and steam on a rack in a closed kettle about 3 hours. (If you have a pressure cooker, the steaming time is cut appreciably. Follow instructions for steaming given in the booklet that came with your cooker.) Serve hot with a lemon hard sauce.

Freezing for the future: You may wish to make up several puddings to have on hand for winter dinners, since steaming time for puddings is usually long unless you have a pressure cooker. When the pudding is removed from the mold and is thoroughly cool, wrap well in aluminum foil. To resteam: Without removing the foil, thaw and steam 30-40 minutes on a rack over boiling water long enough to heat the pudding through. Keep the lid on the steamer during cooking time. Unwrap and serve. THE END



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COUNTRY DOCTOR

(Continued from Page 184)

begging to call them mother and dad. Kathë was only seven years old when war first came to her country; from that time until she was sixteen she knew nothing else. One brother served in the Russian army, another was killed with the German army, one brother-in-law was deported to Siberia, another died of tuberculosis in a displaced-persons camp. When the Germans left Estonia in 1944 and the Russians arrived, Kathë fled with her sister, her sister's husband and baby to Germany. Her mother and the rest of the family were to follow on another boat the next day. On the way to Gottenhaben, the boat was torpedoed in the Baltic Sea and about one third of the passengers perished. They heard on the ship's radio that all travel from Estonia had been banned by the Russians and Kathë knew then that her family would not be following them. She has not heard a word from them since.

Once in Germany, Kathë and her sister's family went to work on a farm where a German soldier stationed in Estonia had told them they could find help. They stayed there a year until the Russians moved in. Then they put the child, then three years old, in a little wagon together with all their belongings and hiked barefooted 300 miles to an American camp. They slept in barns and subsisted on one meal a day. When the little boy cried from hunger, German farmers would give him apples. The refugees spent the next three years in American DP camps, where the boy's father finally died of tuberculosis, then in 1948 the Lutherans sent them to America. When they arrived in Boston, Kathë was overcome with joy at the thought of being able to go back to school again, and felt a whole new life was opening up for her.

The Sheppards feel keenly their responsibility toward Kathë and have recently been a bit concerned at the enthusiastic rush Hutchinson boys have been giving her. When an invitation came last summer to appear in a scanty bathing suit on a water-carnival float, Lola put her foot down firmly, figuring that wasn't the kind of attention Kathë needed. She is very pretty, a quick-witted and gay person, in spite of her bitter memories of war and separation. "I used to cry myself to sleep every night, thinking of my family. Now I say I will not be sorry for myself," she says with determination. This year she will continue to live with the Sheppards while she works in a local factory to earn some money and improve her English. Then the doctor will help her through four years of the University of Minnesota.

Because they see so little of their father, both Leland and Barbie spend part of almost every day in the doctor's offices, where the refrigerator is well stocked with Cokes and popsicles as well as biologicals. The lab technician has been with the doctor for ten

NEXT MONTH

"We must care for more children."

ANNA THORPE has been "Mom" to hundreds at the Cleveland Christian Home for Children in the past 25 years. She grieves over each one turned away because "there's no room." Brought up in a Home herself, she knows that "home" and "institution" are words with quite different meanings. Meet Anna and the children she calls "Your other family," in

Life in an Orphan Home

by Roger Butterfield

How America Lives, in the December LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

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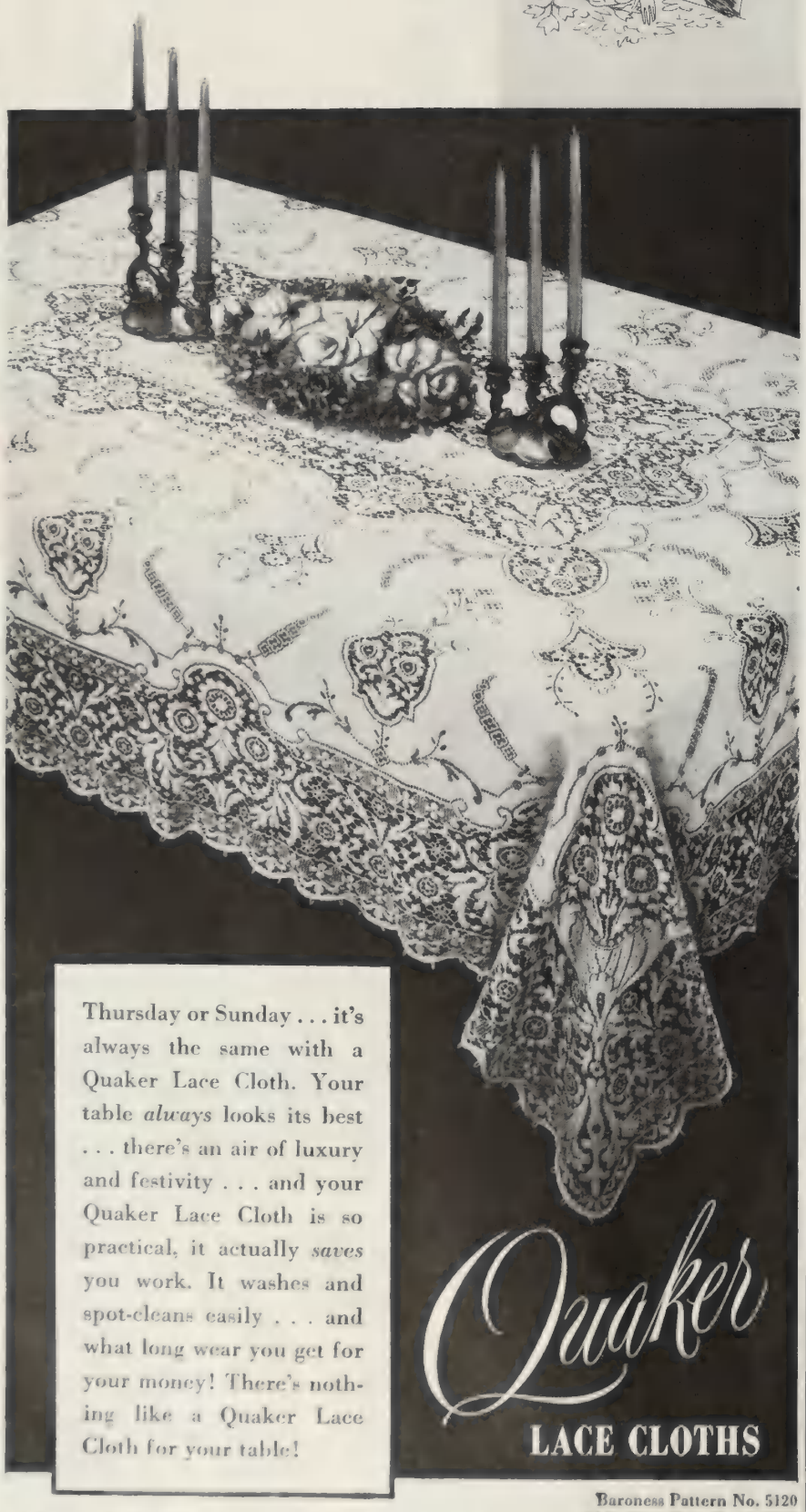
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years—a former housemaid of his, he took her into the office when he learned of her ambitions to be a nurse and trained her in all lab procedures himself. The doctor also employs a full-time receptionist-secretary, making a staff of three.

When he expanded his offices to nine rooms and two lavatories last year (at a cost of $10,000), he and his staff tended to get lost in the place. Now each room has a buzzer and a telephone, as well as a set of different-colored lights outside each door so that it is possible to tell at a glance down the hall what is going on in the various rooms (a system copied from Mayo Clinic).

Doctor Charlie handles as many as 40 patients a day at his office, generally charging between $1 and $3, and sometimes nothing. (He does tonsillectomies for about $35, and averages about $60 for a delivery.) He reaches his office at 8 A.M. and is not through until 5:30 or 6 P.M. Twice a day, usually, he gets over to the local hospital to check up on his patients there. Evenings find him back at the office until 9 P.M., writing up his records for the day. With such a schedule, he has cut home calls to the absolute minimum. Kids suffering from the usual run of diseases, even scarlet fever, are wrapped warmly and brought to the office where they are immediately isolated from all other patients. Works fine, he finds, saves him time and saves the patients money. When absolutely necessary, of course, he will drive fifteen or twenty miles out into the country on an emergency, but to discourage any unnecessary calls he and the other doctors in the county charge $1 a mile (one way) for such trips, plus $5 for the call.

LOLA used to save her evenings for him, but now that he is home only week-end evenings (and plenty of emergencies cut into them), she spends the time working on the many speeches she gives to various clubs, or sewing or mending. She long ago gave up much social life. One New Year's Eve they were dressing for a party when a call came for Charlie to deliver a baby. "You go on," Charlie told her, "and I'll be right over." It turned out to be twins, which arrived four hours apart, and Charlie arrived supperless at the party at 2 A.M. If they make a date with another couple for dinner and a show in Minneapolis, often as not they are frantically paging them in the hotel lobby at 6 P.M. to say they will be two hours late.

"At first people tried to pump me for information about patients, but since Charlie never told me anything, I wasn't tempted to say anything," says Lola. "They soon gave up."

One day Charlie came home with a worried and preoccupied look and finally confided in her that a patient had said she was in love with him. Lola laughed and didn't even ask the woman's name, which piqued Charlie, naturally. "Women are always falling in love with men in white, or thinking they're in love with them," Lola told him. "She'll get over it." She did, says Charlie.

For relaxation at home, the doctor likes to strum the piano—George Gershwin and Cole Porter are his favorites, and among the classics, Chopin. "I probably should say Bach, but I guess I'm not an intellectual," he says modestly. He is also a great home-movie fan and has a complete record in color film of his children from babyhood. When the children were still quite small he began to worry about all the weight Lola was accumulating—from a slim 116 pounds in college, she soared to 182. He mentioned it to her several times with no effect. Then one day when she was wearing a rather short and tight-fitting dress, he took some movies of her and the children. Then he invited a few friends in to see them. Stunned and humiliated at her image on the screen, Lola took the lesson like a good sport and said nothing, but that very night began to diet. In six months she took off 40 pounds and looked years younger. She now weighs herself religiously every day, keeps herself at a consistent 145 pounds.

Every August the doctor takes his family up to a charming and primitive lake cottage the family owns in Northern Minnesota

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e they have no plumbing, no electricity
'Thank God," says Charlie, "no tele-
e!"
I could draw a cartoon of that thing,"
ys, pointing to the telephone on his
"it would have a great long neck and a
and arms—a monster!" From the min-
e gets up in the morning at 6:30, and all
gh meals, it rings. In the office he some-
handles as many as 44 calls a day,
viched between 40 patients. "I'm try-
get a difficult history from a patient,"
he doctor, "when the phone rings and I
to switch my mind completely from
hing like Hodgkin's disease to kidney
s. If I go to a friend's house or a movie,
e to let the local operator know where I
Then, when I'm finally in bed, dead
there's that monster right at my elbow
to blast me out of my sensibilities at
inute of the night."
a, who shares a double bed with her
nd, used to wake up whenever the
rang at night, then lie awake and
until he got home from a call. Now she
ained herself to sleep right through, but
ably awakens to the alarm clock.
k people always seem to feel sicker as
with its accompanying fears draws
. One night recently the phone rang at
Charlie picked up the phone to speak
ne unknown person complaining of a
ch-ache.
ow long have you had it?" the doctor

n, on and off for about twenty years,
," was the answer.
that case it will wait until morning,"
l the disgusted medico, and hung up.

s past summer the
oards spent two
is living with Char-
nother in the big,
shingle house on
Street where Charlie
orn, while their own
was completely re-
led. The Sheppards
it their roomy red-
house at 440 Grove Street for $7500
5. It is a substantial building with four-
nch walls and granite-block foundation,
us old shade, and lots of yard for Lola's
ning; but like most houses built at the
ning of the century, it was not designed
reamlined living. There were only two
closets in the entire house, and the
iving room was so small that the chil-
ad to have their friends visit in relays.
over, it ate up over $400 worth of coal
r.
h the help of an architect, the Shep-
made extra space in both attic and
so that the house now has twelve rooms
ve baths. The partition between living
ining rooms is down, making one big
the whole width of the house. All the
pes have been replaced with copper,
n oil burner and baseboard heating re-
he coal furnace and radiators. The attic
en insulated and finished with two new
oms, bath and huge storage room with
closets. The cellar has a hobby shop
big amusement room for the kids. The
operation cost in the neighborhood of
0, and the Sheppards borrowed from
nk to do it, but figure that if they
l to save that much money, Leland
be in college.
e need the space right now, and I
it's worth paying some interest to get
ys the doctor.

OUGH the doctor's gross annual income
e, after he has paid office overhead and
he keeps only 47 cents of every dollar
ects. He finds that the average person
about three months before paying a
's bill, and about 14 per cent of the
e sends out are never paid at all. The
owed him since he started practicing
n years ago now runs well into five
"I'm not complaining, you under-
" says Doctor Charlie, who keeps a
aborate set of accounts. "This state of
is true of all doctors."
how has as many patients as one man
ndle, and is beginning to turn a few
away. Yet for the first two years he practiced in Hutchinson he despaired of even keeping his wife in shoe leather.

Charlie met Lola while he was in medical school at the University of Minnesota and she was business manager for the University Theater, where she had starred in many productions as an undergraduate. Lola, entirely self-supporting since a sophomore in high school, was determined to go on the stage. After high school, she worked for three years as a telephone operator, studying dramatics on the side.

She put herself through the University of Minnesota from 1928 to 1932 by tutoring French, washing dishes and reading proof for faculty, and managing Methodist Young People's work for pay. She was on the women's debating team, a member of the Maskers, and appeared in many university productions, such as the play l'Aiglon, with such top-ranking professionals as Ernest Lawford, Edward Fielding and William Faversham. Many backstage talks with these famous actors brushed some of the star dust from Lola's stage-struck eyes, and she decided that directing involved a lot fewer heartaches than trying to become an actress. When the University Theater offered her the job as business manager when she graduated, she accepted the $75-a-month job gladly.

CHARLIE and Lola met on a blind date, but she still teases him that it was two and a half years later before they went out together again. She had heard about Charlie for years—he was one of her brother's best friends in college—but their paths didn't cross again until Charlie came to her mother's boardinghouse one night to pick up his date. His date wasn't there, but Lola was, and as they sat talking in the living room he began to realize what he had been missing. From then on the romance progressed like wildfire. First they talked of getting married when he was through training (in four years), then in two years, then one, and finally Charlie said, "Oh, heck! Let's get married next Saturday."

The human mind has an entrance and an exit. The exit is much larger.

—JOHN W. RAPER: What This World Needs. (World Publishing Company)

On the Thursday before the wedding, Charlie announced the news to his father, who first said, "Who?" and then, "What will you live on—buttons?" Charlie explained patiently that it was all arranged—Lola would support herself while his father continued to support him. Fortunately, the Sheppards had already met Lola and had pronounced her quite the nicest girl that Charlie had ever brought home.

Lola took the day off from the university production of The Taming of the Shrew, and they got married in Minneapolis, Lola in a navy suit and no flowers, since the harried groom had forgotten them. They then drove up to Wisconsin in her ancient Buick to a little hotel, munching chocolate bars and peanuts on the way. The next day they both moved into her mother's boardinghouse next to the University of Minnesota and stayed there for four years. Asked if she would marry again under like circumstances, Lola says, "I only regret waiting six weeks!"

There were six other practicing physicians in Hutchinson when Charlie hung out his shingle in 1937, after an extra year of internship at Miller Hospital, St. Paul, concentrating on pediatrics, obstetrics and internal medicine. The first year he averaged 1.3 patients a day. One of his first patients was a black Labrador. The owner said he couldn't afford to take the dog to a vet.

Charlie sat in his office, across the hall from his father's, and read medical journals until he thought he would go blind, then snoozed. Once Lola wandered in, and although he was sitting alertly at his desk, she burst out laughing. Sleeping with his head on his hands had left a telltale strawberry mark on his forehead. Thereafter Charlie carefully placed a small sponge on his forehead when sleeping.

When he walked down the street, old friends would say, "Well, well, Charlie, so you're a doctor now! Don't expect to see me



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"hasn't scratched yet!"

in your office—can't learn everything in books, you know!" Charlie would summon up a sickly grin and stride home to Lola in a fury, wondering whatever possessed him to think he could build up a practice in his own home town, where everyone remembered him as a shaver. Then Lola, who was herself rather lost and lonely, and finding endless games of honeymoon bridge a poor substitute for the stimulation of the theater, would attempt to cheer him up. Generally she would tell him once again about her mother, who with no education beyond the third grade and no money except what she could earn herself, managed to see three children through college. "Charlie was always used to money and security—I never had either. I had to instill in him a sense of his own ability," recalls Lola.

The next year Charlie had 2.5 patients per day and Lola had a baby. The month Leland was born, her hospital bill came to $88, and Charlie's total earnings to $60. To buy office equipment and pay the grocery bills, Charlie borrowed steadily from his family until he was $6000 in debt. Often he was paid only in chickens, and once was presented with a dead duck highly perfumed with skunk. Then the third year he got a break. One of the town doctors died, and Charlie moved into his offices and took over his practice. In 1940 he averaged $342 a month and he and Lola staged a hilarious sponge-burning ceremony. He's been short of sleep ever since.

Aside from the physical exertion of his twelve-hour day, Charlie's job is a severe emotional strain. Here is one of his typically hard days, which he begins at 6:30 A.M. after four hours' sleep because of a delivery during the night:

First, he drives about town checking up on a couple of complaints that have come to him as local health officer. Then over to the hospital to check up on his patients there. One of them, a woman of 80 with a broken hip, must be made to walk again, and Charlie works hard at persuading her. Another patient has decided he has come to the hospital to die—"I figured I had a one-way ticket, doctor"—and Charlie spends five minutes making him laugh and another ten extracting a promise that he will let his daughter take him home again. He examines the chart of a 12-year-old boy with pneumonia; penicillin has reduced his temperature to normal in twenty-four hours—one of those miracles his dad liked to talk about.

DOCTOR CHARLIE then roars over to his pale-green-and-yellow air-conditioned offices and just has time to dictate a few letters to other doctors about some puzzling cases when the patients start flocking in. There are ten Boy Scouts for health examinations, new babies to be checked and weighed, a kid with a broken elbow, a farmer with an allergy to hay. A young bride-to-be comes in perfectly distraught—her fiancé has complained about her halitosis! On her heels comes a 60-year-old lady with pernicious anemia; the doctor can control (not cure) all symptoms of her disease in as little as two weeks with vitamin B_{12}—another miracle of modern medicine.

A 20-year-old girl enters his office with great diffidence. Her story comes out haltingly. She is unmarried and pregnant. After he confirms this fact, the doctor tells her to bring in the boy to see if there is any possibility of marriage. He advises her in strongest terms against having an abortion.

In the next hour, he is trying to persuade an eager young mother not to have a baby. "With that rheumatic heart of yours, you can either live as long as possible for the children you already have, or have some more babies and leave them motherless," he tells her sharply, trying not to notice her tears.

A MOTHER brings in a boy with bad tonsils. Doctor Charlie takes tonsils out all year round, even during the hottest summer months. Surveys show no connection, he says, between tonsillectomies and susceptibility to polio.

A woman whose courage and good sense he admires tremendously comes in complaining of shooting pains from the tips of her fingers to the back of her neck. Outwardly, the doctor's cheerful, sympathetic manner does not change. Inwardly he is seized with dread. Because of the woman's past history, this could mean cancer of the brain. He leaves her a moment to put in a long-distance call to a cancer specialist and arranges to have an EEG test made. "It's the toughest hardest thing I ever have to do," he says, his face looking tireder than ever, "to decide whether to tell the patient (after I'm sure, of course), and then to admit that there is nothing any one can do for her."

He goes on to the next patient, an old case. Every time he sees her, she has picked up another old-country superstition about pregnancy. Last month she had seen a barn in flames and was convinced her child would be born with a red birth mark. This time she has a sure-fire way of telling the sex of her infant: "You tie a ring to a piece of string and hold it over your stomach. If the ring goes round and round it's a girl. If it goes back and forth, it's a boy."

The doctor uses a radically new technique with maternity patients which is quite a controversial subject around Hutchinson. In most hospitals nowadays, the mother gets up the second or third day after she has had a baby. Doctor Charlie encourages his patients to walk from the delivery table to their beds. Some women react violently to the idea, thinking it is the most brutal thing they ever heard of, and these patients are wheeled back to their beds. Among the hundred patients who have tried it, however, it has been an outstanding success, he thinks, in preventing circulatory complications after childbirth.

Finally the waiting room empties of patients. Charlie picks up the phone to tell Lola he's on his way. The reports on the thirty-six patients he saw that day are still unwritten—he'll have to come back tonight.

His mind still preoccupied with the suspected cancer victim, he says good night to his staff and slides his long legs into his car. So his father thought modern medicine a marvelous challenge! Cancer cases like this he'd rather not see—could be neuritis—just a chance ——

Leland pops out the door of the big brick house. "Hi, dad, look at this!"

The doctor bends over to examine an object in his son's hand and gets a spray of water square in his eye. For a moment he is angry and nonplused—then his head rolls back and that explosive laughter rolls out. Leland throws his arms about his neck and kisses him violently. "Daddy's home!" he cries jubilantly. THE END

Sanctuary

By Joseph Auslander

Our love is like a meadow in the sun,
A little island in the marshy grass,
A limpid mirror for oblivion,
And for the steel-blue heron a smooth glass.
The straight reed, the unrippled osier,
The starry water hyacinth softly stand;
The six gold goslings paddling here and there
Maintain a guard upon this holy land.

Behold the bright pavilion of our peace
Far from the madness in the heart of man,
Our ocean-sentineled Hesperides,
The final archipelago of Pan:
Against the world we pit the horn of snail,
The piper's signature sand-pricked in Braille.

Printed in U.S.

Ladies' Home

Journal

wishes you a Merry Christmas

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Complete in This Issue
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To help your youngsters grow up with healthier, cleaner mouths, show them how to fight tooth decay and gum troubles *both*. Remember, tooth decay hits *9 out of 10* children before the age of six. And later in life, gum troubles cause *more than half* of all tooth losses. So start your children today on the Ipana way to healthier teeth and healthier gums *both*. Ipana is another dependable Bristol-Myers product.

Only one leading tooth paste is specially designed to give you this double protection!*

Yours can be a healthier, more wholesome mouth—if you do what dentists advise: fight tooth decay and *gum troubles, too.*

With one famous tooth paste—*with Ipana and massage—you can guard your teeth and gums BOTH.

No other tooth paste—ammoniated or otherwise—has been proved more effective than Ipana to *fight tooth decay*. And no other leading tooth paste is specially designed to stimulate gum circulation—*promote healthier gums.*

Remember, Ipana is the only leading tooth paste made specially to give you this doubly-protective, doubly-effective care.

So be *sure* of double protection—keep your whole mouth "Ipana Wholesome." Ipana's wholesome flavor is refreshing, too—you'll enjoy it. Get Ipana today.

NEW!
Big economy size Ipana saves you up to 23¢



IPANA

For healthier teeth, healthier gums

Libby's IS THE PEAK-FLAVOR PINEAPPLE



ALL IN FAVOR OF FLAVOR

say "Libby's!"



Slices • Chunks • Crushed • Juice



Easy dessert with tropical tang! Serve cold, sweetened rice with Libby's crispy *Crushed* Pineapple. Instead, like Libby's slices, chunks and juice, it's *peak-flavor* pineapple—luscious! Garnish your easy, economical dish with mint and maraschino cherries.



Whenever they're thirsty, Libby's Pineapple Juice is *the thing!*

It's sweetened *only* by Hawaiian sunshine—this sparkling, natural juice pressed from Libby's famous *peak-flavor* pineapples.

It has a wonderful, wake-up tang . . . a luscious, thirst-quenching quality that makes Libby's a round-the-clock favorite.

Above, the glasses of Libby's "liquid sunshine" are garnished with Libby's peak-flavor Pineapple *Chunks* and maraschino cherries speared on tooth picks. You just cut a little slit in each cherry to make it fit over the rim of the glass.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago 9, Ill.

LOOK TO *Libby's* FOR PERFECTION!

JOURNAL

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DECEMBER, 1950

VOL. LXVII, No. 12

MOSER



HARRIET FITTS RYAN

"I am still an Alabamian at heart, although I have lived in Albion, New York, for many years. I have been a feature writer for several Eastern newspapers. My husband is a judge. We have four sons, ages 28, 26, 21 and 20. Twice in less than a year I was *Mother of the Groom* (Page 36) and, while not everything in my story did happen to me, it all well could have."



GLADYS DENNY SHULTZ

(Why Can't Our Mothers Breast-Feed? Page 42

"I was born in Des Moines, Iowa, graduated from Drake University. After five years of newspaper work, I retired to start my family and began free-lance writing. An amateur mother, I studied child psychology, which became my special field. I joined the JOURNAL staff in 1945. My children tease me for making them finance their own upbringing, but it doesn't seem to have hurt them."



ROBERT CRAIG

"Born in Saltillo, Mexico, of American parents . . . reared in Harmon, New York . . . graduated in 1934 from Columbia . . . two years of postgraduate work in drama at Yale . . . met Jenny . . . Jenny and I were married in 1941 . . . I volunteered for the Army in 1942 (there is absolutely no connection between the two events!). Jennifer, our little girl, is the model for *Maggie* (Page 40)."

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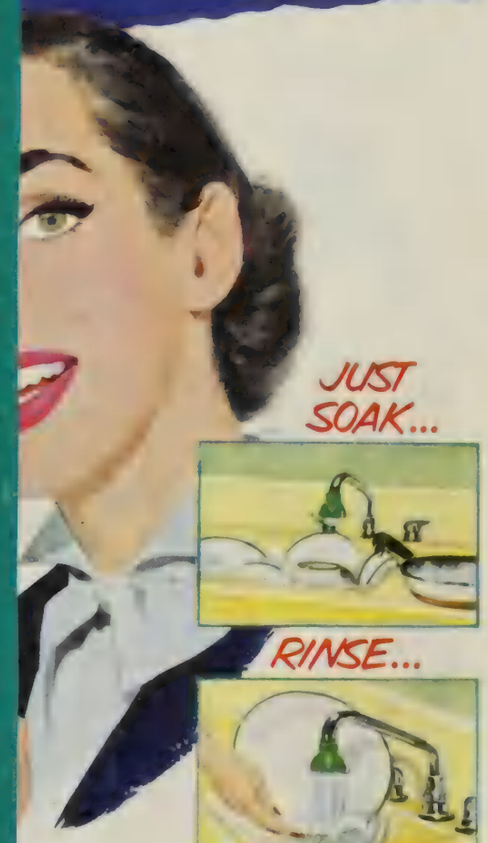
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Libby's IS THE PE
FLAVOR PINEAPPLE



ALL IN FAVOR C

say



Easy dessert with tropical tang! Serve cubed sp
Libby's crispy *Crushed* Pineapple, drained. U
chunk and juice, it's *peak flavor* pineapple—lus
easy, economical dish with mint and maraschi



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or Johnson's Glo-Coat)
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(In Canada 59¢)
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detaches for washing. Same pad can be
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is also handy for wiping up splashed
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no more, my lady!



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Hurry to your dealer's today. He has two work-savers for you . . . Johnson's Self Polishing Glo-Coat and the sensational new Glo-Coater applier!

Now you're ready! Just pour a little Glo-Coat on the floor . . . and spread it, standing up, with your Glo-Coater.

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Glo-Coat is water-repellent— one application lasts for weeks!

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Remember, you don't wash away the wax when you swish over the floor with a dampened kitchen mop. Glo-Coat is positively water-repellent . . . it's guaranteed to stay on longer than other self polishing waxes . . . up to 4 times longer than some!

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Get yours today!

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Our Readers Write us

A Tree She Remembers

Newman, Kansas

Dear Editors: I've known the JOURNAL for years, my mother having taken it when I was a child in the early 1900's. I can almost see the Christmas number, 1907, when I was seven. It was the one which had the adorable story about the little Christmas tree that was dissatisfied with its fragrant green and wanted to be silver, then green, and then crystal, as I recall, but in each case something drastic occurred which gave it cause to be glad to resume its green needles.

We took the JOURNAL through my teens. I enjoyed it then, and I enjoy it now.

Sincerely,
SARAH SHONER

Solution for Busy Mothers

Arvida, Quebec

Dear Editors: Eight years ago a miracle occurred in our household. I had a baby boy. I immediately took steps to do the Right Thing by my son. Everything was to work on schedule, and it certainly did. I began the Holy Rite of the Formula at ten-thirty every morning and not even the phone was allowed to interrupt. I boiled the bottles, sterilized the spoon for measuring the sugar, the can opener, the top of the evaporated milk, the measuring cup. I wonder now why I didn't sterilize the sterilizer.

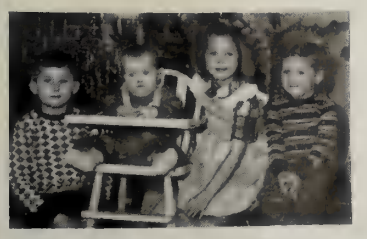
When the baby was about eight months old we became aware of the fact that there was another baby coming. The second baby caused very little commotion in our home. Ronald was too young to be jealous, and too placid to bother me when I was caring for her. When Diane was about nine months old I discovered that children coming off the same assembly line aren't necessarily alike. She wasn't staying in any play pen, as Ronald had. She discovered that the world is a wonderful, exciting place and set forth to share her adventures with her older brother. Diane taught her two-year-old brother the facts of baby life and she's been doing it ever since. Ronald simply stared at his first Christmas tree; she climbed hers. All I can remember of the next two years is looking for the two children, trying to keep them clean, producing some nourishment for the family, and always picking up toys.

I did not enjoy these two years, and to be perfectly honest, I'm afraid I did not enjoy the children either. How could I get through the day and still care for two young runabout children? I didn't know the answer. I have the solution now, but few mothers will believe me. It is to have another baby.

Really, now, I was dismayed to think we were having a new baby. How could I find the time to care for it? To keep up a neat and tidy home? To care for the two older children? This, I said, is a physical impossibility. But as time went on, Nature took care of a lot of my problems. Physically I had to slow down my tempo, and my nervous tension subsided accordingly. As a matter of fact, I so enjoyed this low ebb I've stayed there ever since. This above all I have learned from rearing young children: if you want to do something very, very much, just do it and never wait until you have the time, as that will never come.

In no time, it seemed, we had still another little boy. Why do we have to wait until the birth of a fourth child to discover that after three, it doesn't matter how many one has? There is always a place for one more and more persons to love a new baby. Our last baby, Yvon, has had better care and love than all the rest put together. How? I don't know, unless it's because he's so dear to so many more hearts.

Sincerely,
ANGLYN B. MARCOTTE



They guarantee a merry Christmas.

When Babies Wore Clothes

Miami, Florida

Dear Editors: About fifty years ago my mother was planning my christening robe. Naturally, as I was her first-born, it had to be exactly right, and she turned to LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for advice. She gave her findings to a seamstress, and



Young lady with an old, old look.

in due time the robe (I think it is fifty-four inches in length), with its accompanying slip, was finished.

On the twentieth of February, 1950, my namesake, Harriet Blackwell Lovelace, was born to Capt. and Mrs. Richard Meredith Lovelace in Tokyo. It must have been genuine inspiration that made me remember my christening robe and slip. I sent them to my great-niece. Here is her picture, taken at her christening.

Of course I might be prejudiced, but I think the robe, made according to specifications in that long-ago JOURNAL, is still lovely. As for the baby, don't get me started! Sincerely yours,

HARRIET GRAY BLACKWELL

Why Write to Editors?

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Dear Editors: I have read your magazine for quite a few years now and I always read Our Readers Write Us. I used to wonder what made people send in their suggestions, comments, appreciations and criticisms. I thought they must be people with hardly anything else to do, but now I have thoroughly changed my attitude. Some things in your magazine strike so deeply that one cannot resist letting other people know about it. Sincerely,

MARGIE BOWERS

California Has Cameras

Overton, Texas

Dear Editors: We Texans are getting mighty tired—*m-i-g-h-t-y t-i-r-e-d*—of Cal-

NEW *Self-Washing* DREFT WASHES DISHES FOR YOU

SAVES WASHING...SAVES WIPING...SAVES SCOURING



Dishes and glasses shine —even without wiping!

Amazing "FLOATAWAY" Action Does It! With new self-washing Dreft you simply let your dishes stand in warm Dreft suds for 2 minutes – give a swish of the cloth as you rinse – and you're through. Dishes and glasses shine...even without wiping.

Pots and pans soak clean without scouring. These self-washing suds also work their magic on pots and pans. Have an amazing "floataway" action that gets under grease – floats away grease – better than any soap in the world. Even stubborn grease rinses away without scouring. Yet! – self-washing Dreft leaves hands beautifully smooth and white because it's so mild, and your hands are in the water such a short time. Get self-washing Dreft today. Let Dreft wash the dishes for you.





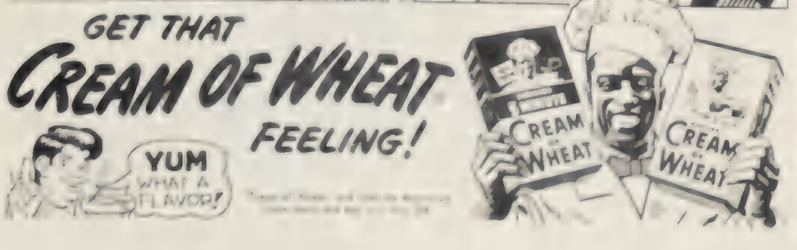
NEW SELF WASHING **dreft**

Dreft is safer, gentler for dainty silks, nylons, lovely new wool sweaters than the mildest soap flakes.

PRACTICALLY WASHES YOUR DISHES FOR YOU







ifornia, or some other foreign country, supplying all the JOURNAL cover girls. We say, "What does California have that we haven't? Nothing! Not even pretty girls!"

Sincerely yours,
KEN *and* MAY KENDALL

Home Visits Teacher

Metropolis, Illinois

Dear Editors: I want to tell you how much I enjoy reading the series, How America Lives. It is just like a visit, and I do like to visit in homes of every type. Being a teacher, I read innumerable magazines each month, but the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is my favorite. Sincerely,

EUNICE DICKERSON

Are American Women Free?

Los Angeles, California

Dear Editors: Are American women, with all their gadgets, as free as the women of many other countries which follow the so-called Old World pattern of life? The European and Latin woman either lives in a large family, along with her mother-in-law (and often her mother as well), plus other odd in-laws and sisters, or she has servants. This takes away from privacy, but it adds up to more free time for the wife. She is not at the beck and call of her children 24 hours a day. She does not have to shop, keep house, take care of her children, wash clothes, iron, and do a hundred other things while trying at all times to remain attractive to her husband. She is able to place that last item first. Nearly every middle-class family in these countries is able to afford at least one servant, and frequently two or three. She does not have to force a smile when she speaks of how "free" she is.

Sincerely yours,
JOHN A. CROW

Journal is Textbook

Naylor, Missouri

Dear Editors: Did you know the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is going to school as a textbook? In our high school the junior and senior classes are required to take hygiene. I teach the girls and I have used all your articles, Tell Me Doctor. Two girls said, "I have learned more about myself in those articles than I ever could in a textbook." Thanks for your aid in teaching a required subject. Sincerely,

ELIZABETH M. DAVIS

So Through Seven Doors

Columbus, Ohio

Dear Editors: You and I and all the rest of us have only one life to live, as far as we know, so it is only common sense to want to make the best and most of it. How to do that is your personal problem, and mine, and no one else can solve it for us. We are so busy living that we say we don't have the time to formulate a philosophy of life. I took the time. This is my philosophy:

From each day tribute should be exacted. The easiest way to be sure that you get it is to go through "seven doors" every day. One gains entrance to the first door simply by laughing—a laugh that ripples clear from the heart from the pure joy of living. One enters the second door by some good deed. The third door gives at the pressure of some enjoyable sound—a symphony, the song of a bird, the voice of a friend. The fourth door opens if you eat something good. One gains entrance to the fifth door by experiencing some fragrant odor—a perfume, a rose or a newly cut lawn. One goes through the sixth door just by looking at something lovely—a sky, a fine picture, the lithe body of a fish gliding through the green plants. You pass over the threshold of the seventh door by thinking of some pleasant memory. These are my seven doors to happiness. They have made life richer for me. They can do as much for you. Sincerely,

E. NEAL SOUTHARD

Reason for Reading English

Santiago de Chile

Dear Editors: Mother never felt sorry she didn't know English until she discovered she couldn't read your magazine. Its beautiful pictures help make it up,

[Continued on Page 8]

Perfect Gravy every time... ANY TIME!

SMOOTH ... BROWN ... DELICIOUS!



Just heat and serve... over Beef Sandwiches!

• No more gravy failures! Make *perfect* gravy *every*time . . . *any*time . . . with Franco-American Beef Gravy. Made from fine, selected beef. Has that real pan-browned beef flavor. Already to serve—just open the can and heat.

Serve this rich brown gravy to *your* family . . . over beef sandwiches as shown above. Or, use it on most any meat sandwich, and with meat loaf and roasts. Wonderful in stews, too—or add it to your own gravy, when you find you haven't enough and want more as good as your own!

Good cooks everywhere praise Franco-American Beef Gravy. You will too! *Get* several cans soon!

Franco-American BEEF GRAVY READY TO SERVE!

Beatrice Cooke's Mealtime Adventures



FOR DECEMBER: Bohemian butter tarts, an unusual turkey stuffing, a quick Chow Mein dinner, and a new holiday dessert



Holidays Ahead!

ey're drawing near—those festive days which end e year on such a glowing note. Christmas soon, then w Year's! Glorious days when your hearth—and le—draw friends and family close! And here, to add your holidays, is the recipe for one of my favorite eetmeats:

Bohemian Butter Tarts

lb. Meadow Gold Butter
cup confectioners' sugar
Meadow Gold Egg yolks, well beaten
cups all-purpose flour
¼ tsp. salt
1 tsp. vanilla extract
Jam or Jelly
4 Meadow Gold Egg whites
4 tbsp. granulated sugar

eam butter and add sugar; beat in egg yolks. Gradually d flour, salt and vanilla extract. Chill dough thoroughly. ape dough in balls ¾ inch in diameter, place on lightly eased cooky sheet. Press dent in center of each ball and l with a half teaspoonful of jam or jelly. Chill for 15 minutes. ke in a moderate oven (375°) for 12 to 15 minutes. Meanile, beat egg whites to stiff foam, add sugar gradually, ating to a stiff meringue. Remove tarts from oven and duce temperature to 350°. Using a cooky press or pastry bag, ge tarts with the meringue, then replace them in the oven til meringue is browned, about 10 minutes. Makes 60 tarts.

nce butter is so important to the success of these arvelous cookies, I do hope you'll be sure to use EADOW GOLD. For I've seen it churned at Beatrice Foods Co. plants—in rooms as spotless as your own kitchen. I've seen it tested (did you know that 17 tests are *regularly* made on MEADOW GOLD from the fresh cream to the finished butter?) And I've watched it being foil wrapped in rooms so clean even the *air* is filtered. So I know—and you will discover—that nowhere on earth can you buy a purer, finer, more delicious butter than MEADOW GOLD!

Simplest dinner you ever served!

I'm a great one for investigating packaged dinners—they're so handy when it suddenly turns out to be later than you think. And by far the best I've ever found is LA CHOY CHOW MEIN DINNER. Do try it! Serves two to four people with a savory, truly home-made-tasting Chow Mein—Beef, Chicken, or Meatless as you prefer. Gives you a can of delicious Chow Mein, a can of



crisp Chow Mein Noodles, and an ample bottle of Soy Sauce—all in one carton, ready to heat and serve. You'll thoroughly approve the flavor and quality. And you'll find the price a well-worthwhile economy!

FREE BOOK of 24 unusual Chinese Recipes (like Yet-Ca-Mein, Pagoda Salad, Lobster Cantonese!) Write Dept. J-17, LaChoy Food Products Division, Beatrice Foods Co., Archbold, Ohio.

Would you wash each dish 27 minutes?

That's carrying cleanliness pretty far! But that's how long your Meadow Gold Dairy washes and sterilizes *every* MEADOW GOLD MILK bottle! And I'll bet you didn't know that it's standard practice at Meadow Gold Dairies to take pipes and equipment apart and steam-sterilize them at the end of each day's work. That's like taking your stove apart to clean it at the end of a day's meal-making! I like to think about these extra measures of care and cleanliness when I buy a bottle of MEADOW GOLD MILK. To me they're a guarantee that it's always the purest, sweetest bottle of milk my money can buy. I know you'll like MEADOW GOLD—for serving "as is" or for making a grand turkey stuffing like this:

Meadow Gold Mushroom Stuffing

2 cups sliced mushrooms (fresh or canned)
2 medium onions, finely chopped
6 tbsp. Meadow Gold Butter
12 cups toasted bread cubes
2 cups chopped celery
1 tsp. thyme
1 tsp. marjoram
2 tbsp. chopped parsley
½ cup melted Meadow Gold Butter
2 tsp. salt
½ tsp. pepper
3 cups Meadow Gold Homogenized Milk, scalded

Cook the mushrooms and onions in butter until soft but not brown. Add the remaining ingredients; combine lightly. Makes enough stuffing for a 15-pound turkey.



Do try MEADOW GOLD MILK—and MEADOW GOLD BUTTERMILK and CHOCOLATE MILK, too. They're all exceptionally fine. And you may buy them in throw-away paper cartons or in glass bottles protected by sanitary Silver Seal tops.



A new dessert for your Holiday entertaining

This is the season for surprises. And here's one I've fallen in love with—the season's very newest, and most exciting, ice cream dessert creation! Let me introduce the marvelous new ready-to-serve MEADOW GOLD CAKE A LA MODE! Really, here's a dessert that will make a sparkling impression at your most festive party. Each dessert is a wonderfully delicious individual ice cream "shortcake", with a generous mound of creamy-rich MEADOW GOLD ICE CREAM on a tender, feather-light gold cake. Sprinkled with pecans. And topped with a bright maraschino cherry for a note of holiday color! Served just as they are, these cakes are a delight to everyone. And they're grand for making individual Baked Alaskas, too. (Just top generously with a meringue and brown 3 minutes in a very hot—450°—oven.) You'll find MEADOW GOLD CAKE A LA MODE, packaged four cakes in a box, wherever you buy MEADOW GOLD ICE CREAM. And I do hope you'll try this delightful new Beatrice specialty . . . right away!

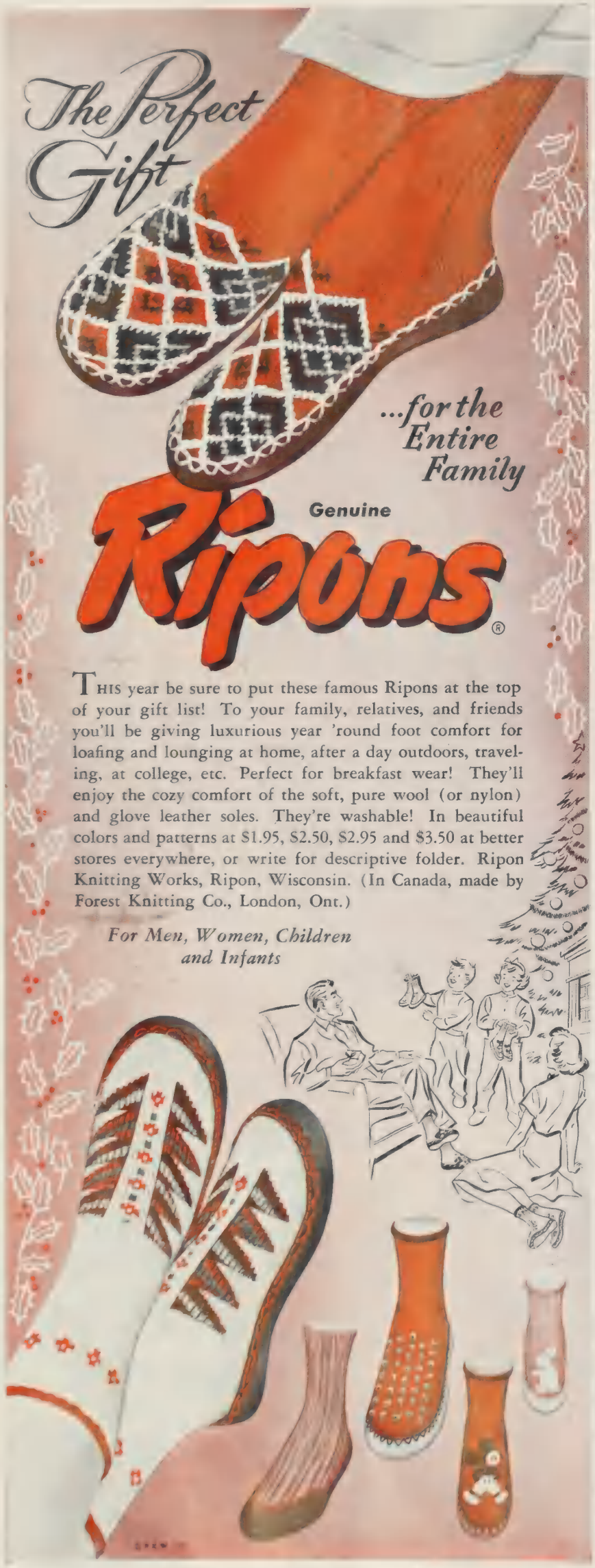
Get my new FREE folder of dessert recipes—Now!

Do send today—for one of the handiest collections of unusual dessert recipes you've ever seen! It's my very latest folder of exciting ice cream desserts—Ribbon Cake, Baked Alaska, Peach Sunburst, Double Strawberry Shortcake—15 in all. Yours free. Just write to me, care of Beatrice Foods Co., Dept. BC-1, 120 S. LaSalle St., Chicago 3, Illinois.



Remember to send for my newest free recipe folder of 15 unusual ice cream desserts.

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THIS year be sure to put these famous Ripons at the top of your gift list! To your family, relatives, and friends you'll be giving luxurious year 'round foot comfort for loafing and lounging at home, after a day outdoors, traveling, at college, etc. Perfect for breakfast wear! They'll enjoy the cozy comfort of the soft, pure wool (or nylon) and glove leather soles. They're washable! In beautiful colors and patterns at $1.95, $2.50, $2.95 and $3.50 at better stores everywhere, or write for descriptive folder. Ripon Knitting Works, Ripon, Wisconsin. (In Canada, made by Forest Knitting Co., London, Ont.)

For Men, Women, Children and Infants

(Continued from Page 6)

and we are planning to remodel our old uncomfortable kitchen according to your advice. I hope it comes out all right, for we haven't decided which one we like best. It will have to be all in one. I believe How America Lives and other features we find in the JOURNAL help us to understand the United States better. Although I was born in Europe, I have learned to love America and its people as much as my own country and people.

Sincerely,
M. MARTINEZ

Club for Fat People

Jackson Heights, New York

Dear Editors: If the group-therapy idea of Alcoholics Anonymous works for alcohol addicts, mightn't a similar group work for food addicts? I know Overweights Anonymous sounds silly. In fact, the whole idea of food as an opiate strikes most people as either a joke (which it most certainly isn't) or simply an excuse for lack of will power.

Those of us who are compulsive eaters haven't any "will power" as far as food is concerned. That's exactly what's wrong with us. Perhaps if we help ourselves as a group we can bolster up our sagging will power.

Sincerely,
JEANNE M. KATZ

Love Letter

Wendell, Idaho

Dear Ed: Give us more articles on world affairs in the JOURNAL! Women's magazines are the best method to awaken the interest of women in world affairs. As for the JOURNAL, I'll love, read and subscribe, through criticisms and praise, for better or worse, until death do us part.

Sincerely,
MRS. CLAIR KING

Other Half Likes Hair Long

Djakarta, Indonesia

Dear Editors: We Indonesian girls wear our hair long. Mine is over three feet long and I have one friend whose hair comes halfway down to her calves. To us a woman without beautiful hair is not even to be considered beautiful, and a woman with short hair is not even a woman.

I am really horrified by the almost bald heads of your models. Could you—oh, please!—find a model with long hair, and let her show us what can be done with it and *how* it is done? Do you realize that most of the world's women wear their hair long?

Yours,
R. SOEMIPARTI

In the Eyes of God

San Fernando, California

Dear Editors: While the pietists, bigots and casuists are dipping their pens deeply to censure you for daring to print His Eye is on the Sparrow, may I dip my pen to thank you for such a story. Some will not see the magnificence of Ethel's character but will see only the sordidness of her early life. Her faith has made her whole, but evidently from the beginning her soul was majestic.

Sincerely,
LAURA A. WHITBECK

Not many readers, eight to be exact, criticized us for publishing Ethel Waters' story. Thousands cheered. ED.

Suits Her, Suits Him

Nalspruit, Transvaal

Dear Editors: Besides agreeing with JOURNAL policies and admiring its technical excellence, I love being on first-name terms with all of you. There are all the Diary of Domesticity chapters to appreciate—I save them for a special mood. Ann Batchelder's luscious tables, Gladys Taber's kitchens and the lifelike reporting of How America Lives have a special appeal to a reader who hasn't seen the U. S. since early 1940. I read Conversation Piece with joy, although ingredients above the flour-sugar-eggs level are not available here. My husband claims he chose me according to advice from the Making Marriage Work page.

Yours sincerely,
MRS. H. T. KRIEL

After 25 BEWARE of Dry Skin

After 25 every woman ought to use her mirror with a more critical eye.

From 25 on, the *natural oil* that keeps skin soft and pliant, starts *decreasing*. Before 40, skin may lose as much as 20% of its own softening oil.

But you can help offset this drying out—by giving your skin an oil especially suited to its needs. You can use a dry skin cream that is extra rich in *lanolin*, which is very like the oil of the skin itself—this special cream is Pond's Dry Skin Cream.

See its effects on your skin. Work it in *thoroughly* for night softening. Use it *lightly* for a smooth look under make-up. The rich cream brings skin a fresher, younger softness immediately.



By your Nose and Mouth—"dry skin" tenseness and "down-lines" can harden your expression.

To Help Soften "Knuckle in" Pond's Dry Skin Cream. Use knuckles of first fingers to knead this lanolin-rich cream firmly—*out* and *up* from nostrils and mouth. See that dry look soften.



On your Cheeks—you often notice dryness first . . . little flaky "dry skin" patches can spoil your make-up.

To Correct—Work in plenty of Pond's Dry Skin Cream *nightly*. Swirl it from chinline *up* in front of ears. This lanolin-rich cream is homogenized to soak in better. You can feel its softening help immediately.

. . . . .

3 features: These 3 features make Pond's Dry Skin Cream so effective: 1. It is rich in *lanolin*, very like the skin's own oil. 2. It is *homogenized* to soak in better. 3. It has a softening *emulsifier*. 89¢, 49¢, 29¢—Trial size 10¢ (plus tax). Get *your* jar—today!

PRINCESS PHILIPPE DE BOURBON says, *"Pond's Dry Skin Cream is a perfect cream to use—rich, soft, smooth."*

Start this truly remarkable correction of Dry Skin today!



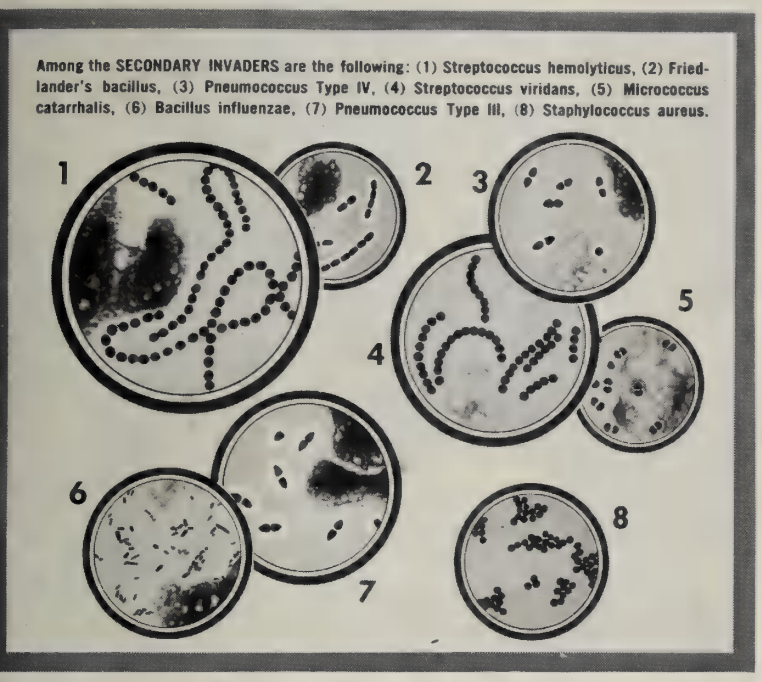
SUDDEN CHILL? . . .

Sudden changes of temperature, like wet feet, cold feet, and drafts, may reduce body resistance so that threatening germs in the throat can make real trouble.



YOU START SNEEZING . . .

That sneeze or cough is usually a hint that germs are active, a cold may be on its way, and that you'd better do something about it.



'HESE "BUGS" MAY INVADE THROAT . . .

hese "bugs" in throat go into action . . . They are alled Secondary Invaders . . . can attack tissue nd cause much of the misery associated with colds, ay numerous authorities.



Gargle

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—*QUICK!*—for Colds and Sore Throat

a safe, direct way with no dangerous side-effects

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC, gargled early and often, may entirely head off a cold, or sore throat due to a cold—or lessen its severity, once started.

It has been doing that year after year. Careful tests made over a twelve-year period, showed that there were fewer colds and sore throats, and generally milder ones, for those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day than for those who did not gargle. That is understandable.

Kills Secondary Invaders

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill, by millions, the threatening germs doctors call Secondary Invaders . . . the ones responsible for most of a cold's misery. It attacks them before they attack you . . . halts mass invasion of the tissue.

Tests showed germ reductions ranging up to 96.7% even fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after.

So, whatever else you do, at the first sign of a sniffle, or cough, or a scratchy throat, start with the Listerine Antiseptic gargle. You may spare yourself an unpleasant siege of trouble.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*



Vitality—radiance—zest-for-life go hand-in-hand to make you a lovelier and more glamorous woman.

Yes! Your hair can look "Radiantly Alive" Softer, Smoother...Younger-looking!

Prell leaves hair so Sparkling
. . . so "RADIANTLY ALIVE"

Prell is better than cream shampoos, better than soap shampoos . . . in fact—leaves your hair more sparklingly radiant than either, in *hushed* water! Yes, after Prell, hair looks "*radiantly alive*," because Prell's marvelous cleansing ingredients leave free rinsing action, leaves no dulling film.



Prell leaves hair so much Younger-Lookin
. . . so "RADIANTLY ALIV

Your hair has "body" and "spring" after a Prell shampoo—it's easier to manage, to set, to curl. And it's more vibrantly youthful-looking—softer, smoother—with all its full, rich, natural color and radiance simply shining for the world to see. After just *one* Prell shampoo you'll be thrilled with the lovely "RADIANTLY ALIVE" look even dull, lifeless-looking hair can have. Try this amazing, different Procter & Gamble shampoo *today* and *see*

Created by Procter & Gamble



DIFFERENT! Emerald-clear
for that "Radiantly Alive" look!

Vitality is Mightier Than Size

By HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

Millions of years ago, turbulence reigned on this planet—earthquakes, volcanoes, floods. Along the huge ocean's edge was protoplasm, microscopic, invisible, feeble, quiet, vital; and, had we been there, we would have wagered everything we had on the victory of volcanoes, not of protoplasm. *That* had no credible chance against the earth's vast violence. Yet see what God did with it at last! Life, spirit, art, music, prophets, martyrs, scientists and saints! The utterly unforeseeable, the unimaginable did happen. *Vitality is mightier than size.*

Vital persons, ideas, movements always command the future. The lump may be huge but, in the end, the leaven decides the issue. Size, noise, violence never have the last word.

The dull, sodden mass of man's thinking confronts a single person, unknown, unrecognized, but vital. Men deride his truth and fight against it. The dough says it will have none of the leaven, but at last Galileo, Darwin, Pasteur win.

Empires crumble and dictators perish, overpassed and damned in history, while repeatedly the incredible miracle happens:

The head which once was crowned with thorns
is crowned with glory now.

Ideas are born small, inconspicuous, negligible and lo! they turn out to be the most momentous events of the era, until Victor Hugo's words catch fire: "Nothing in this world is so powerful as an idea whose time has come."

One man, seeing that truth, took a notch in his belt, and went out to face the world refusing to be bulldozed by its size, noise and violence. As protoplasm outlasts a planet's colossal upheavals, so amid the world's chaos today are living ideas, movements, persons, whose issue is mankind's peace and brotherhood, and, as there is a God in heaven, our children's children will someday say again, "Vitality is mightier than size."

THE END

Community Begins at Home

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

Some weeks ago an interesting news story appeared in a New York newspaper. In Camden County, New Jersey, a meeting was called of civic, educational and social-welfare leaders, who read reports and discussed "problems and needs of youth." According to the reporter, these professionals talked in somewhat pedantic language, filled with statistics, and flavored with "trends" and "tendencies." After some hours of this, five teen-age high-school students took over, without prepared manuscripts, to tell their elders how they saw their wants and needs. And a blue-eyed teen-ager walked away with the meeting, as she talked with utter simplicity to the educators and civic leaders.

I was greatly struck by one thing she said:

"We want to lead our own lives, but we also want to take part in the family discussions, share in the budget planning, have it explained why we can't afford this and that. We want to be considered old enough to share in some of the secrets of the family."

The girl's words took me back to my own youth, in a minister's parsonage, and afterward in the home of an aunt. Didn't all youngsters in those days have this want, that Betty Boeger expressed, fulfilled? It seems to me, on recollection, that all my friends knew exactly what the family income was, how it was expended, and what the family needs were.

My own home was a cheerful one, but on my father's average salary of $1000 a year plus a house and coal, there were precious few luxuries, though, of course, the purchasing power of a dollar was several times what it is today. But every one of us knew what contribution each had to make, and what sacrifice too. I clearly remember from early childhood my mother's writing desk—a remarkable piece of furniture installed by a parsonage committee, of golden oak much ornamented with curlicues and brass ornaments, with an oval mirror in the midst of a "whatnot" above it, and a chest of drawers below the drop-down lid. In the back of the desk part there were the usual pigeonholes—in each of which was an envelope or two. These were labeled: Food, Clothing, Utilities, Savings, Refurnishing, Education, Pocket Money, Tithe. Every month my father's salary was distributed into these eight envelopes, and often I saw my mother's brow pucker and heard her sigh and murmur to me, "This week I'll just have to take something



Football's in full swing—and so are these future gridiron-greats! They'll have All-American appetites when they get home, so give 'em their favorite—real, genuine Minute Tapioca dessert. It's nourishing and they love it!! Serve them this

Taste-treat

Quick to prepare...wonderful to eat...made the real Minute Tapioca way!



CHOCOLATE DREAM CREAM

1 recipe Minute Tapioca Cream
1 square Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate

Prepare Minute Tapioca Cream according to package directions, adding 1 square Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate to egg-yolk mixture before cooking. Cool pudding as directed. Garnish with whipped cream and pecan halves. Makes 4 or 5 servings of honest-to-goodness lusciousness—smooth, creamy, real tapioca. Budding athletes love it, and so do their dads (what a thrill to watch your family gobble a healthful milk-and-eggs dish . . . and come back for more!). And you'll applaud its quickness and easiness, as well as its thrift. For "country-kitchen" goodness no ready-made dessert can match, get real, genuine Minute Tapioca today!

REAL TAPIOCA! MINUTE BRAND TAPIOCA

FULL OF COUNTRY-KITCHEN GOODNESS!



FREE! Wonderful New Recipe Book! Over 50 recipes for delicious Minute Tapioca dishes—creamy desserts, cookies, and candies that make us over, and FREE one-cent cards. Get your FREE copy—send your name and address to Minute Tapioca, Box 871, New York 46, N.Y.

Offer expires May 1, 1951. Good only in U.S.A.

A product of General Foods

out of Education" (a tiny sum deposited against the children's future) "for shoes for your brother." I think, but I do not know, that nothing was ever taken out of the eighth that was for charity.

That we lived, on the whole, a life that in those days was called "refined" was possible only through the mutual labor of the whole family. The smallest child had duties: the girls to set the table (and set it properly), to make their own beds and their brother's, and wash the supper dishes and, on Saturdays, clean and polish the silver; the boy to clean the family's shoes, mow the lawn, and turn the ice-cream freezer when we had that special treat. All the female garments were made in the house, the yard goods shopped for carefully, with an eye peeled for desirable remnants. I made the first dress for myself when I was fifteen. I wanted a new dress for a party, and the only chance to get it was to make it myself—out of 50 cents' worth of dotted Swiss. (Later, when I went to college, the knowledge of sewing stood me well. I made much of my pocket money whipping up last-minute dresses for my sorority sisters.)

We never could have eaten as well as we did had my father not been a passionate gardener. All the children helped with the weeding. As the vegetables and fruits ripened, all of us were engaged for two or three hours a day, shelling peas, scraping corn, cutting green and wax beans, hulling strawberries, washing tomatoes, and boiling sirups for sauces and jellies.

And if we usually left the parsonages of our somewhat transient habitation more comely than we found them, it was because we early learned to calcimine ugly wallpapers and refinish shabby woodwork with our own hands.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

—MATTHEW 22:37–40.

In a family of such intimate labor and mutual aid, budget secrets were impossible. We knew that father had to wear his threadbare overcoat another winter because the youngest child had had a bad illness and there were doctor bills. We knew that if we wanted ice cream, we had to skim the cream for it off the milk—very rich milk, too, from Farmer Heist, who knew nothing of "grading" by removing part of the cream. We knew that if we didn't process the fresh green vegetables, we would live over winter on potatoes, carrots, beets and parsnips. We knew that the rich birthday cakes meant no eggs for next day's breakfast, and applesauce for dessert when the cake was consumed.

Nobody "protected" us from knowledge of unhappy experience. When our favorite aunt died quite young, nobody told us she had gone on a long trip. We sobbed unconsolably, went to the funeral, repeatedly thereafter referred to her with love—and learned that we all die.

We all expected to go to college; it was taken for granted. But we also knew from the time we were little children that we should have to make good enough high-school grades to win scholarships, and that those who graduated first would have to help the younger.

In short, we were active members of a small and very affectionate community, in which we always had limited but adult responsibilities. I can't recall that anybody ever discussed "the problems of youth." And few people had ever heard of a "complex." In fact, I wonder whether "youth" is not a somewhat modern invention. We were children, in short dresses and loose hair, and then, along the way, our dresses got longer, we put our hair up, and we were "young women." Of course, in our teens, we had problems—the same problems that adolescents have today. But our parents observed them and helped us out; they didn't expect teachers to enlighten us on intimate matters; and we certainly beca adult-minded earlier than today's you for we had been "old-fashioned" childr which in the semantics of that generati did not mean "old fogy" but "respo sible." It was not any theory that made so. Families, then, lived in larger hou than they do today, even families of limit means. There were few modern conv iences in those homes. To live "graciously as it is now called, required much m effort. There were few commercial amu ments, even if we could have afforded the and we had to create them for ourselv out of such internal and external resour as we had. But, curiously, it seems to in retrospect that we had more "tim More time to read, walk, dream, constr toys for ourselves, perhaps because th was nothing else to "do"—no automobil except for the very well-to-do to ride in; radio to listen to; no television to wat and only an occasional "movie."

We, too, as we came to our middle tee "led our own lives," away from consta family disciplines. But they were ne quite so far away, or quite so much o own. Childhood, and its disciplines of ea to bed, obedience and no secrets, w longer; "youth," however, was mu shorter.

Perhaps because my generation led force of circumstance a more simple li with perhaps too early responsibilities, tended to spoil our own children, and a ficially to prolo their youth—son times to the point absurdity.

I remember so years ago a delegat of "youth" called me to solicit my terest and sympat for one or anoth "youth movement I can't remember t movement, perha because I was so e grossed and perplexed by the leader of t delegation. Upon my asking a direct que tion, he informed me he was twenty-six. couldn't suppress exclaiming, "The sa age at which Keats died, leaving volum of immortal poetry. How long is a pers a 'youth'?"

That, too, is changing. One is impress nowadays by the baby faces one sees great research laboratories, performi work of extraordinary skill. It would see that scientific interest peculiarly encourag precocity.

Yet, it seems to me, there is still t great an underrating of the adult capaciti of the young. Some time ago a young rel tive of mine, aged eleven, was ill in a scho infirmary, and I took him a book: L Misérables, by Victor Hugo. I was rep manded by the headmaster for offering t boy mental fodder "beyond his years What nonsense! The French classic is superb story, full of suspense, excitemer unforgettable characters, pathos, histor and the boy gobbled it up as voraciously I had done at the age of ten! Suppose t boy didn't understand all of it. I don understand all of Whitehead, or Russell, studies on Einstein when I read them for t first time at my age. But I understan enough to make me want to understan more, and the effort is part of that educ tion which continues for the curious min until the mind fails. We learn by attemp ing what is initially beyond our mean

Parents who "protect" their children t much simply stunt the growth of the minds and characters. And this ove protection is not particularly characterist of the rich. Some years ago, in my home i the country, I employed for the summer village girl aged sixteen, to help out. H tasks were light—making beds, tidyin rooms, helping to serve and to wash th dishes. Like the two other household em ployees, she was supposed to wash an iron her own clothes, for which she ha

(Continued on Page 186)

Get 1 superb flavor—in all 5 styles



There's not a flavor let-down in a single one of the five wonderful DEL MONTE styles.

Each is so deliciously tart-sweet, tempting, and golden as the tropic sun. Magnificent pineapple by anybody's standards!

Set your spoon to a dish of tender *Chunks*... put a spot of sun in a salad with gorgeous *Sliced*... try convenient *Crushed* in your favorite gelatin dessert... surprise the family with dainty *Tidbits*... or pour a glass of refreshing *Juice*. You'll find DEL MONTE Brand your best buy for value in pineapple, too!



TROPIC ISLANDS

¼ cup uncooked rice
1¼ cups DEL MONTE Pineapple Juice
Dash of salt
1½ tsps. unflavored gelatin
2 tbsps. cold water
6 tbsps. sugar
½ tsp. grated lemon peel
1 #2 can DEL MONTE Crushed Pineapple
½ cup whipping cream

Place first 3 ingredients in top of double boiler. Cover and steam over boiling water, stirring occasionally, about 1 hr. or till rice is done but not mushy, adding more pineapple juice if needed. Meanwhile, soften gelatin in cold water. Remove rice from heat. Stir in softened gelatin, sugar, lemon peel and ¼ cup of the crushed pineapple. Cool. Whip cream; add to gelatin mixture. Pour into individual molds; chill. Unmold; serve with remaining pineapple, chilled. Top with mint jelly, if desired. 4 to 6 servings.

Del Monte PINEAPPLE

—the brand that puts flavor first



Under-Cover Stuff

By BERNARDINE KIELTY



BLACK STAR

Santa Claus once more holds court in department stores.

CHRISTMAS is coming and you can't miss it! In New York a Greenwich Village pet shop is showing Christmas stockings for dogs and cats; the Fire Department men are collecting toys, new and old, to give to poor children, and mending the broken ones in the firehouses; the wash is coming home from enterprising laundries done up in Christmas wrapping paper; and old and handicapped men of all creeds are applying to the Salvation Army for Santa Claus jobs. The Washington Times-Herald, which last year headlined its Christmas edition, "There is no bad news on Page 1 today," will have trouble this year filling the page.

Last year we saw a rendition of the Nativity, played by small children. "I am the Virgin Mary," the little girl began, holding the infant in her arms, "and this is the little baby Jesus, our first President."

The Christmas-tree capital of the world is already up to its ears. This is Eureka, Montana, a little town high up in the Rockies, numbering 912 souls, whose whole activity for the year is concentrated on the 150-and-more freight-car loads of trees that it sends to all the states in the Union. The cutters get around 20 cents a tree and earn upwards of $25 a day, which may be why they call the town Eureka.

The tallest Christmas tree on record was put up last year at Bellingham, in

(Continued on Page 16)

COLLIER'S



"I need one more Wise Man."

Betty Crocker Pineapple Festival Cake



- YOU DON'T CREAM SHORTENING
- YOU DON'T BEAT EGGS
- USE ONLY ONE BOWL
- MIX IN JUST FOUR MINUTES!

A Wonderful Holiday gift

SO SIMPLE—SO EASY—SO SURE

Say "I think you're wonderful," the best way of all . . . with a glamorous cake, made with your own two hands. Perfect for the Holidays.

This Betty Crocker Double-Quick Cake, topped by a touch of the tropics, is made with Softasilk Cake Flour, milled for cakes alone. Softasilk is the *only* flour to use for "special occasion" cakes like this—because Softasilk cakes are higher, finer, more delicate than cakes made with ordinary flour.

• • •

New Betty Crocker Picture Cook Book

• SHOWS YOU HOW! • SIMPLIFIED METHODS!



2161 tested Betty Crocker recipes. 449 pages with hundreds of pictures. At all book stores: Regular Case-Bound Edition **$2.95**; Deluxe Ring-Bound Edition **$3.95.**

Betty Crocker of General Mills

Betty Crocker Pineapple Festival Cake

(MAKE ONLY WITH SOFTASILK)

FOR SUCCESS—*do these first:*

1. Have ingredients room temperature (70° to 75°). In hot weather, use milk and eggs directly from refrigerator.
2. *Preheat* oven to 350° (moderate).
3. Grease *generously* and dust with flour 2 round layer pans, 8 x 1½-in.
4. Measure *level* for accuracy with standard measuring cups and spoons.
5. *Sift* SOFTASILK Cake Flour, then spoon *lightly* into cup and level off. *Do not pack.*

Sift together into bowl
- **2½ cups *sifted* SOFTASILK Cake Flour**
- **1½ cups sugar**
- **3½ tsp. double-action baking powder**
- **¾ tsp. salt**

Add
- ***¾ cup high grade shortening**
- **1 cup liquid (half water, half milk)**
- **1½ tsp. flavoring**

Beat vigorously with spoon for 2 minutes by clock (about 150 strokes per minute). You may rest a moment when beating by hand; just count actual beating time or strokes. *Or* mix with electric mixer on *medium speed* (middle of dial) for 2 minutes. Scrape sides and bottom of bowl constantly.

Add . . . . **½ cup unbeaten egg whites (4)**

Continue beating 2 more minutes, scraping bowl constantly.

Fold in . . **⅔ cup cut-up shredded coconut**

Pour batter into prepared pans. (Batter may appear curdled.) Bake *25 to 30 minutes* in *moderate oven* (350°). When cake is cool, frost with Creamy Pineapple Icing.

*Such as Crisco, Spry, Swift'ning or Snowdrift.

CREAMY PINEAPPLE ICING—Cream together thoroughly 2 tbsp. high grade shortening, 1 tbsp. butter, ¼ tsp. salt and ½ cup *sifted* confectioners' sugar. Add alternately 2½ cups *sifted* confectioners' sugar and ½ cup *drained* crushed pineapple. Beat until creamy. Tint the icing with just a few drops of yellow food coloring.

If you live at an altitude over 2,000 feet, write Betty Crocker, General Mills, Minneapolis 1, Minnesota, for recipe adjustments. Specify recipe wanted.



The Secret of this Wonderful Cake is

Softasilk

So Good IT'S BETTY CROCKER'S ANGEL FOOD CAKE FLOUR

General Mills

Give the Quality Food Mixer
HAMILTON BEACH ...it's EASIEST to USE!

PYREX MIXING BOWLS! *Mix, bake, serve,* and *store* in the *same* bowl! Less dishwashing—and how she'll love you for that. Sanitary—Pyrex Ware can be *scalded.* Compare!

EASIEST PORTABILITY

New, lighter beater unit glides off stand for use at a table, at the range—*anywhere.* No triggers, catches, or latches. A *one-hand wonder* that saves her time. Compare!



EASIEST OPERATION

The hand that holds the mixer sets the speed. Leaves her other hand free to hold a pan or add ingredients. Full power at all speeds. A wonderful work-saver. Compare!



EASIEST SPEED CONTROL

MIXGUIDE puts 10 tested speeds right under her thumb, right under her eye—magnified for flash reading. Only Hamilton Beach has such easy speed control. Compare!



$35.25

($35.90 Denver—West.) Includes two Pyrex bowls and extra single beater.



BOWLS NOW PYREX!

JUICE EXTRACTOR $4.25

($4.35 Denver and West.)

NEW POWER UNIT!

For use with meat grinder and slicer-shredder. Fits every Hamilton Beach made since 1932. Easy to attach, remove, clean, and store.

$5.00 ($5.25 Denver and West.)

EASIEST JUICING

Juice, strained free of seeds and coarse pulp, flows directly into serving glass. Nothing extra to wash. Juice extractor lifts out for easy cleaning. Rustless. Compare!



EASIEST BOWL CONTROL

Shifts ever-turning Pyrex bowl while beaters revolve. Gives even, thorough mixing every time, without stopping the motor or touching the beaters. Compare!



GIVE TIME-TESTED HAMILTON BEACH QUALITY!

Compare feature for feature and you'll know why this mixer is *easiest to use*—why this is the Christmas gift she's hoping for. Also see these new work-saving attachments—meat grinder, slicer-shredder, coffee grinder, pea huller and bean slicer. *Hamilton Beach Co., Div. of Scovill Mfg. Co., Racine, Wis.*

New HAMILTON BEACH Mixette

BEAT, MIX, MASH, WHIP in any bowl or pan.
MIXES EVERYTHING. Quality Hamilton Beach motor has full power.
THUMB ADJUSTS SPEED. Other hand holds pan or adds ingredients.
HANGS ON WALL or fits in drawer—bracket furnished.
BEATERS SNAP IN for easy snap out for cleaning.



$17.75 IN GIFT BOX

($18.25 Denver and West.) Includes bracket and screws for wall mounting.

Made by the makers of top-value Hamilton Beach Vacuum Cleaners

(Continued from Page 14)

Washington State—a 153-foot Douglas fir. Duluth, Minnesota, on the other hand, sent forth a million or more little trees—the tops of useless stunted bog spruce.

The precursors of our Christmas trees—like so many Christmas customs—go back to pagan days. Fir branches were used to deck the houses for the goddess Hertha, protectress of the home, who, like Santa Claus, descended in the smoke of burning boughs to her altar stones. Because the church fathers disapproved of heathen ways, the Christian use of the Christmas tree dates only from the sixteenth century, and it took German Prince Albert to introduce the Tannenbaum to Queen Victoria and England.

The mistletoe has some connection with the magic oak of the Celtic lands. The roast pig with the apple in its mouth is related to the pig offered to the god Frey to induce the fertility of the coming year. The lights on the tree may stem from the Jewish Hanukkah (Feast of the Lights, which occurs at this season), and it is heart-warming to think of all the houses in the Holy Land alight on the night that Jesus was born.

In Scandinavian countries the house is cleaned for Christmas and everything prepared for the spirits to inspect—which they do when the family leaves for church and the house is quiet. In Northern Sweden a special table is spread for them.

In a small village on a wind-swept island off the North Carolina coast, the residents still celebrate Christmas, we hear, on January 6th, the old Twelfth-night.

•

THE BARONS, *by Charles Wertenbaker, is the chronicle of a large family of Delaware-Pennsylvania industrial aristocrats, manufacturers of explosives, who build up an enormous business dynasty. It is a lurid tale, built around a passionate love affair that defies convention and ends in tragedy. Guaranteed to hold its readers in a vise.*

•

A BOOK OF CHILDREN'S LITERATURE we have mentioned before as a good Christmas gift to the family. Most of the stories in it are best read aloud.

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". . . and the rabbit said: 'Wait for me!' . . . and the fox said: 'Wait for ME!' . . . and the muskrat said: 'Wait for ME!' . . . and the beaver said: 'Wait for ME!' . . . and the crow said . . ."

In fact, all stories—and certainly all poetry—gain enormously when read aloud. Think how much better ALICE IN WONDERLAND is in the spoken

(Continued on Page 18)

Chicken Livers 'n' Bacon



1 pound chicken livers
4 tablespoons French's Mustard
4 tablespoons minced olives
½ pound sliced bacon, cut in half

Wash the chicken livers. Spread with French's Mustard mixed with olives. Wrap each in a half slice of bacon and fasten with a toothpick. Bake in a hot oven (425°F.) for 10 to 15 minutes. Crisp the bacon under the broiler for another minute, if necessary. Yield: four to six portions.

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Ring with 8 holders and candles

75¢ with paper disc from inside a can of Swift'ning

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Glowingly beautiful, it's practical, too. Prevents wax dripping on cake or table linen, eliminates holes in frosting.

The ring . . . a flexible band of gleaming metal . . . fits around your cake, can be adjusted from 7″ to 15″ diameter and holds from 1 to 70 candles. Removable holders attach to ring, will take birthday candles of both sizes, also tall tapers. Extra holders are available.

Lighted this dramatic, new way . . . and baked with wonderful Swift'ning, your party cakes will be "the talk of the town". For Swift'ning, with its own special quick-mix ingredient, was specially developed to give you heavenly light, luscious cakes.

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MARTHA LOGAN'S QUICK-MIX Marigold Cake

Preparation: Have all ingredients at room temperature. Preheat oven to 375° F. Line bottoms of two 9″ or three 8″ pans with two layers of waxed paper.

Ingredients: (Level measurements)

½ cup Swift'ning
2¼ cups sifted cake flour
1¾ cups sugar
1½ tsp. soda
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. vanilla
1 cup sour milk† or buttermilk
2 sq. chocolate, melted
2 eggs
½ cup sour milk† or buttermilk

Step 1: Place Swift'ning in bowl. Sift together flour, sugar, soda, and salt into bowl. Add vanilla and 1 c. sour milk. Beat 2 min. on med. speed of electric mixer, or by hand, using 150 strokes per min. Throughout mixing time keep batter scraped from sides and bottom of bowl with rubber scraper. Scrape bowl and beaters.

Step 2: Add chocolate, eggs and ½ c. sour milk. Beat for 2 additional min. on medium speed. Scrape bowl and beaters. Pour equal amounts of batter into cake pans. Bake 30 min. Cool on cake racks.

†To make 1½ c. sour milk place 1½ tbsp. vinegar in measuring cup and fill to ½ c. mark with sweet milk. Combine with 1 c. sweet milk.

To decorate: Make 7 min. icing, using 2¼ c. granulated sugar. Tint it cream or very pale yellow. Tint about 1 c. deep yellow. Spread pale yellow icing between layers, on top and sides. Allow to set. Finish top with deep yellow as shown.

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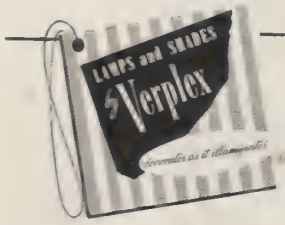
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(Continued from Page 16)

word, and THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS, and *Hans Andersen* and *Kipling*. Don't just give the children a book and call it a day. You can have so much more fun if you're in it too. And so can they.

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•

FRITZ KREISLER, *by Louis Lochner*, **is a fulsome biography which will be dear to the hearts of the thousands upon thousands who have been held spellbound by that greatest of all fiddlers, complete with photographs, lists of all his records, and a lifetime of tellable tales.**

•

FASTER! FASTER! by ***Patrick Bair***, is a symbolic shocker. An allegorical novel taking place on a train, the front cars of which are unbelievably luxurious, the rear ones, where the work is done, a shambles. Since the windows are misted over, the train is the world. It is only after the train has been wrecked, and most of the first-class passengers killed, that the workers get into the front cars—the boss workers, that is—and the circle starts again. This is oversimplification on our part. The novel is very dramatic, and even if its truths are obvious, they are nonetheless absorbing.

•

A HUSBAND FOR MAMA, by ***Louis Paul***, is high comedy on the farcical side—full of laughs, but with underlying good sense. The improvident Gaines family pervades it. Everybody in town talks about the Gaineses. And believe me—before you're through, you yourself know everybody in town.

Unless you're very very conventional, you'll like the Gaineses, even down to little Lucy, who hopes to be a trapeze artist. They're first cousins to the You-Can't-Take-it-With-You

(Continued on Page 21)

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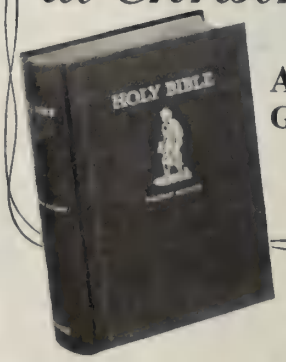
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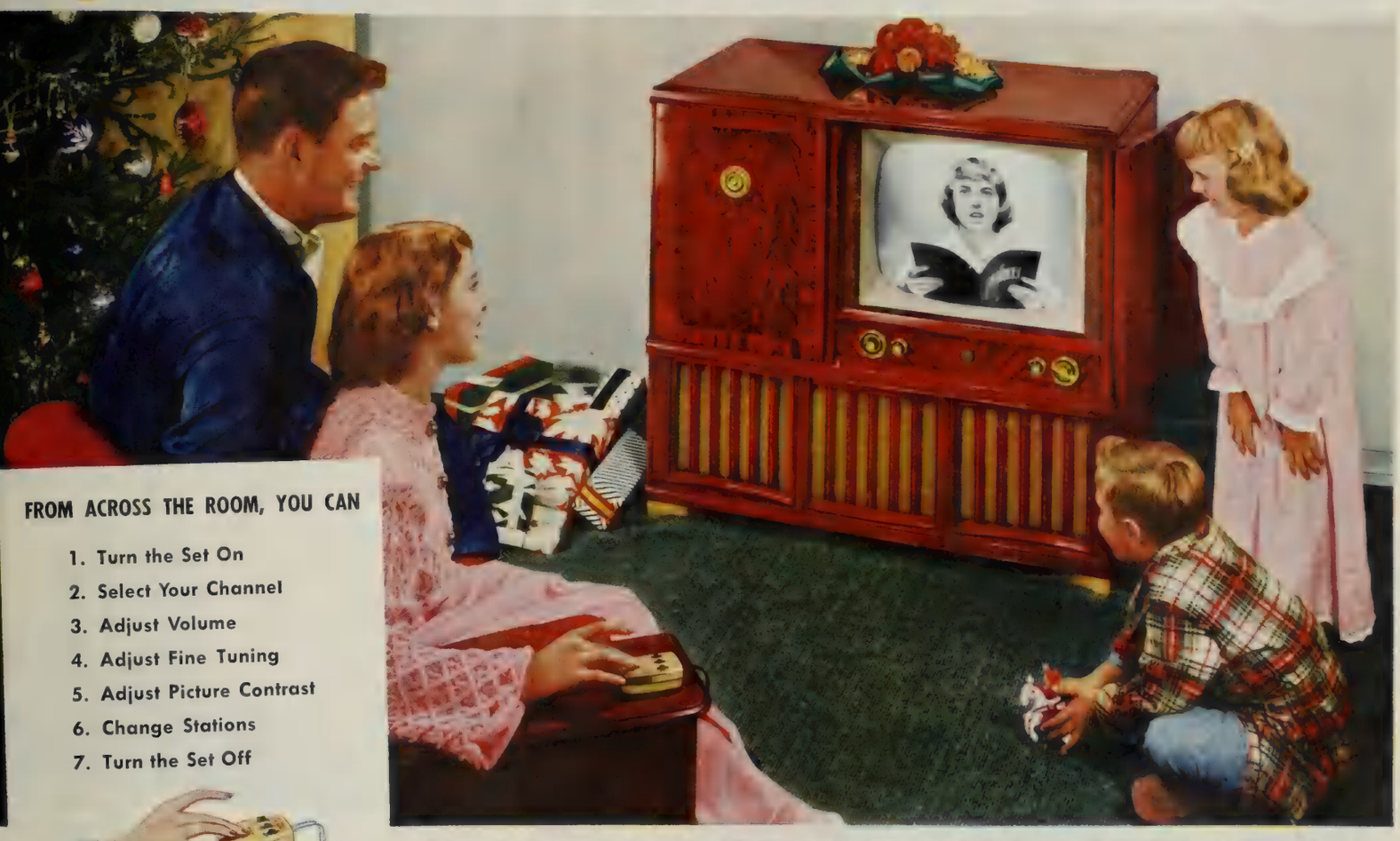
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• **COMPLETE REMOTE CONTROL AND BALANCED BEAM TELEVISION** in this luxurious Philco Model 2176. Great 215 sq. in. true-focus picture on a 20 inch gray filter-face rectangular tube...with Philco's superlative No-Glare Optical System, Electronic Built-in Aerial, and sensational Custom-Duplex Chassis. Powerful, golden-toned AM-FM radio and Philco phonograph that plays *all* records automatically. The absolute ultimate in a combination!

NOW a giant 20 inch true-focus picture that you can control from across the room

ANOTHER unprecedented triumph in Philco engineering! Never before in any set has full and complete remote control been possible. But now Philco enables you to control your set completely—turn it on or off, adjust the picture—without rising from your easy chair!

Only Philco has it! And only Philco gives you Balanced Beam Television which *balances* the electron beam that "paints" the picture on the tube . . . locks it in positive focus over the entire picture area. Now you can enjoy thrillingly sharp, clear pictures . . . entirely free of blur or smear . . . the first true-focus picture in television history.

But these are only two of Philco's great advantages. The new 1951 Philcos offer you the sensational Philco Custom-Duplex Chassis which means vastly increased sensitivity, performance, and picture quality with remarkable freedom from "ghosts" and "snow," and other interference.

The new Philcos also have the famous Philco Electronic Built-in Aerial that outperforms all others by as much as 3 to 1.

Compare Philco point by point with any other set! Compare for picture quality . . . tone . . . design . . . value. Prove to yourself that Philco Balanced Beam Television tops them all!



• **HUGE 20 INCH TELEVISION** in distinguished mahogany console. 215 sq. in. *true-focus* picture, 20 inch gray rectangular tube. Model 2134, $429.95. Complete range of new Philco 1951 table models, consoles and combinations, 97 to 215 sq. in. pictures, 12½" to 20" tubes, in distinguished mahogany, walnut or blond decorator type cabinets from $169.95 to $750.00*.

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CRIBFAST* SHEETS save work for busy mothers every day in the year! These amazing sheets are pull-proof, wrinkle-proof; they stay anchored to the mattress, keep rubber pads in place no matter how baby sleeps, crawls or pulls. Only Pacific makes Cribfast—the baby sheet that stays put.

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You, too, can sleep like a baby! Play Santa to yourself with Contour* Sheets for *your* bed. Same as baby's in percale or extra-strength muslin. twin or double bed size. White only. Try your favorite store or write for folder and name of nearest dealer to Pacific Mills, Dept. K-12, 214 Church Street, New York 13, N. Y.

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(Continued from Page 18)

family, and the best-natured people in the world.

"For heaven's sake," murmured Mrs. Caswell, gazing after Halcyon Gaines. "That Gaines girl will say anything that comes into her head."

"Is you talkin' to me or somebody else?" inquired the Caswells' colored girl.

"I was speaking about Halcyon Gaines."

"If you astes me, Miz Caswell, them Gaines people is all nuts."

"I fail to remember asking you, Elsie."

"Tha's all right. I ain't anybody to wait fo' no invitation. My Cousin Susie work three days a week fo' Miz Harvey that live out in their neighborhood. Seems like she went ahead and won a hawg on a raffle ——"

"Who won a hog?"

"Them Gaineses. Stid o' sellin' it to the butcher, they roast it in a washtub in the back yard, then take it down and serve it to the prisoners in the town lockup. Nex' day they is over to the Harveys' astin' fo' a couple o' dozen aigs to tidy them over ontil Halcyon's payday. If'n that ain't nuts, you tell me!"

"I'd rather tell you to go in and get the beds swept under," said Mrs. Caswell. "How you do talk, Elsie."

"If Gawd hadn't wanted us to talk," declared Elsie primly, "He wouldn't of gave other people ears to hear with."

•

"A ballad depends upon oral transmission," says ***Evelyn Kendrick Wells,*** author of **THE BALLAD TREE.** "A ballad in print is a ballad already dying." Though this book is a serious study, it does contain sixty traditional ballads and their tunes, which should be a godsend to the guitarist in need of a repertoire, and to his family who have been listening to the same old chestnuts for years.

•

How the GI's are speaking Korean we haven't heard, but their Second-War French was wonderful! *Joyeux*

COLLIER'S



"Now that you've said in French, 'Do not unsaddle the horses, the innkeeper has been struck by lightning,' would you care to order in English?"

Noel **was translated by the N. Y. boys as "Happy Sixth Avenue" (where the el had just been taken down); *Mal de Mer* was "Ma's sick"; *Ile de France* was "I'm sick of my friends," and *Carte Blanche* was "Take Blanche home."**

■

Nero Wolfe is not so much our favorite detective, as ***Rex Stout*** is our favorite detective-story writer. We don't care for Nero Wolfe's orchids or personality, but our mouth does water over some of his gourmet dishes, and he sure has interesting cases. Besides, there is his Archie Goodwin, who outwatsons Doctor Watson for ideas. . . . If you missed last year's case, **THE SECOND CONFESSION**, you might still be able to pick it up. And this year's **IN THE BEST FAMILIES** is very exciting and funny.

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New finer Mum more effective longer!



NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW INGREDIENT M-3—THAT PROTECTS AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

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New Fragrance! Even Mum's new perfume is special—a delicate flower fragrance created for Mum alone. This delightful cream deodorant contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. Economical—no shrinkage, no waste.

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Mum's protection grows and GROWS! Thanks to its new ingredient, M-3, Mum not only stops growth of odor-causing bacteria—but keeps down *future* bacteria growth. You actually *build up* protection with regular exclusive use of new Mum!

Now at your cosmetic counter!

New **MUM** *cream deodorant*

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HEALTH EMERGENCY VOLUNTEERS...

HOME CARE

By MARGARET HICKEY

PIONEER women accepted their responsibility to care for the sick, their own or their neighbor's, whenever the need arose. They had no pediatricians to attend a sick baby, no modern hospitals to rush to when disaster or sickness occurred. We may smile at many of their homemade remedies, but we can admire their fortitude in meeting the emergency, their skill in making the ill comfortable.

The knowledge of simple nursing techniques, once considered an integral part of every future housewife's training, has been too long neglected. Today's average homemaker knows little about coping with even minor illness. Epidemics may strike any community, and experience has shown that there are not always enough hospital rooms, nurses and doctors to go around.

People who are not dangerously ill are likely to feel more comfortable and secure in their own homes. Personal care, in a familiarly cheerful environment, may hasten recovery faster than hospitalization. Every large hospital must insist upon a certain amount of irksome routine. Yet the modern family often shies away from keeping its ill member at home because, lacking knowledge of nursing care, it fears the responsibility.

Training for Volunteers

Volunteers who train for home nursing will learn to protect the health of their communities. They will realize the importance of pure milk and water supply, sound sanitation and food regulations, the necessity for prevention and control of communicable diseases. Gen. George C. Marshall, speaking as president of the American National Red Cross, said. "I think it is important that young women be encouraged to take advantage of certain excellent training opportunities that the Red Cross offers, the better to prepare themselves as citizens. I am thinking of the extensive health programs in home nursing, first aid, food and nutrition. The position of women in the country is such that they are destined to take a large part in public affairs. Some preparation for the duty of citizenship, therefore, is an obligation for the young women of the nation."

Organizing home-nursing classes has proved to be an important volunteer activity. The Los Angeles Red Cross Nursing Department reports a growing demand from Girl Scouts and Camp Fire Girls as well as from local PTA's. Teachers say there is less absenteeism when teen-agers learn sound health practices which training in home nursing makes routine. Many women's clubs like the group in Ogden, Utah, have trained volunteers to meet any health emergency their communities might experience.

There is art as well as skill in nursing the sick. Sometimes the welfare of a patient is as much dependent upon the reassuring word, the cheerful smile, as upon the regularity of treatment prescribed. The family that has a home nurse, ready and unafraid to protect its members when sickness comes, has health insurance money can't buy. THE END

In Ogden, Utah

PETER, a husky towhead with a passion for football, was the first child in his block to get infantile paralysis last year. Riding to the hospital in an ambulance, he clung fiercely to his mother's hand. "It hurts something terrible, mom," he said, "so don't leave me, will you?" and his mother said she wouldn't. But the hospital had a rule: All polio patients must go into the isolation ward for two weeks. Peter said good-by to his mother in the hospital corridor, a desolate little figure trying to look brave on a big white stretcher.

"I just sat down in the hospital corridor and cried my eyes out," his mother said. "I have never been so frightened in my life. I thought there was nothing I could do but wait and worry. Thank God for a neighbor who got me back into that hospital where I could see Peter every day and help other children like him."

Peter has been home for a year now. He cannot walk without braces and crutches. He will never play football again. But his mother continues to work in the hospital with the Polio Emergency Volunteers whenever she's needed—"having seen what I've seen, I couldn't possibly stop."

Other Polio Emergency Volunteers (P. E. V.'s) in Ogden, Utah—Peter's home town—feel the same way. They have been working in Ogden since 1948, when a record sixty-six cases of polio were reported in the county, and St. Benedict's Hospital—equipped to handle thirty polio cases—was so swamped that the solarium was turned into a ward, and most of the heavy equipment had to be moved into the halls to make even more space available. Nurses were even more scarce—and of the few nurses available, many refused to go into the isolation ward at all for fear of carrying polio home to their own children.

Volunteers, many of whom had children of their own in the polio wards, begged doctors to let them help, were told, "You'd only get in our way." But as conditions became more and more (Continued on Page 140)

JOHN GERDTS



To little boys and girls away from home in a big strange hospital, a volunteer becomes a "second mommy." Utah has over 1200 Polio Emergency Volunteers.



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Making Marriage Work

Marriage is the only 50-50 proposition in which the share of each partner is more than half. It is the overlapping of responsibilities that makes a marriage strong.

By CLIFFORD R. ADAMS
Ph.D., Pennsylvania State College, Department of Psychology

The Husband's Role

SHORTLY before the date set for his marriage, Bob came to see me. He explained that his parents were divorced when he was ten, and that his father, after a second marriage and divorce, had recently married a third time. In his own marriage, Bob was determined to achieve the happy home he had missed as a child.

"Can you tell me how *not* to have my marriage smash up like my father's?" he asked. "I want my wife to be happy, and I want to be happy. What can I do to be a good husband?"

Unlike some men, Bob recognized that no wife, however willing, can give her husband happiness in marriage unless he works for it too. In seeking to determine his particular responsibilities as a husband, Bob had already demonstrated a greater fitness for the role than some men ever achieve.

Together, Bob and I set up a list of minimum essentials, the responsibilities every wife has a right to expect her husband to assume, and which are the least he should attempt to fulfill.

- *He must earn the living.* Like any self-respecting young man, Bob took this obligation completely for granted. Yet in a realistic appraisal of a husband's total role, his job must be recognized as coming first, not only because of its importance but also because it occupies most of his waking hours, leaving only a narrow margin for other duties and pleasures. At best, only evenings and week ends are free; and a considerable share of these will be absorbed by work if, like Bob, he is anxious to get ahead.

- *He must be household handy man.* In most households, minor repairs are naturally assumed by the husband. He is called on to replace a washer in the leaking faucet, to tape a frayed lamp cord, to silence a squeaking door. He summons and supervises carpenter or plumber for repairs too specialized for him. Such tasks may be trifles in themselves, yet their neglect is quickly noted, and in total, they consume a sizable share of a man's time.

- *He must be yardman and mechanic.* Grass to cut in summer, snow to shovel in winter. The car to wash, screens to put up, clothesline to replace, trash to empty. Lawn mower to sharpen, bicycle to repair, motor to grease, spark plugs to clean. Man's work, and work these jobs are, even if he enjoys pottering.

These categories concern tangible tasks essential to the household's smooth operation. They take the major share of a man's spare time, yet they are only the preliminaries to the most demanding but most rewarding aspect of his role.

He must be an understanding and affectionate companion to his wife; he must counsel and befriend his children; he must plan for the family's future and have its welfare always in mind. In short, he, like his wife, must give of himself if his family life is to attain the warmth and vitality which differentiate a home from a mere household.

Bob admits that the role he described will demand his best efforts, but he is convinced (and I agree) that it is no more than his duty. The husband who evades any of these responsibilities is doing less than his share.

Nevertheless, many wives fail to recognize the services their husbands perform, and the demands made on them. Before complaining of what your husband *doesn't*, make sure you appreciate all he *does*.

Developing Trust

IN every truly happy marriage, one positive and unchanging quality of the relationship is *trust*. Although not always present in early courtship, it must develop if husband and wife are to achieve real unity.

On their wedding day husband and wife implicitly promise to trust each other, and in turn to be worthy of trust. Each partner must be both trusting and trustworthy. On the fulfillment of that pledge depends the deep understanding vital to marriage. What are the characteristics of the individual worthy of trust?

- *Integrity* is a prime essential, and this means observance of honor and principle for their own sake. A trustworthy wife does not sneak money from her husband's wallet, just as a trustworthy husband does not conceal the news of extra earnings. Similarly, in relationships with the opposite sex, behavior which would be embarrassing if discovered is forgone. But it is innate honor, not fear of discovery, which restrains the trustworthy individual from concealment or shoddy transactions.

- *Veracity* is a positive quality, implying willingness to tell the whole truth, as well as refusal to tell a lie. News of a parking ticket may be unwelcome, but better to tell it and face temporary unpleasantness than to conceal it and foster suspicion.

- *Justice* is indispensable in a relationship of trust. Every wife relishes praise; in all fairness, she should give it when due. Similarly, as she considers her husband responsible for his mistakes, she should accept blame when it is her due.

- *Reliability* involves acceptance of responsibility. It means fulfilling obligations assumed, from being punctual for appointments to remembering your promise to have the car serviced, from seeing that winter woolens are properly protected in moth balls to keeping the medicine cabinet adequately supplied. Equally, the trustworthy mate can be relied on to be understanding and patient, loyal and generous, and, when necessary, forgiving.

If you and your husband have these traits, you have every reason to trust each other. Are you sure you trust your husband as completely as he deserves? Do you show your trust, by behavior and attitude, in every phase of your life together?

No woman should marry a man she does not trust. You trusted him enough to marry him; and basically he is the same man he was then. If he was honest with you at first, and is secretive now, perhaps you are to blame. Do you pry into his affairs? Check up on his statements? Assume he is wrong if appearances are against him? Surveillance has no place in the relationship of a trusting husband and wife. You should be no more willing to doubt your husband than to doubt yourself. (Indeed, a wife's suspicions of her husband very often reflect her own lack of self-confidence.)

It is a rare husband or wife who trusts the other too much. Far more frequent is the spouse who trusts too little. When either doubts the other, every problem brings misunderstanding, and so threatens the very structure of the marriage. But the husband and wife who have faith in each other can face any difficulty, secure in the knowledge that their relationship will not falter despite any pressure.

Are You Close to Your Children?

Much of the happiness in your home, and later in the homes your children will establish, depends on the relationship you achieve with them *now*. These questions are particularly applicable to children aged 10 to 16. Answer them yourself, then get your husband to answer them independently.

Do You:

1. **Take time for *friendly* talks with them?**
2. **Show your love and affection daily to each one?**
3. **Have fun at meals with them?**
4. **Praise them more than you criticize?**
5. **Make their friends feel welcome in your home?**

Do Your Children:

6. **Discuss their personal intimate problems with you?**
7. **Enjoy going places and doing things with you?**
8. **Spend some of their leisure time at home?**
9. **Ask your advice in making their larger decisions?**
10. **Show an interest in your personal appearance?**

Do You and They:

11. **Often question the fairness of the other?**
12. **Ever lose tempers and make bitter statements?**
13. **Often complain about being embarrassed by the other?**
14. **Sometimes try to force "dad" to take sides?**

The last four questions should be answered "No," all others "Yes." No parent achieves perfection; with 12 or 13 correct answers yours is a good score, and 10 or 11 about par. If children are under 15, fathers will score one or two points less than mothers. With low or widely differing scores, you and your husband must co-operate in becoming more understanding parents.

Do You Agree?

My seventeen-year-old daughter is "in love," as she calls it, for the first time. What should my attitude be?

To ridicule it or seem to interfere will rouse her resentment – and may even precipitate the hasty action you fear. Your tolerance and understanding will help you retain her confidence.



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from me to me with love

THE SUB-DEB
EDITED BY MAUREEN DALY

WANT to give yourself a superspecial present this year? Something that will last? Then gather up all the little things that bother you—Maryjo's new green dress, the club that asked Jan to join and left you out, those A's Ann gets in history, the way boys whistle when Margie walks down the street—wrap them up in a big package marked "Don't open for Christmas—*or ever!*" and put them out of your life for good. (Good for you, that is!) Those little jealousies will make a big package, but you're big enough to handle it; and let's face it, high-school jealousy *is* a major problem in your life, isn't it?

Who—Me? How do I know? Because it bothered me, too, and it bothered most of my girl friends; even those who had long eyelashes, three dates a week end and a closetful of cashmeres. In fact, jealousy—in large or small doses—bothers so many teen-agers that even the psychologists have heard about it. "Jealousy," they say, "is common among adolescents. It is symptomatic of a lack of self-confidence and emotional security." And to break that down to "how about me?" terms, it means simply that *you yourself* want so much to be attractive, popular and successful that you're just not ready to admit that other fellows and girls want—and will probably get—that "big three" list too! It's an unhappy habit that can take the fun out of everything from dating to daydreaming and, worst of all, it keeps you from developing into the sharp gal you might be.

Anyone You Know? How can you tell if you're *really* a victim of the green-eyed blues? Let's take a close look. Jealousy—in the large economy size that can last right through your senior year if you're not careful—is made up of two major mistakes: a feeling of inferiority and a fear of looking at yourself honestly. Jealousy makes you want to "tear down" other people because you haven't enough confidence to "build up" yourself. Here's a check list to look over to see if *this means you:*

If you find yourself thinking everyone else gets the breaks, if you make excuses by saying, "Sure, if I had as many clothes as she has . . ." or "Anybody can get good grades if they apple-shine," you're probably jealous.

If you catch yourself thinking too often about any one person, turning over and over in your mind the reasons why you don't like her, if you try to turn conversations to cat chatter with "Isn't it too bad a cute girl like Jane always runs after boys," there's probably nothing wrong with Jane, but *you're* jealous!

If you hear yourself making with the good-girl talk, thinking the reason you aren't popular is that you're "too nice," saying righteously, "I wouldn't want to be with that fast crowd," or "No wonder she dates so much, with her reputation," don't look now—but your jealousy streak is showing.

If you realize that you are "afraid" to hear compliments about others, if you add a "yes, but" comment to every nice thing said about someone else, if you like best those girls in the harpy huddle who have the same dislikes you do—here it comes again, *you're jealous!*

What's Wrong With That? What's wrong with jealousy? It's a waste of time, for one thing. In all those hours you spend wishing good things would stop happening to other people, you aren't letting them happen to you either. *Wishing* won't keep some blond sophomore rival from having a soda after school with the boys—but if you tried to practice her charm, maybe you could go along too. Jealousy is a revealing thing, especially in conversation, and too much two-timing talk lays open your whole personality to let people see that you're really pretty unhappy inside. And instead of hurting others with your sharp talk, you usually hurt yourself and your chances for popularity by letting listeners know that "Susie Sub-Deb's got a *really* bad inferiority complex—it shows." And here's something to remember: *Fellows don't like it.* Boys are embarrassed by female jealousy and gossip. And they're quickly disillusioned too. Even the prettiest girl looks not so nice when she shows that touch of green.

This Way Out—Where do we go from here? What can you do to get over those feelings of envy? First, face the fact that you're not different—almost everyone goes through jealousy blues as a part of growing up. Next, make a scrapbook list—so you won't forget it—of these three tricks to help you grow up and out of this habit a little faster.

1. Every time you think a jealous thought or add your bit to the current cat chatter, say to yourself, "What's *really* bothering me?" If it's good looks that make you jealous, treat yourself to a fifteen-minute-a-night beauty ritual. If it's not dating that gets you down, try to cultivate some of the pleasant traits of the popular girls (the ones you pretended you thought were "too fast"!). If you're glum because someone else gets all the A's, see if you still want those top grades after you do as much studying as *she* did to rate them. In short, *if you're jealous of someone else, start trying to make yourself like her!* That's what you really want, you know.

The No. 2 trick takes time. It means first convincing yourself that "everybody can't be everything" and then finding out the thing about yourself that is most interesting and can be developed into "something." Maybe you're good at tennis, maybe you can make your own clothes. Do you rate honors as secretary of the camera club, write top features for the school paper, paint the best backdrops for the class plays—or just what do you do that makes you interesting? If you can't say "I'm at least *pretty* good" about anything, then start finding something to do. You're old enough to have to start making your own life. It's all yours. Instead of thinking, "I wish I were like someone else," start figuring out "What can *I* do about *me?*"

And trick No. 3 is one you can start practicing now and use from sixteen to sixty. Just start talking. Those jealousy blues begin to fade away to the palest indigo if you can get yourself to *talk*, instead of bottling feelings up inside of you. And the best thing to say is "*Good for you—that's wonderful!*" Say it often, say it about any nice thing that happens to a friend—or someone you want for a friend—and before long, you begin to mean it. The more you mean it, the more interesting and warm you are as a person. And before you know it, the blues are gone and some of that "that's wonderful!" fun has begun to come your way! Worth a try, don't you think?



Don't look now . . .

. . . but *do* watch this page next month to meet the new Sub-Deb editor, Jan Weyl. Jan's first Sub-Deb page, inside stuff for teen-agers, will make its bow right here in the January JOURNAL. Want to know something about Jan—what she's like and what she likes? Well, here it is: she's a tall redhead herself, but prefers boys dark-haired with crew cuts—add a white camellia corsage, a movie with Bill Holden or jitterbugging to Ralph Flanagan disks, and that's Jan's idea of a perfect evening. Wagner also rates tops with her, and books by Raymond Chandler, James Thurber and A. A. Milne. She likes vacations in Maine, skiing or golf, bananas and cream for dessert, and her most recent part-time pastime was a sketch class (charcoal). Jan's an expert on everything from good joes to good jobs (her first job: salesgirl in a gift shop in Amsterdam, New York). She's just the kind of editor you'll like to read on your favorite page. And what about me? I'm off for a trip to Europe with a half-finished novel in my suitcase and some ideas about meeting teen-agers over there. So this is my big chance to say "Goodby, Sub-Debs," and "*Here's Jan Weyl!*"

MAUREEN DALY



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MUNKACSI



Doctor —PART II

re there positive tests to prove that I'm pregnant, Doctor?

I'm so happy—but I want to be sure."

By HENRY B. SAFFORD, M.D.

WELCOME!" said the doctor, beaming. "I have been expecting you for the past two weeks."

"It seems to me that you are taking ot for granted, Doctor," the young an replied just as beamingly.

I wouldn't say that. Just playing the of averages."

You received my announcement card, e."

Received it and immediately changed 'Miss Jane Doe' on my record sheet 'Mrs. John.' I suppose I shall have write in a change of address, how-. Did you marry a distant cousin, any chance?"

No. No relationship, as far as we have n able to figure. The coincidence in our nes is purely accidental."

I see. Well, let's get down to business. w many periods have you missed?"

You seem to know all about it. I've sed two."

What was the date of the first day of r last period?"

June fifteenth."

That would bring your date for conment to the twenty-second of March."

That sounds like lightning calculation. w do you do it?"

It's simple enough. The average carryperiod is about two hundred and seventy s after pregnancy takes place. It is seln that a woman knows the exact date en that happened; nor do we ever know t when that particular ovulation took ce. What every woman *does* know is the t day of her last menstruation—and if estimate the carrying period as two hund and eighty days, ten lunar months or e calendar months from that, we'll usu- come out within a week of the date, side or the other. So we count ahead e months, or what is easier and amounts the same thing, count back three months d add a week for good measure. In your e June fifteenth—May fifteenth—April eenth—March fifteenth, plus seven days uals March twenty-second."

'I don't think that's so simple. Is there y other way, Doctor?"

'Ye-es—not very accurate, though. For tance, life is usually felt sometime after e eighteenth week. Forty weeks minus hteen leaves twenty-two weeks to go—actically five calendar months. So if you ould first feel life about October twenth, we would still calculate March twenth as your date for confinement. Also, first babies settle down, within the mothers' abdomen, two to three weeks before confinement. Those are all the methods I know, and I'll stick by the first of them—it usually works out pretty well."

"I'm glad I know when my baby is coming—I'll be ready for it."

"Don't you think you're being a little hasty? We don't even know definitely that you're pregnant."

"Why, I thought—I didn't suppose there could be anything else that would stop me menstruating."

"There certainly could. Don't worry, though, it's not likely. Doctors through the ages have come to realize that when a normally healthy woman, with a previous normal menstrual life, suddenly stops menstruating, in about nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand there's one cause to account for it, and one only—pregnancy."

"I'm glad to hear you say that. I'd really be terribly disappointed."

"Don't worry, we'll soon find out."

"Will you tell me how you're going to know, Doctor? I'm really interested."

"I know you are. I remember how you came to me before you were married, to see if everything was all right. For that reason I'm going to take the time to explain to you the symptoms of pregnancy, as we go along. In discussing the missed period, we've covered the first sign. Now let me ask you another question—have you noticed any loss of appetite?"

"Yes, I have. In fact, I don't take any breakfast any more. The sight, or even the smell, of food cooking nauseates me in the morning, and several times I've vomited what little breakfast I had forced myself to take."

"That's a common enough symptom with many women—about fifty per cent of them, as a matter of fact."

"Why does it happen, Doctor?"

"It has been suggested that it is an allergic reaction to an increased secretion of the hormones of pregnancy. There may be psychological and other reasons too. Anyhow, I don't think you need worry about it—it will probably pass away within the next few weeks. Only rarely does it become serious. You might try outguessing it by not taking any nourishment before noon, for the present. Tell me something else—have you noticed any trouble with your bladder recently?"

"Why, yes, it's quite irritable and I have to—to go frequently."

"That's to be expected. It's probably on account of the enlarging uterus pulling on

(Continued on Page 194)

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SAYS MRS. BERTHA BRADLEY, MILTON, MASS

"I just can't rave enough about the way Tide gets dirty clothes *clean!* Tide really seems *different*—it leaves my wash so dazzling white, so sweet and clean! And clothes dry so beautifully soft . . . and have such a wonderful fresh, 'outdoorsy' smell. Believe me, there's *nothing* like Tide!"

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- Clothes dry soft—iron beautifully!
- And Tide does all this *safely*—rinse or no rinse!



Journal about Town

Fifty Years Ago In The Journal



THE hit tunes of December, 1900, were Bird in a Gilded Cage and I Want a Military Man. Edward Cudahy was kidnaped in Omaha and returned to his parents for $25,000. Paris prohibited absinthe, and several dozen children drowned while skating at What Cheer, Iowa.

Gossip about people you know, editors you like, and what goes on in New York

A CURRENT mark of distinction for anybody here in the Editorial Workshop is not so much that he or she has been to see Call Me Madam, but that one has been able to buy tickets for any performance of this musical before next spring. By



"Her Excellency" and admirers. Left to right, Raoul René de Bois, scenic designer for "Call Me Madam"; Leland Hayward, producer; Jerome Robbins, choreographer; George Abbott (seated), director; Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, authors; Miss Merman and Paul Lukas (behind), stars; and Irving Berlin, who wrote the music for Broadway's musical hit.

she told Jan. "Men are permitted to advise, but women make all the decisions. And when a man marries," she went on, "he goes to live with his wife's family." But bride and groom rarely meet before the wedding, which is one reason why the princess is crazy about this country. "There's no dating in India," she said, "but here a girl can make all the dates she wants. It's wonderful!"

On a national average, 69.7 persons in every 100,000 become mentally ill each year. In Utah the rate is 47.9. Highest rate is in the District of Columbia. . . . Houston, Texas, with a population of 700,000, has 132 millionaires.

We met one of our favorite photographers, *Ruth Orkin*, walking up Madison Avenue not long ago, her Contax in her hand, and as we fell in with her she told us she was on an assignment from *Artur Rubinstein's* manager to follow the celebrated pianist on a stroll through New York streets, taking pictures of him as he walked along, looked in shop windows, catching him in a series of candid shots for a little brochure of personal photographs. We looked ahead, and there was Mr. R. ambling along. "Down about Fiftieth," Ruth told us, "he bumped into *Ludwig Bemelmans*." Seems she caught some wonderful shots of this chance encounter of the maestro with his old friend, the author-artist. "And look who's coming now—I wonder if Rubinstein knows *Basil Rathbone*." He certainly did. The greeting was hearty. And before the famous actor knew he was being photographed, Ruth had their meeting on film as you see it here. And the funny part, which is typically New York, the

RUTH ORKIN



Coffee being a pretty lively topic these days—not only the price, but the staggering proportions of its world-wide consumption—***Betty Gray*** and ***Adrina Casparian*** took a little trip to one of

J. DI PIETRO



Coffee for Mr. Z.—expert taster.

the biggest roasting plants in the world, over in Brooklyn, running into a rather remarkable man named John Zawacki. He was sitting there at a round revolving marble-top table, sipping coffee from a dozen or so cups. As chief coffee taster for the A & P, he said he's been tasting coffee professionally ever since the age of eight in Poland, where his father ran a wholesale coffee business—a sort of infant prodigy. Been tasting it as an expert ever since, for fifty years. The girls tried him out, and what he said was true. With a few sniffs and a sip or two, he could name the brand and tell the spot where it was grown. Adrina asked him if drinking all this coffee didn't keep him awake nights. "Lees'n," he said, "eef coffee kap me awake, I'd be dead by now. I sleep like a log." On the way out Betty asked an executive the 98-cent question—why is coffee costing so much? The answer was quite complicated, but it boiled down (which you shouldn't do with coffee) to good old supply and demand. Bad crops last year; more being used than ever before: soldiers and sailors—and people getting panicky and buying more at a time than they need. "But don't worry," he said

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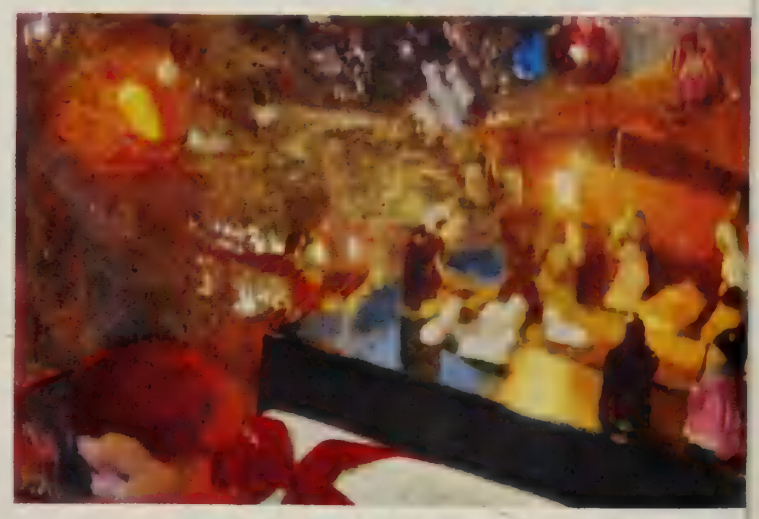
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"I watch the face, absorbed in wonder, lit by the candle light, dreaming. I do not ask what thoughts are shaping in that child mind. I know, for I myself have dreamed." . . . There is something of every Christmas past, in every home, in the memories of a famous American writer who, as a 12-year-old child in China, learned that the doors which Christmas opens never, never close.



Under the tree is the tiny crèche.

Room in the Inn

By PEARL S. BUCK

ENGEL



Pearl Buck and Jackie.

OVER the horizon I see the glow of Christmas coming, the Christmas of this year of Our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fifty. All the Christmastimes of my life are reflected in that glow, for each Christmas is part of all that have gone before, and to tradition and memory in every family, the new Christmas adds its part. Take, in our family, The Big Party. . . .

The day before Christmas Eve now in our house is always the day of The Big Party, the first event for us of Christmas Week. It has become our tradition. Yet actually The Big Party began decades ago and halfway around the world, when I was a little girl. We lived in the Chinese countryside in a plain little gray-brick house. Whatever luxury we had was not in the house, but in the landscape of lush valleys and distant purple mountains. Christmas was joyful but simple in that house, for there was never much money.

But every year there was one golden, gorgeous, glorious event when I saw plenty of everything, toys and delicious foods in lavishly beautiful rooms. Once a year during Christmas Week a kindly English lady, the wife of an official in the British customs, gave all the Western children a Christmas party. Her house was the usual enormous and stately pile of brick with which the British Empire in those days maintained its dignity in Asia. The house stood on the Bund, in the British Concession, facing the Yangtze River.

The Bund itself was something special. It had iron gates that were barred at night, and inside the gates the noise and dirt of the crowded Chinese city gave way to order and cleanliness and space. Green trees lined the wide streets and behind low walls stood the great English houses, encircled by verandas. Mrs. Tamplin's was the largest, and inside her private gate was a beautiful garden and the garden was part of the Christmas enchantment. But inside the house, what other enchantment!

Mrs. Tamplin, small, hearty, cheerful, her two brown eyes, one not quite matching the other but both twinkling and bright, stood at the door to shake all hands with her warm English grasp and her invariable greeting: "Get your things off, my deahs! Santa's on the way—lots of goodies and things ——"

We took off coats and hats and wandered slowly about the big, luxuriously furnished rooms. Fruits and flowers were everywhere and coal fires glowed in the English grates under the tall mantelpieces. Slowly we walked, feasting our eyes until *(Continued on Page 195)*

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Mother of the Groom

You know about the Father of the Bride. There's just as much uncertainty, heartache and tenderness in the story of another member of the wedding.

By HARRIET FITTS RYAN

THE letter ended. "I'd like to bring Betsy Evans home with me for the spring vacation. So please, mom, write her a very special invitation."

Martha Bartlett stared again at the words. She'd been hearing a lot all winter about this Betsy Evans, but that was nothing new. She'd been hearing a lot about some Polly or Mimi or Nancy or Joanie ever since Jimmy caught girlitis from Wump Everard his last year in prep school. But this could mean only one thing.

Martha leaned against the front door, where she'd stood to open the letter, and told herself not to be ridiculous. It was just another girl who enjoyed Jimmy's company—and motoring upstate through the spring countryside. Just another of Jimmy's girls.

Funny he'd had such a procession of them, because until Wump came into his life—Wump was a smoothie from the smooth North Shore of Chicago—Jimmy had abhorred girls.

Would Martha ever forget the summer, Jimmy's fifteenth, when Peggy Fant and her daughter had stopped over to visit them on their way to the falls?

"Now, Jimmy," Martha had said, "I want you to be particularly nice to little Peggy. Her mother and I have been friends since we were girls."

Jimmy had not answered, but his eyes had become stubborn and opaque.

The two Peggys drove up in midafternoon.

"Where's that big son of yours?" Peg had demanded when the hugging and kissing were over. "We've heard how tall and good-looking he is, way the other end of New York State."

"Oh, we didn't think you'd get here quite so early," Martha said, with an airiness she was far from feeling.

He had walked in just as they were sitting down for dinner. He was dirty and he smelled—well, he smelled of his boat, naturally, since he had chosen today to clean it. Essence of worms, fish and boy.

Martha had raised a window and tried to smile brightly. "Hi, Jimmy. Here's your Aunt Peg and little Peggy."

Little Peggy, in white organdy and what was obviously her first lipstick, had held out her hand and Jimmy had taken it as if there were spikes sticking from it. He stared at the opposite wall and mumbled "Hello." It was the extent of his conversation with Peggy during the two days she was a guest in the home.

The young-savage phase had gone on quite a long time, with Jimmy hating clean clothes, a clean body, proper

(Continued on Page 106)

Your daughter's your daughter all her life.
Your son is your son till he gets him a wife.

The jingle taunted Martha she had only Jimmy, who was ting him a wife.

THE JOURNAL'S COMPLETE IN ONE ISSUE NOVEL



A Breath o



By RUMER GODDEN

"They'll never find us," McGinty said when Val Doubleday's plane came down in the blue bay of the remote island. "we're lost!" Val shook his head. "Safe," he corrected because the island's peace felt like the first morning of a new world. Van Loomis, owner of the island, refugee from a world "sick with its own cleverness," had troubles too. Filipino, the native boy who learned to read The Rights of Man, now saw a tyrant in van Loomis. Mario, the Spaniard, wanted van Loomis's daughter, Charis—"who else is there for her to marry?" Most of all there was Charis herself, a woman now, not a child. Her father could give her pearls on her twenty-first birthday, but he could not give her what she really wanted—knowledge of life and a world she had never seen. When he saw Val, he remembered a proverb: "When the pupil is ready, the teacher will come."

II

"YOU understand," Mr. van Loomis had said to Niu, Pheasant and Luck in his study. "Understand, Tsuli Charis must not know." "Yes, *sah!*" said Pheasant jovially, rolling her eyes. Pheasant insisted on being jovial. Mr. van Loomis gave her a displeased look. The time had not yet come to be jovial. "Yes, *sah!*" said Pheasant and smacked her lips.

"Yes, Tsula," said Niu.

"Yes, Tsula," said Luck, but less certainly.

"And the two young Tsulas must not know."

"*No*, sah!" Pheasant's chuckle filled the room, and Mr. van Loomis frowned and held up his hand.

"They are asleep," said Niu.

Valentine was asleep in a room that sounded to him, in his sleep, like a cave, one of those underground caves that Mr. van Loomis had spoken of. He tossed restlessly, too tired and stiff to rest; he had pushed open the window slats before he lay down, and there was too much light in the room and the heat came in. McGinty slept dreamlessly, tired out. Filipino, too, lay asleep on his bed on the shore; above him the palm leaves moved, endlessly whispering. Filipino smiled in his sleep; he was dreaming of Oxford.

Charis was on the veranda, but Niu, Luck and Pheasant faced Mr. van Loomis across his desk in the study. They all looked unwilling and a little sullen. This was the time for sleeping, and they felt they should have been asleep; instead they had been roused up when they had hardly eaten their midday meal: they had to re-dress themselves, a light task with Luck and Niu, but for Pheasant it meant getting into her top petticoat and dress and retying her head handkerchief and putting on a clean apron, but Pheasant still looked jovial. They had all understood perfectly and at once what was in Mr. van Loomis's mind for Charis, but it was only to Pheasant that it seemed a cause for rollicking excitement. Luck and Niu had had *(Continued on Page 67)*

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Air

"You shouldn't interrupt when I'm at work," he said, annoyed. She didn't look sorry.



STRATED BY AL PARKER

Maggie's Christmas Tree

The Journal Presents
ROBERT CRAIG
FIRST APPEARANCE IN ANY MAGAZINE

RICH man, poor man, beggarman, thief—everyone is privately convinced of his own goodness; impressed by his own moral principles, whatever they are: fascinated by the sight of his own face, and pleased with the sound of his own voice. Self-assurance is the main ingredient of well-being, and the huge man striding along the sand road through the windy Florida night was no exception.

Mathiew Dekker had just planted two miles of fence around his newest pasture, and he had managed to use less wire than he had planned at first. That gave him an inordinate sense of happy accomplishment. He paced along, his wide, thick shoulders loaded with the great spool of wire he had saved, a canvas sack holding his wire stretcher and tools, and he was filled with an elation that came from the money he'd saved on wire.

When he passed Joe Ryan's he added a special sense of pride to his exhilaration. It always did him good to think about Joe. Joe Ryan was a hard-working farmer, and a big man by other people's standards, but he didn't measure up to Mathiew.

Looking across the yard and through the Ryans' living-room window, he saw the Christmas tree, and snorted to himself.

"Git her all decked out with lights!" He grinned. "Spend more money'n you got! Put good cattle money into clay dolls! Sweat your life out fer a celluloid horn! Go on, Joe!" He laughed quietly. "Go crazy!"

Mathiew had seen his first Christmas tree when he'd grown to be a gangling kid of maybe twelve. He had left his foster parents and their mean shack in the deep hammock country, and hired out on his first job. That Christmas tree, the candles, the presents and the party had not been for him, and envy for these things had infected him like fever.

The next Christmas, when he had learned how little his extra dimes and nickels would buy, he turned his envy into a fierce pride. Someday he would have more than they if he saved! Christmas was a squandering!

To his surprise and satisfaction, his young and desperate argument sounded more and more reasonable with every succeeding autumn. Wherever he worked, others planned Christmas parties and foolishly counted out their money, but he found a strange comfort and a sense of extra strength in his powerful defiance of the expensive fairy story.

Spending money was a habit, he thought. Take that gas engine that ran Joe's light plant, for instance. He could hear it throbbing in the darkness and he saw the electric lights in Joe's ranch house. Did a man have to spend money for things like that? Joe Ryan did, because he couldn't stand up to his family. A wife and kids were always asking things of a man, and the more a man like Joe gave them, the more they wanted. Joe was the kind who let his family run him—run him into debt! He'd tried to borrow money *(Continued on Page 180)*

by Robert Craig

In the wise new hearts of children

the old miracle is forever reborn – "It *is* magical,"

Maggie cried inside herself.




Why can't ou

mothers breast-feed?

Fifty per cent of American mothers today "don't want to." Half of those who do try, fail.

By GLADYS DENNY SHULTZ

ANNE SYLVESTER is a young mother of the finest type. Intelligent, a college graduate, she is also a healthy, Junoesque girl from a farm background, without a neurotic cell in her body. Her baby was planned, and Anne informed herself fully about her new and eagerly awaited tasks as a mother.

"Of course I wanted to nurse my baby," Anne told me. "I decided that as soon as I knew I was pregnant. All the books say it is best for the baby. Besides, one of my dearest friends was nursing her child, and raved to me about what a wonderful experience it was. I thought she was an ideal mother—I wanted to do things as she had done them."

Anne's infant, a bouncing 8½-pound girl, was born in a hospital connected with a highly rated medical school. There were no complications whatsoever.

"My doctor didn't discuss breast feeding with me at all," says Anne. "The first time my baby was brought in, at six A.M., the nurse poured out a rapid fire of instructions and left the room before I could ask her any questions. But baby and I did the best we could on our own, and I never dreamed but that it would all work out. When the doctor came in on the fifth day and said, 'You can't nurse your baby, it's no use to try,' I was so surprised and so crushed that I didn't think to ask him why. I just bawled for two days. Ruthie has developed nicely on the formula the doctor gave me. But what is the matter with me, that I couldn't feed her myself?"

Anne's case and many like hers pose a question that is receiving serious attention from a considerable portion of the medical profession. As Anne says, every book on infant care today stresses the advantages of breast feeding over formulas, a phase of the return to the more natural methods which were thrown overboard with such éclat a generation back.

But the New York University Department of Pediatrics states that breast feeding is declining in this country. An informal poll of doctors, hospitals and nurses reveals that about 50 per cent of our mothers say they don't want to nurse their babies. And that of those who want to, probably half seem unable to do so.

This is largely an American phenomenon. European doctors report no particular trouble about breast feeding. In England, closest to us culturally, 80 per cent of the babies born in hospitals and 95 per cent of those born at home are entirely breast-fed. Yet in the United States, a comfortably situated mother who breast-feeds her baby entirely is an oddity today, practically a museum specimen.

Why is it that American women are failing in a function that should be as natural to the feminine sex as breathing?

To many readers, to be sure, this may seem an academic question. Aren't formulas just as good? Is there any reason any more why a mother should be tied down to her infant's feeding schedule?

The answer involves one of those complete overturns of scientific thought to which the older generation of mothers has now become accustomed, if not inured. It is true that when Dr. Williams Marriott, of St. Louis, introduced the scientifically calculated formula a generation back, it was a great advance over the hit-and-miss bottle feedings which had been given before that when a mother was unable to breast-feed.

With the new formulas, deaths of artificially fed babies from diarrhea and other intestinal diseases declined. The average infant throve on bottle feedings. When my own babies were born, around a quarter of a century ago, my excellent doctor said to me, "You haven't enough milk, but there is no need to worry about it. Formulas are just as good."

In the intervening years, however, a body of evidence has been accumulating to show that formulas are not so good, when a mother can supply milk herself, and this points up one of the most intriguing medical mysteries of our day.

Just what the magic element is in the thin, bluish liquid that comes from human breasts, the most delicate tests have been unable to discover. Animal milks contain more calcium and protein per ounce. Yet babies suckled by their own mothers grow at a greater rate in the early months; their bony structure is stronger and straighter; they need less additional vitamins C and D; and they are much less liable to gastrointestinal upsets, respiratory infections, diarrhea, rash and eczema.

It has recently been reported that human milk contains an antipolio substance, found only rarely in cow's milk. This seems to explain why paralyzing polio is almost never seen in babies and small children in the countries where breast feeding is still the rule, even when polio itself is widespread.

Dr. Clifford G. Grulee and Dr. Hayward N. Sanford, professors of pediatrics at the University of Illinois, studied the records from birth to nine months of 20,061 babies who were under the care of the Chicago Infant Welfare Society; 48½ per cent of these babies were totally breast-fed, 43 per cent were partially breast-fed, and 8½ per cent were artificially fed. The total of illnesses in the breast-fed group was 37.4 per cent; in the partially breast-fed group, 53.8 per cent; in the artificially fed, 63.6 per cent. *(Continued on Page 191)*

The Great Room is dominated by the Horns of Plenty ceiling and the plaster overmantel plaque depicting an Aesop fable suggested by George Washington himself.



PRATT

KENMORE

It seems that one day in the fall of 1781, Betty Lewis found Kenmore filled with high officers of the Continental Army, and in her own bedroom on her bed where he had flung himself too exhausted to take off his uniform or even his boots, she discovered her brother, George Washington, sound asleep after the British surrender at Yorktown. Betty and her husband, Col. Fielding Lewis, had finished the house about twenty-five years before, and a little later had employed some amazingly able French itinerant artisans to execute the plaster relief ceilings and overmantels that are still today unrivaled in America. Few houses from Colonial times are filled with so many enduring associations or with such a wealth of original features and furnishings which beautifully belong as you see them here.

Famous for its early occupants, for its finest of plasterwork, and for



olet taffeta, with uneven hemline, by Mark Mooring.



Embroidered organdy over taffeta, gold taffeta coat, by Ceil Chapman.



Changeable taffeta by Wilson Folmar.

Draped nylon tulle by Ceil Chapman.

Quilted cotton by Ann Fogarty.



Our GRANDPARENTS' Maxims

True or False

By JUDITH CHASE CHURCHILL

HERE are some of the old-time beliefs and maxims of our grandparents. Chances are you've heard most of them, either passed down in your own family or circulated among friends. For many are still making the rounds today much as they did a hundred years ago.

To draw the line between fact and fancy, we've put these up to the authorities in their various fields. What we found out will surprise you. Some you'd least suspect of being true stand up when put to the test. Others, often taken as gospel, are out-and-out old wives' tales.

But before you deride grandma's gullibility for the ridiculous, her homespun remedies and quaint fables, keep in mind that our own grandchildren will upset plenty of the beliefs we swear by in the Early Atomic Age.



"Women and Elephants Never Forget!"

TRUE. Perhaps there's some truth to this maxim, even though the memories of both have always been greatly overrated. Psychologists claim women have better memories than men in things which interest them most—for instance, clothes, people and social events. Elephants, on the other hand, have better memories than most animals in just about everything. Both women and elephants tend to nurse grudges. In woman's case they're mostly social slights. As for elephants, no one's quite figured out their pet peeves.



Hairiness is a Sign of Virility

FALSE. It is according to the popular picture which has most virile men with "hair on their chests" and thick curly locks. But present-day physiognomists have exploded the delusion in discovering that exceptional hormone activity and its accompanying virility is more typical of baldheaded men. Only hairiness in the eyebrows indicates virility—one mark of good adrenal and pituitary function. If you want a virile man, say the experts, find someone who's bald and has shaggy eyebrows.



"The Way to a Man's Heart is Through His Stomach"

TRUE. Psychologists generally agree this is the case. They claim it all dates back to mom. Deep down in a man's heart is a close tie-up between good meals and his mother—the first person to serve them to him. Quite naturally, say they, he'll credit any other woman who feeds him well with his mother's same protectiveness and kindliness. All of which is Route 1 to his heart and may well explain both man's inevitable affinity for waitresses as well as the fact that he's more likely to propose in the evening—after a good meal.



"A Change is as Good as a Vacation"

TRUE. Efficiency and fatigue experts confirm it. They find manual production is often stepped up as much as 400 per cent by frequent short rest periods as opposed to alternately working and resting at longer stretches. In creative work, too, psychologists claim the same holds. It keeps you from going stale. Some of the world's greatest thinkers have found a hobby, completely different from business, to be a much better antidote for that tired feeling than a complete rest in which they do nothing at all.



"When Poverty Knocks at the Door, Love Flies Out the Window"

FALSE. Actually it's just the opposite—poverty tends to bind couples together and affluence to separate them. For the divorce rate invariably rises during periods of prosperity and drops during hard times.



"Marry in Haste, Repent at Leisure"

TRUE. Sociologists' studies second this on two counts. The divorce rate of girls under twenty and boys under twenty-five is about two and a half times higher than for those older and more physically and emotionally mature. Surveys also show marriages preceded by longer acquaintance and longer engagements turn out a whole lot better than those entered in haste.



"You Have to Eat a Peck of Dirt Before You Die"

TRUE. Not, of course, at one sitting, or you might. But health experts speculate the intake of dirt of the average person during his average lifetime of some sixty-eight years amounts to a good deal–more, in fact, than the conservative peck claimed by this maxim.



Fright Makes Hair Stand on End

TRUE. This is scientific fact. When you're "scared stiff" or have a "hair-raising" experience, the muscles around the roots of your hair contract and draw it into a more upright position. It's much like when cats and dogs "bristle." Fortunately this ferocious-looking reaction isn't obvious in people; though it might be noticeable in a terrified man with a close crew cut.

The Human Body Completely Renews Itself Every Seven Years

FALSE. That your body and mind undergo a complete change every seven years was an old and widespread superstition often so

(Continued on Page 143)

there's a man in the house

By HARLAN MILLER



I'm tempted to scribble on our Christmas cards to bachelor friends: "Get married, chum. Even if it should mean squabbles, discomfort, even eventual divorce. It beats single 'blessedness.'" But they'd resent it, alas, or suspect I'm getting stuffy. Maybe I am!

Our youngest assures me he doesn't object to shoveling the driveway. But he hints I'd be nice to buy myself for Christmas one of those gadgets you push like a lawn mower which melts the snow with a blast of flame. (What! Rob myself of exercise?)

Most families in our town are content merely to buy a new car. But I know at least three husbands who win greater glory by giving 'em to their wives for Christmas, complete with the key in the stocking.

"The least a woman can do," says Peter Comfort, hanging a wreath on the door so it won't be in the mailman's way, "is to compliment her dearest girl friends on how well they look in their most unbecoming clothes."

The man next door tells me he plans to wallpaper a room with the bright wrappings of their Christmas packages. "Maybe it would help us," he speculates, "to carry more of the Christmas spirit over into bleak March and sultry August."

One of our town's rich men spends $150 a month in phone calls to squeeze the last chortle of triumph from his tidy yacht off the Florida palms. He phones his friends daily on his ship-to-shore phone, hoping to catch 'em up to their necks in their driveway snowdrifts.

Confidentially, I was afraid that maybe I'd crammed last summer's motor trip to the Northwest Pacific Coast and Canada down my two sons' throats, for my own selfish pleasure. So you can understand how exhilarating it was when they inquired when we'd drive to the Southwest Pacific Coast and Mexico. (I'd hate to bore 'em.)

I've suggested again to my Wonder Girl that we leave a few of our Christmas presents unopened from year to year, to heighten our expectancy. (She retorts that I'm just pretending to be an old kill-joy of a cynic.)

I'm trying to convince my Wonder Girl that we ought to cover the carpet in the center of the living room, where traffic is heaviest, with a round rug, before it wears through. But she always talks me out of the idea without ever uttering a real reason against it.

Our block's most conciliatory husband confesses that this Christmas his diplomacy and tact are under a heavy strain. All his children want for Christmas is a television set, but all his wife wants for Christmas is not *to have a TV set in the house. He's wondering if he can't convert the garage into a TV ward.*

Junior overtook and passed me in size so suddenly that he left me with several suits and pairs of shoes I'd kinda hoped he'd wear out for me. . . . At first I suspected unwillingness to co-operate. But he's still growing so fast that he can't even wear out his own clothes.

My resourceful neighbor around the corner claims he's outmaneuvered his wife with a new rebuttal that works in any argument. . . . When he finds himself trapped and outlogicked, he merely exclaims, "I will not *be a henpecked husband!" So far she's still baffled.*

When I'm packing for a hunting trip I always know where to find my favorite flannel shirts: in my daughter's clothes closet. (She thinks men's gaudier shirts were invented for girls to wear to picnics and hen parties.)

My splendid in-laws always awe me into a sense of unworthiness at Christmas dinner. . . . We now total thirty at table, and need a second turkey and carver — my brother-in-law — at the other end of the long table. I've never yet seen a man who could carve a turkey as well as his brother-in-law does.

I'm amazed to discover there are now seven psychiatrists in our quiet town, and at lunch at the club I've been quietly drawing 'em out. I've reached one tentative conclusion: that no husband or wife who shares a big double bed has ever had to be psychoanalyzed.

After seven years I'm convinced that the Christmas-tree decorations my Dream Girl made with the help of our ten-year-old are the prettiest of all. . . . They simply gilded some toothpicks and stuck 'em into gilded cork bobbers from my fishing-tackle box, and I never catch any fish anyhow.

"Some of my chums," reveals Betty Comfort, opening the kitchen fan to minimize the cauliflower smell, "think gossip that's true is the most fascinating. Others prefer gossip without a word of truth in it. But I think gossip on a foundation of truth with judicious exaggerations is best."

The tightest husband in our neighborhood has quit checking the grocery bill for the time being. . . . His wife has convinced him, with a burst of inspired feminine arithmetic, that she serves 480 meals a month at their house at a cost of 29 cents a meal. (She probably omitted the cost of milk, butter and eggs.)

Gradually the children seem to be getting fonder of one another. At least they don't go to such lengths to conceal their affection. The two boys can now box or wrestle without cries of pain or rage, and recently our red-haired daughter took the ten-year-old out for a banana split. "He's not a bad kid," is Junior's flattering appraisal of his little brother.

After you've found buttons missing from every shirt, and are convinced that nobody loves you, in these days of stress . . . and your youngest spills red paint all over the cellar steps . . . or your daughter selects the strangest mélange of college courses . . . and Junior behaves as if he were your world-weary uncle . . . or your Wonder Woman decides you were wrong in an argument with a man you detest . . . and you retire to the basement, wishing your family appreciated you as other men's families do —— When without warning your Wonder Woman declares that nine kisses and nine hugs a day are vital for a happy marriage, rather than your estimate of three each . . . and your youngest concedes that an occasional spanking needn't strain family harmony . . . or your daughter devotes one of her precious sorority-house "late hours" to spend an evening with you at the State University . . . and Junior finally agrees that your horseback judgments of his chums aren't always screwy . . . then you decide not to enlist in the Marine Corps after all, but to take your Dream Girl on a stroll around the block and maybe kiss her under the overhanging elms.

Separates . . . in a holiday mood

It might be a party at home, or visiting week end . . . wherever you are, an assortment of skirts and blouses will go a long way. The designs that we have selected are not complicated to make . . . you might make any one of them in an afternoon. A bright Paisley skirt with black jersey top . . . wear the following night with a gray sweater. A crisp white linen ruffled blouse to wear with tapered velveteen slacks or with a bright cotton satin skirt. We think of a black wool sheath as being a separate because it combines like one. We especially like it with a striped apron or with a fake-fur cape stole. An ankle-length plaid is a perfect fireside skirt . . . with a wrap-around jersey blouse or with a weskit. • By NORA O'LEARY



Wonderful plaid wool in an ankle-length four-piece skirt. Vogue Design No. 6231, 24 to 32 waist. Wrap-around blouse in purple jersey "Easy-to-Make" Design No. 7225. 12 to 18. Wide-wale corduroy weskit. No. 7168. 12 to 20. Wear with scarf.







Crisp white linen blouse with self ruffles in the yoke and at the wrist. Vogue Design No. 7223, 12 to 20. Tapered black velveteen slacks. No. 6822, 24 to 32 waist. Wear with red roses and jeweled slippers. Blouse would also be pretty with skirt of brilliant cotton satin. No. 6430, 24 to 32 waist.



LESLIE GIEL

Imported wool in a Paisley pattern on a red ground makes a lovely skirt. "Easy-to-Make" Vogue Design No. 6910, 24 to 32 waist. The black wool jersey top buttons down each side with jet buttons, "Easy-to-Make" Design No. 7082, 12 to 20. Wear this skirt with a gray cashmere sweater . . . add a Paisley tie.



© VOGUE

MARGARET SOMMERFELD





Black wool sheath dress that lends itself to many changes. "Easy-to-Make" Vogue Design No. 7101. 12 to 20. Wear with fake-fur cape stole lined in blue. Design No. 6914. Small. Medium. Large. Or with a striped satin apron with sequin accents on the pockets, Design No. 7102. Small, Medium and Large.



Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order, from Vogue Pattern Service, Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.; or in Canada from 198 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ontario. (*Connecticut residents please add sales tax.)*

Back and other views, sizes and prices on Page 105



Pat-a-cake lesson: like most ten-monthers, Dana is "biddable," can imitate and remember simple nursery games. When big sister gives her a ball, she'll hold or wave it, but isn't quite grown up enough to manage throw and catch.



Soon books and words will help her out, but now Dana's hands are her tools for learn Through them she discovers what is soft or hard, hollow or solid, shallow or deep. M agile fingers can pinch and pull and pluck; a piece of string is an absorbing playth

Baby's 10th Month: AND TH

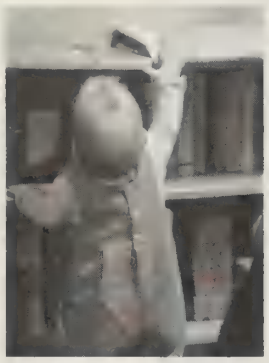
Photographed by Dana's father
WAYNE MILLER

BY ten months, your baby will make a profound discovery: namely, that a doughnut has a hole. At the moment, of course, he'll do his experimenting on a wooden play ring, but the principle is the same. And in sticking his finger through the hole, he's getting acquainted with the third dimension. The ten-month-old learns that his orange-juice glass is hollow—his finger goes "in." That a block has depth as well as length and width—he feels it "all over." His hands and fingers are now better trained than ever as he pokes, pinches and grabs. His muscles are so controlled that he can either hold his bottle or use his thumb and first finger to pick up a food crumb, pincers-style. In fact, being free to explore whatever looks exciting is the greatest thing in a ten-monther's life.

Take his unbreakable food bowl, for instance. After it's been spooned clear of vegetables or cereal he may lift it, drop it, bang it around. He's now sitting in his high chair for three man-size meals every day. He's learned to hold down excitement while waiting for food to arrive, but once it does—if he likes the menu—he polishes everything off with dispatch. Spurred on by watching the rest of the family at table, he'll drink an ounce or so of milk from the cup.



An A.M. snack is still in order, but Dana handles her own bottle now, otherwise shares the family's basic three-meal schedule. Weekly gain is about 3 ounces.



Dana can tell up from down, but not right from wrong.

The big family tub is Dana's private ocean: turn on the faucet and she crows with glee. Often she stays in as long as an hour, as yet has no fear of water.



Ten-month-olds learn new tricks in the bath, like to practice creeping or rocking back and forth. Now as later, face-washing is likely to mean trouble.



For the wardrobe something new has been added—the first pair of shoes. Because babies' foot bone are still soft, fit should be checked often with doctor



ay's a "must" after breakfast and in the evening—old friends are still the best. learned to turn on the charm, will flirt or play coy with anyone in the family. voices or places are fearsome things, however, may bring on tears or a tantrum.

VORLD'S AT HIS FINGERTIPS

At play, the ten-month-old doesn't like to be left with any single oy for too long a time. He would rather play with two clothespins han one, may demand a switch to something quite different after ifteen minutes or so of concentration. On an afternoon carriage ride, ie may try standing up to see what goes on. For real stepping out, he till needs his parents' hands, but the day is not far off when he'll take charge of his own journeys. Already he has taken charge of one thing—is temper. He uses it occasionally to back up a demand or make a how of resistance to some parental idea. Yet his humor is generally miable and, in the tub, he has a high old time kicking and splashing.

He's still not enthusiastic at all when a stranger is around, particularly one with a loud or unpleasing voice. In his own attempts to talk, he's making more sounds every day and is urning into a name caller. This, however, is generally the sweetest kind of name calling this side of the crib. Just ask the mother who comes up from the laundry and hears for the first time the magic word "Mamma"!



Nothing's safe from his curiosity, and a baby may begin to resent pen at this age.



New mealtime talent: blowing bubbles in the milk, and finger-feeding.

at's up? Probably mischief. The free-creeping ten-th-old is an explorer, forgets where he may ay not roam. Punishment won't teach him yet.



Variety's the spice of a ten-monther's life and one toy won't amuse him long. Less single-minded by now, he likes two at a time and a quick change when bored.



Peace and quiet's no attraction. Being a girl, Dana talks early and often, says "mamma," "dada." very frequently "no," and has even tried to whistle.



NEXT MONTH

Some Changes Made



Pat-a-cake lesson: like most ten-monthers, Dana is "biddable," can imitate and remember simple nursery games. When big sister gives her a ball, she'll hold on, wave it, but isn't quite grown up enough to manage throw and catch.



Soon books and words will help her out, but now Dana's hands are her tools for l
Through them she discovers what is soft or hard, hollow or solid, shallow or dee
agile fingers can pinch and pull and pluck; a piece of string is an absorbing pl

Baby's 10th Month: AND T

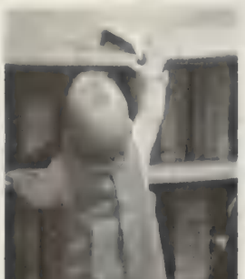
Photographed by
Dana's father
WAYNE MILLER

BY ten months, your baby w
make a profound discover
namely, that a doughnut has a ho
At the moment, of course, he'll
his experimenting on a wooden pl
ring, but the principle is the sam
And in sticking his finger through the hole, he's getting acquaint
with the third dimension. The ten-month-old learns that his orang
juice glass is hollow—his finger goes "in." That a block has depth
well as length and width—he feels it "all over." His hands and f
gers are now better trained than ever as he pokes, pinches and gra
His muscles are so controlled that he can either hold his bottle
use his thumb and first finger to pick up a food crumb, pince
style. In fact, being free to explore whatever looks exciting is t
greatest thing in a ten-monther's life.

Take his unbreakable food bowl, for instance. After it's be
spooned clear of vegetables or cereal he may lift it, drop it, bang
around. He's now sitting in his high chair for three man-size me
every day. He's learned to hold down excitement while waiting
food to arrive, but once it does—if he likes the menu—he polish
everything off with dispatch. Spurred on by watching the rest of t
family at table, he'll drink an ounce or so of milk from the cu



An A.M. snack is still in order, but Dana handles her own bottle now, otherwise shares the family's basic three-meal schedule. Weekly gain is about 3 ounces.



Dana can tell up from down, but not right from wrong.

The big family tub is Dana's private ocean: turn on the faucet and she crows with glee. Often she stays in as long as an hour, as yet has no fear of water.



Ten-month-olds learn new tricks in the bath, like to practice creeping or rocking back and forth. Now as later, face washing is likely to mean trouble.



For the wardrobe something new has been ad
the first pair of shoes. Because babies' foot
are still soft, fit should be checked often with d



y's a "must" after breakfast and in the evening—old friends are still the best. learned to turn on the charm, will flirt or play coy with anyone in the family. voices or places are fearsome things, however, may bring on tears or a tantrum.

ORLD'S AT HIS FINGERTIPS

At play, the ten-month-old doesn't like to be left with any single y for too long a time. He would rather play with two clothespins an one, may demand a switch to something quite different after teen minutes or so of concentration. On an afternoon carriage ride, e may try standing up to see what goes on. For real stepping out, he ill needs his parents' hands, but the day is not far off when he'll take harge of his own journeys. Already he has taken charge of one thing—is temper. He uses it occasionally to back up a demand or make a ow of resistance to some parental idea. Yet his humor is generally niable and, in the tub, he has a high d time kicking and splashing.

He's still not enthusiastic at all hen a stranger is around, particu-rly one with a loud or unpleasing oice. In his own attempts to talk, he's aking more sounds every day and is rning into a name caller. This, how-ver, is generally the sweetest kind of ame calling this side of the crib. st ask the mother who comes up om the laundry and hears for the rst time the magic word "Mamma"!



Nothing's safe from his curiosity, and a baby may begin to resent pen at this age.



New mealtime talent: blowing bubbles in the milk, and finger-feeding.

t's up? Probably mischief. The free-creeping ten-h-old is an explorer, forgets where he may ay not roam. Punishment won't teach him yet.



Variety's the spice of a ten-monther's life and one toy won't amuse him long. Less single-minded by now, he likes two at a time and a quick change when bored.



Peace and quiet's no attraction. Being a girl, Dana talks early and often, says "mamma," "dada." very frequently "no," and has even tried to whistle.



NEXT MONTH

Some Changes Made



"It's your duty to find me a husband," she said.

SIGHT

The first kiss was supposed to be the last one, but somehow it wasn't.



By LAURENCE KIRK

DOROTHEA is the youngest (forty-one, that is) and the only unmarried one of my three cousins for whom I have the misfortune to be lawyer and trustee. She is plain, dumpy and difficult. At the same time she still has traces of humor and humanity in her, both noticeably lacking in her elder sisters.

I could always tell when Dorothea was going to be troublesome by the way she took off her gloves. That morning when she came to my office she not only took them off in an aggressive manner, but then laid them crisscross on her knee. I knew that that was a very bad sign.

"It's about father's will," she began. "I want you to explain it all to me very carefully."

"Surely, Dorothea," I protested, "we needn't go into that again. I did all that when he died four years ago. And once or twice since!"

"I know, Charlie, it's very trying for you. But my memory is getting very bad; I may have forgotten something. Besides, I like my lawyer to earn his fees."

With her gloves crossed like that on her knee, I knew that the only way to get rid of Dorothea was to do as she wanted.

"Very well," I said. "Of course there's nothing wrong with your memory, Dorothea. In fact, it's a darned sight too good. However, this is the position. Your father—my Uncle Hamish—left approximately one hundred thousand pounds. He left it in trust for the benefit of yourself and your elder sisters Rose and Janet. That means that you get the income but cannot touch the capital."

"I know all that," Dorothea said curtly. "What I want to check is the bit about the division of the income."

"Very well, I'll go over that again too. Of the hundred thousand pounds that your father left, some forty thousand was invested in gilt-edged securities and the rest in the Anglo-Bombay Oil Company. He directed that all the revenue from the gilt-edged should go to you, while the dividends from the Anglo-Bombays were to be divided equally between Rose and Janet."

"Why?" asked Dorothea.

"Because he wanted you in particular to be secure. You were unmarried and you had looked after him for the last three years of his life after your mother died and your sisters got married. He had every reason to make some special provision for you."

"I know." Dorothea rearranged her gloves. "But he needn't have done it in such a silly way."

"I don't agree that it was a silly way, Dorothea. You have your security. The position certainly has changed since he died, but he had to consider the position as it appeared *(Continued on Page 156)*

ILLUSTRATED BY DOROTHY MONET

our own young marrieds

In this fourth article by young marrieds on the JOURNAL's staff—a collection of Christmas-gift ideas that are out of the usual groove, and planned with an eye to the budget.



The Russes specialize in family stockings.

"Probably everyone's first childhood memory of Christmas," says Nancy Russe, "is hanging the largest stocking you could find. (We had permanent stocking nails in our fireplace, which I began fingering dreamily around the middle of July.)" For fireplace hanging, you might try a knitted sock in broad red, green and white stripes; a large felt sock, the edges pinked all around, lavishly trimmed with felt trees, bells, and candy canes; or a fabric stocking, trimmed with wide contrasting rickrack, bell on the toe, with a matching beanbag to tuck in—all three, with names at the top, to be used every year. For sending: a tiny felt sock, trimmed with gold beads, that will hold a small greeting card; whole thing fits into an envelope.



This Christmas, like Helen O'Donnell, who is assistant to our beauty editor, you might try making small-touch accessories for sisters and cousins and aunts—for instance, these two shaped belts made from 3"-wide strips of colored felt, trimmed as shown here with fringe loops and scrolls of braid; snap-fastened. Or you might line a scrap of mink with red jersey to wear as a necklet, the long ends to tie in a bow. Next, two headbands made from bicycle clips (plastic, from 5 & 10). Both are infinitely becoming and couldn't be easier to make. One is covered with velvet tubing (available ready-made by the yard in dime stores) and veiled; the other covered with a large flat velvet ribbon bow, the loops and ends extending down to cover both sides.





Helen O'Donnell tests her handiwork.



Rod Wilson approves a mitt-sized holder.

Marion Wilson, assistant to the JOURNAL's pattern editor, is handy with a needle: if you are also—some ideas for you. Make a man's apron (to be his own exclusive) in faded blue denim bound with red. A large red-and-white cops-and-robbers neckerchief becomes a pocket in front, another a quilted glovelike pot holder. Or, next in line, two aprons (too pretty, we think, to take off when dinner is ready), one in flowered chintz stitched onto a grosgrain ribbon sash, pot holder to match; the other in gingham gathered on a satin ribbon. (Shop in upholstery as well as dress-goods departments for unusual fabrics.) Lastly, if you're really expert, you might buy a simple pattern, make a man's smoking jacket in a handsome, bright tartan plaid.



The Smiths' tree displays Nora's own creation

Nora O'Leary Smith makes an unusual table or mantel decoration by coring the centers of three red apples, inserting thick white candles, placing bright green sprigs of spruce around the base. Another unusual idea—inside a small glass bell (Victorian vintage or restaurant type for "*sous cloche*" specialties), a tiny tree made from a spruce bough, trimmed with pearls, cutouts of shiny paper, beading. For a party, for a front hall, a small tree trimmed with lots of small inexpensive gifts; red ribbon for women, green for men, one for each guest as he comes in. Nora makes, to hang on her big tree, small felt cones trimmed with sequins, cotton ice cream; a little felt boot trimmed with beading; a felt candleholder and candle, sequin-trimmed.





. . make it a Merry Christmas

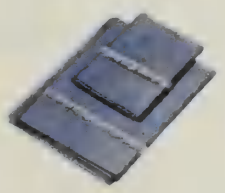


Betty trims many of the presents she buys.

An idea is to buy untrimmed presents, make them unusual with a special touch of handwork, supplied by you. Buy a plain blouse, like the one pictured, that Betty Gray is working on, make it into something special by whipping on a pretty edging around collar, cuffs, down the front. Buy (or knit) a sweater, trim it with cancan rows of shirred black Val-type lace around the collar and sleeves. (This is a new variation on the sweater-decorating theme, and very effective, we think.) Or you might buy a pastel sheet and pillowcase, trim them with a row of white lacy edging. Lastly, a velvet pincushion (they come in pear and apple and other fruit shapes), trim it with tiny flowers, narrow velvet ribbon, add a pretty stickpin or two.



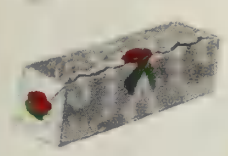






Dawn Norman, our beauty editor, likes unusual wrappings. Here's a basket filled with gifts for a man—might be pencils, pads of paper, desk supplies—that he can use later as a waste-basket, or for some mysterious purpose of his own. Trim the top with pine branches, ribbons. Next to it, a small gift (bottle of lavender water?) done up in an old-fashioned lace-paper doily, flower label at each end. You might tie up some presents with a hobo stick, in a square of red material, fringed, that can be used as a tablecloth afterward. The exteriors of the next two packages she's done up in bright papers, trimmed with red and white carnations, tiny sparkle pins, bright velvet ribbon, a rhinestone buckle, all very wearable when Christmas is over.









The Normans tie up packages together.



Miriam Skardon shops for inspirations.

Here are some special and inexpensive gifts-with-an-idea that you can buy. First a Christmas-tree plate for cookies or candy that could even be a mantel decoration at Christmastime. Give one each year till a set of six or eight is completed. A husband with foresight might include two tickets to a show in a plastic box that contains a red velvet rose and a tiny jeweled pin, for his wife to wear to the theater the night of the show. You might keep the next wedding announcement from a special friend, water-color a rose across it, buy a pretty gold frame and send it back, come Christmas, for them to hang on their wall as a permanent memento. Beautiful and useful on a dressing table, a cologne bottle and ash-tray set flowered and spattered with gold.











Dele Morris has many pet ideas for things to make for Christmas—like this child's plastic tooth mug and brush (from 5 & 10) hand-painted (by you) with daisies and his/her name. Or hanging a star-patterned kitchen colander, trimmed with ribbon and greens, from your hall light; the light shines through in patterns—very pretty. Decorating plain tiles from the dime store in bright colors (pick a simple design—all art-supply stores have a special, inexpensive paint for tile surfaces that is durable and easy to work with). Make a quadruple candlestick from a polished block of wood (you can get a piece from your lumber company, finish it yourself); bore four 1″ holes in the top to hold candles; tie on pretty bows at base for a festive touch.





ROBERTA JOEL









Dele Morris' craft skills come in handy.

Part-time

He could justify this procedure readily enough because, in return for helping with her tomatoes, he'd have his typist in far better condition the next morning.

He hired help—charming help. That was Mistake No. 1. Then he took her home—

By MARJORIE CARTER

DAVID BROWN looked out his office window at the flat calm which was Middlevillage's Main Street upon that beautiful May morning, and waited. If he waited long enough, someone would come to paint his name upon the office door, someone else would come to answer his advertisement for a typist—he had had one telephone call about that already—and ultimately he would be in business. Mr. Brown was a tall, slenderly built young man with sandy hair, which he wore crew-cut, and reflective brown eyes. He was reflecting upon Vera's suggestions, if you could call them that, in connection with the staff he would be hiring, as the eastern representative of Fabulex.

His fiancée had pointed out that for various sound reasons, such as impressing Middlevillage with the seriousness and stability of this newcomer in their midst, and acquiring a suitable nucleus about which to build, he should select for his first employee a woman of mature years.

"Can you tell me who around here is looking for a typist, please?" inquired a voice behind him.

David looked around, and sprang up, kicking over his chair. "Why, I am. I—er—I advertised. That is, I . . . advertised." This, he told himself firmly, would not do. He was behaving like an idiot. He must pull himself together. "Come in, won't you," he said, pulling himself together, "and sit down, if you will, over there."

She sat, looking at him gently. She was not a woman of mature years. On the contrary, she was perhaps the youngest thing he had ever seen in his life, with sleek, shiny hair which she probably brushed a hundred times every night before going to bed, and the way those black lashes of hers sort of whisked up at the outside corners of her eyes was a thing that he had never seen on any other girl. It was a question whether or not they were natural.

"Have you had any experience?" he asked.

"Oh, yes." Nice voice too. "I've had three jobs, and I have the most utterly respectable reasons for leaving each of them, and I can positively inundate you with overwhelming references practically at the drop of a hat ——"

"Oh, hey! Whoa! Wait!" protested David. "We'll come to the references all in good time. Miss—uh—I didn't catch your name when you telephoned ——"

(Continued on Page 170)

job



Merry Christmas to all



BACK in September I met a friend of mine who said, "I've been shopping all day, and am I tired!" So I said, being all curiosity, "What'd ya get?" She said, "Oh, just some Christmas cards and wrappings!" For most folks, that sort of happy confusion sets in almost as soon as summer vacations are over. But as for me, it begins December twenty-fourth. That date is when *I* shop. Also wrap. And as for cards! Don't let's talk about *that*. With things the way they are, we better get on with the main business of the big day—the Christmas dinner.

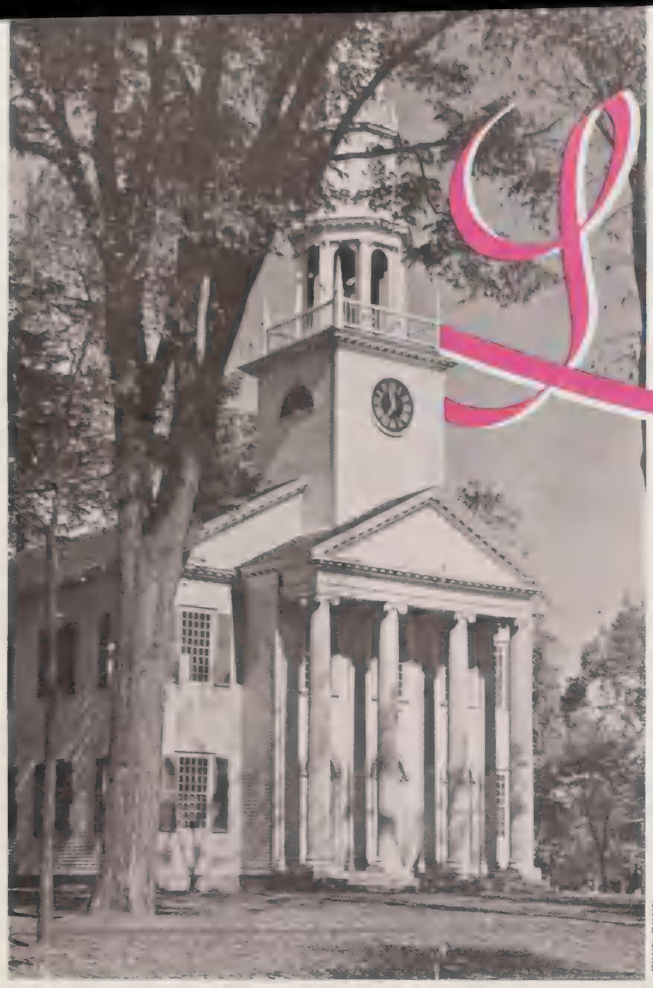
Once on a time. There was a time when tradition demanded—and got—an oyster stew to start off a Thanksgiving *and* Christmas dinner. Then there was a vogue for oysters on the half shell. Folks fought to open the wretched locked and bolted shells, then spilled all the juice and spattered the oysters with bits of *shell;* and gingerly the guests, with furtive glances around to see what others were doing, got away with the oysters and resolved "Never again." But nowadays the oysterman deftly opens the oysters. No juice is lost, the oysters arrive on beds of cracked ice, and all your troubles are over before they start. Times change, to coin a phrase that I *hope* will become part of our language.

Most modern of all. Most modern because it's most unusual, and leaves you with a free hand to plan from oysters on, is caviar. And if caviar isn't on your *(Continued on Page 166)*

STUART-POWLER


by Ann Batchelder
Menu
Caviar Appetizer — Melba Toast
Roast Turkey — Wild-Rice Stuffing
Gravy
Mashed Sweet Potatoes with Chestnuts
Green Beans and Onions
Relishes
Ice-Cream Snowballs
Tutti-Frutti Sauce
Cookies
Coffee
(Planned for 6)

Line a day



FRED BOND

Old New England Church, Litchfield, Connecticut

CHURCH ON THE HILL

Here is nobility in every line;
Drenched in silence, it stands aloof, alone.
Here they come seeking who would find divine
Comfort. Asking for bread, denying the stone.

1 Have you read it? If not, you probably will. It's quite a book—pro and con—THE MAN FROM INDEPENDENCE. Know who that might be? Jonathan Daniels wrote it. More than qualified. A wonderful job.

2 For the trundle-bed set, the safest Christmas-tree decorations are just those little 5¢ red-and-white-striped-paper rolls of peppermint candy rings fastened to the tree with paper clips—low branches, easy to reach.

3 Get some grapefruit—pink ones are pretty nice. Pink *in*side, not out. Allow half a fruit for each person. Scoop out the center and leave the sections as usual. Fill with shrimp or lobster meat cut fine and mixed with mayonnaise. This is a meal opener you'll favor.

4 Making those old-time Banbury tarts this season? Save out some of the mixture after the tart baking; core half a dozen Northern Spy apples, fill with the Banbury mixture and bake until done. Most fun is to cover with a meringue and brown in the oven.

5 Add a handful of raisins to *hot* sweetened apple-sauce—spread over *hot* croutons—sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon and chopped nuts—and serve for dessert.

6 Ever hear of Connecticut hamburgers? They get a dash of nutmeg as well as salt and pepper. The Nutmeg State—remember?

7 Out for dinner the other night. Lemon pie for dessert—absolutely perfect. Flavor, just a delicate brown top as even as a yard of silk. And you ate the filling with a *spoon*—a fork was just for mopping-up operations. And that was the way it *should* be. That pie spoke of genius. With a spoon! Another masterpiece of this cook is pumpkin-chiffon pie with a gingersnap crust. Worth trying.

8 And I'll tell you something else. It has to do with *hot* apple pie. Take ¼ cup butter or margarine, work in about 1 cup powdered sugar. When nice and creamy, add a little nutmeg and 1½ tablespoons molasses. Spread on a buttered platter to chill. Cut into squares and put a square—maybe two—on each piece of pie. Pie hot—squares cold.

9 Waldorf salad and coleslaw team up in fine shape. To 3 cups shredded cabbage add 2 red apples, diced, ⅓ cup salted peanuts and ½ cup raisins. Toss all together with mayonnaise and add a dash of lemon juice.

10 The English call them "savouries," and that's exactly what they are. Here are three American versions of the word. First course or appetizers for us, the last bite after a serious meal for those hardy souls overseas.

11 Roll large shrimps in beaten egg, dust with flour. Have a frying pan ready with hot fat in it, seasoned with pepper, paprika and a favorite herb. Sauté the shrimps in this and serve hot with the usual toothpick convenience.

12 Now for another—and you'll use these bite-size numbers many times in the days ahead. Take as much finely chopped cooked chicken liver as you think you'll need. Bind it with crushed hard-boiled-egg yolk. Season well, not forgetting a little lemon juice.

13 *Part Two:* Now spread the mixture on strips of bacon, roll them up and fasten—toothpicks again. Grill the rolls until crisp. These go like feathers in a high wind. So have a lot.

14 I said I'd give you three savories and I will. Butter thin slices of bread and trim off all the crusts. Cut into triangles. Put a slice of Cheddar cheese and two anchovies on half of the triangles. Now spread the other half with mayonnaise, put the triangles together, press down firmly and grill them until both sides are brown and crisp.

15 A wonderful party dish—little squab chickens in individual casseroles. (Can be done in one large casserole.) They are first steamed and boned, then stuffed with cooked rice—and then cooked in cream in the casserole. Serve with large sautéed mushrooms, asparagus tips and artichoke hearts.

16 Another word about stuffing for squab chickens. (So called because they're small.) Wild rice makes a delicious stuffing, but best of all make a rice pilaf. Fry some chopped onions to the transparent stage. Use butter for this. Now add rice—the quick-cooking rice is swell—keep it moving until well soaked with the butter. Now add chicken broth and cook to make a nice stuffing.

17 *Answer to query:* "Set your mind at rest, Isabella. To make split-pea soup, you do *not* have to split the peas, one by one by hand, as you tried to do. They come all split, so better luck next time."

18 Simple but good. Coconut blancmange made in individual molds served with raspberry sauce. Or puréed apricots. What about it?

19 Next time you bake a small ham or a ham butt, try basting it with one of those fruit nectars. Apricot would be my choice.

20 Have I mentioned salads? I have not. So I feel free to tell you of this one. Get—if you haven't got it now—a can of asparagus tips. Drain them. In about ¼ cup of the liquor, soften 1 tablespoon unflavored gelatin. Now heat ¾ cup asparagus liquor and add the softened gelatin. When the gelatin is dissolved, add 1 cup boiling chicken broth. *Very clear.* Have 2 cups of liquor.

21 *Part II:* Season this aspic pretty high. Chill the aspic part way, and when partly set add the asparagus tips beautifully arranged. Also disposed artistically are 2 cups seedless white grapes. Unmold, when ready, on a chilled platter in a bed of greens. Serve with mayonnaise tinted a delicate green. Bridge-party stuff, this.

22 Something straight from Paris: potato cakes, believe it or not! Grate raw potatoes on the coarse side of the grater. Season with salt, pepper and grated onion to taste. Make into thin cakes or one big cake and bake on a griddle generously greased with bacon fat, slowly first, then increase heat until golden brown on both sides. These are truly delicious.

23 They don't eat apple pie *all* the time up in New England. Custard is an old favorite, and as for fancy pies—well, here is a strawberry-custard pie that's a honey. Line a deep pie plate with very rich flaky pastry. Extend and crimp the edges. Now with a really prodigal hand spread this with strawberry (or raspberry) jam. Over this pour a custard made with 6 eggs, 1 quart milk, sugar and vanilla—so you can really taste it. Strain your custard. Bake as usual.

24 *Finishing touch:* Cool the pie carefully. Cover the custard with more jam. Finish your pie with a deep cover of whipped cream, flavored with vanilla. Chill and serve cold. There will be none left over.

25 Don't forget to give the old-fashioned but always delicious—if done right by—Indian pudding long, slow cooking. Low heat. Stir it once in a while and add a few tablespoons of cream when you stir. Serve it hot with plain or whipped cream or vanilla ice cream. Better use a big dish and make plenty.

26 In the chafing dish for a buffet supper, what could be finer than creamed oysters, with mountains of crisp toast to serve them on?

27 A justly popular starter for dinner, before the soup, is a cocktail of avocado balls dressed with mayonnaise mixed with French mustard. Taste to get right. Lobster or shrimp with the avocado is an inspiration of pure genius. Chill it well.

28 There's something about molasses and cream that's particularly good with sliced bananas. One tablespoon to a cup of cream is enough.

29 Okra suits me best when French fried. Parboil young pods until almost tender in a little salted water. Drain dry. Dip in batter and fry until crisp and brown.

30 A new wrinkle in a relish for the holiday table. Put 5 small sweet pickles through the food chopper with ½ pound raw cranberries and 1 orange (quartered, without seeds). Add ⅓ cup sugar, mix and let stand in refrigerator overnight.

31 Now all I need is a raft of postage stamps and I'm pretty well set for Christmas, and hope you are the same. So good night and have a wonderful time. I'll be seeing you, come the New Year. Merry Christmas!

by Ann Batchelder

Let *Soup* give you more Christmas-*Time*





ANNE MARSHALL
Director Home Economics
Campbell Soup Company

BY Anne Marshall

So much to do: so little time to do it—with Christmas 'round the corner! There's all that shopping to do—and the house to clean and a fruit cake to bake and the youngsters' clothes to freshen and Christmas cards to address and the silver to clean and—*meals to get!*

Yes, meals to get, and that's where maybe I can help—with some practical ideas. Soup can be your salvation, truly. It's so nourishing and so appealing to winter-sharp appetites. It's quick on the table, too, and very easy on the budget.

Biggest Soup-eating Month

Many of you already know how good hot soup helps "save the day" during December. That's why you've made December the biggest soup-eating month of the year. Here on this page are three fine soups to build meals around these Christmas-rushed days. You'll find suggestions, too, for what to serve with each one, to round out a lunch or a supper. So—Merry Christmas!



EN PEA is a grand choice. The tempting taste of green —in a soup enriched with butter.

Lunches or Suppers built around Green Pea Soup

una Fish Sandwich	Hot Apple Pie, Cheese
Omelet, Ginger Cakes	Codfish Cakes and Spinach
ken Salad, Bran Muffins	Scrambled Eggs, Hot Biscuits

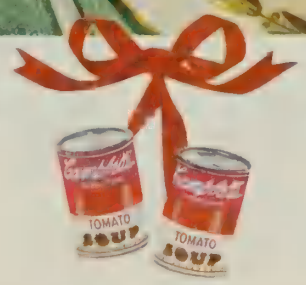
ETABLE is a favorite with both Dad and the children—of bright garden vegetables in a homey beef stock.

Lunches or Suppers built around Vegetable Soup

and Beans, Green Salad	Cold Roast, Lettuce Wedges
mon Salad Sandwich	Hot Coffee Cake, Grapefruit
orf Salad, Cheese Toast	Baked Corned Beef Hash







TOMATO is "the soup most folks like best"—luscious tomatoes blended with fine butter to velvet smoothness.

Lunches or Suppers built around Tomato Soup

Ham-Biscuits, Pear Salad	Cheese Soufflé, Relish Tray
Hot Potato Salad, Apricots	Sausage Cakes, Apple Rings
Sardine Sandwich, Cole Slaw	Nut Waffles and Jam



Your tender care means so much to baby's daily comf

His Thinner Skin needs your Devoted Care



You change his little sleeping gowns frequently during the day. Anything that touches his skin must be fresh and free of even a suspicion of moisture. You are his only safeguard against discomfort, you know, and your baby's skin really is thinner than yours. Skin studies show it would chafe more quickly, be "injured" more easily.

Your choice of baby's bathroom tissue should be guided by 3 "tender skin" qualities. "Old linen" softness that doesn't chafe . . . high absorbency for clean, *clean* cleansing . . . and just the right strength to resist tearing or shredding even when wet.





More mothers every day are finding this ide combination of "tender skin" qualities in ScotTissu You can trust ScotTissue's "old linen" softness give your baby's skin gentlest care. Up to 6 month try lining baby's diaper with 20 or more sheets fluffed-up ScotTissue. Just flush away the soil tissue. Easier for both of you.

"ScotTissue," "Soft as old linen," Reg. U. S. Pat. C

SCOTTISSUE IS SOFT AS OLD LINEN

A BREATH OF AIR

(Continued from Page 38)

sion to marry their daughters in due sea- there was nothing uncommon in that, to Pheasant it was life made suddenly d. She thought Valentine pale and un- resting; for her, any male should be full- ded, noisy and rumbustious, especially male who was to marry Charis, whom loved. *But we doan' ketch no husbands h.* said Pheasant philosophically. Valen- was a good deal better than no one.

You understand, Pheasant. It's more ortant for you than anyone; you talk to sy most."

Yes, sah."

And don't you go talking to her now."

Sah! Jest as if Ah'd think ——"

That will do, Pheasant." Mr. van mis hoped that it would do. Pheasant bridling her neck with indignation. ow, listen to me," said Mr. van Loomis.

Is it the wind machine?" asked Niu.

Mr. van Loomis nodded. "The machine n't go by itself on the wind," he said. "It n't go without the oil that it eats."

We have plenty of good nut oil," said u.

Not that oil," said Mr. van Loomis and lained the ways of airplanes. "I want to it in a safe place until a ship comes."

Why should a ship come?" asked Luck, Niu looked at Mr. van Loomis and per- ly understood him.

No ship will come," said Niu.

Oh," said Luck, understanding.

Now, listen," said Mr. van Loomis in, and he outlined his scheme to them. hen the lighthouse ketch comes," said . van Loomis, "we can tell the young las it is the day for a bow-and-arrow con- t at the back of the hill. We can say there a wildcat hunt, or let them wash gold in streams. One year, two years might ss."

But first we must hide the wind ma- ne," said Niu.

To keep it safe," said Mr. van Loomis.

To keep it safe," said Niu without ex- ession.

u had always been compliant. Now, ldenly, Mr. van Loomis wondered what uld happen if he were not. Then Niu be- n, in a soft undertone, to argue with Luck. r. van Loomis waited.

Might do," said Luck. "But first we st get Prem." Prem was the strongest immer on the island.

We shall get Prem and all the divers," d Mr. van Loomis. "Come."

Now? At *this* time?" asked Luck.

Now," said Mr. van Loomis, and Niu ded, "While the young Tsulas are sleep- g."

In the doorway Mr. van Loomis stopped. Niu," he said, "tell Filipino he is not to lk."

Both Niu and Mr. van Loomis knew that Filipino was inflamed with the idea of the Water Star and the talk of Valentine and McGinty. Mr. van Loomis had seen him at luncheon stand transfixed with a bowl of soup in his hand, almost letting it run over on the floor. Twice, absent-mindedly, he had taken away Mr. van Loomis's plate before he had finished. Niu looked at Mr. van Loomis and nodded. They both knew that Mr. van Loomis would have to keep a tight hand on Filipino.

MR. VAN LOOMIS wondered whether Niu thought this new plan a rightful part of Mr. van Loomis's power, or if he were shocked at a breach of island hospitality and manners. He looked at him again and, as always, he did not know what Niu was thinking. He looked at the old man, standing politely before him, his cloth looped and pleated round him, his hands folded, waiting. Niu's eyes were indecipherable under their wrinkled lids. He looked immeasurably dignified and patient; *and I have been giving him orders for twenty years*, thought Mr. van Loomis. *I have made this old chieftain my servant, and I have been in the hollow of his hand.* Niu had given him nothing but courtesy and care, but Mr. van Loomis suddenly felt cold. The thought had come to him again of what would have happened to Charis if he had died here. He had not the least idea; she might have been well cared for, honored, thought Mr. van Loomis, but on the island a woman was owned by her man; she was a bearer of children, a mender of nets, a cook, a worker and a plaything. Mr. van Loomis felt weak and giddy. He thought now that Niu would be ruthless in getting his own way. What was that way? Mr. van Loomis did not know, and he thought that Niu embodied the island itself, with its balmy surface and unsounded depths, its balms and breezes, its gentle comprehensible customs and its hidden thoughts and rites.

There were dark things on the island. Every now and again someone died mysteriously and quickly, and a little dart, fine as a needle, was found in his neck or arm or back. Once Mr. van Loomis had come across a scene he was not meant to see: in the river, far up the mountain, above the temple, where he seldom went, he had found a bloodstained stone; this was where the sacrifices he had been unable to stop were made.

Now the back of his neck was wet and he had to use his handkerchief. He was thinking how sure, how exact Niu's hands were; they could do the most delicate things. Mr. van Loomis had seen them rig a walnut-shell boat with a cobweb-fine spun-silk rigging for Charis; he had seen Niu win from all the young men at the archery feasts with his great bow and arrow. Mr. van

(Continued on Page 70)



"I said, 'It's a cold day!'"



YOU Can Have A Lovelier Complexion in 14 Days with Palmolive Soap, Doctors Prove!

NOT JUST A PROMISE... but actual proof from 36 leading skin specialists that Palmolive Soap facials can bring new complexion beauty to 2 out of 3 women

Never before these tests have there been such sensational beauty results! Yes, scientific tests on 1285 women—supervised by 36 leading skin specialists—proved conclusively that *in 14 days* regular facials with Palmolive Soap—using nothing but Palmolive—bring lovelier complexions to 2 out of 3 women.

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Get Big Bath Size Palmolive!



DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

Great new 1951 G-E

General Electric Refrigerators give you much more *storage* space than most refrigerators now in use . . . yet they occupy no larger floor area!



Space for everything...

. . . and everything's in its place. All the food you see here can easily and quickly be placed in one of the new 10-cu-ft G-E Refrigerator-Food Freezer Combinations!

There's so much space for meats, fruits and vegetables in the fresh-food compartment . . . and the food freezer stores so many, many packages of frozen food . . . that you need shop only when you feel in the mood!

The new General Electric Refrigerators give you 25% to 50% more storage space than most refrigerators now in use, occupying the same floor area. Furthermore, there's a *special* place for everything. No more groping to find exactly what you want!

These new, wonderful convenience features are standard equipment in all General Electric Refrigerator-Food Freezer Combinations!



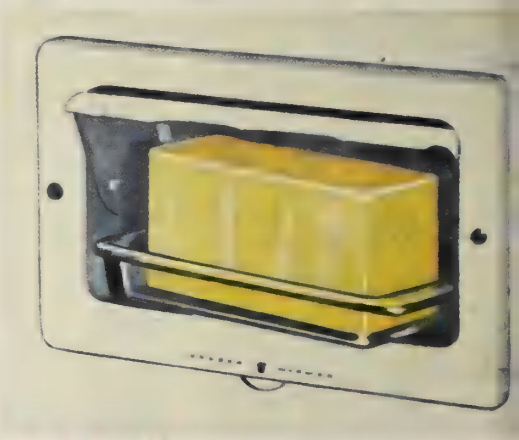
NEW! REDI-CUBE ICE TRAYS

Now, for the first time, you can pick out cubes *singly*, and return the rest—still in the dividers—to the refrigerator. Cubes will not drop out! It's another General Electric *first!*



NEW! VEGETABLE ROLLA-DRAWERS

New Rolla-Drawers, on rubber-tired wheels, roll *quietly!* Easy to keep clean. Dewy cold in drawers helps keep vegetables garden-fresh! Each drawer holds 12½ quarts.



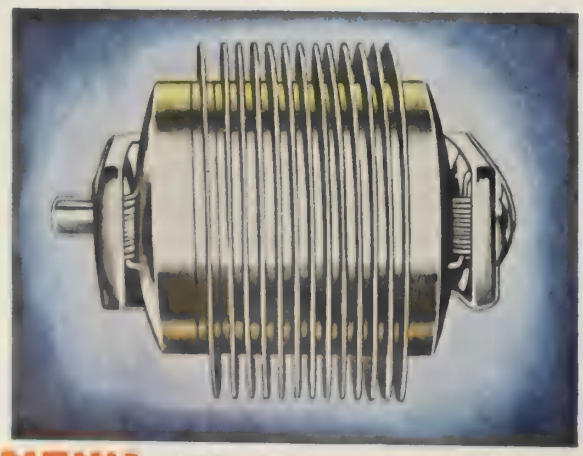
SPECIAL BUTTER CONDITIONER

No more hard butter! Special conditioner, mounted refrigerator door, has a special electric element that kee a full pound of butter at best *spreading* temperature!



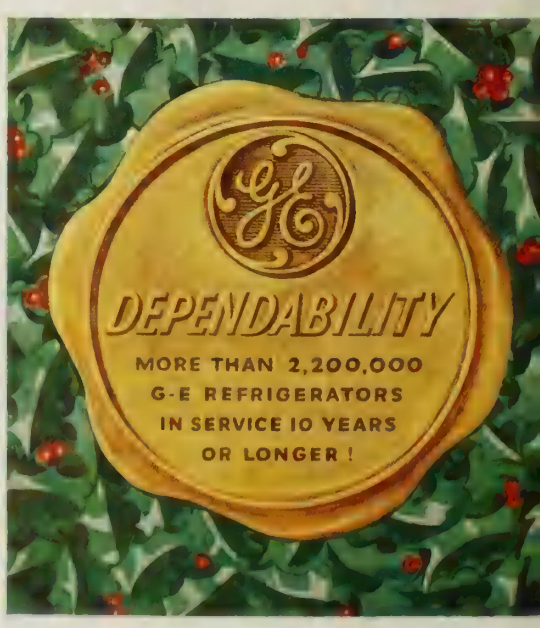
NEW! STURDY ALUMINUM SHELVES

Long-lasting aluminum shelves, which will not rust, are highly polished and slide forward easily. Notice the new, narrow wire spacing which helps prevent even the *smallest* bottles from tipping! A real advantage!

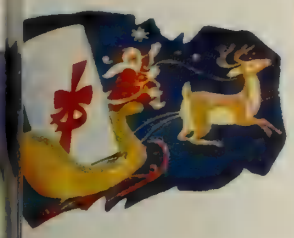


NEW! IMPROVED MOTOR AND INSULATION

To assure more quiet operation than ever, there's a new G-E motor and a new spring mounting! New, higher-efficiency Fiberglas insulation in the cabinet makes a worthwhile reduction in operating cost!



Refrigerato



THIS CHRISTMAS, surprise that lovely wife one of the most wonderful refrigerators mone General Electric Refrigerator-Food Freezer that has space for *everything* . . . that assures you o economical operation year after year.

No other refrigerator gives you all the special con tures shown on these pages . . . no other refrigerator c

Here are two dif

each the finest of its type in the



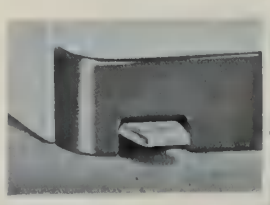
NEW! In this model NHX-10H there's a *separate* refrigerator plus a *separate* freezer. Each has its own door. In addition to the conveniences on the opposite page, it has these features:



EW! Alnico Magnets grip e door shut, seal it com- etely all the way around. No ore latches. No more slam!



Frost does not build up in the fresh-food section. Uncovered foods do not dry out! Foods remain crisp and fresh longer!



NEW! Foot pedal opens lower door. Hands not needed to open the Alnico Magnetic Door to the fresh-food section!

NEW GENERAL ELECTRIC REFRIGERAT

GENERAL

leads a double life . . .



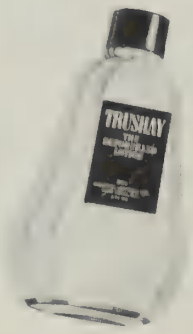
BEWITCHING YOU—the lovely holiday hostess—your hands so soft and feminine—beauty-insured with Trushay! And remember—Trushay's "beforehand" protection is only *part* of its magic. It's a luxurious, quick softener, too—a finishing touch you'll want to use *any time!* Begin today to use Trushay!

l" lotion . . . guards your hands
y water!

st stroke on
ngs for *hours*



Wonderful for chapped hands! What soothing relief! Oil-rich Trushay rescues hands from roughness and redness. Keeps them comfortable!



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TO CLEAN STARCH OFF IRONS keep a box of S.O.S. handy in the laundry. S.O.S. easily removes starch that's burnt on and keeps your iron brightly polished



TO CLEAN STAINS FROM WHITE RUBBER, use S.O.S. Quick and safe S.O.S. removes scuff-marks, grime, discoloration from white rubber overshoes and white-wall tires, too.



TO CLEAN GRIME OFF ASH TRAYS, no cleanser is quite li S.O.S. Its handy oval shape cleans hard-to-cle corners. Ideal on glass, metal or pottery ash tra



TO CLEAN GREASE FROM BROILERS, [illegible] The soap in each pad cuts grease, the fibres scour it away. In fact, with S.O.S. grease hasn't a chance!



TO CLEAN SPATTERS FROM STOVE TOPS, the most useful cleanser is S.O.S. Watch it clean the other metal parts of your stove: grills, griddles and oven racks.



TO CLEAN STAIN FROM COFFEE-MAKERS, remember S.O. in the YELLOW and red box at your grocer's. Clea coffee-makers inside and out, like new, like mag

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(Continued from Page 70)

hose who are strong swimmers," he added, nore thoughtfully.

There was silence. The boats rode with the lane on the calm water.

"If the wind machine were safely inside he cave," said Mr. van Loomis, "I should ive two bullocks for the picnic day tomorow, and some sheep. We could have a east."

"We have never been in the inner cave," aid one of the men.

"My father went," said another young an, indicating his father beside him. "He ays the bats are as big as eagles."

"Boys are afraid of bats, of course," said Ir. van Loomis.

The young man scowled, but the others aughed.

Then one of the boatmen stood up and, ith a shout, dived over the side of the canoe nd swam round the aeroplane. Luck began o fasten the ropes, and Prem threw them own to the divers, who caught them one by ne, treading water, swarming round the Vater Star. When the ropes were ready Mr. an Loomis came down into the canoe, where e stood on the prow and held up his hand to uck and Prem. Prem dived into the sea nd swam round the men, exhorting them, hile Luck stood up on the Water Star, eeping a watch on her direction and to see he wings and tail were clear. She swung lowly round on the water, the men easing er gently as Prem led them toward the enance to the cave.

The ropes swept down into the sea like ater snakes, the weeds ent and waved and rose gain round the swimmers' gs, and when one of them ent down and touched ottom, a funnel of gold nd spread upward in a loud, and shoals of small right fish fled in front of im. The men came up to reathe, shaking drops om their heads and flat rown faces, spitting water through their ps and squeezing out their noses between eir fingers and thumbs, and dived again.

Slowly the Water Star moved across the ea until she came opposite the entrance to ne cave, and there the men rested, steadyng the plane, while Luck and Prem talked ogether, measuring the distance and the race f the tide with their eyes. Mr. van Loomis id not interfere; if anyone could, these wo would get the plane into the cave.

He could see the difficulty: each wave, ith its surf, rushed with its force into the ave, and met the force of the fall and ebbed ack; could the men be quick enough to ride n with the plane on the wave and hold her gainst the stronger rush back? That was hat Prem and Luck were arguing. Then he aw them divide, and Prem, with half the en, left the Water Star and swam into the ave.

Mr. van Loomis beckoned the young oatman who was left with him and, stepping into one of the small boats, told him o follow Prem.

"Tsula, be careful," shouted Luck. "Take are we don't sweep you down."

Mr. van Loomis raised his hand; he eant to land on the rock ridges at the side f the cave. His man sent the boat forward ith a strong sweep, raised his paddle, eadying it, and he and Mr. van Loomis ode in the boat on a flying wave crest and ere hurled into the cave, washed round so hat the boat was almost on its side, and ere brought up with a strong steadying orce, held by Prem and two boatmen.

HERE was an abrupt change of light: the ave was shadowed; the light from outside ame in through the arch at its mouth and truck upward again from the water on its oor, so that its ceiling was an arched reflecion of wave light, shadowed by deep rock revices. The whole air was filled with spray nd the thundering noise of the fall. Now Mr. van Loomis saw with relief that the fall as not so heavy as he had feared; it was e enclosed space in which it fell that gave it its enormous roar. It was, all the same, a heavy fall of water, wide enough for a river. Mr. van Loomis measured its width with his eye to see if he had been right and the Water Star would go through it.

"Will she go through?" he shouted.

Prem dived off the ledge where he had stood and swam to the fall, struggled in the water, dived again and came up behind it. Mr. van Loomis could see the dark shape of his figure veiled and sometimes blotted out behind the water; then Prem dived again and came back gasping.

"She will go, if we can get her through," he said. "But it comes down like a boulder on your head."

NOW Mr. van Loomis saw the plan that Prem had made with Luck. He saw why they had divided the men. Those in the cave were standing along the narrow rock ledges at the sides; as the others rode with the Water Star in on the rush of the wave, these would leap to meet her and hold her. Long ropes were passed in from the plane outside, and men stood, their feet braced ready to hold firm. Others would dive in and help the men who came in with her. Mr. van Loomis stepped up on a ledge; his small boat was lifted and put up on another, and they waited. From far, almost too small to hear in the boiling noise of the fall and the upflung spray, came Luck's shout, echoed by a man at the entrance of the cave, and, before the sound of it had died, the Water Star was swept in, immeasurably huge and unwieldy and white, the men swarming round her.

"She will be smashed!" cried Mr. van Loomis.

It seemed impossible that she should not be, as she came down on top of them, enormous above the small, struggling brown bodies with their shouts and cries. They had first to steady her rush inward; the impetus flung the water high up to the cave roof, deluging and blinding them; and then, stronger still, came the rush back, dragging the men from the ledges like flies, but here Luck had foreseen, and some of the men had dropped off at the entrance as she came riding in and braced themselves against the rock walls and passed ropes behind her to make a barrier which four of them held. The rush came back, and with it the Water Star. They were borne nearly to the roof, but the ropes held, the ropes at the back, the ropes from the cave walls. The Water Star was left on the cave pool, safe, a little battered but safe. But the next wave was to come; gasping, dripping, bleeding, they had only a few moments to prepare for it while they steadied her to take her through the fall.

The ropes were still held at the mouth of the cave, others from the side; men swam round her, holding her, to act as buffers, and now two, holding the first long ropes, prepared to dive under the fall and come up on the other side, while Prem, with a shout to show them, went through it. He came back under it, shaking his head, half stunned for the moment. There were shouts of dissent from the men, a warning shout from Luck, and the next wave came in. It was a huge wave and carried the Water Star forward so that her nose hit the fall; she recoiled against the wave and the surf boiled up. Prem shouted and Luck shouted, there was another surge forward, and almost before they knew what had happened, men and plane were tumbled through the fall. Mr. van Loomis saw one wing tilt up and then right itself; he saw the water hit the plane, and saw a turmoil of arms and legs and heads; he saw Luck clinging to the tail, and then they were swept, whole, from his sight.

He waited for Luck to come and tell him a man was drowned, the propellers smashed, a wing torn off. *You have done it now*, said Mr. van Loomis to Mr. van Loomis. He shut his eyes, giddy and sick with shame, and the thundering noise seemed beating into his head.

(Continued on Page 75)

The man who regards his work as his play—and this is the way to succeed in life and to be happy—nearly always plays to win. —DEAN INGE: More Lay Thoughts of a Dean (Putnam & Company, Ltd.).



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GIVE YOUR HOME this *fast-acting, continuing* disinfection! *Every* cleaning time, use hospital-proved "Lysol" brand disinfectant! Economical, because so highly concentrated. Only 2½ tablespoons to each gallon of cleaning water! Ask today for this world's-largest-selling germ killer!

(Continued from Page 73)

"Tsula." It was Luck shouting into his
ır.

Mr. van Loomis opened his eyes. Luck
as standing, dripping and gasping, as Prem
ad, in front of him; he had a large bleeding
raze on his left cheek and the blood ran
own his neck to his chest. Mr. van Loomis
stinctively put out a finger and touched
e blood, but Luck only shook his hair back
nd smiled.

"Well?" said Mr. van Loomis.

"Tsula, come, see. Tsula can go through
e fall." Then Mr. van Loomis saw that
uck's eyes were merry and that he seemed
ated in spite of the hurt. "Come, Tsula.
ll done," said Luck. Mr. van Loomis
ropped off his hat and cummerbund and
oes.

When Mr. van Loomis, beaten and giddy
om his dive under the fall, came up in the
ner cave and saw the dim form of the Wa-
r Star floating in the murk, he could not
elp it, he had a feeling of enormous triumph
nd enjoyment. The men were fastening her,
eighting the ropes with rocks and dropping
em, but, shut away by the falling water,
ere was little drag here at the end of the
ool. The pool was long, shallow, black;
ere was only a murky filtered light, and
Ir. van Loomis swam a few strokes, touched
ottom, stood up and slowly walked the
ngth of it.

The men had dragged the Water Star as
gh as they could. She was beyond the reach
the spray, and here she could remain,
ought Mr. van Loomis, safe and dry, with
e chance in a thousand of anyone's find-
g her. He did not think that either Valen-
ne or McGinty would dream of penetrating
e fall; they would see it sweeping down
the end of the cave; had not some of the
anders themselves thought it was the back
all?

"Are all the men safe?" asked Mr. van
oomis.

"All safe, Tsula. Some a little hurt," said
uck, "but all safe."

"Two bullocks, five sheep and twenty
oung cockerels," said Mr. van Loomis.

He reached the end of the cave, which nar-
owed and ran back into the rock in a knife
t. He could see a faint glimmer in the dark-
ess, and, standing, balancing himself be-
ween two sheer rock walls that ran up like a
nnel, he saw that he could look up through
slit to the sky. As from the bottom
a well, in the far tiny round of blue-
ack light where the sky seemed pressed
own on the earth, he saw a few stars faintly
ining. He looked and then he smiled and
ent back to Luck and Prem.

"Come. I shall show you something won-
erful." He took them and showed them.

"Stars!" breathed Prem and Luck. "Stars,
ut is it night?"

"No, it is afternoon," said Luck, and they
ade the deep island obeisance, their hands
oined together before their faces.

"Tsula!" said Prem.

"The stars will know what we have done today," said Mr. van Loomis.

"Tsula!" said Luck and Prem.

He could see the whispers going round from lip to lip, though he could not hear them. One by one the men tiptoed up the cut and stood and looked up at the stars. Mr. van Loomis had not, of course, actually said that he had put the stars there, turned daylight into stars to commemorate the day, but, "Tsula!" the men breathed in reverence. "Will we always see stars there now, Tsula?" they asked.

"Always," said Mr. van Loomis graciously.

They swam back, diving under the fall, letting themselves float out easily on the wave, tired but elated and filled with wonder. Last of all, Mr. van Loomis looked round in the sounding murk-filled cave and, more than pleased with himself, dived and swam out to join them.

Valentine was woken by something very fragrant under his nose. It was the flower in Filipino's hair as he bent down to arrange a pair of new grass sandals for Valentine on the floor by the bed. Through his half-shut eyes Valentine saw Filipino's distinguished head close beside his pillow; the flower was the same creamy-petaled flower that Charis had worn. Now he saw that, as he slept, someone had covered him with a light cotton shawl.

"Who did this?" he asked Filipino, and Filipino smiled and shrugged and said, "Niu."

In the shaded room, lulled by the sea, Valentine had slept as he had not slept for months.

"What is it, on this island?" he asked.

"Is what?" asked Filipino back.

"Is . . . the island?"

"Mānoa only a little ordinary place," said Filipino.

Valentine lay, with ease in his bones, not tired but blissfully lazy, lazy and comfortable, watching Filipino as he moved about the room and went to the window to open the slats.

"Now bath," said Filipino, coming and standing by the bed. "Bath in bath or sea?"

The slats were open and Valentine saw that it was sunset in the garden. A richer light lay on the lawns, turning them deeply green; the tree trunks shone. He could see a clump of hibiscus flowers, and their trumpets glowed. He could see a strip of sky that was a soft refulgent blue; in it was an apricot cloud. Valentine could hear the sound of a lazy little flute and, behind the pigeons' throaty murmurous croons, he heard the surf.

"Bath or sea?" asked Filipino.

"Sea," said Valentine. He was wide awake.

The half hour in the surf with Filipino was such exhilaration as Valentine had not known. He had surfed in Australia and Vancouver, but this was more exhilarating still; the water was not warm but cool and clear, and the sand shone white in it. When Filipino

(Continued on Page 78)



"Harvey has the cutest idea! He wants you to ask him."

Three ways to fight TUBERCULOSIS

The mortality rate for tuberculosis has declined steadily over the years. According to the National Office of Vital Statistics, the death rate in 1900 was 194 per 100,000 population. Today, it is less than 28—the lowest on record.

Despite the decline in the death rate, tuberculosis has by no means been conquered. Nearly 40,000 people in the United States lost their lives last year from this disease, and over 130,000 *new* cases were reported.

Doctors urge continued efforts to advance the fight against tuberculosis. They suggest three ways to do this—*detect the disease early, treat it promptly, and prevent new cases.*



1 Detect the disease early

The surest way to find tuberculosis *early* is through an X-ray examination at the doctor's office or at a chest clinic. It is especially important to take this step if a persistent cough, fever, a "tired feeling" or loss of weight occur—for these may indicate early tuberculosis.

The disease may, however, be a "silent sickness" and show no signs at the beginning. That is why it is wise to have X-ray pictures made during an annual health examination, or whenever a chest X-ray program is sponsored in the community.



2 Treat it promptly

If tuberculosis should be detected in an active stage, prompt and thorough treatment is essential—preferably in a tuberculosis hospital. This usually calls for complete bed rest which helps the body heal the infection.

Other measures may be used including surgery and drug therapy. New drugs, used as an adjunct to rest or surgery, have been especially beneficial in certain types of tuberculosis. There is hope that more effective ones may become available in the future.

Under proper hospital treatment, authorities say practically all persons with early tuberculosis have an excellent chance to get well.



3 Prevent new cases

To help prevent new cases of tuberculosis, specialists urge that those who have the disease remain in the hospital until their condition is under control.

In this way, families, friends, and associates are saved from the danger of infection, for tuberculosis is a "catching" disease spread through contact.

The likelihood of developing it may also be reduced if everyone guards against the disease by getting plenty of sleep, rest, proper exercise, and nourishing food.

Regular health examinations, including a chest X-ray, can usually detect tuberculosis before symptoms become apparent—and often before it becomes contagious.

Although tuberculosis is still a threat, modern medical advances have turned the tide against it. To learn more about how this has been accomplished and what can be done today to help restore victims of tuberculosis to a normal way of living, write for Metropolitan's free booklet, 120-J, "Tuberculosis."

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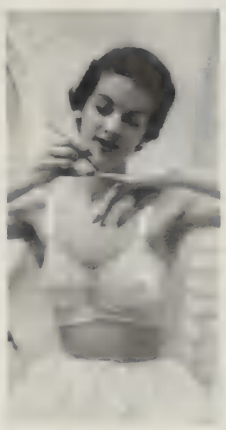
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(Continued from Page 75)

saw how Valentine swam, he took him out of the netted enclosure and showed him how to dodge and hit if he met a shark. Filipino himself swam like an otter, shaking back his hair, which clung wet and gleaming on his head. They were both naked, and Valentine saw how white and soft his body looked beside Filipino's; if he touched the boy he touched something firm and springing, warm under his wetness. Filipino fetched a surfboard and they rode in on the big surf waves. They dived under the breakers whose roots were green-glassed water, and the cool salt stung their eyes. When they were tired they swam in and lay on their faces on the sand; it was still hot from the day in the sun.

As they lay, Filipino said shyly, "That one called McGinty ——"

"Yes," said Valentine idly.

"Mr. McGinty is not liking me," said Filipino. "He is not liking it here."

McGinty's face, obstinate and sulky as he had last seen it at luncheon, came into Valentine's mind. "Probably not," he said.

"It's better to like," said Filipino.

"Much better," said Valentine. "If you can." And he said, "McGinty likes his own people, you know."

Filipino nodded. "Perhaps he like them so much that he can't like any else, or perhaps he hasn't such . . . *big* liking."

"He has a girl," said Valentine.

Filipino was gratified; he felt Valentine was talking to him as man to man, but he was not placated. "A girl ought not ——" He found it difficult to express himself about McGinty and he changed the conversation. "Have you a Tsuli?" he asked.

"No," said Valentine. "And you, are you married?"

Filipino shook back his wet hair and laughed. "I never want get married. I don't want that I be tied. I love everyone. I don't want that I love anyone too much. Resurrection too. He don't want."

"Who is Resurrection?"

"My twin. My brother."

"Does Resurrection love everyone?" asked Valentine idly, scooping a handful of warm sand and letting it run through his fingers.

"Oh, yes! And everyone love him. *Everybody*. But they say I am too much trouble. Presently Resurrection will marry."

"Even if he doesn't want to?" asked Valentine.

Filipino shook his head, which meant yes. "My grandfather will say and Resurrection will do," said Filipino. "My grandfather wants sons to come after us on the island. What he wants, Resurrection will do, even if he not want it himself."

"But not you," said Valentine.

"Resurrection is a stupid boy," said Filipino, and laughed. He laid a finger gently on Valentine's thigh. "You like it here?"

"I like it very much," said Valentine. "I want to get away, but I'm not sorry we came."

"Mr. McGinty is sorry," said Filipino and bent his head, whittling a stick he had found, with the sharp edge of a shell. "I think Mr. McGinty will be sorry he doesn't like that he came," said Filipino. Again he felt that was not well expressed, but again he found himself tongue-tied when it came to talking of McGinty.

VALENTINE walked up from the beach with Filipino, but when they drew near the house Filipino melted away. Valentine went into his room and found shaving things ready with hot water and his clothes laid out on his bed, cleaned and pressed, his shirt freshly laundered and dry. His body was chilled, and the dry, warmed clothes were a luxury. In a few minutes Filipino appeared in a fresh cloth with a fresh flower and his hair oiled again.

"Everything seems done very quickly," said Valentine, showing his clothes.

"There are many wash girls," said Filipino carelessly.

"This island is well run," said Valentine.

"We are glad that you are pleased," said Filipino primly.

Again from the slim young man and tumbling sprite of the beach he had become the wraith of the young servant. The room was nearly dark; Valentine could dimly see the folds of the white cloth wrapping Filipino's thighs and legs and the white fresh flower picked in the garden as they had walked through it; white flowers had gleamed in the garden as this gleamed now behind Filipino's ear. The boy was silent, sensitive to Valentine's quiet mood.

HE *will always be sensitive, quick to life,* thought Valentine. *How fresh he is!* He felt a pang of envy. Filipino made him feel elderly and stale. For a moment he was angry; he was only thirty, even if he felt like fifty; he, Valentine, the most up to date, the before date, the antennae, an anachronism? *Your antennae tell you, you are an anachronism,* said Valentine to Valentine, *and you swear they are always right.* An anachronism means out of keeping with time. *But how? How?* he demanded angrily. *How has it happened?* And, as he asked it, he saw how it had happened. He saw it in his relationship to Filipino. Filipino seemed to him an amusing, scintillating boy. That was how Valentine himself had once appeared. Now he was no longer a boy. *It's time you were your age,* he said seriously to himself. *It's time you started on another stage.*

As he said that, he remembered what he should have liked to forget, the night when he had had to come on the stage to speak to the company after the last night of his last play, Tinker's Curse. Tinker's Curse had run for only six weeks, a thing that had not happened to Valentine Doubleday before. He remembered, sharply now, the anticipation giving way to doubt, doubt giving way to a horrible surmise and then to a horrible certainty. It was a failure.

> **A modesty in delivering our sentiments leaves us the liberty of changing them without blushing.**
>
> —BISHOP WILSON.

Now he saw the stage as empty and bare; it was waiting. He knew, of course, that that was nonsense; there was no empty stage for him in London, or anywhere else. Nothing waited: if he were to come back, he would have to roll up his sleeves and work; work hard, thought Valentine. He left the window and bent down, peering into Mr. van Loomis' shaving mirror.

As he brushed his hair, from outside, in the dark, came the sound of a deep-throated singing.

"That's a Negro," said Valentine, surprised. "Have you Negroes here?"

"It's Pheasant. Pheasant always singing," said Filipino carelessly.

Pheasant had dressed Charis and now she sat singing and threading fresh garlands, as she did every evening, for Niu, Filipino and Webster to wear at dinner; she threaded the jasmine flowers and ate hot roasted nuts that Serendipity roasted on a little brazier and put in hot shells on the dinner table. When her mouth was clear she sang the words lightly as she worked:

"In mah haaht. In mah haaht.
Ah've a li'l' wheel aturnin' in mah haaht."

It felt to Valentine like the beating of a happy, unconscious pulse, which is really what it was: Pheasant was not thinking in the least of what she was singing. To its light accompaniment he left his room and walked along the garden to the veranda.

It was hard to tell which were lights or fireflies on the earth and where the lights ended and the sky and stars began. A pinpoint of lantern moved away on some distant path; a star shot down toward the sea; Valentine walked to the edge of the lawn and watched the waves tumbling on the beach below, lit with phosphorus. Pheasant's song, and, from far off, the sound of a drum, beaten and stopped, beaten and stopped, in rhythm; a wisp of breeze brought the sound of laughter and voices.

(Continued on Page 81)

"You really do get a softer, shinier, more natural curl!"

says **MARY MARTIN**

star of "South Pacific"



"There is nothing like a Rayve!" says Mary Martin. "Mine just *brushes* into place!"



I've got 72 reasons for loving my Rayve wave," says Mary Martin. "That's how many curls I put up—72! Yet all these tiny curls brush into big, soft, natural-looking ones. And even with 8 on-stage shampoos a week, they *never* wash out!" See for yourself what a wonderful wave Rayve gives!

"Honestly, my Rayve curls behave as if I grew them *myself* . . . *that* natural!" exclaims Mary Martin.

"Remember after my shampoo on the stage, how I'm back in *minutes* . . . dressed for the party? All my wave gets is a few quick licks with a brush! Lucky for me it acts so naturally-curly!"

Mary Martin has probably had ten home permanents to your *one*. "Because I have to keep my hair so short for those on-stage shampoos," she explains. "But Rayve's lotions are so e-easy on the hair. They leave it so-oft, shiny—every time. There never *was* a wave so *good* to your hair!"

Mary Martin's the girl who's tried almost every home permanent there is. Take advantage of all her experience, and get the softest, most natural, the *prettiest* wave you've ever had with Rayve!



Here is Heller, Mary Martin's blonde, nine-year-old daughter. She's wearing her "bridesmaid's" dress (her term for the yellow organdy she wore as flower-girl at a cousin's wedding). And her soft, shiny, new curls are Rayve-made, like her mother's.



Rayve wave

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(with 60 plastic curlers)

Money-Back Guarantee! Yes, your money back if you don't agree with Mary Martin that a Rayve Home Permanent gives the softest, most natural wave you've ever had at any price.

Is there a baby in the house ?



Look there,
there by the door,
there where a shoe and a crumpled sock, and a bright red block, and a short fat elephant clutter the floor,
and the signs are clear...
A baby is near.



Look there,
there by the stair,
by the cellar stair to the washing machine, there's a stack of diapers that ought to be clean and a clutter of strange looking things to wear,
and the signs are clear...
A baby lives here.



Look there,
there by the table,
there where the milk drips down in a puddle, and fruit and cereal mix in a muddle, and a soiled bib swings from a silver cable,
all signs that are clear...
A baby eats here.



Look there,
there in the bed,
there where a red-faced cherub lies, thumb in his mouth, and tight-shut eyes, and his bottom higher than his head.
Quiet, quiet, it's perfectly clear...
A baby sleeps here.



Look there,
look in the eyes,
and look in the hearts
of those who watch while a baby sleeps,
who will come at a call if he wakes and weeps,
who forget the diapers and broken toys,
who remember the tears and fears and joys
and the catch in the throat, and the heart's clutch
when small hands fumble, and reach, and touch—
Yes, look in their hearts, and the signs are clear...
A baby lives here.

Dedicated to mothers and fathers of America by Johnson & Johnson
makers of Johnson's Baby Powder, Baby Oil, Baby Lotion,
Baby Cream, Baby Soap and Cotton Tips

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(Offer expires June 30, 1951)

(Continued from Page 78)

Valentine was still tired; he still had
it feeling of lightheadedness but he was
angely still and peaceful. He walked
ınd to the veranda where, behind the tubs
flowers, he found Charis waiting for him in
ndlelight that came from thick white wax
ndles in branched wooden candlesticks
ng the wall. The veranda glowed with
ir soft light. Valentine sat down, stretch-
his legs, pleasantly tired, and from a
all table she brought him a tall glass.

"I don't know if you will like it," said
aris, "but my father has one after bathing
d I thought you should have one too."

"What is it?" asked Valentine.

"We call it a stingo," said Charis. "We
ake rum here from our sugar. It's a rum
ngo."

"Charis," said Valentine, "you are a very
cellent child."

HIS depressed Charis; she had thought,
ong the flowers and drinks and spread
ndlelight, that the veranda looked not un-
e the parties she had read about and that
e herself was the picture of sophistication.
e had on her very best clothes. There had
en, surprisingly, no opposition from Pheas-
t about that.

"What you gwine wear?" asked Pheasant,
d when Charis showed her she did not say,
No, you ain'. You had a silk out fer this
awnin'." She said with admiring eyes,
Mah lamb gwine look lak a real laidy." It
as the first time Pheasant had ever called
r a lady.

She had brushed her hair back as far as she
uld and she had thought she looked digni-
d and grown up; now Valentine called her
excellent child. *I suppose I am as unim-
rtant as a child to him,* thought Charis and
ghed.

Valentine saw he had depressed her,
ough he did not know why. *How absurdly
lnerable they are,* he thought, thinking of
r and Filipino together; he did not say it in
criticism, but tenderly. He looked at Charis, standing with her back to him, by a tub of white tobacco flowers, and he liked the small shape of her hips under the swathings of soft silk. Charis thought her hips too small, as, by island standards, they were. He liked the glimpse he could see of the nape of her small proud neck and what he could see of a white, well-shaped but determined small ear. He saw he had hurt her and he wanted very much to go across to her and put his arm round her in contrition. But Valentine knew he could not do that, and he knew that she would presently swallow the hurt and turn back to him again with some gently hospitable remark. *When she is a little older,* thought Valentine, *it will be impossible to know if she is hurt or not . . . unless you know her very well . . . unless you are very close to her;* and the words that were in Valentine's mind as he sipped his stingo were "near and dear."

He could not say anything comforting to Charis because McGinty appeared. He had been sitting in his room until Filipino came in and said, "Dinner. They are waiting for you on the veranda," and added, "Better hurry up."

McGinty felt that Filipino was impertinent, though his voice was perfectly respectful. McGinty had woken from sleep more chagrined than ever. Niu had brought him hot water to shave with; McGinty had cut himself three times with the razor. He had chosen to bath, not bathe, and he had found his bath ready, a wooden bath like a tub, lined with glazed earthenware, and a clean cloth, to wrap round him when he came out, laid ready on a stool. He, too, had found his clothes cleaned and dried and new grass sandals for his feet, but he was not soothed; he ignored the sandals and put on his shoes. Now he refused the drink Charis offered him and sat on the edge of a chair, looking more than ever unwilling and bored.

Then Mr. van Loomis arrived. He was freshly burned from the sun and looked extremely well and genial and at ease. He took a stingo from Charis and drank it standing, looking down at them benignly; Charis looked back at him with suspicion: she knew that gleam in his eyes, and he had an air of being too well pleased.

"Where did you go so early this afternoon?" she asked, hoping to take him down a little, but Mr. van Loomis looked more pleased than before.

"Where did I go? I went out to the Hat," he said, swirling the last of his drink round and round in his glass, and he said to Valentine, "I thought I should check up on what you told me as soon as I could."

Valentine and McGinty leaned forward eagerly. Mr. van Loomis raised his glass and finished his stingo. He never told a lie. Now he made two statements that were both perfectly true.

"I went out to the bay of the Hat to find your plane," he said. "It isn't there."

"We should have seen if he had sunk her," said McGinty. "The water is clear. He couldn't have burned her; we should have seen the smoke and there would have been debris all over the water."

"There was some oil."

"No more than what she made when we came down," said McGinty gloomily. "Wonder if he rigged a sail on her and sent her out to sea."

"He isn't a magician," said Valentine.

"Wonder if he got these blacks of his to lift her for him and roll her up the hill and tip her into the crater and down the volcano. It's *possible*," said McGinty savagely.

"Don't be fantastic," said Valentine.

"The whole blooming island's fantastic," McGinty said.

Two days had passed since Mr. van Loomis had taken them out in the canoe to search for the Water Star.

"Where did he take you?" asked Charis suspiciously, but Valentine's answer gave her no clue.

"Oh, up and down and round and round," said Valentine. "I must say he was most patient. We went on looking long after it was obvious there was no use in looking."

"Did you land?" asked Charis.

"Yes, but the Water Star couldn't land. She hasn't legs!"

"Did father show you the caves?"

"Yes," said Valentine wearily.

"It's very strange," said Charis.

"Very," said Valentine. He tried to speak lightly, but he could not, and he walked away from her and went and stood by the veranda rails with his back to her.

CHARIS sat in her chair, softly rubbing her nails to make them glow and look pink. Her father often told her he had a reason for everything he did. When they went out to look for the Water Star he had not allowed her to come. She had felt hurt and left out, but now she was beginning to guess his reason and she was glad she had been left out. *I wouldn't want to know anything about it if* —— thought Charis. She stopped short on that "if." She stood up and went in. At that moment she felt she could not be near Valentine. Presently Valentine drifted to his room.

"He doesn't mean us to get off," said McGinty.

"Nonsense," said Valentine. McGinty had come to his room and was sitting on the bed. "We're not children or boys; we can't be made to stay," said Valentine.

"You gave him your word."

"That was only for a limited period."

"What period?"

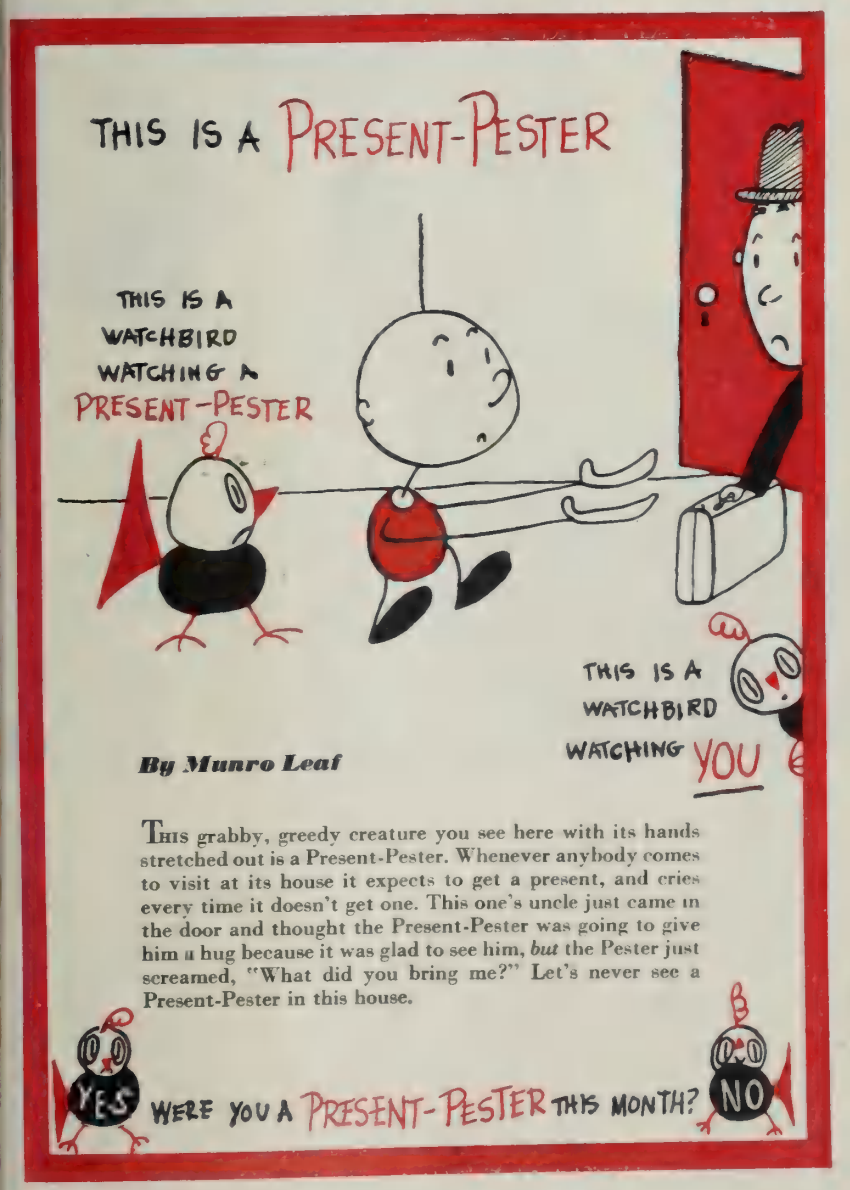
Valentine did not answer. He said, "If we are patient, we shall get off."

"We can't without him. Don't forget. He's God on this island."

"Nobody's God," said Valentine irritably.

If Mr. van Loomis could have thought of a way in which he could have left McGinty out of his schemes he would have done it, thankfully, but he had no choice. From the first time he saw him he had disliked this laconic and cocksure young man; he did not like McGinty's manners, nor his accent, nor the way he cut his hair, nor his opinions.

(Continued on Page 83)



READER'S DIGEST* reports the same research which proves that brushing teeth right after eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST



Better Than Any Other Way of Preventing Tooth Decay According to Published Reports!

Reader's Digest recently reported on one of the most extensive experiments in dentifrice history! And here are additional facts: The one and only toothpaste used in this research was Colgate Dental Cream. Yes, and two years' research showed brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stopped decay *best!* Better than any other home method of oral hygiene! The Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever reported in all dentifrice history!

No Other Toothpaste or Powder Ammoniated or Not Offers Proof of Such Results!

Even more important, there were no new cavities whatever for more than 1 out of 3 who used Colgate Dental Cream correctly! Think of it! Not even *one* new cavity in two full years! No other dentifrice has proof of such results! No dentifrice can stop *all* tooth decay, or help cavities already started. But the Colgate way is the most effective way yet known to help your dentist prevent decay.



*YOU SHOULD KNOW! While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in the research reported in July Reader's Digest.

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. . . *because Durene** yarn is stronger, more absorbent, more lustrous, and easier to wash than ordinary cottons. And for your protection, anything bearing a Durene label is backed up by Durene's Quality Control Plan which includes regular impartial laboratory tests. So when you see the name Durene, buy . . . you'll be getting more quality, more lasting satisfaction for your money!

* *All Durene is mercerized cotton, but not all mercerized cotton is Durene...only certain selected yarns which meet Durene's specifications of quality are trade-marked Durene.*

(Continued from Page 81)

McGinty could not put up with Mr. van omis's despotism. "He might be Hitler!" d McGinty after listening to Mr. van omis giving his orders. "I told you. He nks he's God." They were each unjust to e other. Mr. van Loomis's blood boiled at e sight of McGinty; if McGinty's blood d ever boiled, it would have boiled at the ht of Mr. van Loomis. "*And* he's a great r," said McGinty. "He's lying to us about e plane."

It was the feeling of being held in a net- rk of lies that made McGinty most des- rate of all; he had no philosophy with hich to meet it. If he had been at once more mple and more humble, like the islanders, could have shrugged his shoulders and ked, "What is truth?" If he had been more phisticated and alloyed with worldly owledge like Valentine, he would have id, "Ah, well! Most of us tell lies." cGinty was always slightly aggrieved; now e disappearance of the Water Star was a lpable untruth, and it justified him in feel- g angry.

The islanders had nothing but good will r the two strange Tsulas, but it amused em and pleased them to see them both suc- ssfully hoodwinked by Mr. van Loomis. made them sure their white man was the eatest. To see him confound Valentine and cGinty was sport to them.

Valentine, too, had a strong sense of trick- y, and yet he could not see how they were cked. "A calm sea, ship for miles, no trol, and no one who new how to fly her. ow? How?" asked alentine. He began think he was be- tched.

To begin with he had afed and worried as uch as and more ex- uisitely than Mc- nty. How could he lp it? He was wor- ed about his play. It was his new musi- l play, his operetta, osalind. Suddenly it emed to Valentine that it was not like him have written anything called Rosalind. Names are very important," he said often. They are very indicative . . . Rosalind." e tried it over on his tongue and he did ot like it. "Rosalind": paper roses and alconies and Edwardian dresses. His Rosa- nd had all those things. *Why did I call it at?* thought Valentine, staring at the sea.

In the last two years, his success had not ally been success at all. He had been rried along by the impact he had made efore, and no one could do that for long. he failure of Tinker's Curse had been the rst outward symptom. No one had told m or given him a warning; no one would ll him till the critics and the public made it ain, as had happened over Tinker's Curse.

"Did I write that?" Valentine was to say it afterward. There seemed no one he uld trust.

"Oh, Val! It's going to be wonderful," ey said. His antennae told him it was not onderful.

With the disappearance of the Water Star crack had come in Valentine's certainty. he Water Star had nothing to do with Rosa- nd, but the loss had come as a shock. The Vater Star had disappeared when she could ot disappear; she was gone, without a trace, nd he had no remedy. He was helpless.

He saw that his fuming and fretting hurt Charis. The evening before, he had put his and on hers as they sat alone on the ve- anda before dinner and said, "I think this s an enchanting place, Charis. At any other me I should have loved to have had the hance of being here."

"You are here," said Charis slowly, and he words she would have liked to say rang n the air: *Why not love it?*

"You see," said Valentine, "I should be in ondon."

"But you are not in London."

"No, and what can I do?" He shrugged, and there was a silence. Valentine felt there was something Charis wanted to say. He put his hand on hers again. "What can I do, Charis? Tell me." She raised her eyes and looked at him.

"You could . . . enjoy yourself," Charis suggested timidly. Valentine stared at her, and she blushed but she went on. "It seems to me ——"

"Yes?" His voice sounded faintly amused and that made it hard for Charis to go on. She blushed more deeply as she said, "It seems to me that you have been too busy."

Valentine took his hand away and stood up. "Think, my dear," said Valentine. "I have had to be busy. I have done a great deal."

"Yes. But if you, or anyone, get too busy you lose touch with life, and that is fatal."

"Why fatal?"

Charis opened her eyes. "Because without life you die, of course," said Charis.

"Then am I dead?" said Valentine, teasing, but it was angry teasing. He was remembering something a critic had written after the first night of Tinker's Curse. "Mr. Doubleday does not hear, he is too busy knocking the nails into his own coffin." Valentine winced. "Say what you mean," he said roughly to Charis.

For a moment Charis was intimidated. "You are dead tired," she said, avoiding the issue, but she was too honest to pretend, and she took a breath and returned to it. "All these plays," she said hesitantly. "Plays and music and writing and paintings, all work, are made of life."

"Yes. Yes," said Valentine impatiently.

"But . . . to give life you must have life," said Charis, looking up at Valentine's angry face. "And you haven't. How could you have? You don't give yourself time to breathe," she told him.

"The eve of a new production is hardly the time to breathe," said Valentine.

Charis considered that. "If I were on the eve of a new production I should take deep breaths, slowly. I shouldn't *gasp*."

"I don't gasp!" said Valentine and turned his back on her.

This was one thing, among others, that Charis was learning: that people, however exalted and wise and gifted, were the same, that even princes and saints could be wrong, and that if you subscribed to the wrong, even through pity, it did not help them. Her eyes, as she looked at Valentine, were very tender.

Charis was a comfort to Valentine in spite of her pricks. The very fact of her ignorance about the Water Star made her an ally. He often caught her looking at her father with a cynical look in her narrow gray-green eyes; the servants said Charis had snake eyes, and there was something of the wise, small serpent in her.

"If they come looking for us now they will be looking for the Water Star," Valentine burst out, going back to the thought of his play. "That would be bad enough. A plane not much bigger than this room in the whole of the Pacific. They will never find us without her; this island is an island among thousands, like pebbles," said Valentine, and he asked Mr. van Loomis, who came through the veranda on his way to the beach, "You have put out a signal?"

"You have asked me that twenty times. But who will see it? Who is there? I don't know." Mr. van Loomis spread his hands.

"You don't know anything," said Valentine rudely, and Mr. van Loomis raised his eyebrows and went out to the beach. Valentine was white; he dug his nails into his palms. "I'm sorry, Charis. I shouldn't have been rude to your father. I was thinking of my play."

Charis's eyes hardened as they looked at him and grew narrow in a way he was to

(Continued on Page 86)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Still Night

By William Stafford

If I should find a locomotive
I'd bring it home to stay,
And while it dreamed beside the fire
I'd whistle, far away.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



"Christmas Belles"

GO FOR NANNETTE HOLIDAY FROCKS

Nannette rings in the Holiday Season in sweetest style! Your little party-going "Christmas belles" will love these eye-catching BURMIL taffeta beauties . . . one in delicate pastels, dainty smocked and embroidered . . . the other in high shades of navy or teal, with multicolor crystal-pleated collar, novelty pouch pocket. Just two of our festive array of exciting holiday frocks! Still amazingly low priced —about $4.00.

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LAVORIS MOUTHWASH AND GARGLE

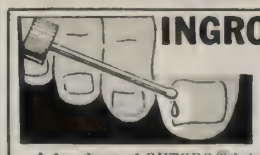
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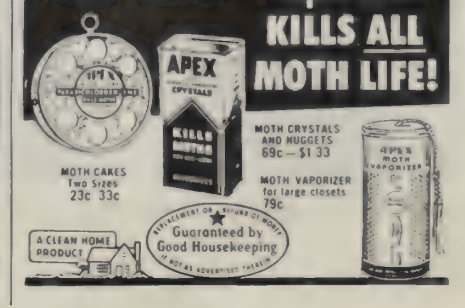
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Star of "MR. MUSIC," a Paramount picture, joins in a growing Christmas custom



"A 'FRIENDSHIP TREE' is a wonderful idea," says Nancy Olson, Bing's Paramount co-star. "It gives Christmas greetings extra meaning. All my friends are having a 'Friendship Tree' this year."



"BRIGHTEN UP YOUR HOME with cards taped around the fireplace and doorways and mirrors," says Nancy. Taped singly or in chains, these colorful Christmas greetings give the whole house a festive look.



EASY TO DO—Take a five-inch strip of "Scotch" Cellophane Tape and press one end of the tape *firmly* on the card. Then . . .



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MAKE CHAINS OF CARDS this way. Tape end of chain to molding or woodwork, never to wallpaper or painted walls.

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Co-star of "MR. MUSIC," a Paramount picture, finds tape quick, convenient!



1 **"WRAP ANY PACKAGE** this easy way," says Nancy. "A snip of cellophane tape holds wrappings tight on gifts of any shape or size."



2 **A SIMPLE DESIGN** made with "Scotch" Gift Wrap Tape or "Scotch" Gift Seals completes the job in a jiffy. And what a beauty it is!



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NEW CHRISTMAS GIFT IDEA is this handy "Scotch" Desk Dispenser that's weighted to stay put as you pull off tape *with one hand.* Your friends would welcome one! $1.69—and only 59¢ for a big ½x792 inch roll of tape.

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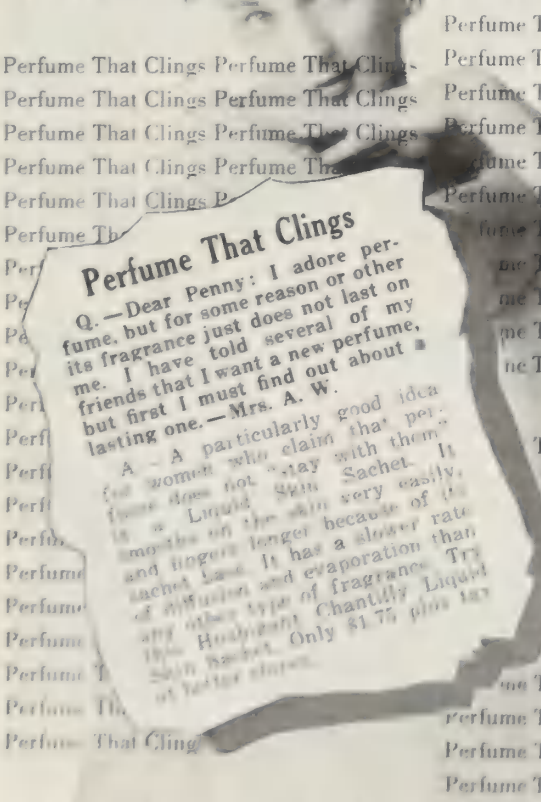
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Perfume That Clings

Q.—Dear Penny: I adore perfume, but for some reason or other its fragrance just does not last on me. I have told several of my friends that I want a new perfume, but first I must find out about a lasting one.—Mrs. A. W.

A.—A particularly good idea for women who claim that perfume does not "stay with them" is a Liquid Skin Sachet. It smooths on the skin very easily and lingers longer because of the Sachet Base. It has a slower rate of diffusion and evaporation than any other type of fragrance. Try this Houbigant Chantilly Liquid Skin Sachet. Only $1.75 plus tax

(Continued from Page 83)

learn to know and she asked, "Is it a good play, Valentine?"

"Do you think I should write a bad play?"

"It needn't be bad," said Charis. "That doesn't make it good."

He was suddenly more angry with her than he had been with anyone in his life. "You are amazingly conceited," said Valentine and he almost hissed. "So conceited that you are ridiculous and laughable. You know nothing, nothing at all; nothing of plays, nothing of writing, nothing of people. You have never even seen a play, and you sit here on your throne and give your cold conceited little opinions and expect me to listen. How dare you?" shouted Valentine. "How dare you talk to me like that? You know nothing about my plays, and nothing about my writing, and nothing about me. Then . . . shut up!" said Valentine violently. "Shut up!"

Valentine felt exactly as if he were a shellfish and his shell had been broken and Charis had lifted it and with a long thin wire probe was unerringly exploring the soft crevices inside him; and there was a place, deep down in Valentine's firm sophisticated self, that was not sure or firm, and there he knew he was not pleased with his play. He knew he had been afraid and that it was the failure of Tinker's Curse after the comparative failure of the play before, Lords and Owners, that had made him afraid.

That is ridiculous, said Valentine. *What do any of them know about it? Lords and Owners was a good play. It misfired, that was all. I knew that. I know it now. Then why lose my nerve?* He had not lost his nerve—he had done worse: he had played safe. In Rosalind he had put all the Doubleday ingredients, he had gone back to Midwinter Spring seven years before. *It can't miss*, said Valentine, *except* —— Except that seven years ago is seven years ago, too far, not far enough; or perhaps a thing once done is done, for deep down in those crevices, Valentine had a suspicion that Rosalind was dull.

"Dull. Dull. Dull," breathed the sound of the surf and the wind, and Valentine was completely miserable.

Charis sat quite still in her chair; though her head was high Valentine saw that he had smitten her. She too, now, was white, and her eyes were brimming in tears.

"I'm sorry," he said. "You are too young to be talked to like that."

"I am not," said Charis clearly, but a tear rolled down her cheek. "I am quite old. I am nearly twenty-one." She was right. Twenty-one was old on the island.

Valentine was strangely moved. He went across to her and knelt down by her and kissed her.

Charis sat even more still than before, but, when his hand found hers in her lap, her fingers held his. With his other hand he took out his handkerchief and gently dried the tear.

"You are very fond of the theater," said Charis.

This small understatement touched Valentine. It showed him that Charis, even in a moment that was sharp to her, could think steadily and selflessly in a way he would hardly have believed a young girl could. He kissed her again, gently on the brow, and said a thing he would not have said to anyone else, yet it was completely right and true. "You see, it is my kingdom," said Valentine and, kneeling beside her, as she held his hand, he began to speak to her of it.

"Everything compensates itself," Valentine was able to say to McGinty afterward. McGinty did not see it. "As we are here and have to stay here," said Valentine, "why not enjoy it?"

"*Enjoy* it?"

"Didn't you ever read or dream about an island when you were a boy?"

"May have done," said McGinty.

When McGinty walked into the little house in Hounslow where his girl Eunice lived and took two lemons out of his pocket and gave them to her mother and said, "Here mum. I got these for you in Augusta, morning," he did not feel he was participating in anything wonderful; to McGinty to be in Sicily in the morning, Hounslow in the evening, was not second nature but first. Perhaps he had lost his sense of wonder; but then McGinty had not been in Sicily, he had been in Augusta; he did not go to Montreal but Dorval; to Yundum, not to West Africa to Gander, not to Newfoundland. When he went to Cairo he went to Almaza; to Dun Dum, not to Calcutta.

He was happiest when he was at home taking the cylinder head off his motor bike or on Sunday mornings on the Great West Road passing Tom, his friend, and knowing that Eunice's ankles were prettier than the ankles of Tom's Betty; he liked to know that. He had always gone one better than Tom. He was happy when he was flying, listening as carefully as any nurse to the sound of his engines, looking at the rev counter, watching the pressure gauges, knowing, in each change, what there would be to do when they came down.

Here, on the island, there was nothing for him to do. When he was not working, McGinty looked to be entertained. The island entertainments, what he had seen of them, shocked him to the marrow; he did not know which were worse, the moonlight picnics that seemed to him wanton—"Necking parties," said McGinty angrily—or the blood sports, the cockfights like the one to which Filipino, thinking to amuse him, had invited him and that did not seem to him sport but downright indecent cruelty. McGinty liked films or midget-car racing or, if there were nothing else on, turning on the radio and sitting by the fire. He did not care for books; at home he read newspapers morning and evening; there were no newspapers on the island. There were no cigarettes that he could smoke; he had tried an island green one and nearly choked himself.

When fools go to market, peddlers make money.
—DUTCH PROVERB.

"Enjoy it. What is there to enjoy?" he asked Valentine bitterly.

"Get to know the people," suggested Valentine. "Their customs and their food and their songs. I mean it," said Valentine. "I am going to do it myself." McGinty stared. He had not thought of the islanders as people. "I am going fishing with the boatman, Luck. Come too," said Valentine. "I want Filipino to take me up to their temple on the hill. I want to go round the villages with Niu. You should do that too. Get Filipino to take you, or any of the men. If they ask you to one of their picnics, for instance, go."

McGinty did not answer. To Valentine's surprise, he blushed.

The island girls would have liked to see more of McGinty. A young white man was something new for them. They knew that Valentine was for Charis; they acquiesced in that as right and fitting, but no one seemed to have claims on the other Tsula. "And he isn't white, he's pink!" said Flora Annie, laughing with delight.

There were plenty of girls. The island abounded with girls, all plump and sweet and laughing, with big eyes and tiny teeth, but McGinty was quite firmly and thoughtlessly faithful to Eunice, his own Eunice Robinson, who lived with her father and mother in Hounslow and worked as a typist in the razor-blade factory on the Great West Road. To him the girls were islanders, bints, and he did not look at them; but last night, after dinner, when he went for a short walk, he had met a procession winding in the fields.

It was a very innocent procession, if he had only known it, part of the customary island arrangement for courtship during the full moon of this spring courtship month; all these young men and women would, in a night or two, be united in marriage or the island concubinage.

This was the courtship time, and the young men and women walked down in groups to the beaches, waving sugar canes, which presently they would eat, and carry-

(Continued on Page 91)



Very personally yours

New gayety lightens your step, your spirits, on days when your calendar calls the tune—and you answer with the comfort of the new Kotex.

Comfort that comes from new, downy softness—luxurious and lasting. The kind that holds its shape, because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it.

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*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"What about NYLON... and moths?"



THIS IS ONLY ONE OF THE QUESTIONS ANSWERED IN THIS ISSUE OF THE

DU PONT NYLON INFORMATION SERVICE



"Do I need to iron my nylon lingerie?"

Lady, you're lucky! Many nylon lingerie fabrics don't need to be ironed at all. But if you do decide that pressing will give an extra spruceness, you'll find that nylon's easy to iron. Use a cool iron—275° or the "rayon" or "nylon" setting. And here's a hint for hurriers: Don't wring out your nylon pretties; hang them wet, and smooth out wrinkles with your hands. You'll find that nylon things dry fast—and, in most cases, are ready to wear without ironing.

"Does Du Pont make nylon stockings?"

No! Nylon stockings are made by hundreds of manufacturers. Some mark their stockings "Made of Du Pont Nylon" because they have used the raw material, nylon, made by Du Pont, but Du Pont does not make the stockings.



"What affects the wear of nylon stockings?"

The life of your lovely nylon stockings depends on many things — fabric construction, proper fit and length, care in handling, whether you fasten your garters in the heavier, welt part of the stockings, and, of course, denier.



"What is denier?"

Denier is the weight and thickness of each thread in nylon stockings. You can buy stockings in 15, 20, 30, 40, 50, and 70 denier. The larger the denier number, the stronger the thread. A 15 denier thread is only half as heavy and half as strong as a 30 denier thread. Before 1948 most stockings were of the heavier 30 or 40 denier. Today, however, because of their sheer, leg-flattering beauty, many women prefer the 15 denier stockings. You can have your choice.

"What about nylon . . . and moths?"

One reason for the long life of your spun nylon sweaters and socks is that moths don't bother them. You see, moths find no food value in nylon. And you'll be glad to know that mildew doesn't weaken nylon either. Just make sure that your nylon things are thoroughly clean when you put them away, and storage worries are over.



"Do nylon pleats stay in?"

Pleats to marvel at, pleats that fall knife-sharp after washing, are yours when the pleats in your nylon gown have been properly heat-set by the manufacturer. When nylon pleats go through the right heat-setting process, you can wash them again and again without a single worry about the pleats coming out.



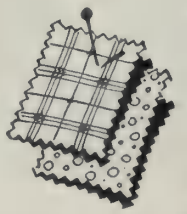
"Do I need to use stretchers when I wash my nylon curtains?"

The time-consuming job of curtain stretching can be eliminated when your nylon curtains are made of properly heat-set fabric. For heat setting—a process used by manufacturers to stabilize nylon fabrics—ends shrinkage worries. Ironing? It's quick and easy . . . just a light pressing with an iron set at the "rayon" or "nylon" control.



Nylon lingerie can be cool and comfortable. But spun nylon socks are snug and warm. Can you explain this?

Easily—nylon lingerie fabrics that are thin and porous permit air to circulate and remove body heat. Spun nylon socks contain millions of tiny "air pockets" that insulate, keep warmth in and cold out. Warmth or coolness in nylon fabrics is—as in fabrics made of other fibers — largely a matter of the construction of the yarn and the fabric.



"In part-nylon fabrics what does the nylon contribute?"

Strength and wear-life! Nylon fibers are so strong and durable that even a little adds a lot of wear to familiar fabrics in lingerie, suitings, socks, etc. And beyond that, nylon's strength and light weight make possible exciting new fabrics that feel like a feather yet wear like iron. Caution: unless the manufacturer provides special care instructions with the blended fabric you buy, handle part-nylon garments as if made entirely of the other fiber.



"Will spun nylon socks wash without shrinking?"

Here's one more way easy-living nylon saves you effort and expense. When spun nylon has been properly heat-set, even the heaviest nylon socks won't shrink or stretch out of size or shape. Forget about sock stretchers—just wash, dry and wear.



"Could I be allergic to nylon?"

As far as we know, body tissues are completely non-allergic to nylon fiber. That's why surgeons have used nylon sutures for years . . . why millions of toothbrushes are bristled with nylon. If dyes and finishes are non-irritating too, nylon fabrics are safe and gentle on even the tenderest skin.



"WHY DO YOU HAVE A NYLON INFORMATION SERVICE?"

As a service to you who buy and use nylon, we are running this series of advertisements aimed at answering some of the eager questions you've been asking about nylon.

Du Pont does not make nylon sweaters, socks, curtains, stockings, dresses—or any finished nylon product. Du Pont does, however, make the basic nylon fiber, from which all these things—and many more—are made. It takes hundreds of manufacturers to supply you at your retail stores with the extra-value nylon merchandise you have come to appreciate so much.



FREE! *Learn more about nylon! Send for new leaflet "Care of Nylon." Write to E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Nylon Division, Dept. J-2, Wilmington 98, Delaware.*

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HERE'S ALL the silver she'll ever need to serve eight . . . with beauty to last for years and years! And you *can* afford to give it!

How she'll love setting her table with America's finest silverplate—1847 Rogers Bros.—so luxurious in looks and feel. Never will she need to make teaspoons triple as iced drink spoons, fruit spoons, demitasse spoons. She'll have all those and more . . . for a table service that's gracious and *right*.

It's a gift she'll love you for *always!*



1847 Rogers Bros., 103 pcs., complete service for 8. *No Fed. tax. Easy terms.* **$128.75**

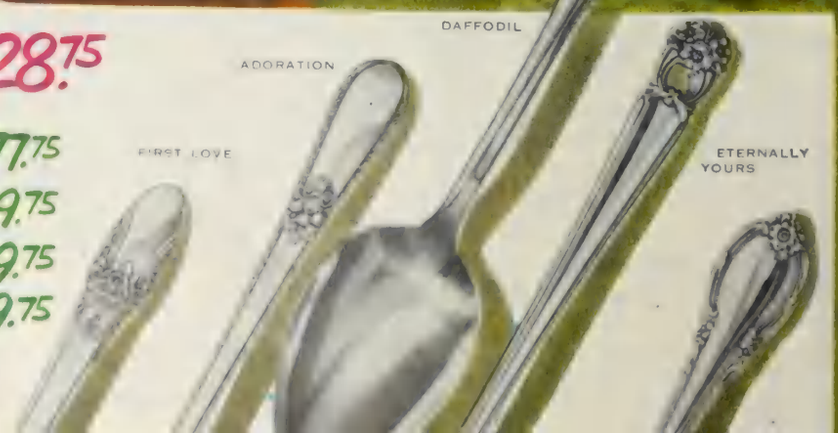
Basic Services for 6, 8 or 12

Service for 12, 139 pieces, including chest. **$177.75**

Service for 8, 52 pieces, including chest. **$69.75**

Service for 8, 34 pieces, including chest. **$49.75**

Service for 6, 26 pieces, including chest. **$39.75**



1847 ROGERS BROS.

(Continued from Page 86)

ing flowers to garland one another and hollow two-foot bamboos that held arrack; they would drink it from one bowl that was passed round and round. With them was a drummer, and some of the men had flutes; in front of them, dancing backward, was a figure in a full red flowered skirt and anklets of bells; to the beat of the drum and the melancholy skipping rhythms of the pipe it held out its skirts and danced. It was the island dancer, a boy, McGinty saw with disgust, not knowing that here all dancers had to be boys. It was most improper in the island for women and girls to dance, but McGinty would not have believed the islanders could think anything improper.

He stood on the path, revolted, as the picnickers passed; whether they were sorry for his loneliness, or whether they wanted to tease him, standing upright and disapproving by the path, he never knew, but he found himself swept along with them. He was in a wave of laughing, of waving fronds, of soft hands touching him, the drum beating in his ears, the dancer whirling in front of him as they came down to the beach onto a bay of white sand by the sea.

The men sat down in a circle with the drum and McGinty sat with them. "I could see myself sitting there," he said afterward. "A nice fool I must have looked!"

The men began to sing. They sang each a verse of a song that McGinty felt was probably obscene and was addressed to one of the women. The women sat apart where the palm leaves made patterns of shadows in the moonlight on the shore, until one of them rose, delighted, holding her scarf across her face, and sang an answer back, demure or saucy, that moved the men to fresh laughter and fresh sallies.

The arrack from the bamboos was passed round in a coconut bowl; it tasted raw and burning to McGinty, and they kept giving him little stubs of green cigars that he refused to smoke. Then the women drew nearer, and suddenly, behind him on the sand, he felt someone warm and soft sit close against his back and a hand, small and warm, came round his chest and slid, with a soft movement, inside his shirt and laid its palm on his right breast. *Eunice!* thought McGinty, and pulled it out of his shirt and shook it away as if it had been a snake. He was outraged. From behind him came a little laugh; but it was not altogether a forgiving little laugh and, on the lobe of his ear, suddenly, he felt a sting of excruciating pain. He leaped to his feet, the men leaped with him, the women were scattered on the sand.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Image

By Dan G. Hoffman

Not even the mother
  Who combed her long hair
And held the girl's mirror
  Knew how she was fair.

Nor did she dream it,
  Vain as she was,
Who sat by the window
  And gazed at her glass,

That her image would linger
  All this time in his mind,
That there she'd stay young,
  Or the years prove so kind.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

McGINTY lost control of himself. "You —— you ——" he shouted in the moonlight. He could not think of anything to call them. "You ——" he shouted again. They all stared at him, the smeared painted face of the dancing boy looked up at him inquiringly; then the noise of his shout was lost in the waves along the shore; the stars looked down, the fireflies twinkled along the grass verges, and the drummer softly began to beat the drum again. "I go home," said McGinty with what dignity he could, and walked away. When he had gone he heard them laughing. That soft laughter followed him all the way up the beach. *The little bitch, she bit me,* said McGinty. Tears of mortification and homesickness were in his eyes. She had drawn blood. Now, the evening after, his ear still showed an angry small red mark.

He had been given a room at the back of the house that looked over the servants' courtyard. After Valentine had gone and he was idly lying on his bed, he saw Flora Annie (named for Flora Annie Steel's Cookery and Household Management) come out to pick flowers for the dressing tables; her curves, as she reached up to the sprays of flowering creeper, were far more luscious than any known to Eunice, her eyes were black and laughing, and her lips, which were mischievous, were red, but it was someone very like Flora Annie who had bitten McGinty at the picnic and he refused to look at her. All at once he felt he could not bear the place for another minute.

Valentine had promised not to try to get off the island, not to send a message to the outside world. *He promised for me, I didn't promise,* said McGinty.

WHEN McGinty excused himself from dinner, saying that it gave him indigestion and that he had a headache, Mr. van Loomis believed him. "He looked miserable enough," said Mr. van Loomis afterward. "Of course that sort of boy, when he looks miserable, looks ill-conditioned, but he looked ill. He might have had a headache." In a way McGinty had; he had a problem and he always said of a problem, "That's a headache."

When they were all on the veranda with their drinks, the servants busy and gossiping in the courtyard, McGinty came out of his room and made his way down to the beach.

Lamps were lit in the house behind him; savory smells and the sounds of that perpetual singing drifted from the servants' quarters. McGinty could see Valentine on the veranda, drinking and talking to Charis. Charis made him think of Eunice; with a lump in his throat and an empty stomach McGinty went proudly down to the beach. He despised Valentine.

He walked along the beach, picking his way among the boats. At last he found what he was looking for, the rubber dinghy.

He knew a fishing boat would be safer and lighter and easier to manage, but he preferred his rubber dinghy. He tested it and picked it up and carried it to the sea edge. When he saw that it floated well, he lowered himself into it; the paddles were in it, where he and Valentine had left them. He began to paddle out to sea.

His dinghy was small and lonely on the stretch of water between the mainland and the lighthouse where Mr. van Loomis's canoe had swept so proudly that morning. McGinty felt small and lonely too; the beam of the lamp shone out to sea, but it seemed to him he came no nearer to it. The moon was not yet up; outside the beam the dark was very dark, and he seemed to be paddling in it without moving. His arms ached and his empty stomach ached and his eyes felt hot and tearful; then, with the noise of a soft slur, the dinghy grounded on a shoal of sand below the rocks at the back of the light. He stepped out and picked his way across, slipping on the rocks and stumbling into pools.

Now that he was near to it, he could see how the beam of the lamp splayed out from the rocks in a wide luminous ray that was humming with insects. There was a whirring noise and a small blow on his chin that made him jump; a cockchafer had hit him in the face. McGinty shuddered and shook it off. Then he saw a dark shape on the rocks ahead of him: it was Mario, still fishing.

When the islanders fished by night they went in twos; one held a torch which he shone into the water, the other balanced on the prow of the boat to spear the fish. Mario was not skillful enough to spear; in any case, he had no companion, and he had always to fish from the shore with a line. He had made himself a new line that had taken him days

(Continued on Page 94)

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(Continued from Page 91)

to get ready; but, as before, he had baited it too heavily and he had caught nothing. He was feeling injured, doubly so because Jéo had gone again to the mainland, leaving him to watch the light. When he heard McGinty he thought it was Jéo come back, and he scowled.

McGinty saw the dark hunched shape and the big heavy head that turned round toward him, the eyes shining under the matted hair, and he knew that this was someone who was what McGinty called "not all there."

"Hello," said McGinty gently.

To his immense surprise it answered in English, a kind of English. "Whadda want?"

McGinty came up. "You the chap in charge of the light?" he asked.

No one had ever called Mario a chap before. He did not know what it was, but it did not sound unfriendly. He knew McGinty must be one of the strangers of whom Jéo had told him. He could see McGinty in the reflection of the light. *Red as Loomis*, muttered Mario to himself. *Speaks like Loomis but not like Loomis speaks. He speak as if he don't . . . hate me*, said Mario.

"Any objection to me having a look-see?" asked McGinty.

Mario gathered he was asking his permission. No one had ever asked Mario's permission for anything before and it made him feel shy. He turned and said gruffly, "Look."

The lighthouse itself was simply a round pillbox of cement in which the kerosene for the lamp was stored and in which Jéo and his father or Mario lived while they were at the light. In one corner was a string bed, Jéo's hat on a peg, a few gourd and earthenware utensils, and some stores. From the pillbox iron steps led up to the lamp that stood railed under a corrugated roof; the lenses, shining with warmth, were crawled over by myriad insects. There was nothing on the platform but a stool and the lamp and, lying on the floor beside it, its canvas cover. McGinty went back down the steps.

Down below, in the room, he shone his torch round again and saw in the corner an old iron safe. It was open. In it were some signal flags and cords, a few papers, and a rough log clipped with rusty clips to a board. McGinty could not read Jéo's log, but he guessed it was the counting of ships. There were not many marks in each moon. *Then they do pass here, not often, sometimes*, said McGinty. *I thought they must*, and he looked round again and once more went up to the platform. There he picked up the lamp cover and looked at it, and he began to think.

THE cover fitted over the lamp and its flaps laced up; if McGinty put it on with the opening turned toward the sea the beam was hidden except for a narrow slit; if he turned the edges of the cover slightly back, they left a larger aperture like a narrow panel, and a narrow but just as powerful ray shone out to sea. Hastily, looking back at the mainland, he slipped the cover off again; then he thought of how Mr. van Loomis lingered talking at the table after dinner, of how, in the servants' quarters and the villages, they would sit round, eating and smoking and talking; the moon was up, Jéo's picnic would have begun. McGinty began to think he need not hurry. He put the cover on again and arranged his panel; he worried a little about the cover scorching and catching fire with the heat of the lamp; if he soaked it in sea water the glass would crack. *Have to risk it. If I keep it on only five minutes at a time it ought to do, then take it off and cool it. Now, what can I use as a shutter?*

He remembered, down below, that Jéo had a playing board. He had seen the islanders playing a species of draughts on those boards, but flicking the wooden draughtsmen with their fingers. He ran down to the storeroom and fetched it. It was exactly right, about two feet square, made in one piece of light wood and inlaid with the island veneer of checkered dark and pale wood. McGinty began to arrange the flaps, and he was almost happy, he was doing something positive again. As he worked he whistled.

His whistle reached Mario where he sat lapsed back into his misery on the rocks. Soon Mario stood up and shambled over to the lighthouse. He was in the doorway before McGinty heard him. Mario saw the knacker board.

"That-a Jéo's," he said.

"Jéo only uses it to play with," said McGinty severely. "I want it for work."

He had planned for five minutes at a time; he thought the cover would not heat as quickly as that. He thought he would send out the most simple signal possible and, after a great deal of cogitation, he had decided to signal SOS followed by VAL.

They ought to get that, said McGinty. *All the papers all over the world must be ringing with us, and it will be plain sending. After all, Val's a somebody.* He set his teeth. *I'm going to do it*, said McGinty. *I'm going to get it through.*

He began, standing to the right of the light, working the board as a shutter: . . . — — — . . . . . — . — . — . . He could not have believed he could be as clumsy as he was; his arms and wrists ached, he was unbelievably slow, but he felt that it was plain. *If I can do it every night this Jéo goes ashore, someone ought to see it*, said McGinty.

"What-a you-a do?" asked Mario.

"Talking," said McGinty.

"*Talking?*"

"Yep. Talking."

Talking! Mario felt as heady as if he had drunk a two-foot bamboo of arrack. His poor senses were swimming. He came nearer to McGinty. "Who-a you are?"

"The man in the moon," said McGinty, going on with his signaling.

"Charis show-a me the man in the moon," said Mario. "He-a not real. You-a real. I not-a see anyone like-a you before; so-a pretty," said Mario adoringly.

"Pretty!" said McGinty. "What the ——" Then saw that when he was angry Mario shrank. "Don't talk nonsense," said McGinty more gently.

"I do anything for-a you, anything," said Mario. "I show-a you the island. I show-a you girls ——"

"No girls," said McGinty, standing upright and taking off the cover and folding it back on the floor, "you take this board and put it back, and you be quiet about it, see? No-a tell. No-a tell!"

"I cut-a my tongue out," said Mario.

"Needn't do that," said McGinty. "Just don't talk, see?" And he went down the steps with Mario after him and started to find his way back to the dinghy. He had forgotten he was hungry and forgotten he was tired. He was still whistling.

"You-a come back?" Mario asked.

"You bet I'll come back. Look. Will the keeper, Jéo or whatever his name is, go away tomorrow night?"

Mario shook his head violently. "Moon time, picnic time on island," he said. "Jéo gone tomorrow." Mario liked the island picnics as much as McGinty disapproved of them, and he was never invited, but now he did not mind. "I tell-a Jéo. Go. Mario watch-a light. He go. You-a come?"

"I come," said McGinty.

Mario knelt down in front of him and kissed his foot.

"Here! Here!" said McGinty, and he felt himself go scarlet to his ears.

"You-a come back," said Mario happily. "You-a better than Loomis. I glad and proud of you. I-a worship you."

MCGINTY practised signaling in his room. He was getting faster and smoother. It had become accepted now that he did not come in for late dinner, and every evening, while the others were on the veranda, he slipped out in his dinghy across to the light.

For the rest, he lived as far as possible to himself and he found it bitterly lonely. He lay on his bed or played patience with an old pack of cards, and defiantly he went out in the siesta time and bathed or sat on the sands under the palms, shying pebbles at a coconut he had set up as a target on a rock. That was the most secret time on the island—everyone was asleep—and often he paddled across to the lighthouse and fetched Mario. Sometimes at night, after the signaling—and McGinty signaled for only half an hour at a time—they would go ashore together again.

Mario showed McGinty the island. He showed McGinty many things he did not know he had shown. McGinty did not know a great deal himself, but even he could see the wealth Mr. van Loomis had built up on the island. Mario showed him the fishing industries round the coast, the pearls, the coral, the fresh and dried fish; he showed him the fields and the Indian corn, tobacco, groundnuts and cotton; the coffee and tea, the timber, the vineyards, and the orchards high up on the hill; he showed him the gold washing in the upper streams and the little silver mine.

"What does he *do* with all this? Doesn't he do *anything?*"

Mario nodded his head.

"What couldn't he do!" said McGinty. "All this, belonging to one man. It's fantastic. It's not right."

Mario shook his head violently.

Filipino would have said it was not fair for one man to own more than another; McGinty was not so naïve as that: he knew the

(Continued on Page 96)



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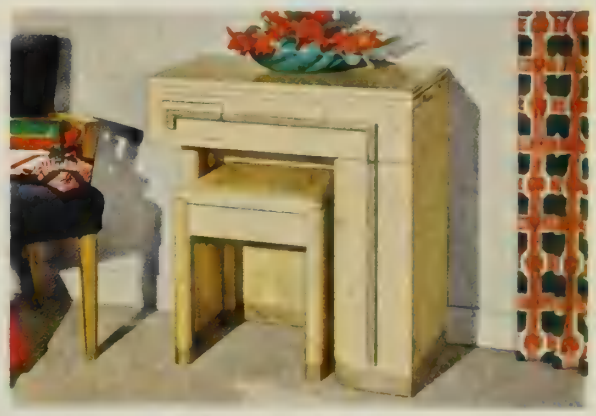






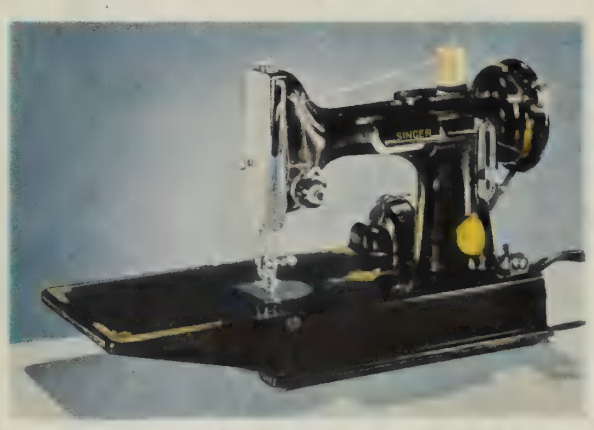
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RAILROAD TRAVEL AT ITS BEST

(Continued from Page 94)

size of men was various, but he had not visualized a size as large as this.

"He ought not to keep it," said McGinty. "It ought to be used. It ought to trade, go into towns and shops and houses. It would make money, a lot of money. The island would be different then," said McGinty. "It would be more like a place! It's not right!"

"Not-a right!" said Mario, shaking his head violently, and he began to pour out to McGinty his garbled, distorted story. McGinty could not understand Mario's English or the long passionate interruptions in Spanish, but he gathered that it was something to do with Mario's mother and Mr. van Loomis. Mr. van Loomis's name came into it again and again.

"Did he take it?" asked McGinty. "He *says* he bought it."

"No-a! No-a!" said Mario passionately, beating his chest. "He-a take it. You-a help Mario? Please-a! Please! Please!"

McGinty was embarrassed, but he knew that one should not distress or cross the Marios of this world more than one need. "All right!" said McGinty. He said it to soothe Mario; he did not know that, like Filipino and print, Mario took each word of his as gospel.

"You-a *kill* Loomis," cried Mario fiercely.

"I'll knock him down," said McGinty.

To his horror he saw Mario begin to cry; the tears ran down Mario's cheeks. "I thank-a God for you! I-a follow you all-a my life. You-a beat Loomis. You-a chief!"

"Aw! Shut up!" said McGinty.

When Charis came onto the veranda for breakfast next morning and kissed her father and took her place, Valentine's chair was empty. "Isn't he up yet?" she asked.

"Long ago," said Mr. van Loomis. "I sent him logging."

Charis stopped with the coffeepot in her hand, the cup half filled. "You sent him—*what?*"

"Logging," said Mr. van Loomis. "May I have my coffee, please?"

"But, father ——"

"My coffee."

Charis's hand shook as she poured it out and passed it to him. "But—you don't mean ——"

"I do. Why not?" said Mr. van Loomis. "Why should I keep those lazy young scamps on the island doing nothing?" He was delighted to see Charis's dismay. "I work. Why shouldn't they?"

"But, father, Valentine is *Valentine Doubleday!*"

"I don't care who he is. He has two hands like the rest of us and a stomach that has to be filled. Why should I fill it for him? What would have happened to me if I had stopped to think who I was when I came here—or to you?"

"But . . . *Valentine!*" cried Charis.

MR. VAN LOOMIS was pleased. He had thought that Charis had cooled; as Valentine grew warmer, she withdrew. Mr. van Loomis thought this annoying, but it was natural. Charis, too, had seen Valentine change and had begun to know that presently she might have something serious to consider; she was considering, but Mr. van Loomis thought she had cooled and he had resolved to blow on the fire.

"But he is our guest, father."

"He is not! Guests are invited," said Mr. van Loomis. "I sent for them both yesterday and told them they would have to do something for their keep. If someone doesn't go up there the men take days to get the logs down, and why should I go when Doubleday is here doing nothing? Why shouldn't he work?"

"It isn't his work," said Charis in growing consternation. "You know it isn't. He isn't used to it."

"He soon will be," said Mr. van Loomis, unperturbed. "In the s— it will do him good. He looked stale as if he didn't get enough exercise. This will exercise him. I sent McGinty to start taking the census. I have always wanted to take a census of the island. He must at least know a man from a woman."

"He would hate that," said Charis. "He doesn't want to have anything to do with the island. But Valentine logging! Oh, I'm *ashamed.*" Mr. van Loomis was glad to see that there were tears in her eyes and that she could not eat any breakfast.

She has it badly, thought Mr. van Loomis.

Meanwhile Valentine was up on the hill. The trees had been felled in the forest and cut into lengths. In Mr. van Loomis's early days the islanders used to carry the logs laboriously down the hill, but he had soon evolved a way of getting them down on the island's solitary river that had its source in a spring almost at the mountain's top. It was quite a large river. The fall fell into a pool below where, opening in rapids, the river swirled down into the valley and ran into the sea. At the brink of the waterfall, on the edge of the top pool, Mr. van Loomis had built his sluice gates.

All sluice gates that Valentine had seen—and he had seen them in the Great Lakes and the Maine forests—had been enormous and enormously heavy of heavy wood, raised on wheels by man or steam power. Mr. van Loomis's gates were necessarily nothing like that; they were meant to hold the water back for a short while, perhaps for half an hour, until the pool was full enough to bring the logs down with it in its first rush over the fall. In any case, the islanders could not have made heavy gates; they had not tools enough. Mr. van Loomis's gates were simply slats of several thicknesses of bamboo, woven together like the bamboo-hut walls and the house window slats; the thicknesses were laid together, lashed around the edges, and heavily soaked with oil; they gave just enough impediment to the water to dam it for the short while needed.

Standing on the bank, Valentine thought at first that the work went perfectly without him; men dragged or carried logs from the forest and tipped them into the pool where they floated, eddying as the water came down. Logs and water gathered in the pool, which rose higher and higher until there was a shout, the men on the trunks sprang back; the moment had come when the gates could hold no longer. Two teams of men pulled on the ropes that raised the gates in a rough frame (even bamboo, sodden, was heavy), the gates came up, and water and cut logs swirled together over the verge and down the fall, each hitting the pool below with a heavy splash and the thumping reverberating sound of wood hitting wood as they fell and whirled in the white water of the pool. Here were more men with poles, watching warily above to see no log leaped the pool. Afterward they poled the logs to the rapids before the rush of water was lost. The logs did not jam, they were cut too short, they slid down easily to the valley; there a great tree had been dragged by bullocks across the stream, making a bar against which the logs would lie, not rotting in the water, until Mr. van Loomis had need of them.

The only thing Valentine actively did was to blow his whistle, then leap from the tree trunk to the bank, and that only when he was warned by the shout, but he began to see, with Mr. van Loomis, that his presence was important. Left to themselves, the islanders would have left the logs standing as trees and contented themselves with the easily cut and worked bamboo. They did not object to work; they enjoyed the excitement of bringing down the logs and they shouted and laughed as they rolled them or wielded their long poles but, left to themselves, they would presently have squatted down on their heels for a smoke or to play marbles with pebbles. Valentine and his whistle kept their energy alert.

THE MEMORY LINGERS ON

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IT was a long time since Valentine had been made to work; he had worked, and worked hard, but not under orders, as in the army and at school. Mr. van Loomis had given him no choice but to obey his orders, and that gave Valentine a sense of rest. It was a long time, too, since he had been up so early in the morning.

Up here, on the hill, the forest smelled of dried grass and dew and flowers. It had none of the damp leaf-mold earth smell of temperate forests. From where he stood, Valentine could see orchids—*This is where they get them for the window sills*—and, down the narrow glades between the trees, in shafts of sunlight, he saw butterflies, brilliant swallowtails, and bushes of wild-coffee flowers. On the way up he had seen monkeys, parakeets and a swarm of wild bees. Though it was cool, it was unmistakably a tropical forest but, this morning, he felt part of it, merged into it.

He had woken that morning feeling the quick of the island as he had felt it even before he landed on it. He could not speak to these islanders, or they to him, but he felt at one with them, understanding and friendly. They worked naked, except for a cloth tied tightly round their waist and passing between their legs; he was only in shorts, and his skin was beginning to tan; *if I stay here, I shall soon be as brown as they are*, he thought.

As Valentine stood on the tree trunk by the sluice gates he could feel the trunk trembling under his feet; presently, with the first pull on the gates, he would feel the water stir: only its length behind it on the bank made the trunk safe from being swept down. The logs pounded in the pool, their cut ends lifting, pale against their dark bark—or brightly red. He could feel the spray on his cheeks and on his shoulders and on his hair. This was the first time on the island that he had been without the sound of the surf in his ears; he felt as if he had reached a secret place that, before, had been locked to him.

I should like to stay here, thought Valentine, *if I didn't have to go back.* Immediately the question came, *Why go back?*

He thought of that going back: of landing; of the examining of passports and health certificates and money and baggage. He thought of Tuggie coming to meet him, and his man Joe, and Wallace, his secretary. They would all have news for him, and part of it would inevitably be news of difficulties, upsets, cuts, gaps, quarrels, decisions. In that quiet place in the forest it seemed to him unbearable. *Why go back?* thought Valentine.

To live.

"That isn't life," said Valentine aloud. He felt the spray on his skin again, the trunk tingling under his feet, and heard the happy shouting. "This is life."

It's not your work.

I can't flatter myself, thought Valentine bitterly, *that my work is important*, and, as he thought that, he knew it was important for him, and the more he denied it, the more important it would become. *The theater is the heart of my mind*, said Valentine. *It's inseparable from me, and that is the truth.*

(Continued on Page 98)



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(Continued from Page 96)

and he immediately thought, *Nonsense! It's a habit, that's all: an excuse like all the excuses that keep people in prison. I want to be free. I need to be free*, cried Valentine, and the sound of the river, the cool spray, the lifting logs, the trees, the shafts of light, the glades where the sun fell, the orchids and the butterflies, all seemed to answer, reasonably, "Why not?"

Then, pell-mell, into this man's world, came Charis.

Valentine had been thinking a great deal about Charis. He wondered why he had accepted her at once. *Real live people*, thought Valentine, *ask themselves about other people, ask if they are in love. Why haven't I? Is it because I have been dreaming?* But he knew quite well he was not dreaming. Charis, this cool slim stranger, had walked easily into a place that no one had been in before, a place that Valentine had instinctively defended and kept empty. How had it happened? *It's her peculiar faculty for getting under chinks*, thought Valentine with irritation; the irritation was not worrying but stimulating; it pricked him into life; *and she isn't sweet*, thought Valentine as if that were a great virtue, and then he remembered how sweet Charis could be; *but not cloying*, thought Valentine, *sweet and sour, well arranged.* That was a strange thing to commend in a woman, but what an important part of a woman it was. *Yes, I am in danger of falling in love*, thought Valentine, *or I am near its safety.* He did not know yet which to say. *If any string is pulled it will decide it*, felt Valentine. *I only need a jerking . . .* and Charis came riding Dominion full tilt out of the forest.

She came so fast partly because of her own indignation and partly because, with Valentine's advent, she had neglected her riding and Dominion had not been out for days; the white pony, coming out of the green of the forest into a shaft of sun, was dazzling. Charis's cheeks were flaming, her eyes wider, more darkly green than Valentine had seen them. The island had no way of making breeches or riding skirts, and Charis rode in the grass skirt that the women used for road work or harvesting or fishing. The strands of the skirt divided on the saddle and hung flickeringly across her legs, showing them bare from the thigh downward; they looked slim and white to Valentine. Her bodice was the usual island scarf, tied across her breasts, leaving her waist bare, and she wore a straw hat, its brim large and turned back, its crown tied under her chin with cords. Because she was indignant with her father she had lost her paleness and reserve; Charis was Scottish born but island bred: when she was really angry and moved, she showed she was angry and moved; now she was alight with anger and pity.

"Valentine!" she cried, flinging herself off Dominion before he had stopped. "Oh, Valentine!" sobbed Charis.

"What *is* the matter, Charis?"

"Father. What is he *dreaming* of? How dare he do this to you?"

"Do what?"

"Make you work . . . f-for us. As if we—we . . . I'm so *ashamed!*"

"But I like it," said Valentine. "I'm happy. I'm enjoying it."

Her anger turned on him. "Then you oughtn't to enjoy it. You should know it isn't *fit!*" said Charis like a wildcat.

Valentine had kept his hands on her elbows. The noise of the fall and the river made it necessary for him to bend down to hear what she said. Her elbows were warm and slim in his hands, he liked the hardness of their small knit bones, the soft flesh over them; his face was close to hers, the shadows of the trees and the light behind them made small dancing sunspots on her skin, and the green of the trees made her wet eyes greener still; her lips were open and trembling. Valentine kissed her on the mouth.

The forest seemed to swing away from Charis; the river sounded loudly in her ears; she was giddy. He kissed her again.

There was a warning shout behind them. Valentine was too late to blow his whistle; he pushed Charis back, and the bank shuddered under them as the ropes strained; the gates came up and another twenty or thirty logs rode and spun over the fall. When they had gone and all the shouting was below, he turned back to Charis.

"You shouldn't interrupt when I'm at work," he said, annoyed.

"I'm sorry," said Charis meekly, but she did not look sorry.

After a moment he stood beside her, but he did not touch her; he seemed to be thinking. Charis saw how different his face looked from that first day: it looked untormented and at rest. Then he spoke.

"Charis," he said gravely, "I suppose you know that I know and have known, have been friends with, many women and girls."

"I didn't suppose anything else," said Charis coldly, but her heart began to beat so fast that it hurt her. *What is he going to tell me?* she thought. *That he is sorry he kissed me because* —— She felt hot with shame; she thought it was singularly tasteless of Valentine to boast at this moment.

"I'm not boasting," said Valentine as if he answered her. "There were very many. Some I liked very much, some I loved, some loved me. Some I thought beautiful; some I loved for no particular reason, just loved them," said Valentine abstractedly, his eyes on Charis's face.

There was silence. Charis raised her chin.

"But with one thing and another," said Valentine, apparently with not the least idea that he was affronting her, "I was lucky enough not to be tied in any way, to any of them."

"Why lucky?" asked Charis, trying to speak lightly and hating Valentine. "Why lucky, if you loved them?"

"Because now I have found you."

Charis's heart gave a jolt that made her catch her breath. Her lids came down on her eyes under the look in his.

He asked her, "Charis, you love me, don't you?"

It was some moments before she answered. "I have never seen another woman," said Charis, "except Pheasant and the islanders, of course. I have never seen a white man, except my father, till you came, but I can't imagine anyone else who would be like you." She broke off. "I shouldn't talk to you like this. Father would be angry."

"He shouldn't be angry," said Valentine. "I have been very patient with him. Did he think I should put up with him for one moment but for you? I didn't think I should turn into a river hog for you, though."

Charis did not laugh. She looked at him steadily and the green seemed to burn in her eyes. "I love you," she said. "And do you love me? You haven't told me."

"Yes," said Valentine. He bent and kissed her again.

Mr. van Loomis, who had just come up the track and was standing mopping his forehead under a tree, saw them and was glad. *Splendid*, said Mr. van Loomis, and, before he put his hat on again, he said, *God bless them!*

"But why are you crying?" Valentine asked Charis.

"Because . . . I want to give you so much," said Charis. "I want to do so much for you, and who am I? Nobody beside you. How can I ever learn enough? How can I hope to keep up with you? How can I expect what I want from you?" Then she checked herself. "But that's nonsense," said Charis firmly. "I refuse to talk like that; but please, Valentine, I want to say it plainly and then I shall never say it again: I will be anything, do anything, go anywhere, if I can be near you."

"Hush," said Valentine. "It's I who should say that to you."

"Then you love me," said Charis. She did not ask it as a question but said it, satisfied.

"Yes, I love you," said Valentine, and to him also it seemed a satisfying and peaceful fact. "I love you," he repeated.

"As a husband?" asked Charis shrewdly.

Valentine was taken aback. Here, on the island, it had not been necessary to envisage himself as a husband with Charis as a wife. *Husband, wife*, thought Valentine. He saw Charis in London, New York, Paris, and, he thought suddenly, there would be a smooth path where there had never been smoothness before; he thought of finding her in the flat when he came in tired and ruffled; *but we shouldn't have a flat*, thought Valentine, *we should find a house of our own.* No matter where he saw her, he saw her with him, with him but still Charis, still herself, and he said firmly, "I love you as a husband."

"A husband is a status," Charis reminded him. "A husband has to be something as well as do it."

"A wife too," said Valentine. He drew her closer and put his hand under her chin. "I have kissed you, Charis. You have not kissed me. Kiss me." and Charis kissed him.

Splendid! said Mr. van Loomis.

As he came down from the mountain, Mr. van Loomis walked more and more slowly. An inextricable sadness was beginning to be mixed with his triumph. *I must be getting old*, said Mr. van Loomis. That depressed him more. He sent for Filipino to rub his feet with a towel and bring dry sandals, but when his feet were dry and warm he still felt chilled.

"Everything is going splendidly, splendidly," said Mr. van Loomis aloud to buoy himself up. "Everything is turning out well." Then why should he be filled with this strange depression?

He went into his study and sat down in his revolving chair and drummed his fingers on the desk. *Time passes and children grow*

(Continued on Page 100)

* * * * * * * * *

Winter: Maternal Version

By Marjorie Lederer Lee

Oh, winter's a wonderful season:
Consider the breath-taking sight
When the sky is as blue as a bluebird,
And the road is a ribbon of white. . . .

(Stand still while I pull on your sweaters!
Head up while I fasten your cap!
Don't kick while I snap your galoshes!
Stop squirming all over my lap!)

Oh, winter's a fabulous season:
Consider the poets who sing
Of the weather as clear as an ice cube,
And the wind with the whip of a wing. . . .

(Quit eating the thumb off your mitten!
Who invented this outfit, I beg?
We shall now get undressed and start over;
You've got both of your feet in one leg!)

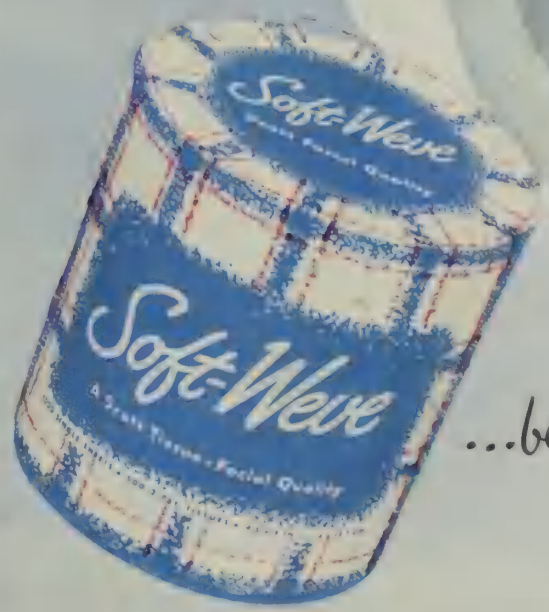
Oh, winter's a beautiful season:
Consider the glittering mass
Of the icicles hung from the willow,
And the lawn like a blanket of glass. . . .

And consider its charm for a mother
Who from morning till night fights the bout
Of stuffing her kids into snow suits
(To say nothing of digging them out!)

* * * * * * * * *

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Other Life Bras from $1.25

Life by Formfit

(Continued from Page 98)

up, thought Mr. van Loomis. *One should not be attached.* No matter how reasonably he said it, Mr. van Loomis felt unreasonably attached; all he could think of was, *Charis is gone—gone!*

"She isn't gone. Nonsense!" said Mr. van Loomis, and he said it aloud to make it more firm. "She isn't gone. She is still here, and Valentine, I believe, is settling. Given a little while longer he might even ——" He broke off. Did he mean to keep Valentine here? That was a question Mr. van Loomis had been evading in his mind. Now that uneasy Scottish conscience stirred and raised its head. "You didn't put out a signal, and when they asked you if you had you didn't tell a lie, that is true, but you gave the impression of a lie." Mr. van Loomis combed his beard through with cross fingers and then drummed on the desk again. He returned to Charis. Already she took Valentine's part against her father.

That is all the thanks I get, thought Mr. van Loomis; *to be a parent is a thankless task! Already she quotes his opinions, Charis whom I brought up to think for herself!* He thought of how he had brought her up, taught her, guided her, and then he saw again the ball for his coming of age; he saw the lights shining down on the velvet coats, the well-brushed heads, the tartans, the white shoulders; a ball should have been given for Charis, it should have culminated in that; she could have worn her pearls . . . and known they were pearls.

Instead of a ball, tomorrow night he would take her up to the temple for the full-moon rainbow dances. *What have I done?* thought Mr. van Loomis. *She has grown up without society or state or church. Have I robbed her?* Then he looked out and saw his island garden where Charis had grown, his quiet lawns and fragrant trees and the sea shimmering beyond it.

> **Years and sins are always more than owned.**
> —ITALIAN PROVERB.

All round him the morning was filled with the activities he had made; they had been his world, but now they seemed to him superficial and unimportant, as if the meaning had gone out of them. They seemed irrelevant, and he wondered suddenly if that was how they appeared to the islanders. *Am I irrelevant?* he asked himself suddenly, and he felt as humble as he had that moment in the study on the day he had hidden the Water Star.

From where he sat he could hear the sounds of water and air and fire and earth that made the island pulse, a pulse as strong and inexorable as creation, that would go on beating through time. "You come or you go," it said to Mr. van Loomis. "A few little scratches that may remain or may be wiped out," and it seemed to reprove him and say, "You have been strangely puffed up."

Mr. van Loomis was indignant. *I have worked as hard and honestly as any man.*

"When you worked as a *man* it was permissible," it said. "But that conjuring, that monkeying about with the plane and that about the stars —— If you usurp ——" Mr. van Loomis felt suddenly afraid; "usurp" was an unpleasant word. Thinking of usurping, he thought suddenly and, it seemed to him inconsequently, of McGinty. All his pent-up feeling flooded out in anger against him. *If anyone upsets my plans it will be McGinty!* he said.

He had set the islanders to watch McGinty. They watched McGinty. They saw him go out to the lighthouse, but that was to play knacker with Mario Fernandes. Sometimes, they all knew, instead of playing knacker, McGinty Tsula made a shadow play in front of the light, but that seemed to them harmless, if mad. They might have reported it, but Jéo was afraid that, if they did, Mr. van Loomis would take Mario off the light, and Jéo was courting a tall girl with springing lines and a high-held head and eyes of a warm promise who had several of the island men after her; she made Jéo wild with jealousy and longing, and he could think of nothing else. The courtship moon was nearing its full, and everyone had i portant matters to attend to. To the isla ers Mario and McGinty were not importa what they did on the light harmed no one

Mr. van Loomis did not care to th about McGinty; but McGinty was pers ent. *Persistent, puny and impudent*, said M van Loomis; now, suddenly, without wa ing, that was what he seemed to be hims *Am I a McGinty?* asked Mr. van Loomis seemed to him that in truth he was. "Ev man is every man," he had once said Charis sententiously (he saw now he h often been sententious); but it was merely sententious, it was true. *We are brothers*, said Mr. van Loomis in disgust, did not want to be McGinty's brother brother to the thick, slow, simple, bes Mario with his lusts, but he had to ad he was. *Yes, I am lustful*, thought Mr. Loomis gloomily. He was brother to quick visionary in Filipino, even kin to whom he could not fathom. Once again had the thought that Niu was the island, now he saw that for these twenty years had not been his servant, but he Niu's.

A sound at his elbow made him turn was Filipino with his tray of midmorn rum and milk. Mr. van Loomis took it drank it. He felt he needed it.

"Tsula," said Filipino.

"Go away," said Mr. van Loomis, Filipino lingered.

"Tsula, when you go away with T Valentine, what happen to us then?"

Mr. van Loomis spun round to look Filipino. "Go *away?* Why should I go awa

"Won't you go aw Tsula?"

"Don't talk nonsen said Mr. van Loo "Why should I go awa His eye fell on the n bags where they had b thrown down on the McGinty brought them in. "You stop t ing and bring me those," said Mr. Loomis severely.

When Mr. van Loomis had read the letter of the pile of papers and letters he sorted on his desk after Filipino had emp them out of the bags, he sat very quiet his chair. He drummed his fingers on desk, on his knees, on the desk. He felt they were drumming in his ears.

Presently he took up his pen and abs mindedly began to trace words on the pa front of him. He wrote the same word and over again: "Spey." *Spey!* said Mr. Loomis. He had written it like a signatu was a long time since he had signed hi that. He stared down at it and a ripp ominous cold seemed to go over him. *M go back to being that?* thought Mr. Loomis. *Could I go back?*

Over and above the steady pulse seemed to hear the sound of clicking. It a clicking of typewriters and tape mach and countless heels on busy pavement click of machinery and engines and cl *Mumbo-jumbo!* said Mr. van Loomis. *cadabra!* He knew nothing of Valent world of forms and coupons, but his gove world of wonders was much the same, a him, even more than to Valentine, it see dreadful; he dreaded it as he dreaded and politicians, politics and policies, trigues and calculations.

"No!" cried Mr. van Loomis sha aloud. "No. I can't go back. I can't."

"Tsula! Tsula!"

He lifted his head. For the last few utes a sound had been steadily growing in the room, but outside in the air. It to a near-roaring drone as Filipino rushing in, panting and glowing.

"Tsula! Tsula! It's come. It's come!"

Mr. van Loomis could hear the serv running through the house and out from kitchen, as they would be running from lages. He could hear the excited cries i garden. He sat still.

"Tsula! Tsula!"

"Go away."

"Tsula!" said Filipino firmly. "Tsu

(Continued on Page 103)

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And Mr. van Loomis had to look.

They could see the plane now out of the window. It was flying high over the sea. Mr. van Loomis made quick calculations: Valentine was in the forest; even if he heard the plane there over the sound of the river it would take him a long time to come out on any place where he could signal. Valentine was safe. But McGinty? Mr. van Loomis did not know where McGinty was; he had sent him out into the villages, but if McGinty were in a village on the hill or on the shore he could very well make a signal: he could light a fire as a beacon, wave a white cloth if the plane came near. Sweat broke out on Mr. van Loomis's neck. He sat tensely, his hands pressed on the desk, waiting, as still as if he were frozen there, but Filipino was eager and ever helpful.

"Are you thinking what to do?" asked Filipino. "Give me your keys, Tsula. I will get your gun. You can fire the gun, Tsula, and make the plane come here." Mr. van Loomis kept his gun locked away; he had not known that Filipino knew he had a gun, or indeed what a gun was. Now Filipino was saying impatiently, "Give me your keys." Mr. van Loomis had the feeling that Filipino would not have hesitated to fire off the gun himself. "Tsula, the keys!"

Filipino's voice was almost peremptory, but Mr. van Loomis only said, "Not yet."

"But if it's not yet the plane will go away, Tsula," cried Filipino.

"It's . . . too soon," said Mr. van Loomis. *If Valentine goes now all this may stop*, thought Mr. van Loomis. *He has not spoken to me yet. Nothing is arranged.* Pride rose in him, and he thought, *Well, Charis could forget Valentine,* but he knew that Charis would not; with these reserved cool girls life went deep; they did not forget, and Mr. van Loomis's resolution hardened.



"Be quiet, monkey!" he said angrily.

"Tsula, I get your gun."

"No."

"*No?*" cried Filipino again. He could not believe his ears.

"No!" said Mr. van Loomis fiercely. He did not wish to explain, but Filipino's eager eyes were on him and Filipino's lips were parted to argue with him. *This boy is becoming a nuisance!* thought Mr. van Loomis. *He is getting to be familiar, much too familiar!* He glared at Filipino so fiercely that Filipino was intimidated and was sulkily silent.

The plane did not come near the island. Why should it? It was looking for the Water Star or the wreckage of the Water Star. It dipped over the bay, turned south, circled again over the Hat, and flew away out to sea. Filipino gave a little wail. Mr. van Loomis lifted his hands from the desk with a long sigh. Where they had lain were two wet patches on the wood.

A typewritten page of the letter caught his eye. "We must also tell you," it said, "that your brother, the late earl, was about to make a gift of the castle to the nation; we were actually negotiating with the National Trust at the time of his death. He intended to keep the south rooms and tower for the perpetual use of the family. If you should want us to continue ——" *What should I do now with a castle?* thought Mr. Van Loomis. *All I am fit for is a cell.* He looked again at the letter and remembered that the turret room was in the south tower.

"My little room!" said Mr. van Loomis aloud.

Deep in the morning of log rolling and discovery with Charis, Valentine had not even heard the plane. He and Charis knew nothing about it until they came down and met the first islanders running up from the beach.

McGinty did not hear it in time. Mario had been showing him a hive of wild bees in a loop of wax and honey on a tree; the humming from it filled the little glade where they had found it at the back of one of the villages that McGinty had to visit along the shore. "Of all the rotten bits of luck," he said to Valentine afterward. "With those bees buzzing, I didn't notice anything till too late."

"What's that?" he had said suddenly, raising his head. He had shaken Mario's arm to quiet him, then he had turned and run down to the beach as if all the bees were after him. Mario ran behind him, but by the time he had lumbered through the village, McGinty had stopped running. He was lying face downward on the sand under the palms.

For a moment Mario did not understand; then he too heard that other humming and, looking, bobbing his great head at the sky, at last he saw the speck that was the airplane flying away over the Hat.

McGinty was lying still, except that every now and again his shoulders heaved. Mario watched him. McGinty looked oddly small, lying there. Was he crying? Mario moved forward and, putting his hands on his knees, bent down to look at him.

"M-McGinty? Sir?" he said. McGinty liked Mario to call him "sir," but now, "Get out!" said McGinty's muffled voice.

Mario waited, puzzled and dismayed and hurt, until McGinty sat up and pushed his hair back into its crest and wiped the sand off his cheek and chin with his hand; but there were tear marks on his face where the sand had stuck. Yes, he had been crying. Mario averted his head. There was a long silence.

"Cheer up, old boy," said McGinty, but Mario did not look up. McGinty stood up and brushed his clothes, then gave Mario a pat on the shoulder. "It's all right. I'm not angry with you," he said. "It was just bad luck. Forget it! I'll get out somehow."

He patted Mario's shoulder again. Mario wanted to be reassured, and McGinty's hand on his shoulder made him tremble with gratitude. Together they went up the beach back to the village again.

In the study, Mr. van Loomis was having a passage of arms with Filipino. The tears were running down Filipino's cheeks.

"It's gone. You let it go!" cried Filipino.

Damn the boy! thought Mr. van Loomis. *He will go and tell all this.* He saw that he must deal firmly with Filipino and he said witheringly as he had often said to Charis, "When you are grown up and know some of the things you don't know now, you will know that most men have a reason for everything they do."

"And if the reason is against other men's reasons?" Filipino flung back.

Mr. van Loomis thought for a moment of slapping him; for a moment he thought he would vent on Filipino all his anger and nostalgia and feeling of inadequacy and grief. Then he felt curiously weak and he said, "Hush."

"Hush!" cried Filipino. "I not hush!" He shook back his hair and ran out the door. Mr. van Loomis sat thoughtfully on at his desk, drumming with his fingers. Events were growing too strong for him. He, Mr. van Loomis, was gradually being outmaneuvered. He shut his eyes. He longed for peace.

It was nearly midday. The island, under the full sun, was hot and growing more languorous each moment but Mr. van Loomis suddenly shivered. He stood up, pushing his chair back so sharply that it rocked and almost fell. He could have sworn he felt, on his cheek, the chill, revivifying dampness of a Scottish mist.

(To be Concluded)

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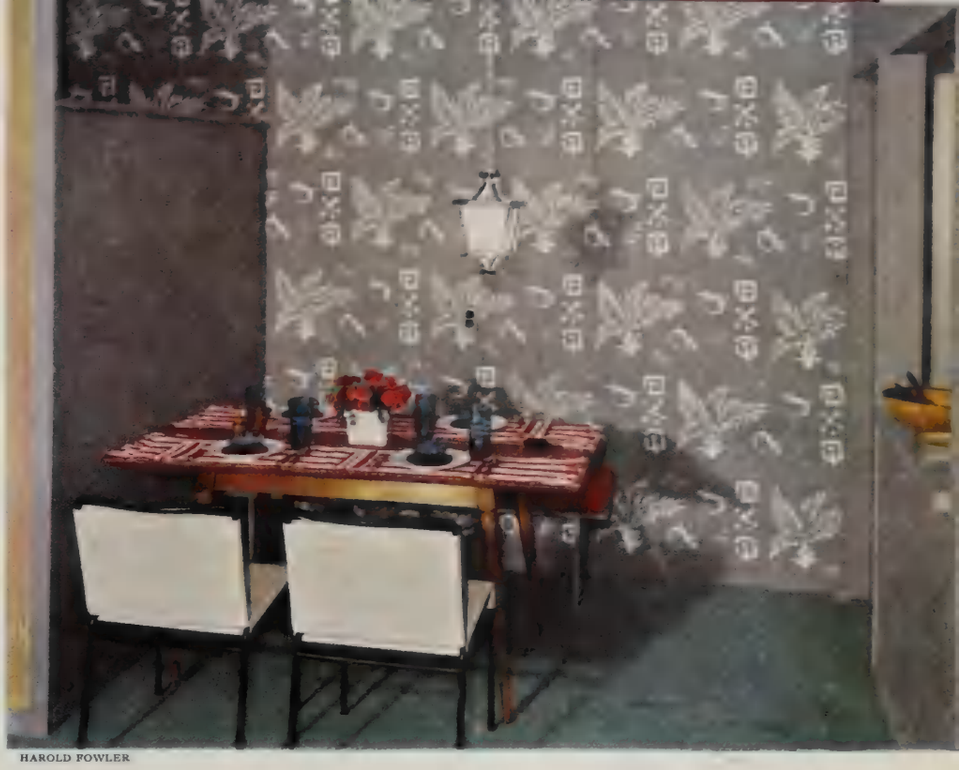
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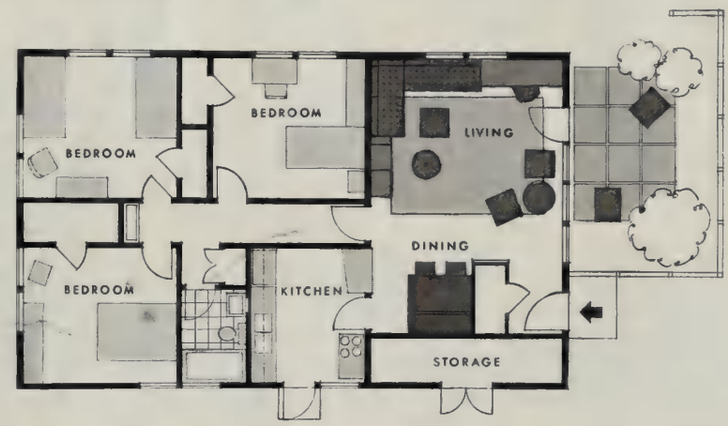
It looks as if long, lazy evenings on the corner day bed would come as high as fifth-row seats at a Broadway hit. Yet all this comfort and apparent luxury resolve themselves into two sets of bedsprings on *(Continued on Page 204)*

A cut-down mail-order kitchen unit and a flush door make the roomy modern desk (left). White bathroom or kitchen tiles, set in rubber cement, form the top of the handsome coffee table.

The walls of the dining space are stenciled for contrast. A Mexican lantern replaces the ceiling fixture. Colorful runners and napkins, cut from a Mexican *rebozo*, would add spice to any meal.



HAROLD FOWLER



Furnishings to live up to the good looks, convenient arrangement and low cost ($6950) of this Tucson, Arizona, house were something of a challenge.

The 9′ x 12′ Indian drugget rug ($37.50), the draw curtains of dyed unbleached muslin, and the Mexican water jar wired as a lamp base are ideas you can't afford to overlook.





Sally got tinsel...

Sally told her husband to get her "just anything" for Christmas. So—instead of the new carpet sweeper she needed, she got some gew-gaws she had to pretend she liked. Silly Sally!



Sue got a time-saver...

Susy came right out and said, "What I need this year is a new Bissell Carpet Sweeper. Then I won't have to plug in my vacuum cleaner every time you folks spill a few crumbs!" Smart Sue—who knew it paid to have *both!*

Only BISSELL has "BISCO-MATIC"* brush action

This miracle-action brush adjusts itself automatically to thick rugs or thin, without any pressure on the handle whatsoever! It even gets the dirt under beds, where you can't press down.

New Bissell Sweepers with "Bisco-matic" Brush Action as low as $6.95. Illustrated: The "Flight" at $9.95. Prices a little more in the West.



BISSELL SWEEPERS

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Company
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan



*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Bissell's full sweep conventional brush.

MOTHER OF THE GROOM

(Continued from Page 36)

dress and, most of all, neckties. On account of a certain November afternoon, Thanksgiving would always be more associated in Martha's mind with neckties than with turkey and cranberries.

Jimmy had been chosen master of ceremonies for the junior-high-school entertainment, welcoming guests and introducing the program. *Pretty good for eleven years old,* Martha thought, trying not to mention it too often to other mothers because she didn't have Jim, Sr., to talk to about it. He was away for one of his business trips and wouldn't be home till Thanksgiving morning.

On the great Wednesday Jimmy came home for lunch as usual, and over their soup and sandwiches he and Martha discussed the forthcoming entertainment. Did Teddy Elliot know his speech any better or would Miss Hoyle have to keep prompting him? Did Mary-Kate Porter speak up in the play or did she still whisper, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" so even John Alden himself couldn't hear her? Was there surely enough ice cream and cake for afterward, or should Martha bring some cookies?

As they finished Martha looked at the clock. "Well, run along and put on your clean shirt and jacket. I laid them on your bed. And your new necktie."

"Necktie?" said Jimmy, lowering.

"Why, of course," Martha said. "A gentleman always wears a necktie in public, and you're in plenty of public this afternoon."

"I'm not a gentleman," Jimmy said, his eyes getting their stubborn look.

Martha laughed amiably. "Maybe not yet," she said, "but we're going to make one of you eventually."

She pretended not to notice Jimmy balking at the table, and went on clearing away the dishes. Delia was off for the afternoon on account of Thursday's being Thanksgiving, and Martha figured she had just time to wash up, change her clothes and get to school by two-thirty. Running upstairs, she passed Jimmy coming down, as open-collared and tieless as the day he was born.

"You forgot your necktie," she said pleasantly.

He paused a moment and clattered past her. This would not do. This was not forgetfulness, but defiance. She ran to the front door and called after his fleeing figure:

"Jimmy Bartlett, don't you dare go to school without that necktie."

Jimmy kept on running.

Martha came back into the house. *I mustn't let him get away with this,* she told herself. *I mustn't.* She walked to the telephone and called the teacher.

"Miss Hoyle, Jimmy forgot his necktie," she said. "When he comes, tell him to come right home and get it."

SHE was still sitting an hour later with the horrid strip of silk in her hand when Miss Hoyle rang back.

"Where's Jimmy?" she asked. "It's past time to start. I sent him home for his tie as soon as he got here."

Martha had not tried to fool herself. She was frightened immediately. She remembered Jimmy's mutinous mouth and fleeing back. She got in the car and drove to all his familiar haunts and then along the road to his boat and the river. Her heart congealed as she saw the gray water slipping by and remembered newspaper stories of what adolescent boys sometimes did when they were humiliated as she had humiliated Jimmy by calling his teacher. *Why did I do it? Why? Why?* she asked herself, more and more panic-stricken as the hours went on.

At five o'clock she called Stewart Brewster, their old friend and neighbor. Stewart, being childless and a lawyer, was calm and resourceful.

"Why, the little devil," he said. "But if he's been gone this long, we'd better call Harry Case and have him notify the state troopers. They'll pick him up on the highway before he gets too far." In those days Harry Case was Riverside's sole motorcycle cop.

"The police! Oh, I can't do that," she sobbed into the telephone.

"Of course you can. That's their business," Stewart said. "I'll go talk to them. You stand by."

Martha stood by at the front gate. It was black night when she took up her vigil there, but it got darker and colder as she waited shaking, praying, and peering in every direction for a gangling, home-coming figure. No telephone rang from the house. No car stopped at the drive. Jim! He would come home for Thanksgiving and Jimmy would be lost—lost and gone forever. Martha collapsed over the gate, muffling her sobs. She couldn't let the neighbors know yet. It was bad enough for Stewart and the police to know. Delia appeared behind her with one of her periodic cups of hot coffee. But she brought more than coffee this time.

"He's to home," she whispered with gusto. "Sneaked in the back way and up the back stairs. I didn't say a word to him."

Martha flew on winged feet, but Jimmy's door was locked. It did not open until Jim came home early the next morning and rapped a cheery "Hey, kid," as he passed by.

Martha had to tell Jim about it then, but she'd had time to think things over. "Don't let's punish him. He's too big for that and I think he's ashamed enough. The way he shut himself in. And we don't want to spoil Thanksgiving—this one or any others to come. Let's have our dinner and go to the football game as if nothing had happened."

"We-ell," said Jim, who was only too glad to enjoy a well-earned holiday and who hadn't shared Martha's vigil the night before. "Whatever you say."

So there was no mention of the runaway. All day Jimmy wore a puzzled expression, wondering—very respectfully, too—what was going to happen. They ate their roast turkey and went to the football game. They came home and ate their cold turkey and finally bedtime came.

"Bedtime," Martha said casually. "Good night, Jimmy."

"'Night, old man," Jim said, barely glancing up from his paper at the overgrown body wavering uncertainly on the threshold.

"Aren't you going to say anything about yesterday?" the young voice said, hovering as uncertainly over the octave as his big puppyish feet hovered over the doorsill. "I'm sorry."

"Don't apologize to us," Jim said. "It was the school you let down. I hear the exercises were a flop."

Jimmy swallowed his budding Adam's apple, but kept his gaze on his father. "I'm awful sorry," he repeated miserably.

"Just remember all your life long," Jim said carefully. "Any time you accept a responsibility, you fulfill it. No matter what."

"I will," Jimmy had said, very true-eyed. And remembering the part he'd played at Okinawa and Leyte, Martha's eyelids prickled.

Neckties and girls. He'd hated them both. Nowadays he swiped every necktie of his father's he considered worth the effort. And he was writing, "I'd like to bring Betsy Evans home with me for the spring vacation."

THE metamorphosis, when it came, was sudden and complete. In December of his freshman year at Princeton Jimmy had written a suggestion that sent Martha into gales of laughter.

"You ask what I want for Christmas," he had written painstakingly. "I would like a new phonograph, the big record-changing kind. And a lot of new records. I enclose a list of ones I like. Then we could have a dance during the vacation. Or we could rent a juke box."

Dance. Juke box. Martha couldn't believe her ears.

"By the way," the handwriting sprawled on, "I took you up on those dancing lessons. Thirty bucks in advance. So please remit by return mail. It's a long walk home."

What's hit him? Martha wondered. But of course she knew.

For years she'd begged him to go to Miss Averill's dancing classes.

"I should say not," he'd say mulishly. "Lugging all those girls around by their middles. Getting stuck for hours too. I heard all about it. Include me out."

As he started off to college, Martha had made one last try: "Listen, son, dancing is part of being educated. When you realize that, get a really good teacher and I'll pay the bill."

He'd certainly done it. Martha rushed to the telephone to read Jim the news, and as she did so she saw the postscript:

"I bought some tails, too, while I was about it. Charged and sent for a Christmas present. Hope it's O.K."

"Never mind getting me anything either," Martha said to Jim over the phone. "Just give me a check now. A fat one. I'm going to give a dance that's a dance. A band from the

(Continued on Page 110)



"Your mother wants me to be firm with you, so—— either you're going to eat or you're not going to eat!"



New life-size TV picture. Big chest type off-the-floor cabinet with provincial legs, unique door pulls. Hand-rubbed Walnut. **Model 17F2**

CHOOSE THE RIGHT GIFT THIS EASY WAY

do your CHRISTMAS SHOPPING on this page

Motorola TV AND RADIO

TV FUN FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY



20 inch rectangular TV . . . "Golden Voice" FM/AM radio . . . 3-speed record changer . . . 2 record storage compartments—all in a stunning new cabinet. Hand-rubbed Mahogany or Limed Oak. **MODEL 20F1**



This "18th Century" cabinet has a *BIGGER* than life-size screen. Classic styling features half doors, bowed grille, antique door handles. Ideal for traditional settings! Hand-rubbed Mahogany. **MODEL 19K3**



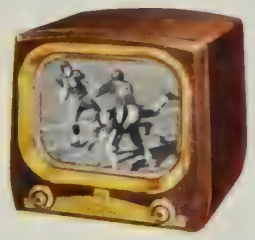
Here's a handsome cabinet that blends with either modern or traditional furnishings. Life-size *rectangular* TV . . . FM/AM radio . . . 3-speed record changer. Hand-rubbed Mahogany or Limed Oak. **MODEL 17F1**



Big life-size TV in a custom-styled console with distinctive half doors. It's a swell gift for home and family that's priced to spare your budget. Hand-rubbed Mahogany or Limed Oak. **MODEL 17K2**

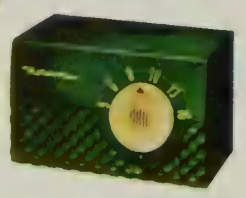


This lovely 16 inch TV console will be "at home" in any home! Pictures are photo-perfect, life-size! There's a hint of Oriental influence in the Fashion Award styling. Mahogany or Limed Oak. **MODEL 17K1**

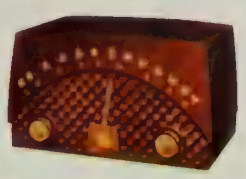


Here's BIG-PICTURE TV at a big saving! Life-size 16 inch *rectangular* screen in a streamlined table cabinet . . . Styled to blend beautifully in the modern American home. Walnut-finish Bakelite. **MODEL 17T3**

FOR FUN INDOORS



The gift with the "Golden Voice"! Compact AM radio with plenty of rugged power. Choice of six striking colors in handsome cabinet. **MODEL 5R**



Two gifts in one! Supersensitive radio plays both FM and AM with full concert tone. Exclusive "Sweep Station" Dial, beautiful styling. Brown or Green. **MODEL 7XM**

FOR FUN OUTDOORS

Portables play outdoors on own batteries . . . indoors on ordinary house current.



The "Jewel Box"—a gem of a gift! Your lady will be thrilled with its brilliant styling and performance. Ebony or Green. **MODEL 5J**



The "Playmate Jr."—gift of fun! Sturdy yet light steel cabinet takes to travel like a duck to water. Amazing tone! Green or Maroon. **MODEL 5M**

FOR MUSIC LOVERS



Finest FM AM Radio-Phonograph, featuring "Golden Voice" tone, 3-speed record changer, record storage compartments, exquisite styling. Luxury-grained Mahogany or Limed Oak. **MODEL 9FM21**

WAKE UP TO MUSIC



The new Motorola RADIO-LARM CLOCK RADIO wakes you musically each morning . . . starts your coffee . . . performs dozens of duties *automatically*. A new and "different" gift! Green, Walnut, Ivory. **MODEL 5C**



GIVE A MOTOROLA AND YOU KNOW YOU GIVE THE BEST

The happiest people this Christmas are sure to be the ones you remember with a beautiful new Motorola television or radio set. For playing Santa, there's no finer choice than a Motorola—the gift of lasting entertainment!



fashion academy award for distinctive styling

all specifications subject to change without notice


MADEIRA SUGAR SPOON — $3.00
CHIPPENDALE GRAVY LADLE — $10.00
CRAFTSMAN FLAT SERVER — $12.50
KING RICHARD COLD MEAT FORK — $13.00
OLD LACE NUT SPOON — $9.50
OLD COLONIAL SUGAR TONGS — $6.75
SILVER FLUTED PIE OR CAKE SERVING KNIFE — $10.00
CANDLELIGHT CHEESE SERVING KNIFE — $3.00
FRENCH PROVINCIAL SERVING SPOON — $12.50
RAMBLER ROSE BUTTER KNIFE — $6.50

You Know She'll like Sterling

SHE PICKED HER PATTERN HERSELF!

IT all adds up to this: TOWLE Sterling is Santa's best bet! A reasonable man can work it out: (1) She picked the pattern herself so, of course, she likes it and she always needs *more!* (2) It's beautiful and serviceable, too . . . unbeatable combination. (3) She takes real pride in her TOWLE Sterling because it's all solid silver and because it *proves* her good taste. (4) Because TOWLE can be found in the finest stores, whose names prove that a man was looking for the best . . .

It's so easy to get TOWLE Sterling. Telephone your favorite TOWLE store, give the name of her pattern and the price you want to pay. They'll suggest pieces (and prices) to you, including the brand new TOWLE serving pieces she wants so much. And every Santa Claus will find a price to suit his wallet—teaspoons cost as little as $3.40; six-piece place settings, $27.50; and serving pieces from $3.75—see the page opposite!

Whether this is her sixteenth Christmas or her sixtieth, solid silver by TOWLE is the perfect gift. The Santa Claus who starts her set, or who gives it new life and beauty by adding long-needed serving pieces or place settings, knows he's right when he gives TOWLE Sterling.

Hint to a wife:
Tell the man your pattern!

Old Master — King Richard — Candlelight — Chippendale — Old Lace — French Provincial — Rambler Rose — Silver Flutes — Old Mirror — Madeira — Craftsman — Silver Plumes — Old Colonial — many more — all solid silver by TOWLE.



TOWLE
STERLING
Newburyport, Massachusetts

Quaker Oats helps grow "STARS OF THE FUTURE"

Doctors say the more often youngsters eat a good oatmeal breakfast, the better they grow! They say that because a recent survey shows only 1 school child in 5 gets enough breakfast.

THE GIANT OF THE CEREALS IS QUAKER OATS!



A GIANT in Nutrition! To help your boy or girl become a "Star of the Future," serve good, nourishing, hot Quaker Oats often every week. Your youngsters get more growth, more energy from oatmeal than from any other whole-grain cereal!

A GIANT in Value! Penny for penny, oatmeal is the richest source of all leading types of cereals in 4 vital food elements—Protein, Vitamin B_1, Food-Energy, and Food-Iron. Yet it costs less than 1¢ a serving!

A GIANT in Flavor! It's creamy delicious! Remember, people eat more Quaker Oats than any other cereal in the world because THEY LOVE THAT QUAKER OATS FLAVOR!



Tomorrow morning serve hot

QUAKER OATS

Less than 1¢ a serving!

QUAKER AND MOTHER'S OATS ARE THE SAME

(Continued from Page 106)

city and everything. We haven't got a daughter, so this is Jimmy's debut."

The dance was a knockout. Standing by Jimmy at the country club that night, watching him greet his guests, Martha had marveled. Was this gay young blade—over six feet and still growing—her woman-hating son?

"'This can't be love because he feels so well,'" she quoted to Jim as the party got under way. "Or is it someone at college? I'd know if it was a local girl."

"Just girls in general," Jim answered easily. "Petticoat fever. Good healthy complaint."

Jimmy's years at college had been full and happy. Martha was to treasure their memory when vacations became "leaves" and you didn't dare think from one to the next.

There had been the Charity Ball when Jimmy wore his tails the first time, his first big dance. It was before his own party—and it had taken both parents and Wump to get him into them. Wump was visiting as usual. Lake Forest was fine, but Wump was generally in flight from one or the other of his divorced parents and glad to show up at Riverside where it was slower but easier sailing.

"Jimmy ties his finger in his tie every time," Wump had reported. "When he pulls it out to make the bow it all falls apart. *You* fix him, sir."

They finally had, and Martha considered the results beautiful. Evidently Jimmy was equally impressed with himself because he had hardly zoomed out the driveway when he was back again.

"Hey, dad," he yelled up the stairs, "I forgot to ask. What do I do when I sit down? Spread 'em and sit, or just sit as they fall?"

It seemed only yesterday in some ways, but in others the war made a gap so wide that everything that happened before it was clear but very tiny, as if you were looking through the wrong end of a telescope.

Martha remembered standing before the steps of Nassau Hall the spring after Pearl Harbor watching the boys take their R.O.T.C. commissions, and as Jimmy's six-foot-four head towered unmistakably above the others, Martha had felt her heart crack. *God bless them and bring them all safely back*, she had tried to pray. But she knew God would not bring them all back, so she went on saying over and over instead, *Please bring Jimmy back anyway. Anyway, Jimmy.*

But before that, during the three easy prewar years, the petticoat-fever chart had run high. Girls for football games and girls for ski week ends. Girls in Philadelphia and girls in New York. Girls for spring house parties and winter formals. At the time, Martha and Jim had thought there were too many girls and too many parties. But later they were glad for every good time. For Jimmy had hit the Pacific for the fighting that didn't bear thinking of. But he got through it someway, lived through it, and came home again.

Now he was a man grown with a man's job done and a man's control of his memories of the past and a man's eye on the future.

Not so Wump, who came back for his first visit after the war—in flight from his mother's second marriage and his father's third—just as he had left, charming, irresponsible, with the same roving, Wumpish eye.

"I can't understand it," Martha said to Jim. "He's still a male debutant. The war might never have happened."

"It didn't for Wump. He ate his heart out in San Antonio all those years. Just one of those things. Bad knee and bum luck. It's hard to tell yet about Wump," Jim answered, squinting back to World War I.

Wump had arrived the afternoon before and Martha had given a buffet supper that night for the old crowd. But so far as the guest of honor was concerned, it hadn't been a success.

"Say, isn't there a female left in this town?" he'd demanded as the door closed on the party. "I mean one that talks about anything but her engagement ring or Junior's tonsils?"

"Well, naturally the gals had to look for other interests when you disappeared," Jimmy laughed. "What d'you want? A kindergarten?"

"Yep," said Wump. "You got me. Exactly."

So, just for laughs, Jimmy had gone next door to the Pollocks' next morning and cornered Georgie, the neighborhood sheik, at breakfast. "George," he said, very man-to-man, "I've got a pal visiting me who has a taste for young blood. Any suggestions?"

GEORGIE, who had followed every move and medal of Jimmy's years in the service and longed only for a similar war, and to be six feet four to handle it, rocked back on his chair's hind legs and stared.

"You serious?" he asked.

"Dead serious," said Jimmy. "You remember Wump Everard?"

"You want me to fix you two up with a double date?"

"That's it," agreed Jimmy, hoping no other Pollocks were within earshot.

"Lemme think," said Georgie, and did so, masticating his bacon. "I tell you," he announced finally. "You and Wump come to high school this noon. We'll pick 'em as they go in the cafeteria. Any women you want," Georgie ended grandly. "Just point 'em out."

So the three of them had hidden in an empty classroom and peered out the half-closed door as the girls jostled past to lunch. At least Wump and Georgie peered. Jimmy was trying to stifle his laughter in a far corner.

"Oh, gosh. Oh, gosh," Wump moaned in ecstasy. "How can a guy choose?" Then, grabbing Georgie's arm, "There! There's mine. The blonde in the plaid dress."

"Nothing doing," said Georgie shortly. "Not that one."

"Private property, eh?" said Wump respectfully. "All right. All right. That one then. The redhead. Wow! How about her?"

"Wow's the word. That's Kitten Boyd. And she'll jump at a date with an older man. Let's go."

Jimmy wiped his streaming eyes. "You two go," he said, "and just tell Kitten to pick out something over five feet tall for me. I'm having lunch with dad at the bank."

He was still laughing when he told Martha about it.

"Wump can't face an evening without something soft, warm and furry by him," he said. "Silly, isn't it?"

"You'll fall harder than that someday," Martha had smiled back. But of course "someday" was years off.

Said the lady, shaking hands with the preacher after the service: "Wonderful sermon! Everything you said applies to somebody or other I know."

After the war Jimmy had gone back to Princeton for a year's postgraduate before law school, but it wasn't quite the old carefree fun hunt. With Jimmy's record, he'd got home among the first and it still seemed a miracle to find himself back in the ivied academic walls. Work was the thing, with three years lost and law school still to come; never mind the dames, he said. But of course he couldn't help noticing they were around. There was the girl from Boston, for instance. Jimmy had gone all the way up for her coming-out party that fall, which sounded serious to Martha, but Jimmy had only laughed when she questioned him.

"Just a good party," he said. "Practically the whole club went. We were sleeping all over the house."

So the Bostonian passed and by February he was wearing out his tires between New Jersey and Vassar. Martha never saw that girl. What was her name? But with the spring came this Betsy person. Jimmy had written about meeting her:

"I went to Bob Saunders' for dinner last night. He married a girl from Baltimore, lots of fun. She had a cousin, Betsy Evans, for the week end. She asked me to come down

(Continued on Page 113)



When he's cold... you know what to do

BUT WHEN HE'S NERVOUS AND UNDERWEIGHT WHAT DO YOU DO TO HELP HIM?

Mother, he needs your round-the-clock help to keep healthy.

Many thin, nervous children are "well-fed," but ill-nourished. They may get lots of food, but not always enough of the *right kind.* Such children obviously need special care in the selection of the foods they eat.

A mother should always remember that every child needs, proportionately, 2 to 3 times as much of certain food elements as an adult. These food elements include protein, calcium, iron, vitamins C, B_1, niacin and riboflavin. These may be called the "spark plugs" of robust health and vitality and a child needs plenty of them. A lack of one or more *can* cause a slump that could easily lead to even more serious trouble. And—please note this—they are the very ones most apt to be deficient in average meals.

In *theory*—an adequate family diet can be provided by serving a wide variety of carefully selected foods, thereby obtaining all the essential elements. And this every mother should strive to do.

In *practice*, however—this is hard to do, because of the many problems of food buying, seasonal shortages, storing and cooking, and the wide differences in individual tastes and requirements within the family.

And so, today—busy, intelligent mothers employ a sound and simple method in approaching this problem. They use a *supplementary food* like Ovaltine.

Ovaltine is a rich supplementary food that fills in the gaps, the chinks, and the loopholes that may occur even in "good" meals. Ovaltine, mixed with milk, contains practically all the vitamins, minerals, and high-quality protein necessary to bring such meals up to the full requirements of a growing child.

So why don't you join the host of other mothers in this program for better health through better nutrition. Give 2 to 3 servings of Ovaltine daily in addition to regular meals. Then you can be sure *you* have done just about everything you can do to insure proper nutrition for your child.

NOTE: *Ovaltine has a remarkable appeal for children who refuse to drink plain milk, and it is especially processed for easy digestion.*

READ WHAT FOOD-VALUES

YOU GET IN OVALTINE

MIXED WITH MILK

HIGH-QUALITY PROTEIN—essential in building body and nerve cells.

HIGH-ENERGY FOOD—needed for keen vitality.

IRON—necessary to maintain good red blood.

VITAMIN B_1—required for good appetite, digestion and healthy nerves.

VITAMIN C—necessary for healthy gums and all connective tissue throughout the body

VITAMIN D, CALCIUM & PHOSPHORUS—all needed for straight, strong bones, good teeth.

VITAMIN A—a deficiency prevents normal growth—affects vision—may cause night blindness.

NIACIN—for normal functioning of nervous system and digestive tract.

VITAMIN G (Riboflavin)—essential to normal growth—and health of eyes and skin.

OVALTINE

THE PROTECTING SUPPLEMENTARY FOOD-DRINK

Upside down ... but the downside's tops!

Those swirls of fresh goodness are the world's most famous cream cheese... Philadelphia Brand



2 POPULAR SIZES

3 OZ. famous since 1880

½ LB. saves you as much as 12%







FINE SNACK FOR SMALL FRY. Fresh, crisp graham crackers, nutritious Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese, jam or jelly, and a glass of milk. That will hold those hungry youngsters over till dinnertime!

JUST LUSCIOUS—



That upside-down cake you're so proud of . . . whether you make it by grandmother's time-tested "receipt" or with one of the handy modern prepared cake mixes, here's a simple, final touch that will make it taste richer and better than ever. *Top it with fresh Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese!*

Soften "Philadelphia" ever so slightly by working in a wee bit of milk; whip till light and fluffy. Fill your pastry tube and garnish the cake with a scallop of this delicate, creamy-white cheese. Put a rosette in each apricot around the edge. And be sure to cut big slices or you will most certainly be smothered with requests for seconds.



WATCH OUT—

Don't take just any cream cheese when what you want is Philadelphia Brand. Other cream cheeses are in similar wrappers but they can't bear this brand name or bring you this quality famous since 1880. Philadelphia Brand is so superior it outsells all other brands of cream cheese combined. So always look for and insist on genuine Philadelphia Brand.

There's only one "Philadelphia" Cream Cheese... the brand that's made by **KRAFT** *and guaranteed fresh!*

(Continued from Page 110)

or the Annapolis boat races later. Maybe I will."

He had, and Betsy had been back to the Saunderses' several times before that, but it was all so casual Martha hardly noticed. She had been through more torrid affairs. Even when Jimmy invited Betsy up for commencement and she sat with Martha and Jim, Martha didn't give it much attention. Ellen Saunders sat with them, too, because Bob was graduating and they were all going back to the club for lunch, so it was the natural thing.

Afterward, she'd asked Bob if he thought Jimmy was serious about Betsy.

"Oh, you know Jimmy," Bob answered. Love 'em and leave 'em."

And so it seemed. Jimmy had taken a summer job in Buffalo and gone to Columbia Law School in the fall. Not much time for social life, he wrote home. Oh, a couple of football games, of course.

"I took Betsy Evans," he reported about one of them. "It seems she has relatives in New York too. You know these Maryland girls. Kissing cousins everywhere." Martha had smiled vaguely.

But here was the letter. "Please, mom, write her a very special invitation." Under Jimmy's schedule the spring holiday was only a few days. Still, it was a different invitation from a week end. She was being asked for the whole vacation. Martha read the letter a third time and her heart began to pound.

She closed her eyes to remember how Betsy looked. And to her surprise she could. Exactly. Even the pretty cowlick where her brown hair curled upside down over her left temple, her extraordinarily tiny soft waist, her penchant for plaids and ballet slippers.

Coming here. To visit, she told her still-banging heart. *With Jimmy. And you, Martha Bartlett, know why. She's coming here,* Martha's practical brain picked up the message and sent it on, changing the emphasis. *Here. To this house.*

Her eyes flew open, circled the hall, flashed through the living room, and recalled only too clearly the dining room beyond.

"It's so *shabby*," she said, shocked into speaking aloud. "The wallpaper's faded and the curtains are worse. I didn't even dare have them cleaned last fall. I knew they'd fall apart. And the poor old sofa ——"

Of course she'd let everything go during the war. It hadn't seemed important even if she could have got materials. But things had been sort of running down before that. She'd said it was because the house was always full of boys. Let them enjoy themselves and put their feet on things. But actually she had stopped noticing the rooms. She had probably stopped noticing when Delia got married and was never replaced. Jimmy was at prep school by then and there were only the two of them. It had been easy to bump along and let things go.

THEY'D gone all right. Look at Jim's chair all sagged down and a hole in the arm where he'd gone to sleep with a lighted cigarette. She'd been balancing a piece of lace and an ash tray over it for three or four years now. And those lamp shades! Mercy! She'd never liked them. She couldn't let a girl—*any* girl, let alone a prospective daughter-in-law—find Jimmy's home in this state. She couldn't stand it herself. Not another minute.

Not another minute. How much time did she have, actually? She rushed to the kitchen calendar. Less than three weeks—nineteen days, to be exact—before Jimmy's vacation began. On her way to the calendar, Martha passed the telephone. She really ought to call Jim, and tell him the news, but she hadn't time. Her eyes roved. Impossible to paint and paper, which was what was really needed, but curtains and slip covers would cover a multitude of sins. Florence Allen, the dressmaker, was no professional, but she would do in a pinch, and somebody had told Martha you could have curtain material cut to accurate lengths in the store. Florence could certainly put in heads and hems after that. If she could just find something cheery ——

In fact, she'd better drive right into the city this morning and look for it, stopping only to write her note to Betsy first. If she found the material today, Florence could get to work tomorrow. Florence had machine-stitched Jimmy's diapers in the days when you owned your own; shortened his first pants and lengthened his later ones. She'd drop everything when she heard about this.

MARTHA hummed happily as she untied the package. She hadn't wasted time having it sent, because she'd found the very thing. Lovely English linen in glowing colors on an off-white ground. She hadn't seen anything so good since before the war, and they'd cut it for her carefully at the store by the old curtain she had taken in, allowing the right number of extra inches for hems and so forth. So obliging and interested. The linen was so heavy, it didn't really need lining, so Florence could surely manage it.

"*Everything's coming my way,*" Martha hummed. She was always a few years behind with her humming tunes. She held up a length of the material and gazed at it admiringly. The colors which had looked so beautifully handblocked in the store suddenly seemed rather bright. Of course that was because it wasn't properly draped and gathered. Still humming, she fetched the folding stepladder from the kitchen, took down the curtain behind Jim's chair and hung a length of the new fabric over the fixture, and another over the sagging chair. She stepped back to admire the effect, but no admiration came. The white background jumped forward at her from the tired springs and the colors battled with the tired wallpaper. Martha walked out of the room and came back hoping to surprise the stuff back to its original beauty, but it didn't work. The cheerful English flowers were as ill at ease as before.

"Where's Ethel?" Martha cried, making for the telephone. Friend Ethel, who still read all the magazines as religiously as if she were still in that decorating house in New York; Ethel, who was still the volunteer decorator for half of Riverside. Martha had tried to reach her that morning before she went to town, but the telephone had not answered.

Ethel answered this time and came on the run. "Why, that's nice," she said, fingering the linen respectfully. "Where did you find it? I couldn't have done better myself."

Martha brightened a little. "I thought it was pretty, too, but now I've got it home it doesn't look right."

"Why, of course it doesn't. Unless you do the whole room over—which, heaven knows, it's needed for years. Now suppose we ——"

"I'll never tell anyone what that stuff cost a yard," Martha moaned. "And all cut to lengths, too, so it can't possibly be returned—

NEXT MONTH

SOME people love dogs. Some can take dogs or leave them alone. Some want to growl first when they see a dog. But here, for everyone, are the heart-warming adventures of George and Helen Papashvily, who made devoted friends of four-footed ladies and gentlemen and saw them through the trials of birth and death, of growing up and learning about people.

This is not just a story about dogs; it's a story about happiness as a way of life. "If only it could be that simple," people say. But happiness *is* simple. For this delightful couple, happiness is no more complicated than the beat of an intelligent dog's heart.

Thanks to Noah

By George and Helen Papashvily

Complete in the January JOURNAL, condensed from the book soon to be published by Harper & Brothers.





■ When rheumatic pain has you ready to scream...*quick*...reach for Absorbine Jr.!

This famous soothing liniment comes to your rescue *fast*—goes to work as soon as you apply it with two wonderful pain-chasing actions:

First, it quickly soothes those aching sore spots! Second, it counters the irritation that causes the pain with ■ grand, warming effect!

Keep Absorbine Jr. ready for the next time rheumatic pain strikes at you. Only $1.25 a long-lasting bottle wherever drugs are sold.

W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.



even if I had strength enough. I think I'll just go to bed until after vacation is over. You can write the Evans girl I've died."

Ethel ignored this nonsense. "With that material," she said, "I'd paint the living room a good oyster white to match the background. It'll transform the place. But the hall and dining room need wallpaper. I saw a scenic in town the other day that ——"

"Don't be crazy," said Martha. "It takes months to get painters and paper hangers. Everyone says so, and ——"

"Not if you *try*," said Ethel crisply. "Let me see. I think your best bet is Ike Levandowski. He's working at Julie Mapes' now and I don't mind hauling him off that job because I told Julie about him. And Julie'll be glad to help you out when she hears why, anyway. It'll take Ike more time to scrape off the old paper than it will take us to find the right thing to put back on. You be ready to leave for town about ten tomorrow."

And so it had been done. There were times during the next two weeks when Martha was sure Betsy Evans would arrive to find a torn-up mess, times when she wished the house back in its old shabby comfort; but finally it was done. In fact, since Ike Levandowski was a lover of romance, he finished with a couple of days' leeway. "To get the paint smell out before comp'ny," Ike said, winking. Martha and Ethel used the time for other purposes too. They hung the new curtains and put on the new slip covers.

"Not quite professional," Ethel said, eying them coldly. "If I'd known sooner ——"

The morning before the great evening Martha had taken Jim for a tour of the first floor.

"I always think," she said, in a very Ethelesque voice, "that a good house calls for good colors and materials."

"Very nice," said Jim.

"Don't say a word," Martha begged. "I know how you feel about curlers, but you have to stand them tonight. I can't spend half tomorrow morning in a beauty shop with all I have to do."

Jim was already in bed. He glanced up from his magazine. "You're too pretty for beauty shops," he said. "But what's all this about tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow! Why, you know perfectly well tomorrow is the day that ——"

"That Jimmy and Betsy Evans are coming," Jim joined her, mimicking and making it a duet. "What a fuss over one lone girl."

"She's not lone. That's the point."

"You feel awfully sure about that," Jim responded, laying down his magazine and paying attention at last. "Why?"

"Well, it's the longest he ever had one girl. And bringing her up here the whole holiday. He never did that. What else can I think?"

"Would you mind?" Jim asked gently, drawing her head onto his shoulder, curlers and all.

"Of course not," Martha answered rather loudly.

"Then what are you worrying about?"

"I'm not," said Martha. "Put out the light, please, though."

There was a long silence.

"Yes, I am," Martha confessed finally. "I'm worrying for fear she won't like us."

The executive, who had been dozing off, awoke. "Seems to me more important whether we like her," Jim said. "She's on the selling end."

"You couldn't be wronger," Martha contradicted ungrammatically. "If she doesn't like us and they marry, we'd never see anything of Jimmy again. He wouldn't come home and she'd tell him we're back numbers. We are, you know, and ——"

"We are not. And don't borrow trouble. You got along together all right before, didn't you? And they aren't even engaged yet or Jimmy would have told you. They may have a fight on the way up. She may be secretly engaged to Wump and her family disapprove—no wonder—so Jimmy is helping them elope. She may ——"

"Oh, go to sleep," said Martha, laughing.

It was late afternoon. Martha sat in the wing chair by the living-room bay window, a deep satisfaction pervading her. The chocolate cake was moistly perfect and the seven-minute icing was right, slightly crusty on top, soft and thick underneath. The ham was baking in its coat of brown sugar and cloves and the yams—she'd been lucky to get real red ones—were ready for glacéing. With creamed spinach and mushroom sauce, it was Jimmy's home-coming dinner since his prep-school days. There was, as always, strawberry ice cream to go with the chocolate cake.

The house looked nice. She hoped Jimmy either would not notice the new decorations or would pretend they had always been there.

She had set the table with her best gold-banded china and she'd forced some forsythia which had actually come out for a centerpiece. Florist flowers would have been too obvious, she decided. She had had a leisurely bath and dressed slowly, and it was still only four o'clock. No wonder, considering the time she got up.

"What's the matter now?" Jim had grumbled to the dawn. "Something else to do before Princess Margaret Rose gets here?"

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Song

By Elizabeth-Ellen Long

Beside the Thames or by the Don,
In ancient Rome and Babylon,
In every dwelling place of man
The world around since time began

Small boys have homeward gone,
all grins,
Torn clothes and dirt and banged-up
shins
To mothers whose sharp tongues
denied,
As ours do now, the love and pride

They felt, as we, for little lads
Who like their no less winning dads
Are but the dearer for the sake
Of all the woman's work they make!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

And he'd turned over for another couple of hours' sleep.

He didn't get them. Martha, frisking down the hall to the bathroom, had stopped in dismay at the door. One bathroom! How small-towny! How absolutely antediluvian! All four of them dashing into and out of it like a boardinghouse. She turned and ran back to the bedroom.

"Jim," she wailed, shaking him, "there's only one *bathroom!*"

Jim opened one eye. "No kidding," he said coarsely. "Sure you counted right?"

"But it's such a *family*-looking one," Martha said miserably. "The bathtub has *feet*."

"Get Ethel to come paint its toenails red," Jim said. "And the what's-it sky-blue-pink. And *don't you move my shaving things*," he roared after her, because Martha had already disappeared again and he could hear disturbing clinks and bangs in the distance.

Well, there's one sure thing, Martha vowed, frantically stowing bottles and gear in the medicine cabinet and linen closet and praying Betsy wouldn't have occasion to open either one, *I'll have another bathroom before she ever comes again. With a mirror dressing table and a glassed-in shower and anything else I can think of, so she'll forget this antique.*

"They can't possibly get here before six," Jim had said at breakfast. "It's a long drive and they won't start before nine at the earliest. You know girls."

"They may. I'll be ready just in case," Martha had answered. So here she was watching the driveway hours ahead of time.

The window overlooked the side yard as well as the drive, the yard where Jim's boyhood gang had congregated and grown up. It looked, Martha suddenly realized, rather bare and down-at-heel. She had never planted any shrubbery there.

"How can boys kick footballs and slide bases in a yard full of bushes and bird-baths?" she had said. "Boys are more ornamental than shrubs anyway." That had been when she still hoped to provide a good part of the ball teams herself. But when Jimmy proved to be a one and only, she'd comforted herself by filling up the place with the neighbors' boys.

That bald place in the corner was where the gang's first clubhouse had been. Later they'd demolished it, and used the lumber to build the tree house that still perched on the limbs of the big elm by the garage.

"That tree house ought to come down," Jim had said more than once. "The boards will blow down sometime and hurt somebody."

"Then you climb right up and nail them tighter. Remember how the boys used to lower the bucket for their lunch sandwiches? I think of peanut butter every time I pass that tree. Don't you dare break up the house."

The grass was particularly sparse and bumpy in the middle of the yard. That was where the miniature golf course had been. Martha laughed. She hadn't thought of it for years.

She had come home late from a bridge game, rushing because it was Delia's day off and she had to get dinner, so she left the car in front of the house instead of driving it to the garage as usual, and she hadn't seen the side yard. She missed her long-handled soup ladle first, then the colander, and finally her favorite ring mold, before she began to notice how strangely bare the pan closet was. And how unusually noisy the yard was.

Those monkeys! she stormed, reaching for the egg beater, which also wasn't there. *What have they been up to? I'll tell them a thing or two!* She started for the back door, fire in her eye, and met Jimmy coming in, his face one wide grin.

"Come look, mom!" he shouted. "Come out back and see our midget golf course. Trickiest one in town, better'n the pay ones. We—we borrowed a few of your things for it."

Light dawned on Martha. "I should say you did, James Bartlett, and you can go right out there and bring back my kitchen utensils this minute!"

But at the sight of the bridges made by long-handled spoons and ladles spanning upside-down pots; at sight of the water hazards in dishpan and roaster, her spatula turned to a springboard and her waffle iron to a trap, she had melted in a burst of laughter.

"It's wonderful," she said sincerely to the circle of eager grubby faces. "Where's a ball? Let me try it."

"You spoil them," Jim had said, surveying the scene.

"Not when they've done something really good," she said. "You can buy new pots and pans, but ideas are important."

She had retrieved only her big Sheffield well-and-tree platter. Looking back, she felt mean to have done even that. They wouldn't have hurt it much. The craze was short-lived.

Martha picked up her knitting again. She could knit with her eyes shut. Nothing would get past, up the driveway, without her seeing it. Jim had been so offhand. "Call me if they get here before I do," he said, "and I'll come home if I can." . . . *If he could*, with his probable daughter-in-law being driven the length of the Empire State to visit him.

She got up restlessly and wandered out to the hall mirror. Did she have on enough lipstick, or too much? The curlers had done only fairly well, but as long as she had on a red dress she would look all right to Jimmy. Funny how he loved it. It really wasn't her color. She had seen him off after his last leave in a little red hat, waving and smiling from the station platform until the train was out of sight, determined to give him a gay picture to take away with him. He'd come home

(Continued on Page 119)

it's *Dove Skin*® *Undies*



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NOW! Betty Crocker's STIR-N-ROLL Biscuits

The One Great New

GUARANTEED* to give you richer, flakier biscuits with a wonderful tender crispy crust...*top and bottom*!

THE REASON? Wesson Oil with Gold Medal Flour in this amazing new easy STIR-N-ROLL Biscuit Recipe

RICHER! These wonderful delicate golden-crusted biscuits are richer and flakier than we ever baked before. You make them with a revolutionary new recipe developed by the Betty Crocker Staff of General Mills. And they're so easy to make that even a beginner can bake perfect biscuits the very first time.

EASIER! Far quicker than other home mixed recipes. Here's why. There's no cutting in shortening. You simply pour Wesson Oil with milk into dry ingredients and stir. No floury mess to clean up. Roll or pat out the dough on waxed paper.

SURER! Here are the reasons. First—this amazing new, easy Betty Crocker STIR-N-ROLL Biscuit Recipe has been tested and retested to perfection. Second—you use fine, dependable Gold Medal Flour and light, pure Wesson Oil. This great team makes STIR-N-ROLL Biscuits more tender—gives them a delicate crispy crust, top and bottom.

Gold Medal's splendid all-purpose baking qualities help assure you of success in all your bakings every time. Gold Medal *"Kitchen-tested"* Enriched Flour is uniform from sack to sack . . . month to month. You can count on every cupful —every time!

Mild, light Wesson Oil is *so* easy to measure accurately! Pure vegetable Wesson Oil stands up under highest baking heat—your biscuits are readily digestible every time. Wesson Oil is famous, too, for Chiffon Cakes, STIR-N-ROLL Pastry, delicious salad dressings and for frying.

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***GUARANTEE:** Full cost of ingredients refunded if biscuits made with Betty Crocker's new STIR-N-ROLL recipe, Gold Medal Flour and Wesson Oil, are not superior to biscuits made with any other recipe. Simply itemize cost of ingredients used and send with your letter to General Mills, Dept. 262, 623 Marquette Avenue, Minneapolis 2, Minnesota.*

General Mills

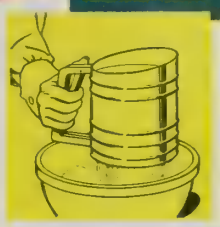
Gold Medal Flour

America's No. 1 All-Purpose Flour

Biscuit Recipe OF ALL TIME!



START WITH GOLD MEDAL FLOUR...WESSON OIL...COLD MILK

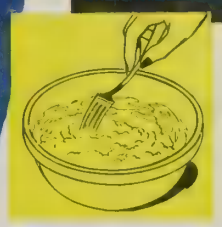


Sensational Recipe! Here's all you need. Just these simple ingredients; *Gold Medal Flour*, milk, salt, baking powder, and *Wesson Oil*.

- *Sift dry ingredients into bowl!*



NO CUTTING IN SHORTENING...JUST MEASURE WESSON OIL WITH MILK



No guessing! Wesson Oil is so easy to measure. Simply measure Wesson Oil and milk together in cup.

- *Pour all at once into the flour mixture! Stir with fork!*



Betty Crocker's STIR-N-ROLL BISCUITS

Make rolled, patted or dropped biscuits with this recipe



ROLLED BISCUITS | PATTED BISCUITS | DROPPED BISCUITS

Preheat oven to 475 degrees.

Sift together.....
- 2 cups *sifted* GOLD MEDAL Flour
- *3 tsp. double-action baking powder
- *1 tsp. salt

Pour into a measuring cup (*but don't stir*)
- ⅓ cup Wesson Oil
- ⅔ cup milk

Then pour all at once into the flour.

Stir with a fork until mixture cleans sides of bowl and rounds up into a ball. Smooth up by kneading about ten times, without additional flour. With the dough on waxed paper, press out ¼ inch thick with hands or roll out between waxed papers. Cut with unfloured biscuit cutter. Bake 10 to 12 minutes on ungreased cooky sheet in very hot oven (475 degrees). Makes about 20 medium-sized biscuits.

Note: If doubling or tripling recipe, measure oil and milk into bowl, then pour all at once into flour.

SUCCESS SECRETS

1. For a thicker biscuit, roll dough ½ inch thick.
2. For nice straight sides, use sharp edged cutter and cut straight down into dough without twisting.
3. For biscuits with smooth tops, roll out dough between two sheets of waxed paper.

**If you use GOLD MEDAL Self-Rising Flour, omit baking powder and salt.*

IMPORTANT: **This sensational new Betty Crocker recipe developed exclusively for GOLD MEDAL FLOUR and WESSON OIL**

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AND Wesson Oil

America's No. 1 Salad Oil

BUY-LINES

AN ADVERTISING PAGE

WANT TO LOOK LIKE AN ANGEL at all the holiday parties? Well, you can't if your hair is dry, brittle and unruly from using drying shampoos . . . so let me urge you again to switch to new KREML Shampoo today. What's so different about it? Many things . . . to begin with, it has a natural oil base. That's why it coaxes your hair to silken softness . . . leaving it angelic to style and manage. But that's not the only blessing of KREML Shampoo . . . its magic new ingredient "Folisan" has special cleansing qualities . . . brings out all the natural highlights in your hair and leaves it fairly glistening with glossy sheen. Whatever your hair style, KREML Shampoo will bring out new beauty and brilliance . . . but it's simply a must if you're trying to train it along the new longer hair-dos. However, only seeing is believing . . . so give your hair this new beauty treatment today and see if you don't look like an angel.



DECK THE HALLS WITH BOUGHS OF HOLLY... but be sure you're pretty as a picture when you "grace" the holiday scene. And you will be if you depend on CO-ETS for *all* your beauty needs . . . for these little fluted cotton squares answer every need to perfection. Reason is this . . . they're soft as down and petal-smooth . . . yet amazingly absorbent, too. That's why a CO-ET is your best bet wherever beauty is served . . . for applying make-up, astringents and foundations . . . *plus* removing creams, excess rouge and powder, nail polish and endless other uses. And remember . . . the first essential for a radiantly beautiful skin is correct cleansing. Like this:



Twice daily apply cleansing cream lavishly and smooth into your skin thoroughly with gentle, upward strokes . . then remove with a CO-ET. Follow with a good skin freshener applied with a new CO-ET.

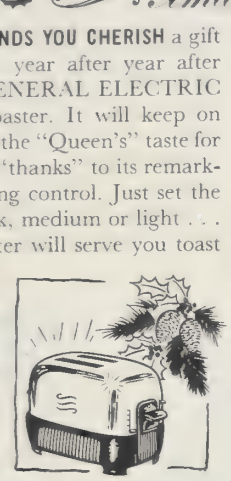
The cost of CO-ETS? Only 33¢ for the large economy package with 80 fluted cotton squares . . . at all Drug and Cosmetic Counters.

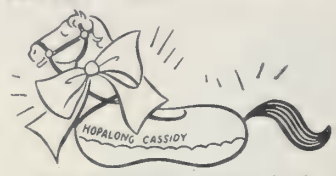


ONCE again it's the Christmas Season . . . a time of special menus, generous gift budgets and the bright gaiety of Yuletide decorations. But before I wish you a happy holiday and a very Merry Christmas, let me remind you that to enjoy the true spirit of Christmas . . . you must give generously of yourself! So wear your warmest smile and let your good will brighten every moment . . . from the time you tie your first beribboned package until the bells ring out in welcome to the New Year.

Xmas Hints

GIVE THE FRIENDS YOU CHERISH a gift they'll cherish year after year after year . . . a GENERAL ELECTRIC Automatic Toaster. It will keep on giving toast to the "Queen's" taste for a lifetime . . . "thanks" to its remarkable new timing control. Just set the control to dark, medium or light . . . the G-E Toaster will serve you toast *when* and *how* you want it. That's no exaggeration . . . it keeps the toast down or pops it up . . . only when you, the family and breakfast are ready. It doesn't matter whether you toast one slice or 20, either . . . it will always be exactly the way Y-O-U like it. Its wonderful Snap-in Crumb Tray is something to rejoice over, too . . . simply snap it out, brush it off and snap it in again! With all these marvelous features, you'll want to be on the receiving end of a GENERAL ELECTRIC Automatic Toaster as well as the giving end . . . so better whisper in your own Santa's ear while there's still time. Just $22.95 at your G-E Dealer's.





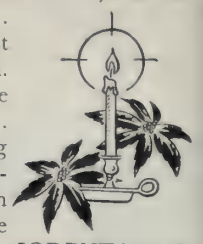
When the stockings are hung by the chimney with care
The gift a child wants most should surely be there.

And that's Hopalong Cassidy's horse *Topper*, the first really new play horse in a generation and the new favorite among young "westerns". *Topper* is made of rugged white VINYLITE Brand Plastics by U. S. Fiber & Plastics Corp., Stirling, N. J., is easy to inflate and loads of fun in and out of the water . . . with plastic bridle, realistic tail and adjustable shoulder straps to fit any youngster from 3 to 12. And "thanks" to VINYLITE Brand Plastic, a product of Bakelite Division, Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation, *Topper* is lightweight and buoyant . . . yet so tough, it's resistant to cracking and abrasions . . . *and* is waterproof, mildew-resistant and easy to wipe clean with a damp cloth. I don't know anything that promises more year round fun for young cowpokes . . . yet *Topper* costs only $3.95.

HERE'S A TIP FOR CHRISTMAS that will add glamour to any gift! Wrap your presents in colorful CELLOPHANE—to brighten the holiday season . . . to give your gifts that Cinderella look! It's easy, too. All you need are colored sheets of DU PONT CELLOPHANE, and some CELLOPHANE tape and ribbon. For an extra flair, you can make pompons with a handful of colored CELLOPHANE drinking straws. Just tie a string around the middle, pull it tight, and watch the shimmering straws fan out into a smart "decorator" effect. And use CELLOPHANE tape to hang Christmas cards on your tree and mantel. And for your tree or around the house, bells, garlands, streamers and snow—all made of sparkling CELLOPHANE—give your holiday scene a special look! Make yours a CELLOPHANE Christmas—but shop early—for the stock of CELLOPHANE in your local store may not last long.



SAFETY FIRST, last and always is the IODENT creed . . . it's made by a Dentist to *safeguard* your teeth. Now you can smoke and smile, too . . . twice daily brushing with IODENT Toothpaste gives your teeth sparkling brilliance and fights tooth decay. IODENT is made in two textures . . . which means you can select the toothpaste best suited to your needs: *IODENT No. 1 for Teeth Easy to Bryten (especially for children). IODENT No. 2 for Teeth Hard to Bryten (particularly for smokers).* Yes, IODENT No. 2 erases smudge, even smoke smudge, with absolute safety . . . has a delightful flavor that lingers and sweetens your breath. While IODENT No. 1 with its new flavor children love is the only toothpaste with a gentle action especially for young, growing teeth. So get IODENT to safeguard your family's smile with *safety* . . . only 43¢ for the BIG family-size tube. If you prefer IODENT with Ammonium Compounds which also fight decay, get No. 1-Plus-A and No. 2-Plus-A at the same low price.



'TIS THE SEASON TO BE JOLLY . . . but you won't feel like joining in the fun if painful feet put a damper on your holiday "spirit"! So let me give a suggestion . . . get a pair of DR. SCHOLL'S Air-Pillo Insoles and slip them into your shoes. You'll feel like you're walking on air . . . for they're made of Latex Foam (actually *90% air!)* and are air-ventilating air-cushions that float your feet from toe to heel in heavenly, walking ease. I wager your feet will jump for joy . . . because these Air-Pillo Insoles not only relieve painful callouses, burning, tenderness and sore heels, but offer a wonderfully soft, restful bed for your feet . . . ease pressure on nerves and arteries in the feet. You'll find DR. SCHOLL'S Air-Pillo Insoles at your Drug, Shoe, Dept. and 5-10¢ store in practically all sizes and colors . . . white for men and in white, red, black, brown, gray and green to harmonize with women's open-toe and open-heel dress, sport and casual shoes.



PLAN YOUR YULETIDE FEAST to include all the dishes your family lists as favorites . . . then "invite" a CAVALIER to add the perfect finishing touch to your celebration. I think you'll be truly thankful for this tip, too . . . for this distinctive, new, king-size cigarette is winning new friends (and *keeping* them!) day after day. And it isn't difficult to understand why, either . . . for CAVALIERS combine cool, cool *mildness* with smooth, mellow *flavor* just the way you've always dreamed of. The secret, of course, lies in their special modern blend of fine, light Colonial type tobaccos . . . which are naturally mild and delightful. And here's something else you'll like about mild, flavorsome CAVALIERS . . . the longer, more leisurely smoking of their extra king-size length. And cartons of CAVALIERS in their gay Christmas wrappings make wonderful Christmas gifts. So why not add CAVALIERS to your Christmas list now?



SANTA CLAUS IS COMING . . . and I miss my guess if he doesn't bring you lots of lovely NYLON Stockings. So let me remind you that many things affect their wear . . . such as fabric construction, proper fit and length, careful handling, proper gartering and denier. Denier, you know, is the weight and thickness of each thread of NYLON yarn in stockings . . . the higher the denier number the stronger the thread. In other words, 30 denier yarn is twice as heavy and twice as strong as 15 denier. Before 1948 most NYLON Stockings were the heavier 30 and 40 denier, and they're still available. But today many women (me, too!) prefer the sheerer 15 denier, because they're so lovely and flattering. Remember, DU PONT makes only the NYLON yarn. Over 600 manufacturers make the stockings. For helpful hints on the care of stockings, write Nancy Sasser, 271 Madison Ave., New York 16, for *your* FREE copy of the NYLON Booklet.



THE GIRL UNDER THE MISTLETOE is sure to get a kiss . . . but I can tell you how to get one every day in the year from the man in your life. Just give yourself a TONI Home Permanent! He won't be able to resist the wave that's lovely as naturally-curly hair *right from the very first day.* Yes, I said "very first day". From the first wonderful moment, actually, your TONI looks soft and natural. TONI *guarantees* it! Because TONI—and only TONI—now has the wonder neutralizer, Permafix, that *conditions* your hair . . . leaves your wave feathery-soft at the first combing, more beautifully natural month after month. Imagine—not a minute of frizz! No waiting for stubborn kink to soften. With a TONI you'll have an adorably-soft wave that looks and feels like naturally-curly hair immediately. One that sets instantly at a finger tip's touch. So give yourself a TONI right now . . . guaranteed soft and natural from the very first day.

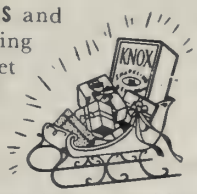


y Nancy Sasser

Fun with Foods

YOUR FRIENDS AND FAMILY WILL WELCOME SANTA CLAUS Christmas morning when he arrives with this tempting box of Seafood goodies. Sh-h-h . . . I'll let you in on a pre-Christmas secret . . . it's DEMING'S TREASURE CHEST. Chock-full of delicious assorted Seafood, it makes an ideal gift. There's DEMING'S Dungeness Crabmeat, DEMING'S Diced Smoked Oysters, DEMING'S Salmon Hors d'Oeuvres, DEMING'S Sirloin Salmon with skin and backbone removed, DEMING'S Puget Sound Sockeye Salmon. But that's only 5 tins in this delicacy pack. DEMING'S Treasure Chest also includes Smoked Salmon, Tuna, Chinook Salmon and O-O-OH, of course, DEMING'S haven't forgotten that famous skinned and boned light meat Salmon, DEMING'S Sam-O-Lets. It's so rich in protein and so good in salads, cocktails and sandwiches. **Here's the way to solve your Christmas problem: Send a DEMING'S Treasure Chest, attractively gift wrapped, to a friend, neighbor, or better yet, surprise yourself Christmas morn. Prepaid anywhere in the United States, only $6.85. Write DEMING'S Treasure Chest, Bellingham, Washington.**

VISIONS OF SUGAR PLUMS and Christmas Candies dancing through your head? Then get KNOX, the real unflavored Gelatine . . . and try these luscious-tasting, easy-making **Marshmallow Marvels:**



Soften 1 envelope KNOX Gelatine in top of double boiler in ⅓ cup cold water. Place over boiling water and stir until gelatine is dissolved. Add ½ cup sugar and stir until dissolved. Remove from heat. Pour ⅔ cup light corn syrup into large bowl of electric mixer. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla extract, and gelatine and sugar mixture. Beat on highest speed until mixture becomes thick and of soft marshmallow consistency. Grease pan about 7″ x 10″ x 1½″. Chop 3 cups Bakers' Shredded Coconut and toast in oven (350°-375° F.). Use part to thoroughly line sides and bottom of pan. Pour in the marshmallow, smooth off top with knife and sprinkle top with part of remaining coconut. Let stand in cool place (not refrigerator) until well set. Loosen around edges with sharp knife and remove from pan onto cookie sheet. Cut into squares. Roll marshmallows in remaining coconut.

MAKE YOUR DAYS MERRY AND BRIGHT . . . by serving tall, sunny glasses of DEL MONTE Pineapple Juice as your taste-tickling refresher with meals and 'tween times, too. It has a delicious, tropic goodness all its own . . . not too tart, not too sweet, the perfect juice for all 'round use. But that's only natural . . . you know DEL MONTE'S reputation for flavor . . . and DEL MONTE makes a point of selecting only the juiciest pineapples . . . right when natural tartness and sweetness are in perfect balance. That's why so many people agree with me that no other juice, nor drink, for that matter, offers such tempting, delightful refreshment . . . or tastes so good with so many foods. So ask your Grocer for several cans of DEL MONTE Pineapple Juice today . . . then try this: *Start the day* feeling fresh with this bracing tropical juice. *Serve it with snacks* . . . there's nothing like the sunny sparkle of this golden, tropical juice. *Make it your first course* at lunch and dinner . . . it's bright as all outdoors with a flavor to match.

A PRE-CHRISTMAS GIFT to make you believe in SANTA CLAUS . . . a generous FREE supply of INSTANT POSTUM! Don't delay over writing for it . . . for it may help you to better sleep, better health and better looks for the holidays. These scientific facts explain why: both coffee and tea contain caffein, a drug and nerve stimulant . . . and while many people can drink these beverages without ill-effects, others who are *caffein-susceptibles* suffer "jittery nerves", indigestion and sleepless nights. That's why POSTUM makes such a big difference . . . for this wholesome wheat-bran drink is *entirely caffein-free!* As a result, it *can't* "torment" you with the ills suffered by caffein-susceptibles:

FREE! Trial supply of POSTUM . . . just write Nancy Sasser, Dept. J2, 271 Madison Ave., New York 16, N.Y.

ACT NOW . . . a gift leading toward good health is too priceless to postpone!

LET'S SING AND DANCE AND MAKE GOOD CHEER . . . for the Yuletide season is finally here. And that's your "cue" to give a party . . . and my "cue" to urge you to put TRISCUIT Wafers at the top of your "guest list". Even the nicest parties become nicer when these taste-enticers make an entrance . . . because they're made purely for your eating pleasure by National Biscuit Company . . . from hearty, tangy whole wheat, salted to a "T" and golden toasted to crisp, crunchy perfection. So insure the success of every party you give . . . by serving TRISCUIT Wafers with salads, cheese, appetizers, drinks, sliced meats, soups and canapes. And for a really elegant holiday treat, top 'em with this luscious **Mock Pâté De Foie Gras Spread:** Discard casing from ⅛ lb. liverwurst and mash. Add 2 tbsp. minced parsley, 1 tbsp. mayonnaise, 1 tsp. minced onion and mix well.

You'll want to serve them to your family, too . . . just be sure you ask for TRISCUIT Wafers baked only by NABISCO.

(Continued from Page 114)

just after V-J Day, in late summer, and she'd met him in a wide-brimmed red straw. It couldn't be big enough or red enough for the way she'd felt that day.

She wandered on out to the kitchen to baste the ham. It looked delicious. Martha was a good cook, if she did say so herself. She checked the plates waiting in the warming oven, and wondered with a sudden sinking feeling why she hadn't got Bertha Foley in to help as she had done, ever since Delia left, when they entertained. She hadn't thought of Jimmy's coming home as "entertaining" and had just barged ahead with the usual schoolboy dinner, but it wasn't right for this occasion. All small-towny and calories. Betsy would think she didn't know any better. She should have had a fillet of beef and a sophisticated dessert—vanilla soufflé, perhaps. It was too late to change the dinner, but maybe she could still get Bertha to serve and wash up instead of everybody hopping up and down, changing plates, and Betsy insisting on helping with the dishes, and all that confusion. What had possessed her not to think of it?

She started for the telephone, but there was a car slowing down in front of the house and she looked to see if it was Jim, home early after all his pretended nonchalance. But it was Jimmy's gray convertible turning in. They must have started at dawn, as excited and eager as she was herself. Martha ran to the driveway.

Jimmy's long body unfolded from behind the wheel. "See what I brought," he said.

Why, she feels as shy as I do, Martha thought, and forgot her carefully rehearsed greeting. She put her arm around Betsy's shoulders and kissed the young cheek.

"A great big welcome, my dear," she said, and saw a pleased light flash across Betsy's face.

"Oh, thank you," Betsy said, blushing and looking even younger than Martha remembered. "A great big thank you, Mrs. Bartlett."

Men are always asking questions, and women are always inventing answers, but men are none the wiser.

—PETER BRENNER: Uncommon Common Sense

Jimmy did not actually tell her until the night before they left, but Martha had known from that first minute.

Jim was at a meeting, so Martha was alone, reading in bed, when Jimmy came in and perched on the side of her bed. He had always made his confidences that way and it made him look young and boyish in spite of his great height.

"You're early," Martha said. "Wasn't it a good party?"

"Swell. But Betsy has to pack and I wanted to talk to you." He took Martha's book away gently and laid it on the bed table.

"Yes?" Martha smiled. Did he think this was a surprise?

He took her hand and turned her rings. "You know I'm in love with her, don't you?" he asked.

"Yes. I know."

He glowed with happiness. "The wonderful part is that she loves me too."

MARTHA smiled on. "That doesn't seem at all strange to me," she replied. "I'd think it was very strange if she didn't."

"You're not a good judge," pronounced the budding lawyer. "You're biased. Definitely biased."

"Betsy's a fine girl," Martha said softly.

"She's perfect," Jimmy breathed.

There was a moment's silence. Jimmy shattered it.

"We want to be married practically right away," he said. "June, probably, so we can have the summer before I go back to Columbia."

June. But he hadn't finished law school.

"We'd thought we'd make it right after my exams. As soon as I can get squared away. We'll have a short honeymoon someplace de luxe and the rest of the summer cruising around the Lakes in my boat. Using you for headquarters—if you'll let us." He went on talking, giving her time to take it in. "Isn't it luck, the way Betsy's sailed, too, on the Chesapeake all her life?"

In spite of herself Martha laughed, remembering Betsy's introduction to the honeymoon craft.

"We're going to the river." Jimmy had announced at breakfast, the morning after their arrival. "I want to show Betts my boat and see about sprucing her up. She's going to be absolutely shipshape *this* summer." He'd looked so smug Martha should have guessed something then, but she was used to spring boat enthusiasms.

"WHAT did you think of Jimmy's pride and joy?" she'd asked when they came home for lunch. "I'll bet you told them to launch her, Jimmy, cold as it is, and are going to take her out this afternoon."

Jimmy had looked sheepish.

"Not *this* afternoon," Betsy had answered. "Not till we paint her. Her stern, anyway, though it's got an awful lot of coats on it already. Mrs. Bartlett, does Jimmy always forget to paint off his old girl's name before he is on with the new? The man at the boatyard took one look at me and he said, 'Why, you ain't Mary Lou. That Jimmy Bartlett's changed his mind agin.' The Mary Lou, I ask you! Well, the boat's going to be Bouncing Bett for a while now, till Jimmy changes his mind again."

Martha's little spurt of laughter died away. For Jimmy's mind would not change again. He was like his true-blue father in that, once the choice was made. He would marry this girl with the bright smile and tiny soft waist. A sweet girl, but not so different from lots of others Jimmy had known.

Your daughter's your daughter all her life. Your son is your son till he gets him a wife.

The jingle came unbidden, taunting at Martha with the fact that she had no daughter. Nor any other son. Only Jimmy, who was getting him a wife.

"What are you thinking about?" Jimmy's voice reached her anxiously.

Martha put the ugly couplet out of her mind. Forever. "I'm just thinking," she said, "how wonderful it will be to have a daughter. And a June wedding will be lovely. Now kiss me and hop off the bed. I want to put on my best dressing gown and go tell Betsy how pleased I am."

Martha's sister Alicia, her oldest one, lived in Washington, and for both reasons she considered herself the family arbiter in all matters of taste and social usage. Martha wrote her the news of the engagement and a letter of instructions flew back.

"You should call on Betsy's mother as soon as possible, and the fact that you live so far away" *(At the back end of nowhere, she means,* Martha thought, making a face at the thick stationery) "is no excuse for not doing it, because you can visit me and just drive over without its seeming so strained. It's no distance from here."

Goodness, she actually approves of the match, Martha thought, guessing Alicia had looked up more about the Evanses than the mileage to their house. *Are they that grand?* she wondered, quaking.

It made her want less than ever to make the duty call. She had written Betsy's mother at once and had a cordial letter in return, saying they were very happy about the marriage and were devoted to Jim already. Well, they'd better be. The wedding date had been set for July third, and all she and Jim had to do was to go down for it. The groom's mother is just a figurehead in a marriage. Everyone said so. Anyway, she was too busy right now to go gallivanting. They were starting the upstairs decorating immediately, and again she was deep in wallpapers and curtains.

The new bathroom meant changing so many partitions that it was only common sense to do the whole floor at once. Espe-

SNACK 'EM OR FEAST 'EM—

with a fine choice of Borden's Fine Cheeses!



The jolliest Holiday spreads!

For super sandwiches or captivating canapés—the "party" part of holiday time—stock up today on Borden's Cheese Spreads!

They're the most delicious cheese spreads you can buy—blended from Borden's finest cheese. Taste the fine aged American Cheddar in Vera-Sharp and Cheese 'n Bacon. (These two come in 1-lb. bowls or 5-oz. glasses.)

Enjoy Pimento, Pineapple, or Relish—three favorites made with Borden's Cream Cheese. Nine kinds in all. A new formula gives them more flavor and finer texture for spreading.

At your store, in heavy-based, crystal-clear "Party" glasses you'll be proud to use for fruit juices, children's milk, or party beverages. Collect a set!



Pass the cheese tray!

Everybody wants more of that good *Borden's Gruyere Cheese!* Sweet as a nut, delicious! It's made from really fine Swiss cheese aged 11 months or more. Even folks who seldom go for cheese love this one!

For folks who like a cheese with lots of spunk, *Borden's Vera-Sharp* is the thing! Fine American Cheddar aged till the flavor crackles, gives process Vera-Sharp its rich personality.

Both Gruyere and Vera-Sharp come in 1-oz. foil-wrapped portions. In a handy to-table plastic box . . . need no refrigeration. Good cheeses to have on hand for spur-of-the-minute celebrations!

Borden's Fine Cheeses

FOLKS WHO KNOW CHEESE SAY "BORDEN'S, PLEASE!"

cially, with Jimmy and Betsy planning to make the house their "headquarters" most of the summer, everything should be fresh upstairs as well as down.

Then there was her wedding outfit. "Ensemble," Alicia would call it. Everyone gave her the old chestnut about "all the mother of the groom has to do is buy a fancy hat and show up at the church," but unless she was going to appear as a Thurber cartoon the fancy hat called for shoes, dress and bag at least. It looked like lots of fuss. Ethel said she'd undoubtedly have to have the hat made, even if she was lucky enough to find a ready-made dress, and Martha was always unhappy with milliners. Of course she wanted to look her best walking the length of the church as the mother of the groom—with Jimmy the groom—but it all took so much time and workmen were already swarming over the place. She didn't get around to answering Alicia's first letter, or her second, but the third one, heavily underscored, jarred her.

"For heaven's sake, when are you *coming?*" it demanded. "Do you expect to meet the Evanses for the first time at the *church?* It isn't *civilized* not to make some gesture before the invitations go out. And speaking of invitations, I've started a tentative list from Patricia's wedding list." (Alicia's Patricia had been married In a Big Way the year before.) "There are *dozens* of things for us to settle. How about Monday? I'll expect you."

"Must I?" Martha appealed to Jim.

"Of course not," he said. "It's entirely the Evanses' headache. We're just a couple more guests. But the trip's not a bad idea. You're getting jumpy and Alicia's dying to put her finger in the pie. So go on down next week and break the ice with the Evanses. And by the way, while you're there, find out if I've got to wear my cutaway. It was pretty tight at Patricia's wedding, but since you made me buy the thing—I never did need it any more than a cat needs two tails ——"

This was an old sore and Martha rushed in with flattering balm. "Why, of course. I've been so set on my own clothes I forgot my handsome husband was going to be there, too, and nobody will look at me. Your cutaway's in a bag in the cedar closet. I'll get it out so you can take it to that good tailor in the city while I'm gone."

So she was going.

"I think I'll drive," she mused, "if you can spare the car that long."

Jim looked at her in astonishment. Martha hated to drive alone even to the city.

"Because if I have to borrow Alicia's car to call on the Evanses she'll come, too, as sure as fate. And I want to be independent. Just red-crayon the road map for me and I'll start Monday."

BUT she didn't, because first she had to have a spring suit and it took three days of shopping in town.

"What's the matter with your blue one?" Jim asked after the second dinner devoted to a detailed account of the search. "You always looked so nice in it."

This was not worth answering, and Martha didn't.

The next day, however, she hit the jack pot. Martha and Ethel drove home in triumph with the back seat of the car piled with striped boxes from the city's smartest shop

"Wasn't it luck?" they exulted to each other, regaling themselves with coffee and gloating over the loot spread through the living room. "To hit the very morning the buyer got back from New York with the new summer things?"

That adorable print and the little flower hat," Martha chanted, enumerating. "And the faille suit. Just right to travel in summer. And I had to have the dressy chiffon if we go down to the wedding several days ahead of time as the Evanses insist. It's an awful lot of clothes, though."

The deepest thing in our nature is this dumb region of the heart in which we dwell alone with our willingnesses and our unwillingnesses, our faiths and our fears.

—WILLIAM JAMES.

"About time," Ethel said. "You've be prewar long enough. But the real prize your wedding dress. If we'd started out look for it we'd have hunted all the way Fifty-seventh Street in New York, and day you walk spang into it. That yumm green. We can decide on the hat and thi as soon as you get back. Miss Delicia sa that they'd have samples ready. It'll be cinch. How's Ike getting on upstairs? Le go see."

"You go," said Martha. "I can't budge

"Do I look all right?" Martha ask Alicia. "Do you really like my dress a hat?"

"Yes, you look nice," Alicia said. "But would have been better to have a plain h with a print dress. Don't you know y should always wear a plain hat with a prin and a flower hat with a plain dress?"

MARTHA'S face fell. "But it's such a pret hat. Jim said the violets made my eyes— said it was especially becoming."

"Well, it is," Alicia conceded, softenin "You look sweet and the violets do mat your eyes. I only meant it was more chic

"Oh, well, you're chic enough for t whole family," Martha smiled back. It w the nicest visit she and Alicia had had years. "How's my hair?"

"I was going to bring that up next Alicia pounced. "In fact, I'm going to ma an appointment for you this very morni for a good cutting and permanent with n own man before you home. You can't buy a h for the wedding till you g rid of some of that hai

Martha drove out alo the Baltimore Turnpi glancing alternately at t mirror and the dashboa clock. She did have t much hair; perhaps th was why her hats had tendency to ride up. And she was, as pr dicted, too early.

"You're leaving way too early. It wo take you much over an hour," Alicia had pr tested. They had called the Evanses t night before to say she was coming and ask directions. "You can't possibly call b fore four."

"But it's quite far out of town and I'm stupid at finding country places. Anyway she added hastily, seeing a last offer to a company her trembling on her sister's lip "anyway, if it's *much* too early I'll just pa somewhere and read. I'm taking a mag zine—though what I wish I could take is anesthetic."

The car rolled along, bringing the fatef call closer every minute. What would th be like, this Sally and Arthur Evans soon be Jimmy's other parents? People said y didn't marry the family, but the fact w that even the in-laws married each other some extent. Family visits, holidays, an versaries, not to mention—Martha felt queer fluttering inside her—not to menti sharing the grandchildren. Betsy was so u affected it didn't seem possible the Evans could be stuffy or high-hat, but last nigh telephone conversation with them had be awfully stilted, consisting mostly of "I looking forward so much"es.

They were glad enough to get Jimmy, Ma tha suddenly decided. *And they'll have to ta me, even in a print dress and flowered hat. F half an hour anyway.*

She began to recognize the landmarks she been given. *I'm nearly there,* she thoug slowing to a snail's pace. *Now I know h the Queen of Sheba felt going to meet King So mon—or was it Cleopatra and Antony—taki all those jewels and what not to make sure of welcome.* Jewelry. Why hadn't she brought present for Betsy, some family thing, ho ever simple, in honor of this occasion? T old-fashioned pearl lovers' knot would ha been a perfect touch. It had been Jim's mot er's. Or the little garnet heart that had la all these years in its red velvet box. If s hadn't had sense enough to think of it be

(Continued on Page 122)

Let's make the FIXIN'S festive, too!



Easy and thrifty with

DIAMOND WALNUTS

PARTY-STYLE TURKEY STUFFING

It's so simple to make and serve! Roast the turkey without stuffing. Then add coarsely broken *Diamond* Walnut kernels generously to your favorite stuffing; form into 2-inch balls. When turkey is done, bake balls in shallow pan at 375° F. 30 minutes, or until brown. The turkey will slice better after standing!



Thrifty is the word for Diamond Walnuts! One pound goes so far—gives you over 2 full cups of crisp, usable kernels.

SEAFOOD SALAD SUPREME

- 8" to 9" ring mold of tomato aspic (4-6 cups)
- 1 ½ cups cooked or canned shrimp
- 1 cup thinly sliced celery
- ½ cup coarsely chopped *Diamond* Walnuts
- ¼ cup sliced stuffed olives
- ½ cup mayonnaise
- ¼ cup French dressing
- 1 or 2 hard-cooked eggs, sliced (optional)

Make tomato aspic day ahead. Shortly before serving, mix 1 cup shrimp, celery, *Diamond* Walnuts and olives with blended mayonnaise and French dressing. Fill center of aspic with mixture, garnish with *Diamond* Walnut halves, remaining shrimp and egg slices.



With ready-shelled *Diamond* Walnuts in your cupboard you have extra goodness at your fingertips! Vacuum-packed in 8 and 4 ounce cans, they stay fresh, crisp, sweet for year-round use.

HOLIDAY RELISH PLATE

Three good ideas for good eating! Stir crisp chopped *Diamond* Walnuts into raw cranberry-orange relish. Mix chopped *Diamond* Walnuts with savory cheese to stuff celery. Sugar-coat big *Diamond* Walnut halves for dessert-time nibbling.



Now—even lower prices

Treat yourself to the best this season—*Diamond* Walnuts, of course! They cost so little, now. And *Diamonds* always give you so many usable kernels per pound—the real test of value. They're packed in 1 lb. cellophane bags (red for large-size, blue for medium). The *Diamond* brand on every shell means California's finest walnuts—every time!





(Continued from Page 120)

self. Ethel or Alicia or someone should have suggested it. Now here she was, with nothing in her hand but a lot of names in a blankbook.

Limp and depressed, she looked again at the dashboard clock. It still said three-thirty. Doubtless the elegant Mrs. Evans would be having her afternoon rest. The white gate marked "Evans' Hill" appeared, and beyond it she glimpsed a rambling white house.

I can't hide anywhere here to read. It's too conspicuous. She paused another minute to summon up her courage. *Here I go,* she said, and started up the curving drive. She felt turned completely inside out.

At the portico she stopped. She reached for her compact and put it back without using it. Mrs. Evans might be watching out a window - Martha certainly would be, in her place—and even if she didn't actually see Martha fixing her face she would wonder what she was doing and why she didn't come in. She put on her gloves, tucked in a lock of hair, and stepped out of the car gracefully and casually. She hoped. She went up the steps and reached toward the bell.

Martha sat in the Evanses' bright chintzy living room drinking a mint julep. She felt entitled to a celebration. She was over a big hurdle.

Before she had even rung the bell the door had flown open—she had been so concentrated on the senior Evanses she had almost forgotten Betsy would be there too—and she had been enveloped in a fragrant young embrace. Behind Betsy came her mother exclaiming spontaneously, "Why, you look like Jimmy. Except female, of course, and a foot or more lower down!" She laughed over her shoulder. "Arthur, she looks like Jimmy. Only little." So Martha knew they were human, after all, and had been speculating about her too.

Next, in a comfortable old tweed coat and baggy flannels, came Arthur. She had to call him Arthur at once because he said, "Hello, Martha," and kissed her, knocking her hat askew. "Sally's got us all lined up for inspection. This is Thomasina. She completes the roster."

Heavens. Martha had understood Betsy's sister was a child. Fourteen or fifteen. Or was it sixteen? This sophisticated young sprig looked older than Betsy, although maybe it was the riding clothes.

"How do you do, Mrs. Bartlett," Thomasina said, without enthusiasm, her eye flicking over the rather tired Bartlett family car.

They filed into the bright airy room and sat on the squashy down cushions. There were quantities of flowers about in what the Riverside Garden Club called "arrangements," and through the French doors Martha could see white-iron-and-glass furniture on the terrace. The pause that followed the first burst of greetings lengthened perceptibly. Arthur was frankly looking her over. Thomasina had crossed her long jodhpurred legs and was gazing out the window. Betsy, Sally and Martha all rushed into speech.

"What did you ——"

"How about ——"

"So nice of you ——"

They all stopped dead and Arthur took control.

"The occasion calls for a libation," he said, getting to his feet. "Mint julep, Martha?"

Before Martha could answer, a lank and handsome youth roared up in a station wagon and removed Thomasina.

"Don't mind Tommy," Arthur said. "She's going through the social phase and she's mad at Betts for not marrying Clay Stanton."

"*Daddy!*" cried Betsy, turning scarlet.

"A young whippersnapper," Arthur went on easily. "Just the kind I don't want for a son-in-law. Just the way Jimmy *is*."

After that everything was perfect. While Arthur retired to the pantry for the complicated julep ritual, Martha presented her "tentative" wedding list, and by the time Arthur came back with the thick-rimed glasses, followed by a wonderful old Uncle Remus bearing delicious appetizers, they were working back from Betsy and Jimmy's meeting and courtship to their school days and thence proceeding to a happy interchange of anecdotes about their childhoods and infancies.

A grandfather clock boomed in the hall and Martha jumped guiltily.

"Don't stay too long" had been Alicia's parting shot. "It's a first call, so don't settle down and tell how cute Jimmy was as a baby."

Bull's-eye, sister, Martha conceded mentally. Aloud she said, "Goodness, is it that late? I must go."

Sally walked over and removed the flower hat from Martha's head. "You're going to stay all night," she said. "And tomorrow we'll go and look at the church. I need your advice about lots of things."

"Oh, thank you, but ——"

This time it was Arthur who pushed her back on the sofa. "Of course you'll stay. We're just getting acquainted."

"Please," begged Betsy.

"I'll give you a toothbrush and one of Betsy's trousseau nightgowns," Sally urged.

"We-ell," said Martha, "I'd better call my sister." Which she did, hanging up firmly on Alicia's protests.

At dinner Arthur said, "You know, Martha, Sally wanted to invite you to stay overnight when you called to say you were coming. Betts had given you a big send-off. But you sounded so sort of stiff and formal on the telephone, she got scared."

"*She* was scared!" gasped Martha, so wholeheartedly that a burst of laughter swept away the last tension.

It was after they had gone up to bed that Sally tapped at Martha's door and entered with a long garment bag over her arm. As cozy and friendly as if she were Ethel.

"I thought you'd like to see my dress for the wedding," she said. "I expected to have to hunt and hunt for it, but when Betsy and I were shopping last week there it was. Just what I wanted. So *that's* off my mind."

It was on the tip of Martha's tongue to say, "I have mine, too," but some instinct stopped her.

Sally unzipped the bag and lovingly lifted out the gown, satisfaction in her eyes. "Isn't it pretty?" she asked. "I've always loved that yummy shade of green."

"But what on earth possessed you?" Alicia cried. "You should have known you shouldn't buy your dress until after the bride's mother—not to mention the bridesmaids. They have to *blend!*"

"I guess it was crazy," mourned Martha. "But I saw it, buying those other things. How could I guess Sally would choose exactly the same color? The exact shade? I never dreamed of such a thing."

"'Dreamed' is the word," said Alicia. "Really, Martha, you're a perfect babe in the woods."

Martha was too miserable to fight back. "Can't I possibly wear it? Mightn't it be effective to wear the same color? The dresses are so different. If Sally agrees, that is," she added, catching Alicia's eye.

"A sort of sister act," Alicia disposed of the idea. "Well, you'll just have to go and buy another."

"But the shop is getting samples to match. And it was so expensive."

"Oh, they'll take it back," said Alicia authoritatively. "Just wire them to stop alterations, they won't have started yet anyway. You said there wasn't much but the hem. And you bought all those other clothes there. They'll want you to come back."

"It seems sort of mean if they have started to fix it."

"Tell them you're getting something in its place. You'll need another long dress for the parties. You said there was a dance too."

"So I will," said Martha, clutching at a straw. She hated fusses with shops, and always lost out. "And why haven't I got it? That green is just as good for a dinner dress. If you could see how pretty ——"

It was no use. "You can't possibly sport Mrs. Evans' exact color before the wedding."

"Anybody might," Martha made a last feeble effort.

"Anybody but you," said Alicia with finality. "We'll start again today right here where I can keep an eye on you. You're so pretty, Martha, but you've let yourself *go*. I've been itching to get my hands on you for years."

Martha resigned herself. She'd pretty well exhausted the possibilities in the city and she knew she ought to be grateful to Alicia, but instead she dreaded it. Her sister wouldn't leave a stone unturned, a shop unvisited, till she found the exact dress. And fixings. Well, they'd have one day off the pavements. Sally had invited them both out for lunch Wednesday. She hoped Alicia wouldn't try to boss Sally too.

The circuit of Connecticut Avenue shops was as thorough as she'd feared. Every bone in Martha's body ached.

"Especially my arches," she moaned, crawling into bed right after dinner. "I believe that they've fallen. And nothing to show for it."

(Continued on Page 124)



"I fell, with my mouth open."



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*externally-caused



"Blemishes* are no problem for me," says Mrs. Phyllis MacDonald. "Noxzema makes my skin look so much softer and cleaner. I apply it first thing in the morning and at bedtime, too."



Dry skin. "My skin was once dry and very sensitive," says Philadelphia's Barbara Swanson. "But since my Prom Queen days, Noxzema has consistently taken care of my complexion."

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recipe

Party Peach Dreams... so stunning! so sunny! so easy with flavor-rich Canned Cling Peaches from California

3 egg whites
⅛ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
¾ cup granulated sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla extract
¾ cup whipping cream
6 canned cling peach halves
Mixed candied fruits

Beat egg whites with salt until foamy. Add cream of tartar and beat until stiff. Beat in sugar ■ tablespoon at ■ time. Fold in vanilla. Shape meringue in 6 shells on baking sheet covered with brown paper. Bake in very slow oven (275° F.) 1 hour. Cool. Remove carefully from paper and fill each shell with whipped cream. Top with a chilled, drained peach half and decorate with candied fruits. Serves 6.

Glamour dessert, family style. Gorgeous, sun-mellow California cling peaches, instantly ready for serving spooned right from the can! Brilliant, deep-yellow clings, with all the juicy sweetness and natural fruit richness of peaches just-now picked. Glamour eating *any* way—plain for dessert, at breakfast, in salads, pies, puddings, cakes, upside-down cakes, as a garnish. So useful, so delicious you'll keep several cans handy! Remember! For finest flavor choose California cling peaches!



(Continued from Page 122)

"Why, you can't expect to find it the first day. You just hate to shop, that's all."

"I certainly do. It's people I like, not things. I wish I could buy everything out of a mail-order catalogue."

"Well, lately you haven't spent much more time than if you did. You have to *plan*."

Alicia certainly did.

"Now let's see," she'd said as they started off that morning. "The bridesmaids are wearing bois de rose. Mrs. Evans green. How about toast?"

Martha stared. "Toast? What are you talking about? Oh, you mean that tan color? I can't wear tan. And anyway, I won't. I don't like it."

"It's awfully smart this year. If you use enough make-up ——"

"Which is another thing I won't do," said Martha crossly. "There's a woman at home that just slathers herself with middle-aged war paint, a nice woman too. Every time I see her she reminds me of a piece of good old furniture that's been stained and varnished and shellacked until you just die to scrape it down to the real wood underneath."

Martha lay in Alicia's guest bed trying to take her sister's advice.

"Here," Alicia had said, tucking her in. "Drink this hot milk and go to sleep. You're going to worry yourself sick at this rate, and it isn't worth it. After all, you're only the mother of the groom."

"Smarty," Martha said. "Just because you were the mother of the bride last year."

"Yes, I was," teased Alicia. "I was the bride's mother and a V.I.P. You are the groom's mother and a V.U.I.P. So go to sleep and forget the whole thing till morning."

Martha had been too weary to translate the initials, but now they drifted back to her. V.I.P. That was Washingtonese for Very Important Person. But V.U.I.P.? Why, of course. Very Un Important Person.

Un Important. The idea. She jumped out of bed, threw on her dressing gown and ran down the hall. V.U.I.P indeed.

Alicia was waiting up for her husband, who was at some sort of conference. She looked up as Martha sailed into the library.

"Hello," she said. "You still awake?"

"I certainly am," said Martha. "I just realized what you called me. And I'm *not!* I'm not a V.U.I.P. because there couldn't be a wedding without the groom, could there? And there couldn't be the groom without me. So I am not a V.U.I.P. I am a B.N. Now you guess."

"B.N.," repeated Alicia. "All right. I'll bite. What is it?"

"A Biological Necessity," said Martha and stalked back to her room.

I've done it now, thought Martha. *I've crossed the Rubicon.*

SHE sat at Alicia's hairdresser's getting the works. It had taken some further argument to get her there. She hated beauty shops, as she hated all shops, and was always amazed when her friends said cheerfully, "Oh, I'm sorry I can't go. It's my hair morning." What a waste of time. Her own hair had always curled a little at the temples so she washed it herself and tucked the ends under the best she could. But since it had turned gray it didn't seem to curl or tuck so well. It sort of wisped out.

"Gray hair must be short and crisp unless you want to look like Whistler's Mother," Alicia said, and Martha was afraid she was right. "What's more," she added artfully, "you won't have to bother with curlers and hairpins and things any more. With a good permanent you just run the comb through and it's fixed."

As Alicia foresaw, that settled it.

Snip, snip, went Gaston's scissors. "Madame is going to be very happy with this cut," Gaston pronounced.

Maybe, but she certainly wasn't happy now. She should have consulted the two Jims before she did anything so drastic. She was only doing it to look well for them at the wedding, but now she could only remember how Jim had carried on back in the 'twent when she cut off her really long hair, the ki you boasted you could sit on.

"Your hair was beautiful. It was one of t reasons I married you," he'd ranted.

Snip. Snip. Would anything be left cover her scalp? Martha looked fearfully the floor.

"What do you do with it all?" she aske

"Sweep it up," said Gaston disint estedly, toeing it aside.

"How wasteful. My mother always sa there is nothing like a good hair mattress."

"Madame's hair has a small natu wave," Gaston flattered. "I will cook it n shortest time so the curls may be soft a gentle."

MARTHA didn't believe a word of it. H locks would certainly come out of the a sensal she was supporting on her head in stiff washboard effect.

"I have cut it unformal, which is suitab to madame's type," Gaston went on wi picture-painting gestures. "But I regret y will not be back to me for the first settin We have here such an oil treatment. T first setting is important to make the cu pliable. Like a young girl's. But madam own hairdresser will know."

Ha. Ha, Martha thought. But perhaps s had better go to someone really good in t city for one set.

"And then," Gaston burbled on hopeful "perhaps you will come soon enough bef the wedding so that I, myself, may wave y for that special occasion?"

All right. Two sets then. It was nice Gaston to be so interested. But no mo Darned if she'd get into that habit.

Jim was waiting on the porch when she g home. "My!" he said. "Your trip certain did you good. You look ten years younger

For the first time in her married life, Ma tha wished she could get rid of her husban Not permanently, of course, but it would c tainly simplify things if he could be call away on one of his usual business trips un this job was done. But no. He stuck arou like glue.

Ike Levandowski and his horde had tak over. They were everywhere, measuring pi connections in the bathroom when s wanted a bath, filling buckets at the laund tubs every time she went to the basemen tracking up the back stairs if she wanted go down, and down the front stairs if s wanted to go up.

"What's the rush?" Jim had said. "T girl came here and visited us, didn't she? S liked us the way we are, didn't she? Wha the rush to change everything? . . . It is the money," he said when Martha, horr struck, showed him the estimates. "You ra it, if you want it. You've always been t economical one. But I don't want you tired out. Do it some other time."

Jim had fussed and Martha had go ahead. She knew if they didn't do it now th never would, and Jimmy and Betsy wou need the new guest room and bath this su mer. After the wedding trip, she was goi to give a tea for Betsy, so that all the Riv siders who couldn't go to the wedding cou meet her. Martha couldn't have the wh town traipsing upstairs the way it was. Wh there were still those gouges in the hall pla ter from Jimmy's hockey puck that tin And the ceiling in her own bedroom still h a map of South America on it from the ti Delia's bathtub overflowed. And Delia h been gone ten years.

But as she got in deeper and deeper; as s moved clothes from one closet to another a back again; as she carried the contents bureau drawers from one place to anoth wondering what to do with them; as t wrong wallpapers came one day, and t wrong colors came out of the paintpots t next, Martha's brain reeled and her spi swooned. She hadn't even the satisfaction a good moan to Jim in the evenings. He'd a vised against the whole procedure, and s couldn't give him the least hint he mig have been right. Especially when he was b ing so darned disagreeable.

Jim, who was always so amiable, so good-tempered, had taken to bellowing. He said he couldn't find anything—and, of course, he couldn't. Neither could Martha, as one room after another fell into the general chaos. But every time Jim couldn't lay his hand on a thing the minute he wanted it, he'd roar. Spoiled, that's what he was.

The latest commotion had been over his American Legion button, of all things. Anyone would have thought she'd deliberately baked it in a birthday cake.

It was the thirtieth anniversary of the founding of the Legion post. Thank heaven he'd be out of the way one night, anyway, so Martha could clear out the linen closet and the upstairs cleaning closet which, with a chunk of the guest room, were to become the new bath. Talk about a mess. And Jim doing all the complaining!

Intelligence appears to be the thing that enables a man to get along without education. Education appears to be the thing that enables a man to get along without the *use* of intelligence.

—ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM.

She was just opening a can of soup for her supper when the familiar roar came down the stairs.

Mercy, she thought, *what's lost this time? Must be the family fortune.*

"MAR-THA!" the roar came to her again.

"Yes, dear," answered Martha, walking to the foot of the stairs and feeling like Mother in Life With Father. "What is it?"

"Where's my button? What have you done with my button?" Jim glared angrily at her from the head of the stairs.

"For goodness' sake. What button?"

"What button do you think I mean when I'm going to a Legion dinner? A pants button? Did you have to move my past commander's button along with everything else in the house? Right out of the studs box where you've kept it for thirty years? Where I saw it just the other day?"

"Well, if you saw it, it's still there," said Martha mildly. "I'll come look."

But that didn't suit him either. "Don't come up. All you do is run up and down stairs, wearing yourself out with this falderal. Just stand still and think where you put it. Try to think rationally if you can."

It certainly didn't sound like Jim, and when she heard herself answer she didn't sound like herself either. She was already up the stairs pushing past him into Jimmy's room, their present camping place, and the only room not being torn asunder.

"I haven't touched the silly thing," she said, pawing about on the cluttered bureau and in the tumbled drawers. "And if you've lost it, you'll just have to go without it. If anybody there doesn't *know* you're a past commander, the *first* commander, you can *tell* them."

Jim banged the door and went out.

He was walking into the Legion Building, heading for the pay booth to call and apologize to Martha before going in to dinner—poor little Martha, all tired out with this nonsense—when Tom Barker, Ethel's husband, hailed him.

"Martha's on the phone," he said.

"I found it," said Martha in a small voice. "I've sent it over to you by a taxi driver. I knew you really wanted it. And I'm sorry I was so edgy."

"I was the one that was nasty," said Jim in a surge of relief. "I was just going to call and tell you so. You needn't have gone to all that trouble, though. Where was it?"

"IN the buttonhole of your Tuxedo from when you went to that governor's dinner last winter. I saw it when I was moving the mothbags out of the guest-room closet. It's lucky we stir up the house once in a while, isn't it?"

"Stir up is right," said Jim.

"Things will be better soon," she promised.

They weren't, though. They got steadily worse, and as day after day she heard the sounds of wrenching laths and falling plaster, her heart quailed. She should never have got into such an upheaval with the wedding so near. Day after day she dashed into town to match samples and rectify mistakes. Night after night she tried to tunnel through the debris—who were those eccentric old brothers, the Collier brothers, in New York, who died in a house full of junk they couldn't find their way out of? Martha could see just how it happened.

AND suddenly, just when they were at their wits' ends, when even their refuge in Jimmy's room was piled with stuff; when the attic stairs spilled sheets and towels at you every time you opened the door; when Martha, finding still another layer of plaster dust downstairs in spite of all her precautions, finally broke down and sobbed to Jim that she'd been a fool, an utter fool, to start the business, it was done. Ike Levandowski's truck carried off the last man and paintbrush; the last barrel of rubbish disappeared. And Ethel and old Delia came and helped move everything back into place.

"Of course it looks nice," Jim said. "Who said it wouldn't?"

They were back in their own big bedroom and it was good to be there. Jim's suits were hanging in neat rows in his closet once more, his shirts and underwear back in Grandfather Bartlett's bureau. Everything had turned out well. The guest-room paper was beautiful and Williamsburgy behind the old Southern four-poster. The new bathroom glistened grandly down the hall. Jim had already adopted it for shaving—to get something back from his investment, he said.

"It's fine. Just fine," Jim pronounced, climbing into his familiar bed and stretching there luxuriously. "I always said it was time the old place had a good face-lifting."

It was June twelfth. Tomorrow the invitations would go out. Sally had already mailed a sample to Martha and Jim, and every time Martha passed the mirror over her bureau she looked at it, stuck proudly in a corner.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Evans

request the honour of your presence

.....

to

Mr. James Carlisle Bartlett, Jr.

There it was, engraved, for all the world to see.

Martha had thought her job with the invitations was finished when she turned the list over to Sally at that first call. But it had been going on ever since. Jimmy kept writing her to look up addresses in his old class books, and then he sent his whole club list and a list of his friends in the service. Alicia came up with a dreadfully long list of Washington friends who were all, she claimed, so fond of Jimmy. And every couple of days her mother would write by air mail to suggest another relative or two. Uncle Timothy. Cousin Mollie. Aunt Marie. To the third and fourth generation. At least. Mother's Tennessee blood was coming out again. This morning it had been Fifth-Cousin-Once-Removed Tillie, whom Martha had forgotten for the reason psychologists talk about: that you don't want to remember. "You mustn't hurt the feelings of any of your kin," mother's letter ended this time.

But it wasn't distant kinfolks' feelings Martha was worrying about. It was mother's, so she tacked on poor old Fifth-Cousin Tillie. *If she really comes to the wedding*, Martha said, *I won't.*

This morning had been the pay-off, a letter from her next younger sister in Oklahoma City.

"I hate to bother you with this," Emmy wrote, "but do you remember Susanna Turner who used to live across the street

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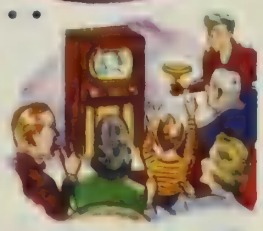
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when you're tired and hungry!

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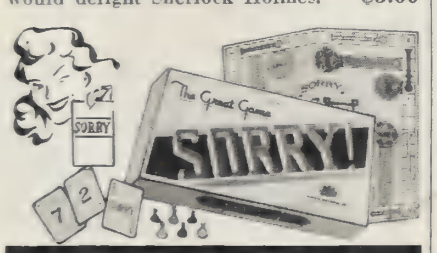
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when we were little? She's still in Franklin. She married that Fred Haunton on Church Street, and Auntie Gibbs wrote me that Alicia didn't send Susanna an invitation to Patricia's wedding last year and she was terribly miffed and went around telling everybody we were all very snooty. Maybe you'd like to send her one this time and calm her down."

Martha drew the line at Susanna Turner. All she could remember of her was that she had adenoids and was older and used to gang up with Alicia against the rest of them. Her list was already so long she was embarrassed. Even though people couldn't go, when you lived in a small place like Riverside you had to invite everyone, and the Evanses were paying for these hundreds of engraved invitations in double vellum envelopes. "No matter how careful you are," Sally had gibed that first evening in Baltimore, "you always forget your richest aunt." And like a nitwit Martha had chimed right back, "Except that Jim hasn't got any really rich aunt." She still remembered Thomasina's look. Martha was glad the lists were officially closed tomorrow.

It was that night that Jim—up to now a complete bystander—asked if the Drapers had been sent an invitation.

"Drapers? I don't think so. Who are they?" asked Martha. "Don't touch that door. It's fresh paint."

"Al Draper is president of Best Crop Canning Company, that's all," Jim said. "Of course you know them. The Brewsters had that big party for them last month. I told you then to invite them."

"Oh, you mean that company that's building the big factory here? Of course I didn't ask them. They haven't moved in yet. They wouldn't want to come."

"They do, though. They're in Washington a lot and they like their daughters to get around. Al saw the announcements in the Washington papers and said he hoped to see us at the wedding."

"Why, they never even saw Jimmy," Martha protested.

"Evidently they want to. I'm afraid you have to do it, Martha."

"Well, if you say so. But is this a wedding or is it a cocktail party? I only hope Sally's *got* another invitation. She said last time she was about down to bedrock. And I want to save mine for posterity."

She got up and put in a final long-distance call to Sally.

Now it was June fifteenth, the day Jimmy was coming home. He had gone directly from law school to the Evanses, and on the twenty-eighth he was going back for the pre-wedding festivities, but meanwhile he would be home. For that brief while the three of them would be together, and afterward he would no longer be the boy in this house. He would be the head of his own.

But he'll be here sometimes, Martha told herself nights after Jim was asleep. *The more I can make Betsy love us, the oftener they'll come.*

"Hi, mom," Jimmy greeted her, tumbling out of the car in an avalanche of textbooks, suitcases and sports impedimenta just as he always did when he got home for vacation. "Hi there! Betts said to tell you she wanted to come up for a few days, but her mother said absolutely nothing doing."

MARTHA and Jimmy were cleaning his room, the one room that hadn't been renovated. Jimmy had long ago decreed that nothing was ever to be disturbed there, and the edict had been religiously obeyed. That room was his castle, and in it he was absolute monarch. Only once in all the years had Martha rebelled, and that was when she found the catbird living there.

She had come in to clean and found Jimmy poking worms down its beak.

"You said I could have anything I wanted in my room," he had argued when she said he must open the windows and let the bird free.

"I meant collections like butterflies and bugs and birds' nests. Or even live turtles and fish that live in aquariums. But not a bird out of a cage. A bird is too—too messy. And anyway, it will hurt itself against the walls." . . .

"I suppose I ought to burn all this junk," said Jimmy. "I started to, on one of my leaves, but you wouldn't let me."

Martha pushed that memory back. "I used to come in here, when I thought I couldn't bear the war another minute, and dust all your treasures. I made it a sign that you would come back to them."

Jimmy patted her shoulder cheerfully. "Too bad to blitz them after that, but the time's come. And the first thing to go is that sweater." He gave a fiendish imitation of a bursting bomb and attacked the old red sweater tacked spread-eagle fashion between two windows. It was faded and holey.

"It'll leave an awful place on the wall," said Martha. She looked at the heap of tattered wool regretfully. "Will I ever forget the fuss you made about that sweater!"

"You were too easy on me. I'm going to discipline my children better," said Jimmy solemnly. "Except when it comes to—well, sweaters and birds."

How many years had the little old sweater hung there? He couldn't have been more

Winter Afternoon

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

Out into the cold and the north wind
Facing the blue of the sky and the white snow
The only sound the crunch of our snowshoes or a pine top singing
That old song, sighing and slow,

We had all time to ourselves and all space,
We had as much happiness as our hearts had room to hold,
We had the sun, too, waiting in its place,
And the clear equanimity of the cold.

than ten when she tossed it on the bundle of outgrown clothes for the fresh-air camp. He had come back from school and missed it at once.

"Where's my old red sweater?" he shouted. "I can't find my red sweater."

"Why, I sent it with some other things to the newsboys' camp," Martha answered, never dreaming the storm she was unleashing.

Jimmy had let out a savage howl. "That was my special good-luck sweater. It was mine. You had no right to give it to anybody else," he roared.

"But it's too little for you and all raggedy. I was almost ashamed to send it, but it was still warm."

Jimmy, usually so generous, continued to protest. "That's my *lucky* sweater. It's the one I won the track meet in. I was first boy up Mount Monadnock in it at camp. And I always beat dad fishing when I wear it."

The collection committee had been very decent. "I've got an old camel's-hair coat," the chairman said, "that might as well have belonged to Mrs. Noah, but I'd shoot anybody that sent it to the Goodwill."

"There," Jimmy had said as he tacked the sweater to the wall, "it's going to stay right where I can look at it, and wish on it."

"It will stay there till you take it down yourself," Martha had responded. . . .

Beside the sweater hung something Martha knew would never be thrown away: the narrow thong of leather that had been Bruce's collar.

Bruce had been Jimmy's dog. There had been others before and after him, but Brucie was his once-in-a-lifetime dog. No other had slept with him, insinuating himself under the puff on cold nights; coasted with him bolt upright on the sled; sailed with him, eagerly assisting with the tiller; and fished with him—the better fisherman of the two if it was stream fishing, for Brucie's snap was unerring. Brucie had whiled away the tedium of Jimmy's childhood ailments and pensively shared his young-boy dreams. He was only five when Brucie came, a fuzzy yellow collie pup, and they had grown together until Jimmy was a long-legged schoolboy and Brucie a dignified white-ruffed old gentleman. He had been waiting to meet Jimmy at the bus when the car hit him.

Jimmy had hung the collar there and Martha knew that would always be its place. . . .

"The hot breads go next," Jimmy said.

"The oldest hot breads in existence," Martha laughed. "But crumbling at last. I sort of hate to see them go, though. They're harmless. Not moth traps like the sweater."

HE had brought them home from prep school when he graduated. Actually they were just a couple of ordinary muffins, but to the ravenous schoolboys they had meant the Sunday-breakfast treat.

"What are you going to do with those?" Martha had cried when she saw them wedged among his socks in a drawer of the wardrobe trunk.

"I'm going to keep them," he'd answered, as if they were the most natural keepsakes in the world.

"But you can't. They'll hatch ants or something."

"No, they won't," Jimmy answered, as nonchalantly as before, "because I'm going to lacquer them."

So all through his college years, his years in the service and at law school, the two muffins had adorned his desk. . . .

Above the desk, suspended by wires from the ceiling, hung the blue-and-silver airplane. Jimmy had made it the spring he was home from school recuperating from scarlet fever. He stood, the shrunken hot breads poised over the wastebasket, gazing admiringly at it.

"Pretty good job for a kid, wasn't it?" he said.

Jimmy had always loved to work with his hands. His room was evidence of that. He had graduated from one hobby to another until there was no more place for his output, so then he had built the long shelves across one wall and they, too, had slowly filled with carvings and inlay work, with model planes, trains and sailing ships. One entire shelf was occupied by marching wooden toys. "Jimmy Bartlett's Toy Town" he had called the basement workshop where he spent so many hours. Odd that he'd chosen the law instead of some kind of mechanics.

Martha looked at the shelves admiringly. "Let's keep everything there, except perhaps ——"

Jimmy laughed. "I know. The soap carvings. The only thing in the house you can't scrub. Whew, you're right. They are dirty." He wasted not a backward glance as they joined the hot breads. "How about the closet?" He climbed up on the folding step-ladder because, six-feet-four as he was, he couldn't quite see the back of its top shelves.

From the highest one he pulled forth a small hat, a cocky, dusty little hat with "Bunker Hill" in tarnished gilt letters across the peaked crown. He stuck it on his head and sat on the ladder grinning at Martha.

"Remember it?" he asked.

Remember? Although she had long since forgotten the little souvenir hat, she would never forget the fun they'd had on that sight-seeing trip through New England.

"Chuck it in the basket," Jimmy said, tossing it to her. "Say, what's this?" He was fingering a test tube of cloudy liquid in which floated what looked like a disintegrating human finger.

"Don't you know?" asked Martha.

"My appendix!" shouted Jimmy, clapping it against its original location.

But was it Jimmy's? He had been too miserable to ask for the discarded organ until the day after the operation.

"I'm afraid it's gone by now," Doctor Acker had told Martha.

(Continued on Page 129)

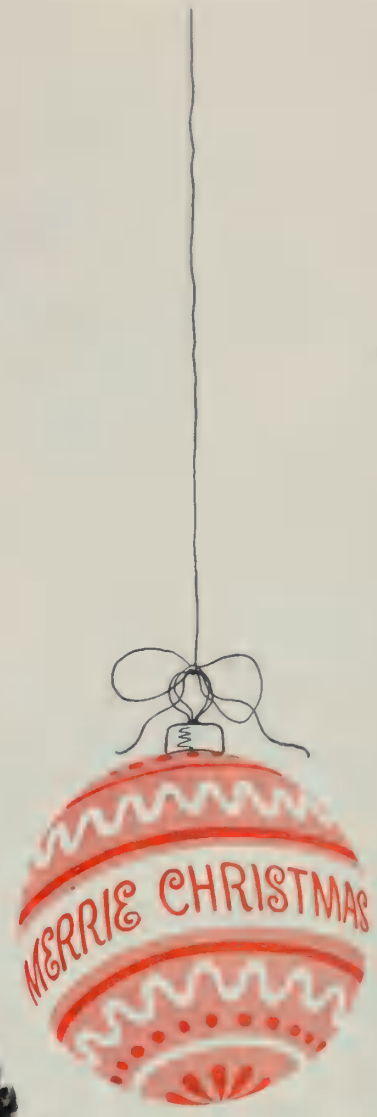


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(Continued from Page 126)

"Then get another. Surely they'll snatch other out today. Please," she begged. "If u had had the first operation in a gang of ys, you'd want something to prove it to em, wouldn't you?"

Doctor Acker had produced the bottled pendix.

"My first business venture," Jimmy mused, aking the little vial back and forth. A ckel for a look, he'd charged, a dime to ld the bottle. From Jimmy's point of view, not his father's, the operation had been a ancial success.

"That had better go in the garbage, not e trash," Martha said, taking it from him ngerly, but Jimmy wasn't listening.

"My bugle!" he cheered, grabbing it from e shelf. "You can't get 'em up, you can't t 'em up, you can't get 'em up in the morn-g."

He sat on the side of the bed practic-g the old calls on the bugle he'd bought at first summer at camp. He had prac-ed it, and spit-and-polished it daily for o years until it was succeeded by the arinet and the Benny Goodman craze.

"Remember our Boy Scout bugle corps?" mmy asked, pausing for breath.

"Yes," Martha said.

She was not likely to forget the martial otes they'd practiced so eagerly off-key in e garage, nor what those same calls had one to her when they were played in earnest e day the Princeton R.O.T.C. marched up r their commissions. The day she knew mmy was going to war. It had seemed the d of her world. It was cky she hadn't been able see his next jump to the rrible Pacific-island ghting. There were no ementos of those years this room except the nny head he'd carved om a coconut husk. . . .

Finally they finished. he room was strangely are and neat. Jimmy ven wiped down the alls with the wall brush and waxed the oor.

"Bertha Foley will do that Thursday," lartha protested, and Jimmy replied:

"Oh, I want to finish it up myself. It won't ake long and it's always fun to do things ith you."

As they carried the trash baskets down-airs together, Martha treasured the care-ss words. Soon, of course, he'd have a gay oung wife it was always "fun to be with," ut still he'd said it.

Into the maw of the incinerator went the roken games and puzzles, the scraps of arving woods, the Bunker Hill hat, the red weater, the varnished hot breads. The ames licked them all impartially.

"It's like a funeral. One of those Indian uttee things," Martha said mournfully.

Jimmy put his arm around her. "Only it's a edding instead," he said. "So smile, chum, mile."

The full moon shone on Martha through he open windows, but that wasn't what had vaked her. It was a sudden vision of empty ews, miles of them stretching back the ength of the church, the whole right side a owling wilderness while the left, the Evans ide, was packed with handsomely appareled uests.

ONLY this morning she'd had a letter from Emmy, her Oklahoma sister who had mar-ied a rancher and had a procession of daugh-ers each prettier than the others. Emmy aid they were all heartbroken, but they ouldn't make the wedding. They had hoped o drive, making a family trip of it—the three oungest girls had never been East—but hey'd decided they really couldn't afford it. Nobody's ever told the colleges it's cheaper y the dozen," Emmy ended.

Martha had been disappointed, but it had aken her subconscious mind to register the wo empty pews where that big, good-look-ng family should be. And her third sister, Polly, had reneged too. She and Blair and the little girls would be in Maine for the summer by then. It was too long a drive to Baltimore for a week end, too expensive for four of them to fly. Martha tossed restlessly.

"Go sleep," Jim grumbled thickly. "Wha's matter?"

"Plenty of matter," Martha mourned. "There aren't going to be enough people on our side of the church."

"Now I've heard everything," Jim said, jolted awake. "What do I do about that? Hire a claque?"

BUT long after Jim was whiffling placidly again, Martha lay calculating. First and worst, Jim wouldn't be in the front pew with her. Of course it was lovely, Jimmy asking his father to be best man. It had touched Jim deeply. "Nicest compliment I've had since you said you'd marry me," he'd told her. Still it would be a blow to be sitting through Jimmy's wedding without Jim beside her. She'd thought she'd ask Alicia and Tom as well as her mother to sit in the pew with her, so there'd be a male representative anyway, but now she'd better put them with Patricia and that snappy new son-in-law in the pew behind. It would make a handsome splash. Martha giggled a little in spite of her worry.

Ethel and Tom Barker were driving down from Riverside, of course, and bringing two other couples from the bridge club. They could be spread over two more pews. July was a terrible time for a wedding, so many people away for the summer. And a holiday week end on top of that.

Of course the Evanses needed the space. Sally was already worrying because acceptances were pouring in, but that made Martha all the more determined that the Bartletts would make a decent showing.

People will think we haven't any friends. That we're nobodies, she told the night watches.

For the first time she regretted that Jim had, practically speaking, no family. "I come of a long line of only sons," was one of his boasts, and it was almost literally true. His father had died when Jim was a baby, his mother shortly after his marriage. There were distant cousins in California, that was about all. Martha, being Southern-bred, had so many relatives she had been just as glad not to take on a new supply. Now, suddenly, she wished for pews full of Bartletts.

The Drapers, of course. Well, since they were so anxious to come and she needed them to fill space, give them a front pew too. Wasn't there anybody else at all?

"What do you want me to do? Hire a claque?" Jim had said.

And why not? If she just wrote Emmy and Polly how much it meant to her to have them with her for the wedding, if she enclosed their airline tickets as if it were the most natural thing in the world, and put them up at a hotel in Baltimore, they'd come like a shot. You could tell they were all really dying to.

That would fill one-two-three-four-five-six-seven pews at least. And with some ushers' families—and couldn't Bob and Ellen Saunders sit on their side, too, even though Ellen was Betsy's cousin? After all, she'd introduced them, and Bob was an usher. Eight-nine-ten-eleven ——

Martha drifted off peacefully.

"What was biting you last night?" Jim asked at breakfast. "This wedding is getting you down. I don't see why. You haven't anything to do with it. Suppose Jimmy had been a girl?"

"It would have cost you a lot of money, for one thing," Martha answered pertly. "Speaking of which, do you remember the little fur cape you offered to give me for my birthday?"

"Sure," said Jim. "Want it? You look so pretty these days I want to dress you up."

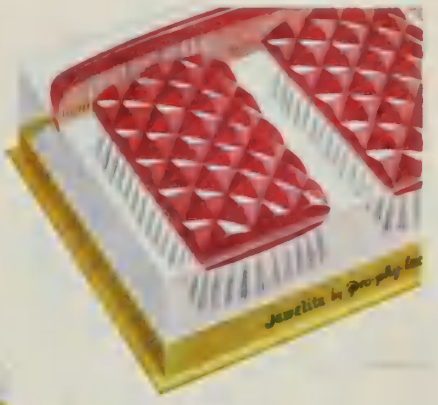
"Would you just as soon give me the check instead?"

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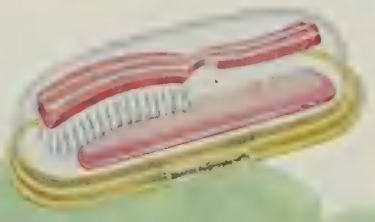
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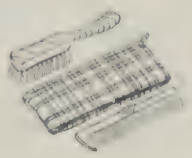
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"I guess so," said Jim without much enthusiasm. "Why?"

"Pew rent," said Martha.

Martha and Jimmy were driving in to the city together. He had asked her to come with him to choose the wedding ring and she was as set up as his father had been when he was asked to be best man.

"The ushers' presents, too," he said. "And after that a great big lunch at a hotel to celebrate."

Martha's mind purred with the motor. Everything was ready. All she had to do now was relax and enjoy these last few days without a single chore or obligation. She smiled as she thought of her dress, a deep rosy coral so becoming that when she tried it on to show Jimmy he'd kissed her and said, "You look like a bridesmaid, not a mother." It was even prettier than the green one the shop had so obligingly credited. She had bought a heavenly blue dinner dress in its place—at a slightly higher price, of course.

"Mom!"

Martha came out of her happy dream. "H'm? What is it, Jimmy?"

"Remember how I kicked against dancing school and finally crawled back and begged for lessons?"

"It turned out all right," Martha said. "You're a wonderful dancer. What made you think of it?"

"That. You've got rhythm and you love it, but your dancing is way out of date. You—excuse it, please—you bounce."

Martha sat up straight. "Why, you great big tall somebody, I'm the best dancer in our crowd."

"Exactly. But the new dancing is smooth. You can learn easy or I wouldn't bring it up. You're getting modern, mom. Go all the way!"

He was joking, but he was in earnest too. Martha gulped. This was putting the shoe on the other foot with a vengeance.

"Are you seriously suggesting I take some learn-dancing-in-a-hurry private lessons?"

"Just for your own fun. We're going down almost a week before the wedding. There'll be parties or dancing nearly every night. You know Baltimore. And you want to be tops—in your class, of course," he added, looking impudently at her.

I feel a perfect fool, Martha thought. But the girl at the desk was matter-of-fact. Middle-aged women being brought up to date were apparently as common as teen-agers to her.

"Let's see," the girl said. "I'll give you our Mr. Taylor. He's a good height for you. You'll like him."

Does she think I want a gigolo? Martha thought, picturing a dapper Johnny with a waxed mustache. *What difference does it make whether I like him or not?*

"How about our complete course of lessons?" the girl said, pushing the blanks toward Martha. But this was too much.

"That is not necessary. I was dancing before you were born. All I want is someone to take the bounce out of me before my son's wedding."

"Oh," said the girl.

Why, he's just a boy. About Jimmy's age, Martha thought when she saw Our Mr. Taylor. *But he's more like Wump.*

At the thought all the "I-feel-a-fool" stiffness left her and she concentrated on the lesson. She began to like it, to be interested.

"You're a natural dancer," Mr. Taylor told her, starting the machine again.

There. Just what she'd told Jimmy. So what was she here for?

"But you bounce."

Martha's swelling ego burst. In her ire she took a sudden step.

"Like that," said Our Mr. Taylor. "That is very Nineteen-twenty. You must glide instead. Let me show you."

Around and around and around. The backs of Martha's legs began to pull. She glanced surreptitiously at her watch. Only half an hour.

"That's better," said Mr. Taylor kindly. "I am sure you will get it quickly."

Around and around and around. The ache traveled up her legs to her lumbar region.

"That's it," said Mr. Taylor the next day. "You're coming on wonderfully." He nipped Martha's answering smile in the bud. "But you still hop. Remember. Never up and down. Just glide. Glide. Gli-ide."

There went the backs of her legs again.

"Now," said Mr. Taylor, "I think we're ready for some dips."

But they weren't what Martha meant by dips. Not gay-twenties tango dips. They were one smooth motion. Back—glide—close—forward—*dip!* She lost her balance. Mr. Taylor held her up.

"Now, now," he soothed. "Not so fast. Easy does it."

She danced and tried not to bounce. She dipped and tried not to fall on her face. She thought of the good old days when you danced and didn't think about it. The ache had hit her lumbar region again.

Around and around—glide—forward—*dip*. At last she could do it. She caught the rhythm of it. She could dip without staggering, smooth as silk. It felt wonderful.

"Wonderful," echoed Mr. Taylor. "Perhaps you and your husband will be interested in joining our older-group rumba and samba classes next winter."

It was their last night home and Martha was packing. They were starting at six in the morning, Martha and Jim in their car and Jimmy in the convertible which sparkled in its new wax job, ready for the wedding journey.

"About a ten-hour trip," Jimmy pronounced. "Maybe more, the way you two drive."

Half of ten is five, Martha thought. Five hours alone with Jimmy before she turned him over to Betsy forever. The prewedding week would be full of chatter but no real talk, and she would have liked to drive the whole way with her son. But she knew that, although he himself had suggested it, that would hurt Jim's feelings. "I'll go half and half," she said.

It was nearly midnight, but she was still packing in the new guest room where her wedding finery had been assembling all this time.

"Stop pottering," Jim called, "and come to bed."

"Pretty soon, dear," she soothed.

But she knew, looking about, that it wouldn't be soon. How wonderful to be efficient like Jim. Still, he had only his own clothes, few and easily folded. No tissue paper and pleats. No hat-shoe-belt-handbag combinations to fit together. No refrigerator to defrost, notes to milkman, egg man, paper boy. And there was that dressing gown to go back for credit. They hadn't called for it yet. What would happen with the house closed? Would she have time to drop it at Ethel's in the morning?

"Mom!" It was a low, desperate call.

Martha flew. Jimmy's bags and the old officer's kit were neatly closed and strapped. Only the new attaché case she had given him for Christmas stood open, awaiting the toilet articles ranged on the scarred old bureau. What could be wrong?

"I've lost the ring," Jimmy said hoarsely.

"Now, now," said Martha in the tone she'd used when guppies perished and bunnies escaped.

"But it's gone. Did you take it? I put it right there, I tell you, and it's gone."

"Don't get so excited. Where did you put it?"

"Why, you remember. We came in the house with it that day and I came right upstairs and put it with the ushers' presents in my top drawer. By the handkerchiefs. I've been through everything. Look!"

The drawer yawned open. It had indeed been thoroughly ransacked. Old scarves, collars and handkerchiefs, not considered worthy of his new life, were tossed in every direction. The lining paper was trampled on the floor. His old studs box was on its side, spewing unmatched cuff links, athletic medals, even some well-worn service ribbons. The six ushers' gift boxes gleamed white in front of the mirror. She recognized them, but there was no beautiful little ring box.

"It's been stolen," announced Jimmy dramatically.

Martha's heart yearned toward him. His hair stood up wildly in every direction, his hands were icy. Last-minute jitters, bless his heart.

"Of course it's not stolen," she said, very matter-of-fact. "It's right here. Perhaps you packed it with your things."

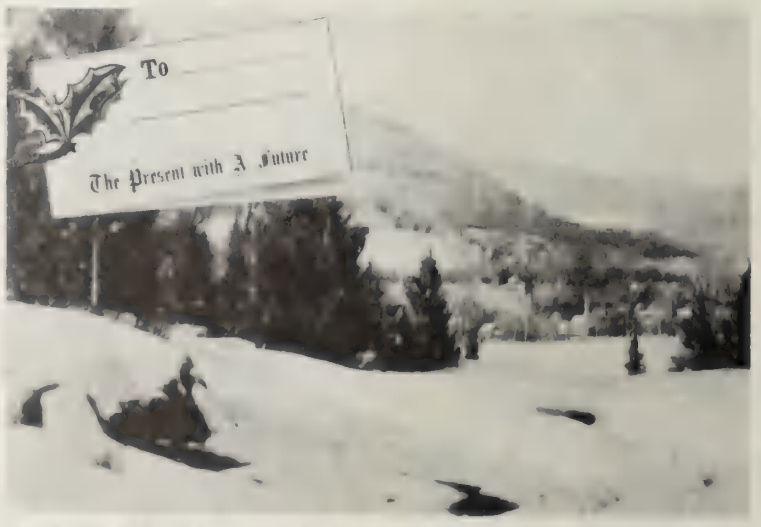
"No. It's gone," said Jimmy, collapsing in the old Morris chair and putting his hands to his forehead.

That's the way you clutch your brow, Martha registered. *I always wondered.* Aloud she said, "Just sit there a minute. A fresh eye is always best at finding things."

She opened the first bag and began to unpack the new monogrammed pajamas, the carefully ironed white shirts. It would be Betsy's job after this to sew on the buttons and call the tailor, to turn the jacket pockets inside out to whisk-broom the tobacco crumbs, and to moth-spray the camel's-hair sweater. Never mind all that. Where was the ring?

"If the worst comes to the worst," she said to divert him, "you *can* buy another it

(Continued on Page 132)



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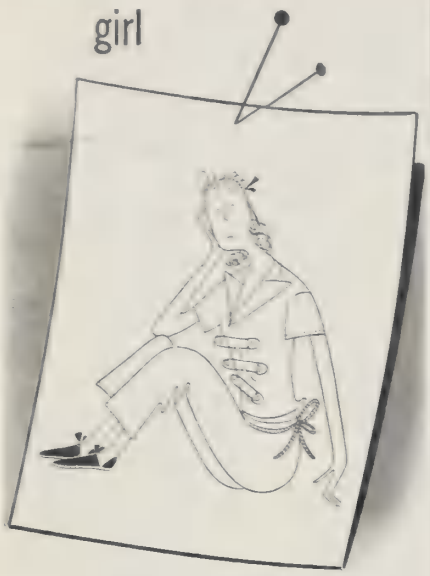
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(Continued from Page 130)

Baltimore!" but the idea only elicited another groan.

"It wouldn't be marked. Betts wanted it marked with the initials and 'Whom God Hath Joined Together.' It took days."

"There. There," said Martha, feeling in the corners of the next bag. She couldn't bear to take out all those clothes. What *had* he done with it? Hidden it from himself, of course, because it was so precious. Hidden his treasure—why, of course! She walked to the long shelves across the opposite wall and crouched down to where he had so cleverly fitted them against the baseboard with a secret cubbyhole. She pressed the lock and drew out the little box.

"How could I forget?" cried Jimmy, his long form leaping across to her in one surge. "I've taken leave of my senses."

Martha reached up and patted his cheek. "Oh, no, you haven't," she said. "Your senses have taken leave of you temporarily. They're out in the great blue yonder. I mailed my pocketbook to your father just before we were married."

"You what!"

"My purse. One of those flat envelope jobs. I was in Nashville doing my last shopping. I was a block away from the mailbox before I realized I had the letter under my arm instead of my pocketbook."

Jim roared. "Did you hitchhike home?"

She was repacking, tucking the new lisle socks into the toes of his patent-leather dancing pumps. "No. Nobody had heard of girls' hitchhiking in those days, and the Lord looks out for fools, they say. I rushed back and there was the postman collecting the mail. But would he give me my purse? Not even when I described everything in it. I had to march to the post office with him and identify it."

"Then what?" Jimmy was fondling the little white velvet box, putting it into and taking it out of his dressing-gown pocket. She'd better remember that, considering the state he was in.

"Why, the postmaster just laughed and handed it back to me. 'You must be in love,' he said. And Jimmy, dear, I still am. I hope you can make Betsy as happy."

"Thank you, mother," Jimmy said, and when he called her that it meant he was solemn and moved. "What would I do without you?"

But he was going to do without her. Even when he was home, he and Betsy would be in the guest room. She would hear them talking and laughing together with the doors shut instead of calling back and forth along the hall as she and the two Jims had always done.

Why, you're jealous, Martha told herself angrily, back again packing her own suitcases. She blew her nose on one of her best embroidered handkerchiefs that she'd been saving for the trip and flung it, uncaring, into the laundry hamper. *Shame on you*. She finished up quickly and tiptoed down the hall to bed. But Jimmy heard her.

"Psst," he said.

She couldn't resist. She went in. "You should be asleep," she said severely. Even in that extra-length bed his feet stuck out over the footboard. She remembered the story they told in that camp in the South where he slept in an upper bunk. His roommate came in a little gay one night and hung his clothes on Jimmy's feet. "Go to sleep," she repeated, touching his forehead lightly. "What! No fever? I'm surprised."

He caught her hand. "Don't you dare cry at the wedding," he said. "Don't you dare be drippy."

"Why, I will, too, if Sally does. One yip out of her and I'll turn on the faucets and flood the place."

"Okay," said Jimmy contentedly. "G'wan to bed, pal."

She went, sliding gently in so as not to wake Jim. But his arms came out instantly to gather her in.

"Jimmy's last night home before he's married."

"Don't you dare be drippy," said Martha briskly.

They were dressing for the dance Ellen Saunders' family were giving in honor of the match she and Bob claimed to have made.

I'd be scared meeting all these new people if I hadn't had those dancing lessons, Martha thought, combing her hair to which Gaston, as promised, had given the wedding set. It sprang obediently back, framing her face, and Martha regarded it complacently. There was nothing like a really good hairdo. She didn't even mind buying hats any more.

Jim was feeling otherwise. He was struggling with his new white dinner jacket. They never "got themselves up," as Jim put it, in Riverside in the summer, and it had been another last-minute struggle and rush to get Jim to buy it.

"Monkey clothes," he said angrily, "with the thermometer at eighty. My collar's tight already."

"It's nothing to my new slippers. But Ah'm suah we both look dee-vine," said Martha in Thomasina's fanciest accent.

"You look smooth," Jimmy said, coming up dutifully for the second dance, and after a turn around the room he added admiringly, "And you are smooth too. Aren't you glad I made you take those lessons?"

"Your father's doing all right without them," Martha smiled, watching Jim pilot Betsy merrily about. Jimmy's eyes followed.

"Isn't she beautiful?" he whispered in awed accents.

Next Martha danced with Arthur Evans. *Why, he bounces*, she thought, *and he tramples too*. Between Arthur and the heat and the new brocade slippers, her feet weren't so happy as the rest of her. Somehow they'd never been quite the same since those shopping trips with Alicia.

MONKEY WRENCH

The square wrench was invented by a London blacksmith named Moncke, and in honor of him was called Moncke's wrench, and then spelled euphonically monkey wrench. —DAVID T. ARMSTRONG.

She danced with her host, Ellen's father, and they told each other all over again about Jimmy and Betts meeting at Princeton, and about their all sitting together at commencement. It seemed that whereas Martha had not guessed that it would end in wedding bells, Mr. Treadway had foreseen it from the first. They discussed the pros and cons of this for some time. Her feet had become swords piercing her, and Mr. Treadway's prodding patent leathers didn't help.

"Oh, but you were so much cleverer than I," Martha caroled. "And I can't tell you how happy we are about ——"

Wump cut in. Dear old Wump, who would dance her round the floor once—she had just about strength enough left for that—and then lead her to the punch bowl.

But after a few steps Wump said, "*Gee*, Mrs. Bartlett," and, since she was really with him, he began to evolute. Wump danced as naturally as he breathed, talked all the while as if they were back in the old not-done-over living room in Riverside where she had so often listened to his love lives. "That Thomasina," he crooned. "Where's she been all my life, old Jimmy keeping her dark? Isn't she terrific?"

"H'm. H'm. H'rum," replied Martha. "Absolutely terrific."

"My dream girl I've looked for all these years," gargled Wump, whipping into a turn Martha was sure even Our Mr. Taylor never heard of.

"What, *again*, Wump?" Martha laughed.

"What d'ye mean again?" asked Wump indignantly. "This is the real for-life stuff. This is my Woman." He mooned across the floor toward Thomasina, in a silver dress indulging in a little jitterbugging with another usher in a corner. "The Woman for Me."

"I believe you're right," said Martha after another look. "She just might be. But listen, Wump, Thomasina's busy for a minute. Could you take me back to the Parnhams' where we're staying? It'll only take a jiffy, their house is right across the golf course, and if anybody else takes me it'll be noticed. I—I forgot something."

Wump's good manners stood him in good stead. He swallowed and said. "Certainly, Mrs. Bartlett. You mean now?"

"Now," said Martha positively.

Wump tore his eyes away from Thomasina. "I'll bring the car around," he said, backing toward the door.

But the Parnhams' house was dark—the Parnhams' Carrie went home nights—and locked. Used to Riverside's easy ways, she'd never thought of that. She looked so stricken that Wump sensed an emergency. In his experience, older people were often dependent on their heart pills. She'd said she didn't want to upset anybody. Nitroglycerin, that was the stuff.

"I'll break in," he said.

"Oh, I don't think ——" Martha hesitated, but he was already galloping around the house, trying the windows.

"The little pantry one's part way open, but it's pretty high up," he reported, panting. "D'you think you could give me a boost? Wouldn't . . . strain your heart or anything, would it?" he asked anxiously.

"Goodness, there's nothing the matter with my heart," said Martha.

Wonderful woman, admired Wump silently. "You better pick up your skirt. The grass is pretty wet. I had to take off my shoes."

"I will too," said Martha enthusiastically. She followed him around the house, stretching her toes and luxuriating in the grassy dampness against her nylons. "Suppose the Parnhams took a notion to come home early?" Martha chuckled, standing on tiptoe on the slanting cellar door and trying to avoid Wump's flailing legs while she hoisted his spanker nearer the window ledge.

The body heaved through the window and the legs followed. There was a thump and Wump reappeared miraculously at the back door.

"You just rest there," he said anxiously. "Can't I get it for you?"

"No, I don't believe you can," said Martha, flying past and up the stairs.

A splash of cold water, talcum powder, fresh stockings and her comfy old mules. Blue, luckily, like so many of Martha's things, and a good enough match under the long, full skirt.

After Jimmy had done his duty by all the bridesmaids, she knew, he would come back and they would have a real dance. Her last dance with her bachelor son.

"Let's make it a good one," she admonished the familiar old slippers as her feet slipped easily into them. "We're old friends, Mules, and I know you aren't the balky kind."

"Feeling better now?" asked Wump solicitously as they drove back to the dance.

"Absolutely okay, thanks to you," said Martha.

Martha pretended not to notice the inward pangs she was suffering about the wedding presents. Not that they weren't beautiful. They were. The trestle tables set up in the Evanses' upstairs sunroom kept on filling with lovely things, but Martha could not join the ohing and ahing so wholeheartedly as she had at first. It seemed to her that the discrepancy between the flood of Evans candlesticks and platters and silver vegetable dishes and the thin trickle of Bartlett offerings was becoming painfully apparent.

She told herself that, of course, the Evanses were surrounded by friends, whereas the Bartlett presents must come from a distance. She told herself not to be so disgusting when she caught herself counting back to particularly nice presents she herself had sent. But the morning she woke up and realized it was only four days to the wedding she couldn't keep it in any longer.

"I wouldn't breathe it to anybody else but you, Jim," she burst out, "but *where* are our family presents? It's getting embarrassing,

(Continued on Page 135)



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(Continued from Page 132)

really it is. Everything from our friends so far has been just—well, you know. Nice, but —— Where is mother's present, even? You know how devoted she is to Jimmy, and coming all the way up to the wedding, at her age. And Alicia? And Ethel? I know Ethel is planning something especially nice and she has such good taste. But where *is* it?"

"Oh, relax," said Jim, squinting at his yesterday's golf score and jabbing it with the little pencil. He and Arthur had turned out to be evenly matched and thereafter could be counted on for the bare minimum of wedding responsibilities. "It isn't a balance sheet, is it? Nobody notices things like that."

Oh, don't they? thought Martha, remembering a few raised eyebrows yesterday over Aunt Tillie's hand-painted jardiniere.

"Anyway, we've done our bit. Betts is still sending up skyrockets over her chest of silver." He disposed of the subject. "How's for breakfast? Arthur and I are playing at nine-thirty."

Yes, they had certainly displayed the flat silver beautifully and made a terrific fuss over it.

"Thank *heaven*," Sally'd said frankly when it arrived. "I just knew Arthur and I couldn't afford it on top of the wedding. A dozen of everything and all the serving pieces too. I started with eight place settings and not even a tablespoon over. I never did get things matching right. Betts, I'm going to keep this silver to pay back for all the trouble you've been to me!"

And Betts and Martha and Sally had all laughed and kissed one another and it was great fun. Except it was still the only *big* present. The chest stood in rather solitary state. Maybe mother was sending a check after all. She'd said she might. She was getting too old to shop. It would be nice, of course, but you couldn't display it.

You mercenary wretch, Martha upbraided herself.

But at lunch, which was another big party, the entire topic of conversation was the wedding presents.

"I've got writer's cramp and ink spots before the eyes," said the efficient bridesmaid whose duty it was to keep the bride book.

"Betsy is so popular, and so are Cousin Sally and Cousin Arthur," Ellen chimed in.

Martha smiled glassily. *Speaking of popular*, her dreadful other self sneered, *where are your bridge-club members, for instance?*

After lunch most of the party adjourned to the Evanses'.

"We've seen them all before," Cornelia Parnham said, "but let's go see what today's haul was."

There was nothing Martha wanted less. "Let's," she said brightly.

"You should have been there, Jim," exulted Martha in the privacy of the Parnhams' guest room. "We walked in the house, all of us, and the hall was stacked, absolutely stacked, with packages. Uncle Remus was prying open the biggest one on the porch, a wooden box with mother's return address on it, and I knew—I absolutely knew—it was Grandmother Alton's silver tea service. The one that was buried in the cemetery to hide from Sherman's march, you know." ("*Do I!*" ejaculated Jim.) "She had it buffed by a jeweler, and put in apple-pie order. That's why it was so late coming. You ought to see it."

"I did," said Jim. "Very pretty."

"Everyone was hysterical about it, and Thomasina actually said, 'Gosh, that's really something.'"

"I hope Betsy liked it, too," observed Jim mildly.

"*Liked* it! Why, she cleared everything off to put it right in the middle of the long table opposite the chest of silver. Though what Alicia's going to say—she raised heaven and earth to get mother to give it to Patricia last year, but mother said it would only get all the daughters and granddaughters fighting. So, since Jimmy's the only grandson ——" Martha preened herself and Jim started to be funny, but decided against it. This was obviously Martha's Big Moment. "Alicia must feel all right about it, though, or mother must have made it up to her somehow the way she always does, because the very next package was a wonderful old Sheffield tray, just right to go under it."

"Under the what? The only grandson? Or under the bed?"

"Jim! The tea service, of course. And as if that wasn't enough, next came the most be-yew-tiful Spode from the bridge club. They'd got together on it and that's why we hadn't had anything from *them* before."

"What's a spode?" asked Jim. "Sounds like a trick dog."

"Why, English china, of course. The pattern is that ——"

"Spare me," said Jim. "The main thing is can they eat off it?"

"Not every day, if they have any sense. This is company china if you ever saw it. And then—imagine such a landslide from Riverside the same day—there was a complete set of glasses from goblets to those little liqueur glasses from your poker club. All monogrammed, which is why they were late too."

"Hey!" said Jim, beaming. "The boys kicked through in a big way, did they? Well. Well. Funny, though, the poker club usually sends highball glasses with those ——"

"I know. Hunting dogs with dead birds hanging out their mouths. Revolting. Thank heaven Ethel got hold of Stewart."

"Ethel!" shouted Jim. "What's she got to do with the poker club?"

"My"—Martha's eyes shone—"I'm glad we live in a nice small town where people sort of get together about things, aren't you?"

"You mean about important things like Jimmy Bartlett's wedding," said Jim, coming over to kiss her. "I'm glad you're so set up. You look pretty as a peach. Well, time to climb into our glad rags again. One more dinner party before the wedding. No wonder Arthur Evans doesn't play better golf, if he keeps up this pace. Let's get home early."

It wasn't very early. A few people drifted back to the Evanses' and Martha suggested they go upstairs to see the presents.

And now it was the day. The day of her son's wedding.

Martha went to the window and raised the shade. Sunlight streamed in. "Blessed is the bride the sun shines on." She hoped sunshine blessed the groom too.

"They're going to have a beautiful day," she called.

Jim opened an eye and squinted at the sky. "Thunderstorm by night, I'd say."

"*I* wouldn't," said Martha, "even if I thought so. And there's not a cloud in the sky."

"Weather breeder," Jim said. He caught sight of her face and amended hastily, "Late tonight, maybe. All I meant was we're due for rain."

Martha was still lingering at the window. She was wishing Jimmy had been put here at the Parnhams' with them instead of at the Catletts' with the ushers. He'd have been in their room right this minute, joking and horsing around to cover his feelings. He'd always been a great boy to come in for an early-morning gabfest, probably a hang-over from childhood, babyhood even, when he'd rattle the doorknob and stand there in his sleepers and announce "Here's Jimmy." She could see him now.

"What are you looking at?" Jim demanded, opening both eyes this time.

She didn't tell him. "I don't know what Sally will do if it rains," she said. "She's counting so on being able to use the lawn." Her voice, to her own utter astonishment, quavered.

"Why, Martha," said Jim, "you come right here."

Martha burst into tears and threw herself beside him. "It's because—I'm so ha-appy. And Betsy's such a lo-ovely girl—and we're so lu-ucky ——"

Jim thumped her back rhythmically between phrases. "There, there," he said. "There. There." And pretty soon Martha stopped. She sat up and blew her nose.

"There," she said, "that's out of my system. You said there'd be a shower before night and we've had it. Hurry up and shave. I want to get over to Sally's early and see if I can help."

"Then I'll drop you there and go on over to the Catletts' to see if Jimmy needs anything. Wedding isn't till four-thirty, but I suppose there's no golf this morning."

Sally was running around distractedly. "Like a chicken with its head off," Martha's mother would have called it.

"Are you sure we haven't forgotten anything?" she kept asking. "Everything is so done. We must have forgotten something important."

"Nothing is important except Jimmy and me—and maybe the minister," said Betsy calmly. "Here, drink your coffee, mother."

Gifts were still arriving, but there was not time to open them now. They were just things to be shuffled upstairs and hidden under the damask-hung trestle tables. Martha, carrying up a load, peeked in the bride book with satisfaction. The Bartlett side was still going strong.

It was going strong in actual arrivals too. Sally's friends had taken them all in so hospitably. They wouldn't listen to anybody's staying at the hotel in town, and had put the pretty young Oklahomans where there were young people, and the children from Maine in a house where there were the young fry. Mother, basking in the reflected glory of the Alton tea service, was ensconced in state with old Mrs. Martin and they were having the time of their lives playing canasta and swapping Daughters of the Confederacy stories.

Martha wandered back downstairs and out onto the porch. There didn't seem much she could do. Jim was over at Jimmy's. She wished she could at least have tied Jimmy's tie for his wedding. Oh, well.

There was a screech of brakes in the driveway.

"It's Wump," Martha registered automatically. She walked around to the front door. "Where's Jimmy?" she called. "Where's the groom?"

"At the Catletts', of course," answered Wump, his eye sliding past her to Thomasina, who just happened to be in the hallway clad—if you could call it that—in shorts and halter. "He can't come here. He can't see Betsy before the wedding."

She had forgotten. This was the one place he wouldn't come. "How about the lunch

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Third Birthday

By Polly Toland

The heart of my child has been caught by Christmas,
His small heart trapped in the snare which has sprung
To chain him to Now with his mind on Tomorrow,
His hope and his eyes all tinsel hung.

He asks of the unknown, splendid coming
For toy desires of train and car;
All he knows of Christmas is sweet receiving
Which harvests the season of the Star.

My heart, as well, is in love with Christmas,
But my greatest gift has been given before:
His timely birth in this holy season
Is a lovely echo; I ask no more.

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party?" she asked. "If he can't come I'd just as soon go over and scramble him an ——"

"Oh," cried Betsy, rushing out followed by the troop of bridesmaids, "he can go because I'm not. Mother and I are going to have a sandwich here so we can dress quietly."

And have a cozy little visit. Lucky Sally. Martha hung back in the hall unnoticed.

"Hurry up, girls," Wump shouted gladly. "The boys are all waiting at the swimming pool. Pile in. Plenty of time for a swim before lunch."

They piled. How often Martha had admired Wump's artful packing of his car, the glamour girl—Thomasina in this case—always snugly against him, the girls with glasses, the girls who were oversize or undercurved always neatly in the back. Martha noticed the efficient bridesmaid wedged in a rear corner.

"You can't come, Betts," Wump said, waving her off elaborately.

"As if I wanted to," said Betsy, going into the house. "You're all too young and crazy for an old married woman."

The bulging carload racketed off down the drive. The caterers and awning men began to push Martha from place to place. She took refuge in the little-used den. Sally appeared in the doorway.

"Can't you think of anything we've forgotten?" she asked, and disappeared.

Martha sat on. She certainly was a V.U.I.P. The wedding lunch was at the Parnhams'. If she'd stayed there she might have been of some help, but she couldn't get there without bothering someone for a car. Where was Jim? Even he had forgotten her.

There was another whir of tires in the driveway, slower this time. Arthur wandered in.

"Hello, Martha," he said listlessly.

"Hello," Martha answered.

They sat a minute. Arthur stirred.

"I feel awful," he said. "How about a mint julep?"

"Goodness," said Martha. "In the morning?"

"Yes. In the morning," said Arthur firmly. "Jim's out servicing Jimmy's car for a quick getaway. He said tell you he'd pick you up in about an hour. Sally and Betts gave me a brush-off. I feel lonesome." He looked it.

"All right," said Martha. Thank goodness somebody needed her.

The Parnhams' buffet lunch was over, but a lot of people still lingered. Laughter floated up to Martha, who had gone to her room to dress. The lingerers were from Washington, and the Eastern Shore, and round about, who'd come to lunch all dressed for the wedding. Alicia had elected to change at the Martins', where mother was staying, to be sure mother did them proud in the lavender-and-old-lace effect Alicia had selected.

"You sure you don't mind my getting into my togs with Jimmy?" Jim had asked. "It's simpler, since you're driving to the church with the Parnhams."

"Heavens," Martha had said stoutly, "I guess I can still dress alone if you can." She had kissed them both and sent them off together. Lots of people said Jimmy looked like her, but she thought the two tall Jims were exactly alike.

"See you at the church," they'd chorused, driving off gaily.

It was an anticlimax, though, dressing in this strange room alone. She pictured the raucous confusion and male shouts at the Catletts' and the soft laughter and whisking fragrance at the Evanses,' with bridesmaids running in and out along the upstairs hall. In lieu of anything better, Martha talked to the coral dress.

"You certainly are a honey," she told it where it lay in chiffon folds across the bed. "And just you wait." She opened the sacred hatbox, took out a wisp of tulle, and laid it confidently beside the dress. She had tried it on often enough to know how fetching it was on her gray curls. She took a leisurely shower and leisurely she dressed. She was just slipping on the dress when there was a knock. Could it be Jim, or Jimmy even, come to take her to the church after all? But it was the Parnhams' Carrie.

"Miz Parnham send me ask anything Ah kin do."

"Why, thank you, Carrie," she said, "but I'm about ready. Doesn't Mrs. Parnham need you?"

"No, ma'am. Outside hired help wash up the pahty and the ladies and gen'mens stahtin' to the church."

Already! But, of course, ordinary guests would have to be there early to get aisle seats. She, as the mother of the groom, need not arrive until the proper time, because her proper place in the right-hand front pew was waiting for her. Who had first laid down these wedding rules? "The button and the bride on the left-hand side." . . . "Something old and something new." She had given Betts the pearl lovers' knot, the one she hadn't taken on her first call at the Evanses', for "something old."

"You like it, Carrie?" she asked, hearing Carrie's gasp as the gown fell into place. It certainly was a knockout.

ONLY that wasn't what had knocked out Carrie. "'Scuse me, Miz Bartlett, but there's sumpin shows in back where it didn't ought."

Martha whirled before the mirror, and Carrie was right. Her bra, her expensive new strapless bra, showed lace above the rosy underslip.

"Like all really good dresses," Miss Delicia at the shop had said superciliously "this has its own fitted slip. Do not ruin the line with any other shoulder straps." But she had managed to ruin the line some other way. Trust her, trying to be chic and clever when she wasn't. A wave of heat and despair went over her. Carrie saw it.

"Jest take yore dress off," she said kindly. "We kin cut it down. I'll run git the scissors."

After all her planning. Martha looked at her watch. Ten to four. How had she dawdled away all that time? She was still groping her way out of the delicate folds, lost in side passages like Tom Sawyer's cave, when Carrie came back.

"Help me, Carrie," she said faintly from within. Her hair was ruined, and probably the dress too. She heaved frantically toward the exit.

"Look out, Miz Bartlett. You goin' to tear it. You hold still. Jest you put yore ahms out and Carrie pull it off'n you."

I'm going to miss the wedding, Martha told herself, shaking with haste and nervousness, *I'm going to miss my own son's wedding while I'm trapped in a triple-decker pink dress.*

Carrie kept on tugging gently and finally the dress slid off, wrong side out. Carrie advanced with a pair of shears about a foot long. "Mr. Parnham's liberry sizzahs. I always know where they is." She examined the rear of the new bra. "Ain't nuthin to cut," she announced. "Leastways, any little they is, shows. I'll jest cut it off you." She did. The lace fell in a useless puddle. "Now all we got to do is put this dress back on you." She began to turn the layers right side out again. "It's a reel puzzle," she said, doubtfully.

Cornelia Parnham's voice hailed cheerfully from the hall. "You about ready, Martha?" it said. "We'll wait in the car."

Martha dove again through the rosy tunnels. "Well, I just can't go," she said, striking another dead end and withdrawing. "I can't go like this."

"You sho' can't," giggled Carrie. "Now jump once more with me holdin' the skirt wide open."

Carrie grabbed Martha's arms and guided them past the neck-hole and through the double armholes. She flipped the dress over Martha's head and it fell in gracious folds around Martha's body.

"See that now?" Carrie breathed. "An' yo' bosom looks just lovely the way God made it. Which is yo' hat?"

She was in the church vestibule with minutes to spare. *You made it, old girl*, she told

lf, trying not to breathe heavily. *ed and in your right mind. Practically.* ut up her hand to be sure her hat hadn't ed.

Don't touch it," whispered Alicia, paus- moment beside her while she waited for sher to escort her to the second pew right. u're *just right.*" Martha registered that a was looking very smart in toast. She worked it into the wedding after all.

e organ pealed toward the vestibule n. Its cadence was quickening. The esmaids had arrived in a body and were tered, giggling, in an anteroom. The rs were whizzing last-minute arrivals to sirable side pews. Martha made herself il and inconspicuous in a corner. Were and Jimmy ready in the vestry at the site end of the church? What were they ing about? What were they thinking? pose a button had popped, a collar ed its mooring, and no one there to t.

ddenly the vestibule was electric. Sally red looking over her shoulder, and be- l her on her father's arm was Betsy, te-misted with stars in her eyes. Martha ed and the proverbial lump came into throat. This girl, this heavenly maiden, to be Jimmy's wife and her daughter. rtha wanted to go and touch her, to say ething memorable, but Sally was fussing the train and veil. "It's just right now, darling, don't turn again." Someone led Martha and there was Wump, crook- his elbow toward her with exaggerated emony.

Hey, hey, Mother Bartlett, it's time for to take a walk."

Mother Bartlett. Wump. The nearest ng to a brother Jim had ever had. Martha w that at fifty Wump would still be Jim's brother. She took his arm lovingly and y started down the aisle.

ER glance swept the groom's side. Who re all these half-familiar faces? Jimmy's lege friends, his fellow officers. There was at wonderful boy who was Jimmy's ser- ant. He was still in uniform. And there was e camp counselor who'd been so fond of nmy—what was his name?—and the pretty l beside him must be his wife. Martha re- mbered sending them a wedding present ng ago. Why, she must have been crazy. ghtmaring those empty pews. She'd forgot- n Jimmy had friends, a host of them, and a ole life of his own.

She and Wump moved forward. Past hel and Tom and the little Riverside con- tingent loyally beaming at her. Past the Drapers. Goodness! As if they'd known her all her life. Past her family, those scattered sisters all together again for the first time in years, and all looking so nice. Emmy and Joe and the six blond step-chair daughters. She'd be going to a wedding in Oklahoma soon or she missed her guess. Past Polly and Blair and the little Mainites bouncing in pig-tailed excitement. Past Alicia's correct pew-ful and down at last to where mother sat, tiny, and erect and proud, waiting for her.

Wump stopped. He uncrooked his arm, seated her, and winked wickedly.

THE organ pealed again, and here came Sally in the yummy green. She looked young, and as if she hadn't a care in the world, but perhaps that hat was a little too ——

There was another surge of sound, an unmistakable sound: "Here comes the bride." The strains filled the church, old but new to every bride in her turn.

Martha's heart—or was it her stomach, or maybe her throat?—thrilled to the noble notes.

"Here comes the bride," they promised.

The congregation rose with a well-dressed rustle and turned as one person to face the bridal procession. All but Martha, whose eyes were riveted on the two tall men emerging from the vestry door and taking their place at the foot of the chancel. Jimmy was gazing with his heart in his eyes up the aisle where Betsy was pacing, but Jim looked first at Martha and then they looked together at their son.

"Who giveth this woman?" the minister intoned. Arthur made his brief gesture.

No one even asked me, Martha tried to thought-wave to him sympathetically, catching his expression.

Ta, ta, te, tum, ta ta cheered Mendelssohn. And now Jimmy and Betsy were facing down the church, down the whole future together. Happiness radiated from them.

As they passed the first pew, Jimmy turned one smile from Betsy to Martha. Even at this minute he felt her love and returned it. To her son she was still a Very Important Person. Her eyes met Sally's affectionately across the aisle and then turned to watch Jimmy and Betts advancing through a smiling sea of good wishes and good will.

Yes, she was still a V.I.P., although in a different way. And there was a Very Im Portant time coming. Perhaps the happiest in their lives.

THE END

JENNIFER



"Now when I say, 'No trumps,' Marge, you say to Lynn, 'Frankly, I don't like that hat on you, dear!'"

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1 *To make crusts* and decorations for two Holiday Mince Pies, as Miss Hanneman always does, first measure 3 cups of all-purpose flour, then sift with 1½ tsps. of salt. Add ½ lb. of Armour Lard — just cut self-measuring carton in two. Since Armour Lard needs no refrigeration, it's always ready to blend instantly. Stop mixing when lard is cut to size of small peas. Now take 5 tablespoons of water right from faucet —add all at once. Mix lightly and press dough together with knife. Divide into three portions.



2 *Star this "all-star" crust!* Roll out each portion evenly—about ⅛ inch thick. Miss Hanneman likes to use 2 cups of mince meat for each of the Holiday Mince Pies she's making here—and uses the third crust to make star decorations for two pies at once!



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Quick and Easys for Two

By LOUELLA G. SHOUER

DONALD STUA



Sally and Dick arrange greens from their dooryard in an antique salad bo

SALLY and Dick live in a dark green "tree house"—or so they li to call it. Actually it's an apartment, built over a garage that w part of an estate. Far from the main house, it is set down in a gro of trees beside a slow, winding river. The trees are mostly evergree so there's a woodsy view from all the windows in winter.

Sally says of their first home, "Our two rooms and a kitchene high in the treetops is not palatial, but snug—and we love it. It is tiny we haven't room for all our wedding presents. And without t equipment or the space, I don't have to entertain formally. Since work in the village nearby and meet Dick's train from New York eve night, we don't have time or the desire for elaborate meals. O friends know they can drop in any time for a bite and there'll be fuss. It may be just a casserole of Spanish rice and a salad, and th may have to sit around on the floor to eat it, if there are more th two, but any meal shared with friends is fun."

One for the Casserole

Chicken, Macaroni and Cheese Casserole
Our Usual Salad
Ripe Pears

"My friends must have known we would like casserole dinners, as we received casseroles in all shapes and sizes for wedding presents. We're always trying new combinations in them. I don't mean 'we' literally, as Dick doesn't help me cook—too many cooks spoil the casserole. I often make this one when there is leftover chicken, but canned chicken does just as well."

CHICKEN, MACARONI AND CHEESE CASSEROLE

To 1½ cups medium-thin cream sauce add ¾ cup grated Cheddar cheese, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspo dry mustard, and pepper to tas Cook 3 ounces elbow macaroni in bo ing salted water while you make sauce. Time it according to packa directions. Drain and rinse with water. Combine with sauce. Add ¾ 1 cup cooked or canned chicken, into nice pieces. Pour into a grea casserole. Sprinkle ¼ cup more gra cheese on top and bake about minutes in a moderate oven, 350° until bubbly and brown on top.

Dinner at a Price

Pork Chops à la Miller
Spinach with Garlic
Hot Spiced Grapefruit

"When I shop for dinner, I lo for the cheapest thing at the m counter and build my meal arou whatever it happens to be. I'm alwa

l when it's pork chops, as Dick and .e them cooked slow and easy. They ctically cook by themselves, which es me time to make quick work of usual evening household chores."

PORK CHOPS À LA MILLER

l 4 loin pork chops in flour and wn well on both sides in a hot let, greased with 1 tablespoon rtening. Drain off any excess fat er frying chops. Add ¾ cup chopped ons and ½ cup chopped green per. Season with 1 teaspoon salt l several good dashes of pepper. nd 1 can condensed tomato soup h ¾ cup water and pour over ps. Cover and simmer until chops tender, turning during cooking.

Short Notice

Curried Eggs on Rice
Green Salad
Frozen-Applesauce Whip

"Many a night after Christmas opping we decide to have a cozy nner at home when we'd previously anned to dine at the inn. (We al- ays spend more for presents than planned to.) If I haven't food- opped that day, it doesn't bother e a bit, as I always have something the shelf or in the refrigerator for impromptu meal. Cooking is more n when you don't plan too rigidly."

CURRIED EGGS ON RICE

ip enough scallions into small pieces ith the scissors to make ¼ cup. If ou don't have scallions, of course, se ordinary onions, chopped—same uantity. Sauté until golden in 3 ablespoons butter or margarine. Re- ove from heat and blend in 2 table- oons flour and 2 teaspoons curry owder—more, if you like curries ot—until smooth. Return to heat. dd 1¾ cups milk gradually, stirring ntil thickened. Slice 4 hard-cooked ggs and add to sauce with 1 teaspoon alt and a dash of pepper to taste. It ay need more salt—so taste and see. o save time, you might try the anned, cooked rice.

FROZEN-APPLESAUCE WHIP

Empty 1 No. 2 can applesauce into a freezing tray and set up refrigerator to coldest position. Freeze until apple- sauce is frosty ½ inch around the edges of the tray. Beat 2 egg whites until stiff. Gradually add 3 table- spoons sugar, beating well after each addition. Add the partially frozen applesauce and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Beat until fluffy. Serve icy cold with a generous sprinkling of nutmeg. Whatever is left may be put back in the freezing tray and kept for another meal—when it will be more like a sherbet.

Steak-Sale Dividend

Beef Potpie
Green Beans
Apricot-and-Pineapple Compote

"Dick says he's sure we'd be beef-eating fools if we could afford it. Under the circumstances, we wait for a steak sale at one of the chain stores. Then I buy a steak large enough for a steak dinner the first night, and a beef pie the next. For the pie, I use the tougher part—the tail, if it's a porterhouse. I haven't tried to make pastry in my short history of cooking, as it's so easy to use the pastry mix for a potpie topper and so much bet- ter than I *think* I could make."

Food and Friends

Oyster Stew—Crackers
Avocado-and-Tomato Salad
Black-Bing-Cherry- and-Pecan Ring

"One of my favorite wedding presents is a French onion-soup crock over an alcohol lamp. It holds quarts and quarts—too much for just the two of us. We like it for oyster-stew parties in the winter. I use my mother's recipe. It's the easiest one I know of. I make the dessert the night before."



Sally and Dick are having their first holiday party, starring oyster stew.

Holiday Ham Loaf

A GAY AND ZESTFUL RECIPE BY ANNE MARSHALL

1 pound ground veal
1 pound ground ham
1 cup bread crumbs
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
3 tablespoons minced onion
3 tablespoons minced green pepper
2 eggs, beaten
¼ cup ketchup
¼ cup water
1 can (1¼ cups) Campbell's Tomato Soup

Combine ingredients in order given, mixing thoroughly. Pack ham loaf firmly into a greased 9″ x 4″ x 4″ loaf pan. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for 1 hour. Pour off juice, loosen edges, and invert on platter. Garnish with green pepper holly leaves and pimiento holly berries or sliced stuffed olives and sprigs of parsley. Equally good, hot or cold. Serves 8.

Tomato-Horseradish Sauce: Mix 2 tablespoons horseradish, 2 tea- spoons prepared mustard, a dash of powdered cloves, a sprinkle of black pepper and 1 can (1¼ cups) Campbell's Tomato Soup. Serve hot with hot ham loaf, or cold on ham loaf sandwiches.



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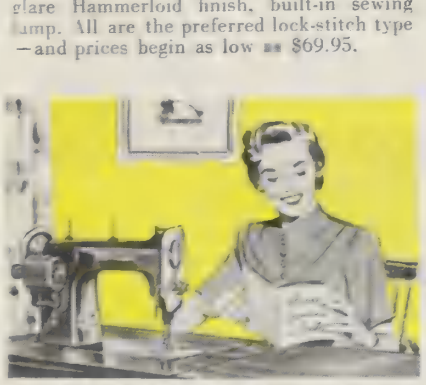
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COMMENDED PARENTS

HEALTH EMERGENCY VOLUNTEERS

(Continued from Page 23)

desperate, the doctors were forced to accept volunteer aids—skeptically at first, enthusiastically today.

"We couldn't get along without them now," one doctor said. "They really amazed us. Most of them, for instance, went into the isolation ward unhesitatingly, at a possible risk to themselves and their families, even though we couldn't tell them definitely whether polio is contagious or not. In fact, we had about decided we shouldn't chance sending volunteers into isolation at all when we found out they'd already been in there. That's how anxious they were to help these children."

Reactions of the volunteers themselves vary. "It scared the daylights out of me at first," Mrs. Beck said, "but you should see the way the children's faces light up whenever we come in." Mrs. Ballingham, who had cared for her own son two years before, said, "It just never occurred to me that I might get polio." And Mrs. Poulson agreed. "I worked with a nurse who had a five-month-old baby," she said. "We both felt the same way. If you're going to get polio, you'll get it anyway." No volunteer in Ogden has yet contracted polio.

Volunteers feed patients who cannot feed themselves, change beds and diapers, distribute toys and stacks of comic books, and help nurses with sandbags and hot packs—"just anything they ask us to do, in other words." One volunteer saved the services of a nurse for a whole year by taking the children back and forth to the first floor for their appointments with the physiotherapist.

Their chores are not always easy. One lung patient took forty-five minutes to feed because she had to breathe deeply and take a drink after each bite. Children often have to be coaxed to eat or to lie still for a hypodermic.

> **Every great and commanding moment in the annals of the world is the triumph of some enthusiasm.** —EMERSON.

"Polio is a disease of fear," one volunteer, whose son is a partial cripple, said. "It strikes suddenly, without warning, and the large majority of its victims are children. When they come to the hospital, most of them have never been away from their mothers before. They don't understand what is the matter with them, and the pain—which older people say is more intense than anyone can imagine—absolutely terrifies them."

Probably the most important part of the volunteers' job, therefore, is making the children feel comfortable and *loved*. Children recognize volunteers by their cotton dresses, so different from a nurse's white starched uniform, and cry out to them, "Hey, Wady I want m'bath," or "Missus, will you read me a funny book?" Small children call volunteers "mommy," and snuggle up to be kissed and petted.

JIMMY had just celebrated his tenth birthday when he came to the hospital with polio. He had great difficulty swallowing and was afraid he was going to choke to death. During the worst part of his illness, he had to be fed intravenously through his ankle while the congestion in his throat was cleared through a suction pump. Jimmy did not understand what was happening to him. Every time a nurse or doctor approached him, he thrashed wildly around the bed, weeping and screaming, "What are you doing to me? Leave me alone!"

"One night the poor little thing screamed so that I could hardly stand it," Mrs. Munson, a volunteer who was staying all night with the children, said. "Without even thinking, I went over and put my head down beside his on the pillow and said, 'See, I'm as close as this. Everything is going to be all right.' And it seemed to quiet him a little."

And then there was Mary, a diminutive five-year-old with long blond curls and a smile that never wavered. Mary suffered all kinds of pain, yet whenever someone asked how she felt, she always said, with a smile, "Just fine, thank you." On her good days, Mary liked to play paper dolls with the volunteers, or listen to Winnie the Pooh. On her bad days she needed someone to hold her hand and smile reassuringly. One morning she woke up crying. Alarmed, the nurse brought the suction pump, then discovered that although she had no temperature, Mary was suffering from pneumonia. For three hours Mary suffered a terrible choking spell. Her last words were to her mother: "I love you," she said, "I love you clear across the room."

No volunteer has forgotten Mary, her spirit and her courage. "These are the kind of youngsters we're working for," one woman said. "It is sad sometimes, yes, but the children need us so, and are so grateful for anything we do for them, that our work is rewarded many times over."

Women have been training to fight polio in Utah ever since 1945, when the Latter Day Saints Women's Society, which had always urged women to take home-nursing courses, first asked volunteers to help out in what was then a record polio epidemic. Women in and out of the church answered the call. At its Pinecrest Inn, near historic Emigration Canyon, the Mormon Church provided hospitality and equipment for a three-day training program. Here doctors explained about polio, and the function of medical workers; nurses demonstrated how to bathe and feed patients, and change their beds; physiotherapists from the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis showed how volunteers can assist them in their work. Volunteers were assured that ordinary cleanliness should protect them against contracting polio, and urged them, even if they went into the isolation ward, to wear special gowns and shoes, and gargle and wash thoroughly before going home.

During that same fall 156 women gave 10,000 hours to the epidemic—"absolutely the difference between recovery and non-recovery," a Foundation representative said.

Today similar courses are held annually, not only on a state-wide basis, but at both St. Benedict's and Dee Hospital in Ogden. In 1949, when the Ogden epidemic reached such proportions that St. Benedict's feared it might have to turn patients away and ask volunteers to help out in private homes, P.E.V.'s learned, in addition, what materials emergency hot packs might be made of, and how to fix them in an ordinary washtub or washing machine. While most P.E.V.'s have taken this training course, a few have not. Mrs. Parker had learned how to give hot packs and minor therapy treatment to her own daughter. Other women don't work in the hospitals, but are willing to raise money, fold bandages and collect sand for sandbags—"and we were afraid they might not join at all if we made the training course obligatory."

For Ogden's P.E.V.'s meet, not only in hospital corridors during an epidemic, but at least once a month to make bandages and learn new information about polio from medical authorities, and several times a month during the March of Dimes campaign when, last year, they were credited with raising nearly $5000. More than 1200 polio volunteers have been recruited in Utah as a whole, but Ogden workers—inspired by the energy and devotion of two mothers who wanted to pay back, in effort, the money they could never repay the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis for financing their sons' illness—were the first group to organize into a regular club.

Jane Ballingham and Mabel Poulson met in 1946 when each was traveling seventy-five miles a day to visit her son in a Salt Lake City hospital. Richard Ballingham had polio of the throat. Vernal Poulson was fighting paralysis of the spine. The hospital desper-

(Continued on Page 143)



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(AND PROFITED!)

Molly hoped
(AND LOST!)

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(Continued from Page 140)

tely needed helpers, and almost as soon as heir sons arrived, Mrs. Ballingham and Mrs. Poulson went to work in the polio wards four hours a day.

"It did us as much good as the children," Mrs. Poulson said, "because we could see them every day and know that everything possible was being done for them. Lots of the children got so homesick. When I asked Vernal what would be the best time of day for me to come, he said, 'At bedtime, mom. That's the worst, when they put out the lights and leave us alone.' Every night for three months I read them a bedtime story and stayed until they went to sleep."

Later, after they had taken the polio-training course and worked together on a March of Dimes campaign, Mrs. Ballingham suggested to Mrs. Poulson that they form a club "so we'll have an easier time reaching volunteers if there's another epidemic."

Today—three years later—the club has a membership list of sixty women. Most members are like Mrs. Munson, who joined when her son caught polio and she realized, firsthand, the great need for volunteer aids. Others are like Mrs. Russell, who joined because her son has cerebral palsy and she wanted to help other crippled children. Mrs. Beck, who heard about the work through Mrs. Russell, came along once to see what it was all about, has been coming ever since.

A woman's advice is of little value, but woe to the man who will not take it.
—WELSH PROVERB.

New volunteers learn, to their surprise, that a children's polio ward is a lively, noisy place. For most children, the critical part of their illness is over after the first few days, and though they are unable to move certain parts of their bodies, their minds—and the *well* parts of their bodies—are just as active as ever. They need constant attention—both to keep them in the proper position in bed, and to keep them amused with games, stories and toys.

"Every time you walk in a ward," one volunteer said, "you have to watch out for toys and paper airplanes sailing through the air from one bed to another." An eight-year-old confided to a volunteer worker, "Please don't tell anyone, because I want to surprise them, but I get up every day when nobody's around, and pretty soon I'll be able to stand up good."

"They're just as mischievous as well children, if not more," Sister Mary Margaret, supervisor of St. Benedict's Hospital, said. "For every six children, we need one person just to keep them in place. In serious cases, constant care may mean the difference between recovery and nonrecovery."

And a good volunteer, medical authorities agree, is one who can combine good common sense and a warm, sympathetic nature with a working knowledge of child psychology. When doctors originally opposed letting volunteers into the polio wards, one of their major objections was the feeling that "they might go to pieces in front of the children when they see what some of them are going through." This has never happened.

"The first day I saw Mike's braces, I went out in the hall and cried and cried," one mother said, "but none of the children ever saw me." And other mothers tell of similar experiences. Because hospital authorities feel that children often cooperate better for strangers than for their own parents, and as an extra precaution against any mother's breaking down, no mother works in the same ward where her own child is a patient—"although, naturally, we pay lots of visits."

During the polio epidemic, P.E.V.'s are on twenty-four-hour call. Two or three volunteers go to the hospital every day at feeding time; others help to entertain the children—and during an emergency, all Sister Mary Margaret has to do is call Mrs. Parker, current P.E.V. president, and she is assured of as many volunteer workers as she needs. During the last epidemic in Ogden, thirty volunteers worked anywhere from two to ten, and sometimes twenty, hours a week for four months—"And I can't even think what we would have done without them," Sister Mary Margaret said.

Ask any volunteer why this is so, and each will give the same answer, "The children"—not only the children who need them because of their illness, but the children who need them in so many other ways too: the little boy who had never had pajamas or a toothbrush before and wanted to know if he could "really keep them"; the little girl who sat and looked, enraptured, at her birthday cake for over a week and never did get around to cutting it; the small children who grab your hand and say, "Hello, mommy."

"I will never stop coming as long as the children need me," one volunteer said, and she was voicing the feeling of *all* volunteers.

OUR GRANDPARENTS' MAXIMS

(Continued from Page 50)

deep-rooted that parents worried little over ailing children, convinced that when they reached the ages of seven, fourteen or twenty-one they'd be completely renovated. Actually no such septennial remodeling occurs. The human body, say physiologists, has three distinct periods in the normal cycle of life: development, maturity and decline; but no periodic rejuvenation.

"Two Can Live as Cheaply as One"

FALSE. Last century, when more people lived on farms and in large families, this well-worn marriage propaganda may have been true. But it certainly doesn't hold good today. As often pointed out, the high cost of marriage isn't the initial expense. It's the upkeep. Actually, statistics show two can live for about a third more than one nowadays, but only with the greatest economy.

Sleeping on the Left Side Taxes the Heart

FALSE. Because the entire heart was believed to be on the left side of the chest, it was thought that the weight of your sleeping body would compress it and impede its action. Actually, though the heartbeat can be felt more distinctly on the left side, the heart itself is nearer the middle of your chest. Even if it were on the left side, as still widely supposed, there would be no danger in sleeping in that position as it's securely protected by the chest wall of bones and muscle.

"Growing Pains" are Perfectly Normal

FALSE. Grandma used to regard "growing pains" quite casually as something to be expected during a child's normal development. Pediatricians today don't dismiss them so lightly. They can be due to some disease condition of the body, a sign of mild rheumatism, vitamin deficiency—or possibly a forerunner of rheumatic fever or heart disease—and certainly are not to be considered perfectly normal.

"School Days are Your Happiest Days"

FALSE. Those who perpetuate this philosophy are the exceptions. Or they've completely forgotten the immediate problems of their early youth and look back through rose-colored glasses. Recent psychological surveys show the happiest period of life for both men and women is by no means their youth, but between the ages of thirty and fifty. Youth and age are in fact the least happy, the middle years the most—presumably because that's when we're best adjusted to our environment and live in the present. THE END

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"We must take care of more children." "Mom" Thorpe's brood numbers 135 now, but 640 were turned away last year "because we had no room."

Life in an Orphan Home

Meet "your other family"— the Cleveland Christian Home for Children.

by ROGER BUTTERFIELD



"CHILDREN," said Anna Thorpe, "need so many things. They need food and a place to sleep and clothes to wear. They need intelligent training and some kind of beauty in their lives—flowers, music, bright-colored toys. But what they need most is love."

As she spoke a sturdy four-year-old boy with black hair and blacker eyes trotted over to the corner of the dining room where we were sitting and climbed into "Mom" Thorpe's capacious lap. His round face crinkled into a happy grin as he squirmed and twisted and pulled himself close enough to put his arms around her neck.

"That's Danny," Mrs. Thorpe explained after he had departed with the "present" he had asked for—a red paper bird which had been pasted to the tree-shaped table centerpiece. "A year ago Danny would turn away and hide his face if an older person spoke to him. When he first came here two years ago, he would cry if I even touched him. Now he's growing into a fine little boy. Did you notice how square his shoulders are getting, and that mischievous look he has?"

I learned more about Danny later, and it wasn't a cheerful story, at least the first part. Danny's Chinese father had been in the United States Army, and married his American mother during the war. Her family bitterly resented the match, and refused any further contact with her or her children. The father's Chinese relatives felt the same way. The marriage broke up because of this

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSEPH DI PIETRO

Brought up in a Home herself ("We slept on straw, wore denim"), 55-year-old Anna Thorpe knows the essentials of home are more than food, shelter and clothing—"a child must belong too."



A dollar a day per child—funds come from the Christian Church, private donations (a dime up); the Masons provide birthday and Christmas gifts.

"Children need s

racial discord, and one day the mother almost succeeded in ending her life by cutting her wrists. Eleven welfare agencies in their home city refused Danny and his baby sister any permanent help because of their parentage, and Mrs. Thorpe found them living in a detention home where juvenile delinquents are held. Small wonder that Danny felt unwanted!

Even after Danny and his sister Pamela joined Mrs. Thorpe's big family at the Cleveland (Ohio) Christian Home for Children, there were a few unpleasant repercussions. Some supporters of the Home pointed out that it had long had an unwritten rule against children of "mixed" descent. But Anna Thorpe has never been one for strictly enforcing rules when small and helpless hands are outstretched.

"We call ours a Christian Home," she told the objectors. "But we won't deserve to bear that name if we turn away any little children."

For more than thirty years now Mrs. Anna Noble Garver Thorpe has been mothering boys and girls whose homes have been destroyed by death or poverty or parental failure. For twenty-five of those years she has been superintendent of the Cleveland Christian Home, which is under the general jurisdiction of the National Benevolent Association of the Christian Church—Disciples of Christ. Anna Thorpe is an unusual woman, and the Cleveland Christian Home, as organized, directed and even decorated by her, is very far from the conventional idea of an "orphan asylum."

Surrounded and cut off from the city's traffic by a deep grove of trees and spacious flower gardens, its creeper-clad brick walls give off a definite feeling of peace and security. The high front doorway, framed between cream-colored columns and topped by a Grecian arch, might be the entrance to a very comfortable suburban home in any American



"I like nice clothes myself." Anna's weakness, hats: she buys dozens, gives them away as fast as she buys them. No believer in uniforms, she keeps her children attractively dressed on $20 a year apiece, gifts and "make-overs."



"3 times 135 ——" Shoes are the biggest problem, each child has 3 pairs: play, school and best. Annual bill, $600 to $700. Each child has a Home "job" (to teach responsibility), none graduates without knowing how to earn a living.



Newcomers to the Home are often shy, sometimes run away ("but never far"), are comforted, not scolded, on return.



"Mom" feels children gain by settling their own differences, arbitrates when it is necessary.

many things—most of all, love."

city. The front hall, with its curving staircase and tall grandfather clock, is thickly carpeted from wall to wall, and the impression of gracious living is carried over into the dining room, where three open-faced cupboards are filled with pieces of old Staffordshire, milk glass, pewter and majolica which Mrs. Thorpe collects as a hobby (and with her own funds, of course). In the quarter century that she has been at the Home she has "raised" nearly 2000 youngsters, and only four of her knickknacks have ever been broken, although the children are constantly dusting and handling them.

Mom never gets mad about losing things this way—she simply buys something new. "I want my children to grow up with beautiful things. And how can they know beauty unless they can touch it?"

Out in back of the Home are the swimming pool, baseball diamond and basketball court, a brick barbecue pit for outdoor wienie roasts, a



Never a lack of music with 8 pianos (every girl over 12 can play one), 25 guitars, other instruments. "Mom" doesn't interfere with teen-age dates (on week ends), does want to meet and approve boys who take her girls out.



For fun: swimming pool, baseball, basketball, swings for "juniors," big (and sunny) sand pile for the babies; indoors, a small stage for plays, 8 pianos, a television set donated by head of Cleveland baseball club.

Religion is important at Home, but does not dominate everyday living. Most children go to Sunday school at nearby Christian Church, may stay for services, take part in young people's activities. Mealtime grace is always sung.



Before Christmas, loads of gifts arrive. Mr. Thorpe checks them all—"useful" things are fine, but a child should get "fun" gifts at Christmas too.





"Christmas is a vulnerable time." Gifts pile up under gaily trimmed trees (there are 7), carols are sung, there's a live show with clowns and tumblers.

Relatives are invited to children's party, and however great the thrill of Christmas, greater yet is the thrill of introducing "somebody of your own."



"Children need beauty—how can they know it unless they touch it?"

playground with swings and whirligigs for the "juniors," and a big fenced-in sand pile where Mom's thirteen babies grow brown and lively in the warmer months. In the winter, social life centers around the second-floor recreation room where there are a small stage for impromptu plays and concerts and a big sixteen-inch television set donated by Bill Veeck when he was head of the Cleveland Indians baseball club. There are eight pianos scattered through the Home and every girl over twelve can play one; there are also twenty-five guitars, electric and otherwise, and various other instruments, so there is never lack of music. Mom's teen-age girls have one advantage over their friends from private homes in that they always have a place ready for a party or dance, and Mrs. Thorpe does not interfere with their weekend dating activities as long as two important rules are observed: 1—That their schoolwork does not suffer: and 2—That she has a chance to meet and approve the boys who are taking them out.

Anna Thorpe has never forgotten the first meal that she herself was served at the Cleveland Home. The building was brand-new then, and scarcely furnished: she had been invited to spend a few days there and make some suggestions about running it.

"When I went in to supper, there was a plate with some lettuce and three prunes stuffed with cottage cheese," she recalls. "I thought to myself, 'Um, they're fancy here: they serve courses.' I ate the prunes and waited for quite a while until one of the waitresses came over and said, 'Can I get you something, ma'am?' I told her, 'Yes, Madeline, you can bring me my supper now.' She looked at me kind of funny and went out to the kitchen. When she came back she was crying. She told me, 'The cook says that was your supper—it's all we have.' And then I looked around the room and realized that was all the children had too—just prunes and lettuce and cottage cheese. Well, you can imagine what my first recommendation was!"

Good solid food and plenty of it is a basic rule at the Home these days: there are very few skinny children there, and no hungry ones. They have a meat course once a day, usually at night, with two or three cooked vegetables, salad, fresh-baked bread or hot rolls, and fresh or stewed fruit for dessert. No one is ever denied seconds or even thirds. Luncheons are ample too: corn fritters with honey or jelly, spaghetti with meat sauce, or a big bowl of clam chowder with a sandwich on the side. For breakfast there are oatmeal and rolls, or scrambled eggs, or pancakes, and at every meal there is all the milk that any thirsty child can drink.

Mrs. Thorpe buys all her milk; when she first came to the Home, one of its directors used to send her out a cow now and then from a slaughterhouse he owned. His idea was that even the most aged and decrepit cow could still squeeze out a few quarts of milk for the unfortunate "orphans," and thus cut down on expenses. This did not work out because the cows were too far gone to give much milk, while their feed more than ate up the supposed saving. They also trampled a large part of the back yard into a muddy mess, producing angry comments from nearby householders. Mrs. Thorpe heard about this and quietly instigated a petition among her neighbors to have the cows banned; now their former barnyard has been converted, by the labor of her older boys, into a pretty rose garden with a flagstone walk and goldfish pool.

(Continued on Page 150)



Nursery has 13 babies now. In 25 years no fatal illness, accident



"Juniors" are 3 to 11. "Homes" hold 250,000 American children.



At 6 the only thing nicer than a doll is two dolls . . . and dancing.



"Seniors" (12–18) are busy at school. College is possible too.



Home "graduates" include nurses, doctors and engineers.

"You're my family." One boy sent Anna his Purple Heart medal. Having raised 2000 children, she now cherishes plans for a new "and larger" Home—and mostly she gets what her family needs



"Anything you want is possible if you are willing to work for it."

(Continued from Page 148) The wholesome plenty of Mrs. Thorpe's dining room is an overwhelming experience for some of her charges when they first arrive. One little girl, brought from a home where the mother had been taken to a mental institution, would not even go into it; all she had ever learned to eat was bread and black coffee, and she had to be shut in a dark closet before she would touch even that! For such pathetic cases Mrs. Thorpe has set up individual tables around the side of the dining room where timid youngsters can get used to the idea of eating all they want without anyone watching them. The other children sit at tables of six and four, with an older boy or girl at each table to pass the plates and preserve order. The babies are fed separately, in their own nursery.

Mistress, hostess and supervisor of the dining room is Anna Craig, better known as "Coffee Anna," a brisk and delightful personality who came to the Home as a young girl just three months before Mrs. Thorpe. Her touch can be seen in the flowers which decorate every table, the green-and-yellow slip covers on the chairs, the little colored stars and birds pasted to napkins and centerpieces, and the bright yellow curtains at the windows. All these things make for an atmosphere which is anything but institutional.

The Christian Home is the only one in the Cleveland area which takes babies from one day old and continues to help them until they are through college, or able to earn their own living. At present there are 135 children at the Home, of whom *(Continued on Page 152)*



"He's got a cold nose." Visitors (even small pups) are welcomed, sometimes with unexpected benefit. A shabby old man came to watch the children play, left the Home $45,000 in gratitude for their warm friendliness.

"Nothing can quite make up to a child the loss of a normal home to grow up in." The world outside—and all visitors from it—holds endless fascination.





"For Santa"

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"Merry Christmas, my dear," said St. Nick, bouncing in after rewarding his reindeer with an extra forkful of hay for their night's work. "I couldn't think of a thing to bring you except this. It must be good, because I saw it in ever so many homes."

"Thank you, Nick," laughed his wife, "but if that isn't just like a man! You're so busy toy-making that you've never noticed I've used Fels-Naptha for years and years and YEARS."

(Continued from Page 150)

24 are "seniors" from twelve to eighteen years old. All the older children are earning some money toward their education and upkeep by working in the dining room, kitchen, nursery, hospital or grounds, or by occasional jobs outside. Their earnings are deposited in a "Children's Bank" in Mrs. Thorpe's office, and they use regular bank-style printed checks to draw out funds as needed for textbooks, home-room fees, carfare and occasional articles of clothing. No one ever "graduates" from the Home without learning how to earn and bank his or her own money.

For those who want to go to college Mrs. Thorpe has developed a unique "higher-education fund" by collecting and cashing the little green sales-tax receipts issued by the state of Ohio. The tax is 3 cents on a dollar, and every time it is paid the retailer hands out a receipt; these can be redeemed at Columbus for 3 per cent of their face value, or 9/100ths of a cent on every sales dollar! Churches, fraternal organizations and individuals all over the state send these tiny contributions to the Home, and out of them Mrs. Thorpe got $4696.92 last year. She is now sending one boy through Ohio State, a girl to Baldwin-Wallace, in nearby Berea, and two other girls through nursing school out of her tax-stamp fund.

Before the tax stamps came along she used Octagon soap coupons (redeemed at 4 cents for every thousand) for the same purpose. One of her boys got a complete medical education from Octagon coupons, plus his own part-time earnings. Another Octagon graduate won the highest honors in her class at Bethany College. Altogether Mrs. Thorpe and the Home have turned out two doctors, six engineers, ten teachers, six nurses, four editors, ten designers, eleven business executives (including six women), one minister, five dietitians, ten decorators, forty-two stenographers and secretaries, twenty-five farmers, fifty-odd tradesmen and storekeepers, and several hundred housewives, more than two thirds of whom have children of their own, and one of whom married a congressman.

During the last war forty-two of her graduates were in the armed forces, and several named her as their "next of kin." In one case she received the War Department's telegram informing her that a boy who had spent fifteen of his nineteen years with her had been killed in the South Pacific fighting. Another soldier sent her the Purple Heart medal he had won—"You're the only family I have, Mom," he wrote.

A few months ago one of her boys arrived unannounced from Washington after serving two years in the Navy.

"I took a bus home as soon as I got out, Mom," he told her. "I guess it seems kind of funny to come back this way, but all I've got is my medical discharge and the clothes I have on. Do you think you could give me something to do around here until I kind of get on my feet again?"

So "Mom" put him to work outdoors until he could land a regular job.

When you have 135 children to mother, you have many times 135 problems. And despite all the love and security that Mrs. Thorpe can give, some of her flock are bound to be unhappy, bewildered and even rebellious at times. Nothing can quite make up to them for the loss of every child's birthright—a normal home to grow up in.

Anna Thorpe understands this deeply, for she herself was raised in an orphans' home of the old-fashioned institutional kind. She remembers too well the cracked eardrums that one of her playmates suffered from a matron's slap, resulting in permanent deafness. There is no real corporal punishment in her Home, though five or six times a year she finds it necessary to administer a "this hurts me more than it does you" spanking to a junior. Older children are punished, when necessary, by taking away privileges like Saturday-night movies, or a week at summer camp. There are no locks or iron gates at the Home—any child can run (or walk) away. But they always come back.

One day a city policeman brought in a ten-year-old girl who had already run away twice that week (it was her first at the Home). The child was sobbing and the policeman was white-faced and serious; they both expected she would get a licking then and there. Mrs. Thorpe put her arms around her and calmed her and then said gently, "Wash your face and hurry up, Carol, the girls are going to a movie tonight and they want you to come with them." When she looked up, the policeman had tears in his eyes too. "So that's the way you punish them here," he said.

One of Mom's toughest assignments was the twelve-year-old daughter of a well-known Cleveland gangster who was brought to the Home while her father was awaiting electrocution. This girl had been sent from one social agency to another, and from foster home to house of detention and back again, but no one could handle her.

"You're not going to keep me either," she told Mrs. Thorpe. "I'll be out of here in a couple of weeks."

"You can go right now or any time you want to," Mom said. "But before you do that won't you give us a trial? We really want to help you."

"Stop preaching," the youngster advised her. "I'll go when I'm good and ready."

Mom thought fast and had a sudden inspiration. "You don't like your name, do you?" she asked.

The girl shook her head sullenly.

"Well, why don't you change it—you can take a new one here and no one will ever know the difference," Mom urged. "I'll tell you what: I'll give you a new last name and you pick your first one—how about it?"

"I always liked Rose," said the girl, growing interested. "Would that be all right?"

It was, and with a different name, Rose became a different girl as well.

Pay a visit to Mom's Home, and the first thing you will notice is the hands of the children, reaching out to take hold of yours—or if they can't find that they will grab a coattail or a sleeve and introduce themselves without shyness. "I'm Barbara," they say, and "I'm Bobby," and then, "That's my sister," or "I've got a brother—my mother's dead, but I've got a brother." The desire to establish some family relationship is the strongest urge they have. About a third of the children have brothers and sisters at the Home, and about half have a parent or grandparent or some other relative on the outside who takes an interest in them—or should. In a few cases mothers are able to come and work at the Home as a nurse, cook or governess to be near their children. A few outside families pay up to $5 a week for board, and the Home also receives a small income (at the rate of $2 a day) for children accepted from public-welfare agencies.

But most of Mom's children come to her through the Christian Churches and Protestant-church federations of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, West Virginia, Pennsylvania and New York. She has just one rule for admittance: only children whose parents are definitely separated, by death or desertion or hopeless disease, are eligible. Because her Home is small and has no endowment support, she is her own "case worker," psychologist and chauffeur. The Home has a shiny new DeSoto suburban wagon now, bought from special gifts sent in during the past year, but until it arrived Mom drove her own car on errands and "pickups." Once when a doctor told her that one of her children needed goat's milk she jumped into her car and drove all night to a Pennsylvania farm where she knew the owner had a goat. She talked him into loaning the animal and returned in triumph with the goat munching the upholstery of the back seat.

She will never forget another trip she made from Michigan with a day-old baby on the front seat beside her. She had received a letter which read, in part: "Dear Mrs. Thorpe, Will you come at once to see me? I heard you speak at our church, and now I need your help." The writer was a young unmarried woman, a teacher and active church worker in a small Michigan town.

Mrs. Thorpe found her living in a boarding-house in an industrial city where she had gone after taking a year's leave of absence from her job. Her parents and friends thought she was in the East studying.

At her request Mrs. Thorpe made all the hospital arrangements, and the day after the baby was born Mom took charge of it and started for Cleveland. Along the way she stopped at a roadside fruit stand and bought a half-bushel basket to put the infant in so that it wouldn't roll off the seat. It wasn't a pretty baby, she recalls—very red-faced and very noisy—and there certainly was nothing fancy about its makeshift bed. But as she drove along keeping one eye on the basket and one on the road she found herself saying—out loud—"You're going to be a very happy baby." The baby is partly grown up now, and is very happy indeed in a comfortable private home, but the rest of the story will never be told. Mrs. Thorpe has even destroyed the original records in her office files.

When a child first enters the Home it is sent to the hospital for a day or two for observation and a thorough medical checkup. It is then assigned to one of the five departments: the nursery, junior boys, junior girls, senior boys, or senior girls. (Juniors are three to eleven, seniors twelve and over.) Each department occupies a wing of its own, with a full-time governess (or male counselor for the older boys) in charge. The seniors sleep two to a room, in double-deck bunks or twin beds; the rest sleep dormitory style. Every baby, of course, has its individual crib with a big colorful Teddy bear or rabbit or doll which is always waiting at bedtime.

At 6:30 A.M. the telephones ring throughout the house as a signal to get up and dress for breakfast. Mom does not believe in uniforms, but she does believe strongly in clean clothes every day. One defect of the Home is that its architects provided no closet space, so that all clothing is stacked in piles on boxlike shelves in the combination dressing and bath rooms. The older girls sew and make their own dresses and underwear; other clothes come in as gifts, or as "make-overs" from secondhand contributions. But everything must be fresh-looking and wearable; Mrs. Thorpe likes nice clothes herself, and she does not allow her children to appear in patched or ragged garments.

SHOES are her biggest problem, since secondhand shoes are usually useless. Her annual bill for repairs and new shoes is between $600 and $700, which is plenty, but not bad when averaged among 135 children. Every child has at least three pairs: play shoes, school shoes and "best" shoes.

From the age of five every child has some regular duty such as scrubbing out wash-basins, making beds, sweeping floors or dusting window sills in his or her department. As a rule this takes about fifteen minutes in the morning and fifteen more at night, though some children are naturally slow, and spend an hour or more. Any other work which they do for the Home is paid for at regular hourly rates.

Breakfast is at 7, and from 7:15 to 8 the 82 children who attend public schools are taking their departure. Seniors are required to check in and out with the secretary at the reception desk so that Mom has a record of their whereabouts throughout the day. She also has the job of discussing their report cards with them—usually a pleasant one, but not always. Once when she took a third-grader named Mary to task for a bad report, she got only delighted smiles in reply.

Mom rarely gets provoked, but she did this time. "Look here, young lady," she admonished. "This is a serious matter and there's no excuse for it. You've got a good head on you. I don't like you to stand there laughing when I'm scolding you."

"I'm sorry, Mom," said Mary, wiping away a part of her smile. "But nobody ever looked at my report card before. I think it's nice when you do it."

RELIGION is an important but not a dominating factor in the everyday life of the Home. Most of the children attend Sunday school at the nearby Highland Avenue Christian Church, and those who want to stay for church services and take part in the young people's activities. At home they sing (not mutter!) grace before every meal—usually a single verse of a hymn. There is no chapel or compulsory Bible reading. A fifteen-minute period is set aside every evening for devotions—this can come before or after the study period, as they choose. Last summer the prayers in the junior-girls' department were especially fervent when three of the girls in this department were taken to the City Hospital with light attacks of what some doctors thought was polio. But all of them recovered quickly without any after-effects.

In fact, during all Mrs. Thorpe's regime at the Home she has not lost a single child out of 2000 from illness or accident, a truly remarkable record. Dr. John Kelker, a prominent Cleveland physician, whose father, also a doctor, helped to build the Home, gives his time and skill free in caring for the children.

In a house with 135 birthdays to celebrate there are always plenty of parties. Mom's personal contribution on every birthday is a handsomely decorated cake with the name of the lucky youngster on top. Other gifts come from the Masonic orders in Cleveland and from the "proxy parents" in various churches who adopt individual children, write to them, and keep track of their birthdays and other special occasions. A list of upcoming birthdays is printed every two months in Your Other Family, a magazine about life at the Home, which goes out to 33,000 subscribers.

Not long ago a red-haired young lady named Margery celebrated her fourteenth birthday and in the gift packages she opened were a new wool sweater, a play suit, three pairs of nylon hose, a silk slip and panties, and a string of pearls. In the evening the dozen girls in her department bought some ice cream as their treat and helped blow out the candles on her cake, and afterward they all engaged in their favorite indoor sport—"500 rummy." This was a typical, though perhaps rather quiet, birthday party, for it came when most of the boys were away from the Home.

The grand climax of all parties, and of the whole Home year, comes at Christmastime, when every one of Mom's youngsters is literally loaded down with gifts. Throughout the big house there are no less than seven Christmas trees, with the biggest of all—a twenty-one-foot whopper in the front hall—reaching all the way to the second-floor ceil-

(Continued on Page 155)

SHOULD A YOUNG WIDOW REMARRY?

"Of course she should!" Ed and Elaine Healey have been married four years now. With the two sons of her first marriage (aged thirteen and eight) and baby Adrienne, they've accomplished a happy, close-knit family life. "I *know* remarriage is a success," Elaine says. Even having two mothers-in-law doesn't daunt her.

Meet the Healeys, of Santa Rosa, California, in

Second Marriage

By Ruth Shapley Matthews

in How America Lives in the January LADIES' HOME JOURNAL





Nothing . . . no, *nothing* . . . can take the place of the tough cotton yarns that form the backbone of a **CLOTH** window shade. Without this strong, flexible base of firmly woven fabric, no window shade material can take the punishment of constant exposure and countless thousands of rollings and unrollings without shrinking, curling or sagging out of shape. **CLOTH** in a window shade, plastic-coated or oil-painted, is your guarantee of long-lasting, straight-hanging beauty. **CLOTH** window shades installed today will keep their smart, crisp, new look for *years* and *years* after substitute window shades have been thrown away!

Feel that fabric! At your dealer's, the Joanna Western Quality Demonstrator turns window shades "inside out" . . . lets you *feel the difference* between **CLOTH** and substitute materials.



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BANISH THE "Ghost of the Past" FAST!

Keep your bathroom fresh and fragrant

Don't house this pest another day. Use Double-Action VANiSH—*the* toilet bowl cleaner that you can *see* go to work as soon as it hits the water. Its immediate bubbling action (1) cleans, as it (2) releases a pleasant fragrance that quickly freshens bathroom air. A household necessity. Buy VANiSH today.

Double-Action
VANISH KILLS TOILET ODORS AS IT CLEANS

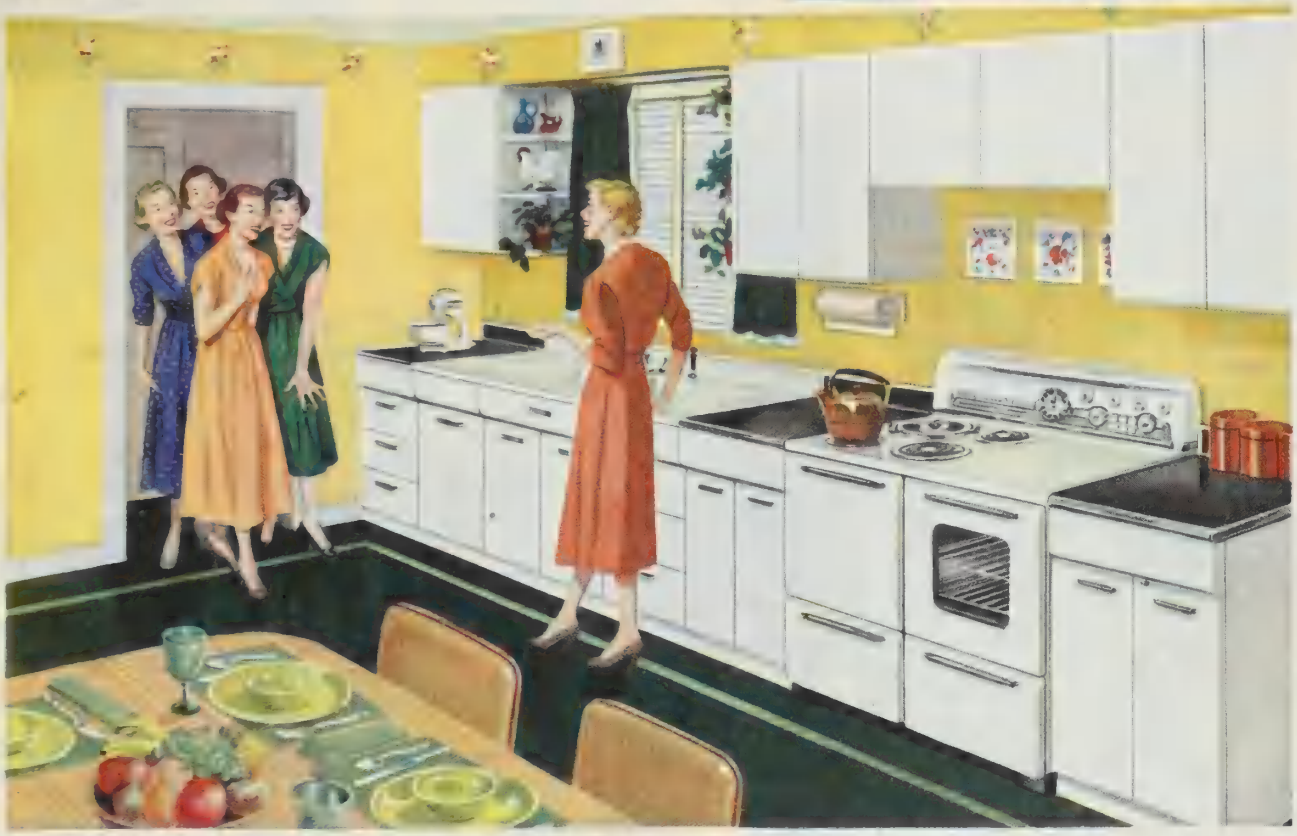


FOR OPENING DRAINS use ELF—New, different, triple-action drain opener. It clears . . . cleans . . . deodorizes. At grocers everywhere.

JUDSON DUNAWAY CORPORATION, Dover, New Hampshire

When one word leads to another...





It's MURRAY this and MURRAY that!

MATCHED STEEL KITCHENS



AND I SAID...

My new Murray steel kitchen not only looks "high quality" . . . but feels that way, too! Drawers glide softly over brass runners. Doors are sound-insulated. *Can't* be noisy . . . never stick. Everything so rich and well-made!

AND SHE SAID...



Besides, it doesn't cost any *more* to own a beautiful Murray kitchen . . . so that's for *me!* Look at the rounded corners: no dresses or fingers snagged. And that baked enamel finish on cabinets, porcelain enamel on sinks is so easy to keep gleaming white!

ELECTRIC RANGES



DON'T TELL ME...

I know about those new Murray ranges. Extra-large ovens, appliance outlet (for coffee makers, mixers, and so on), and the Deep Well—all can be timed *automatically.*

WHY, DO YOU KNOW...



Four out of 5 Murray Electric Ranges have a big 6-quart Deep Well Cooker! Top models have compartments for cooking a whole meal at once. Easily convert it to a fourth 7-heat-intensity surface unit by simply lifting the heating unit to the top.

GAS RANGES



AND MY HUSBAND...

Well, he's enough of a cook to know a wonderful gas range when he sees one! It didn't take long to convince *him* to buy a Murray. As for *me* . . . I finally have plenty of "turkey-space" in my porcelain-finished oven!

WELL, ALL I KNOW IS...



No more burner bowl seams to catch grease. The one-piece top flows right over the front edge of the range . . . no dirt-catching crevice here! For a completely style-matched kitchen it's Murray for *me* . . . and for *you!*

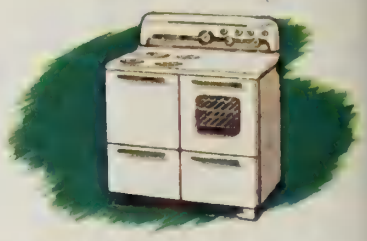
NO ONE MAKES KITCHENS LIKE

MURRAY

THE MURRAY CORPORATION OF AMERICA, Home Appliance Division, SCRANTON, PA.

MURRAY

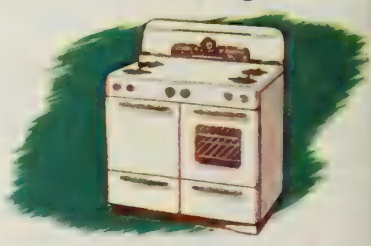
Electric Ranges



High-Speed Electric Ranges for completely automatic baking. Non-steam oven door (model above) always gives clear view of your cooking. All ranges have giant ovens, fully porcelain-enameled; rounded, easily-cleaned corners. A signal lights when baking, broiling, or surface units are on! Built-in fluorescent range lamp. 5 models in all.

MURRAY

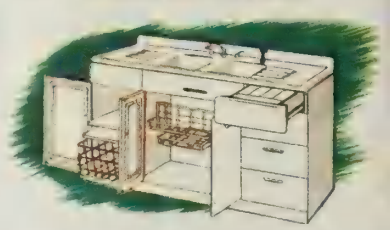
Gas Ranges



Streamlined Gas Ranges have one piece seamless tops. Robertshaw precision thermostat. Interval timing! Ever-white Titanium porcelain enamel—for a lifetime of service. Use any type gas. Broiler has slide-out "smokeless" pan and grid. Concealed drip trays. All ranges fully Fiberglas insulated!

MURRAY

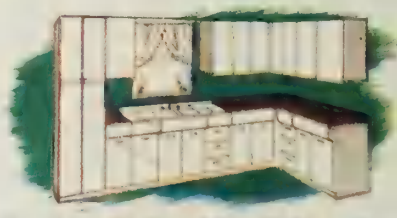
Cabinet Sinks



Marvelous Cabinet Sinks for fingertip control of most any kitchen operation. Model above (66") features double drain boards, double basins! Five full drawers, slide-back cutlery tray! Cabinet space, shelves, utility racks, breadboard, vegetable basket. Other styles 54" and 42".

MURRAY

Modern Cabinets



Matching Wall and Base Cabinets have welded construction, silent action! Smooth rounded corners. No protruding handles on wall cabinets. Provision for fluorescent lighting! Base cabinets have wear-proof stain-resistant Vinyl tops. Recesses for toe and knee space. Adjustable shelves.

YOUR NEW MURRAY KITCHEN

comes from one of the world's largest most modern plants. Over 1,500,000 highest-quality Murray-made appliances are in homes coast-to-coast!

(Continued from Page 153)

g. For a week beforehand the children are sy decorating the trees, hanging mistletoe d holly, and singing carols in front of om's bedroom door. On Christmas Eve ere is a party for everybody, including siting parents and relatives, in the audi- rium, with both Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus nding out gifts and candy, and a vaude- lle program of clowns, tumblers, acrobats d—on one memorable occasion—a live ained pig. Individual presents are dis- ibuted the next morning under the Christ- as trees in each department.

Christmas dinner is always turkey, and on at day each child who has a visitor sits ith his guest at table. No matter what else e children get for Christmas, the thrill of troducing their mother, or father, or big ster, is usually the biggest of all.

For many days before this important oc- sion loads of gifts arrive at the Home. ach of them is carefully identified, un- rapped and then rewrapped with orna- ental paper and tags by Otto, Mrs. horpe's husband, and the older boys. The ason for this occurred many years ago hen Mom watched a ten-year-old girl reak open a big bundle that had come to er marked "Merry Christmas." Inside were torn pair of boy's blue jeans and a ragged oat which had obviously seen hard usage or years before they were passed along in uch a thoughtless manner. The youngster urst into tears, which Mom soon wiped way with an armful of the "extra" gifts she lways has handy.

"Did you ever see a child crying under a Christmas tree?" she asked, in telling me his incident. "It's something you wouldn't vant to see again. And—crossing my fin- gers—we've never had it happen here but nce."

Anna Thorpe was born 55 years ago at Middlesboro, Kentucky. Her father was a Northern Civil War veteran—he had been a very young drummer boy—and her mother was a Southern girl he had met in Chat- anooga after the war. "She ran away from home and married him just to spite her family," Mom says. "I guess that's where I got my fighting spirit." By an odd chance both her parents were orphans, just as she was, and as her present husband was. Her father's parents died of cholera while trek- king west in a covered wagon; their bodies lie in a small pioneers' cemetery at Sandusky, Ohio. Her maternal grandfather was of high- born French and Scottish descent, a doctor with a degree from the Sorbonne in Paris; he died in early middle age from arsenic which got into his system through a cut finger while treating a patient.

Anna's father, James Noble, was an in- teresting and slightly mysterious personage to her. His occupation was shaping orna- mental plaster frescoes to decorate the walls and ceilings of Southern mansions and hotels. He traveled a great deal, but when he was home he took her on fishing trips and let her lie on a blanket beside him while he puffed his pipe and dangled a line in some placid Southern stream. He died of heart disease when she was eight years old, and her mother soon followed.

ANNA and her younger brother were sent to the Soldiers and Sailors Home at Xenia, Ohio, a large institution intended solely for the destitute offspring of veterans. The children lived in stone cottages, 26 to a cottage, with one bathtub to go around, and straw ticks to sleep on. Every six months they carried the ticks to the barn and filled them themselves—when they brought them back to their beds they would jump up and down on them all afternoon to try to make a little hollow place in the center to lie on. But they were as hard as boards for the first few weeks they were used.

Anna and her 500 fellow orphans wore dark denim uniforms, with heavy muslin underwear beneath and black cotton stock- ings; they attended school and chapel on the grounds, and led regimented lives under semimilitary discipline. (By state law the superintendent of the Home was an ex- Army officer.) At Christmas they were allowed two presents each—an article of clothing and one "useful" object which they could select themselves. For her first Christ- mas Anna chose a "telescope," an old- fashioned kind of traveling bag which folds up when not in use, with the idea of running away as soon as she got it. But when it came, she lost her nerve and stayed.

From the time she was old enough to read and think about things, she was fiercely de- termined to do something for other children. Her first plan was to be a children's doctor, which of course meant college. But when she was "graduated" at seventeen, the staff asked her to stay on at the home and help organize a library. She worked at this for two years, saving some money, and then one day walked into the Xenia bank and asked for a loan to go to college.

The cashier was too startled to say any- thing, but the bank president overheard her and asked her to come to his office. "Just why do you think we should make you a loan?" he asked. "Why, that's what banks are for, aren't they?" demanded Anna. The president told her to come back to a board of directors' meeting and state her case. The directors solemnly loaned her $500—without security. She didn't learn until years later that the president himself had endorsed her note.

During her summers at Ohio State she taught in the mountaineers' school at Berea, Kentucky, and decided that she couldn't

I told him he lied; he told me I lied. I spit in his face; he spit in my face. I slapped him in the face; he slapped me in the face. I kicked him; he kicked me. I tripped him up; he tripped me up. I struck him and knocked him down; he got up and knocked me down. I then got mad. . . . We were just agoing to fight when the saloonkeeper got between us.

—OLIVER H. SMITH:
Early Indiana Trials and Sketches.

wait to be a doctor. She wanted to get to work right away. So she took a full-time job at the Berea school. The summer when she was twenty-three she came back to Xenia for a reunion and was introduced to Col. Frank Garver, a Spanish-American War vet- eran and new member of the home's board of directors. Colonel Garver was a bachelor, from Strasburg, Ohio, where his family for generations operated a country store—"Everything from a Pin to a Plowshare"—that has since become nationally famous. Although twenty-eight years older than Anna, he fell very much in love with her, and during the next Christmas week they were married. ("Christmas," says Anna, "is al- ways my most vulnerable time.")

Soon afterward Colonel Garver was ap- pointed superintendent of the Xenia home and made Anna his assistant, with full charge of the children and their affairs. She was only twenty-three then, perhaps the youngest person who ever held such a job. The first thing she did was to throw out the old straw ticks and order 500 brand-new cotton-stuffed mattresses. Next she abolished corporal punishment by the matrons—"If a child needs spanking, bring him to me," she directed. Some of the older employees, who remembered Anna herself as a tow- haired little girl, were not inclined to heed this order. One day she walked into the dining room just in time to see a matron give a boy a resounding box on the ears.

"I knew I shouldn't do it, but I just couldn't help myself," she recalls. "Young as I was, I just drew back and gave that matron a box across *her* ears. Of course she quit her job at the home, and some of the others left too. But I was a hero to the chil- dren from then on."

She also proved an effective lobbyist. Need- ing $150,000 for a new school building, she went to Columbus herself to talk to a com- mittee of legislators. Many others were there with similar pleas, and all had graphs and charts and statistics to support their cases. Anna suddenly realized that she had brought nothing except her own statement that her children needed a school. Hearing the man just ahead of her argue that he needed a building "to get children in off the streets," Anna found her cue. When she stood up she said she didn't need money to get children off the streets, but to "keep them from ever going there." She got the appropriation.

She had been at Xenia six years when she was invited to look over the newly built Cleveland Christian Home and make rec- ommendations for running it. The Home had been started in 1903 by the Rev. Henry Timme, a poor Cleveland minister who took occasional orphans into his own home and raised them. After his death his own three children came to live at the Home and his widow, "Mother Timme," worked there for many years as a cook and specialist in doughnuts. In 1925, after several years of campaigning and fund raising among the churches, the present 75-room building was erected at a cost of $200,000.

Anna found the place well equipped phys- ically, but lacking in organization and plans. On the second day of her visit she was talk- ing with the temporary matron when a boy came walking through the front door with a watermelon under his arm.

"You tell him to take that back," the other woman directed Anna. "I never said he could have a watermelon."

"I didn't either," said Anna. "And I can't tell him to take it back. You're in charge here."

"Oh, no, I'm not," said the matron, tossing the keys on her desk. "You are." And she packed her bag, called a taxicab and drove away. Anna picked up the keys, and has held them ever since.

RUNNING a home, or a Home, is not all a matter of giving love and security to chil- dren. There is also the hard problem of mak- ing both ends meet financially. It costs about $140,000 to run the Cleveland Christian Home, or a little more than $1000 a year per child. And there is, literally, no guaranteed source of income. Every cent that goes out for food and shoes and salaries has to come from donations—the present endowment of less than $4000 is too small to count on a 1½-per-cent-interest basis.

It cost Anna $3500 to plant the hundreds of trees and shrubs which make the Home an oasis of shade and beauty in a noisy, traffic-ridden section of Cleveland. She got the work done, first by begging a famous landscape architect to draw up the plans on speculation, and then by begging the funds from a well-to-do Christian Church in Canton, Ohio. Each of her problems has been met the same way. During her first fifteen years at the Home she was on the road at least half the time, driving from meeting to meeting, church to church, and state to state. She traveled 50,000 miles a year, pleading, cajoling, exploding, telling everyone who would listen that her children must be cared for. Sometimes she would take two or three of them along to help tell the story; always when she returned the older ones were waiting for her, and if it was very late, there would be two or three girls rolled up in their blankets in front of her bedroom door.

Eventually she put together a network of 800 "Home Representatives" (one for each church) and 200 "Front-Line Churches" (each of which contributes $350 a year or more) to do the bulk of this work for her. She still makes many trips, but she spends more time with her children.

One of her best weapons is the colorful and highly readable Your Other Family, which has been built up from a circulation of 350 to 33,000 under the professional editor- ship of Mrs. E. W. McAdam, who also edits Music Magazine, in Cleveland. Filled with stories and pictures of the children, as well as their own poems, letters and other writ- ings, this is far more attractive than most publicity appeals.

Most of Mrs. Thorpe's contributions come from low-income families, in $1 and $5 bills. Very rarely indeed is there a really large



Stuck with a mess of crusty pans?



BRILLO

gives TWICE the SHINE in HALF the TIME!

New "Scorchy Pan" Tests *prove* Brillo shines crusty pans better and faster than all other types of cleansers tested! Scientific shine-meter records show Brillo actually gives aluminums *twice the shine in half the time!*

A square, metal-fiber Brillo *pad-with-soap* just whisks off greasy, scorchy crust! And the "jeweler's polish" in Brillo soap does the brightest, speediest shine job yet! No scraping! No scrub- bing! And Brillo *guarantees* re- sults. If Brillo fails to clean a utensil, you get a new one—*free!*



★ RED box—soap-filled pads
★ GREEN box—pads and cake soap

There's jeweler's polish in BRILLO



Don't those baker's sweet rolls look simply wonderful?

They *taste* as good as they look! Because *modern* bakers use the same high quality ingredients you would use; bake fresh daily with the same care you would take.

Sweet rolls are good and *nourishing*, too. There's milk in them. And flour. And sugar. You get protein, calcium and lots of other essential elements when you eat a sweet roll.

So why make every breakfast hard work to prepare? Instead, just start the coffee, fix the fruit . . . and *bring out a plate of sweet rolls!*

Get some today—at your bake-shop, your grocer's or from the baker who calls at your door. And be sure to order sweet rolls when you eat in restaurants.



For extra goodness . . . warm sweet rolls before serving.

Buy some **SWEET ROLLS** today...

See how good they are!

Bakers of America

© 1950, American Bakers Association, Chicago

gift. The largest she ever got, and the most unexpected, came from a shabbily dressed old man who used to walk in eight miles from his home in suburban Berea every Saturday to shop near the Home. The reason he walked was to save a 5-cent carfare. One hot afternoon he wandered into the shady grounds and sat down on a bench, wiping his forehead. The children clustered around him, as they do any visitor, and Mrs. Thorpe sent one of them in to get a glass of water. "Come back any time," she told him.

After that he made the Home a regular stopping place on his carfare-saving walks, and when he died he left it his entire estate—$45,000. Mom put that money in her building fund, along with other substantial gifts, and after twenty-five years of saving she now has $250,000 to start a much-needed addition to the Home next spring.

During the past year she has had to turn away 640 children, including more than 100 babies. She doesn't like to do that.

Mom's personal life is so completely merged into that of the Home that there is almost nothing to say about it. She has never had any children of her own. Colonel Garver, her first husband, moved to Cleveland when she did, and died in 1934. In 1940 she married Otto Thorpe, a skillful mechanic and lover of children, who had grown up with her at Xenia, and is now chief maintenance man at the Cleveland Home. Every summer Otto takes the older boys to his own camp on Lake Campbell, in the Michigan woods, where they swim and raise vegetables for the Home and learn trades and handicrafts.

The Thorpes' personal quarters are two tiny rooms on the second floor of the Home, with barely enough space for a bed a dresser in one, and two chairs, a table, de and some European water colors in the othe Mrs. Thorpe's salary as superintendent $300 a month and her husband's is $20 About half of hers goes right back into t Home—not long ago, for instance, s treated herself to a new set of office furnitu and gray metal filing cases. "I got tired looking at the old green ones," she says. F this she laid out nearly $300 of her ov money. Her only weakness is hats; she bu eight or ten of them every year, and almo as fast as she gets them gives them aw to friends who admire them.

Otto spends his money on the camp, whi has eleven buildings, all largely devoted Home purposes. He also puts $700 a ye into life insurance, which represents the or savings they both have. About every thr or four years they take a long vacation gether—Mom likes to travel and she h motored through England, France, G many, Switzerland, Italy, Mexico and H waii.

Sometime, she says, after the Home been enlarged to take in all the children w need to come there, the Thorpes are goi to have at least one real room of their ov She has always liked and bought good boo and she has many boxes of them stored aw What she would like is enough space some bookshelves and a wide window fac out into the back yard.

"Why the back yard?" I asked her, a her answer came with a smile that lit up round, pleasant face.

"So that I can watch the children pl ing," she said.

LOVE AT SECOND SIGHT

(Continued from Page 57)

when he made his will. You must remember that Anglo-Bombays were a falling issue then, whereas gilt-edged ——"

"I know all about gilt-edged," Dorothea observed crisply. "It's Anglo-Bombays that I've come to talk about. What are they standing at now?"

"Twelve and a half," I said reluctantly.

"And what were they standing at when father died?"

"About five, I think."

"It was four and a quarter," Dorothea corrected me. She was always distressingly accurate about figures.

"Well, four and a quarter, then," I agreed. "And during the following year when they passed their final dividend they slumped to two. For that year Rose and Janet only had an income of three hundred pounds a year each, compared with your fifteen hundred."

"Less tax," said Dorothea. "But what's their income now?"

"About three thousand pounds," I answered. "And also less tax."

"Compared with my fifteen hundred?"

"Yes."

"Is that what father intended?"

I explained wearily to Dorothea that I didn't know what her father intended. All I knew was what he had actually done. What he had done was to arrange that Dorothea had a fixed and certain income while her sisters might have nothing and might have twice as much as she had. I had little doubt in my own mind that if the new oil field which had sent Anglo-Bombays soaring had been discovered a year before his death instead of a year after, he would have worded his will quite differently. But I saw no point in mentioning that to Dorothea. He had worded it in such a way as to leave me powerless to make any adjustment.

Dorothea listened to me quite patiently. "Well," she said at the end, "you really do your stuff very nicely, Charlie. Just like a guide showing sight-seers round some rather uninteresting ruins. But wasn't there something else in the will you haven't mentioned?"

I gazed at her. "No, I don't think so."

"Wasn't there to be some kind of rearrangement if I got married?"

That knocked me completely off my balance for a moment. The clause was there, of course. Share and share alike between three sisters if Dorothea got married. But all the confirmed and incorrigible spinste Dorothea seemed to me to be the most sp sterish, and I simply hadn't considered possibility.

"Dorothea, you're not ——" I began.

"Never mind what I'm going to do," answered rather tartly. "I just want know about the will. If my figures are c rect, I make it that my income this y would be twenty-eight hundred and fi pounds if I were married."

I checked the figures and had to agree t they were correct.

"Well, that wouldn't make it worth risk," she went on blandly. "But if Ang Bombays went up to eighteen, say, and p another twenty per cent more, then my come as a married woman would be for five hundred pounds, wouldn't it?"

Again I agreed that her figures were c rect and she began to put on her gloves.

"Well then, that's settled," she sa "When Anglo-Bombays go up to eighteen get married."

"But, Dorothea, people don't get m ried for reasons like that!"

"Why not? It's a much more sensible r son than the one people generally do get m ried for."

"But supposing you got married a Anglo-Bombays slumped again. You could go back to your fixed income, you know."

"Of course I know. I'm not a fool, Ch lie. But I don't think Anglo-Bombays going to slump again."

"Perhaps not. But aren't you quite co fortable on your fifteen hundred pounds year?"

"Quite fairly comfortable, Charlie. Bu want to buy my house and I can't do that my present income with all the taxes."

"You could go to a building society, Do thea. It wouldn't be nearly as risky."

"I like risks," she ended quietly. "A besides, it would make Rose and Janet furious. I know it's horrid of me to talk li that. But you don't know how nasty they been to me all my life; nasty about mone nasty because I didn't have a husband. Wh I might even do it if Anglo-Bombays or went up to seventeen!"

We were at the door by this time and I held out my hand to say good-by. As she took it she looked up at me in a very queer way.

"Don't you think that I'd make quite a nice wife, Charlie?" she asked.

I assured her that she would make a very nice wife; but I did feel compelled to add that she had left it rather late in life and that some husbands had tiresome habits as well as expensive tastes.

But even that did not seem to deter her. She was smiling quietly to herself as she walked down the stairs.

I had always liked Dorothea much better than either Janet or Rose. There was a certain strain of meanness in the whole family, but I think Dorothea would have grown up into a normal, openhearted young woman if she hadn't been snubbed and sneered at so much by her elder sisters. And she wasn't nearly so rapacious as those two. They had sat in my office only three years earlier and made a most determined attempt to muscle in on Dorothea's gilt-edged. That, of course, was the first year after Uncle Hamish's death, when Anglo-Bombays had passed their final dividend. They had been quite ready then to swear that their father was of unsound mind when he made the will. The only thing that stopped their going to these lengths to set the will aside was the discovery of the new oil field and the sudden unexpected boom in Anglo-Bombays.

Another thing I disliked about Rose and Janet was their snobbishness. Our mutual grandfather was of very humble origin: a crofter, in fact. Like other crofters of his time, he had a large family, and the sons went out into the world to fend for themselves. My father went to South America while Uncle Hamish went East and there laid the foundation of his fortune by a lucky speculation in Anglo-Bombays when nobody knew if they were worth anything or not.

It was Rose and Janet who made him buy a large country place when he came home, and thereafter they behaved as though they had been landed gentry for generations. They wouldn't look at anyone whom they thought beneath them socially; and having at last secured husbands who were reasonably well connected, they spent the rest of their time bickering as to whether the fourth cousin of a marquess was superior to the third cousin of an earl. The only time they stopped bickering was when they joined forces to try to muscle in on Dorothea's gilt-edged. Prestige might be important to them, but money was more important still.

DOROTHEA, on the other hand, was a simple creature at heart, quite proud of her lowly origin; and she was also a superb gardener, which is generally a sign of undisclosed spiritual assets. What worried me after this interview, however, was not her simplicity, but her tenacity and determination. I could still remember an occasion when she was nine years old and my young brother had foolishly dared her to climb a certain tree. It was an outrageous, impossible tree; and I, arriving five seconds too late, had watched helplessly from the ground, sweating at every pore, imploring her to stop, while she went right to the top and down again. Such singleness of purpose in a woman is terrifying, and I may say that my alarm now would have been greater still if I had been a single man. But even though I was spared that anxiety, I couldn't help meditating on the strange way in which destiny was lying in wait for some other unsuspecting male if Anglo-Bombays happened to go to over 17 or 18.

Fortunately for my peace of mind, Anglo-Bombays had a setback about this time. They slithered back to under twelve, and it wasn't till six months later that they reached 17¼ for the first time.

On that morning Dorothea appeared in my office and began to take off her gloves. "Have you seen the stock prices this morning, Charlie?" she asked.

"Yes," I admitted. "Consols are down an eighth again."

"Never mind about consols!" she went on briskly. "Anglo-Bombays are over seventeen and I'm going to get married."

I played with my pen for a few seconds. "Well, congratulations!" I said at last. "Who is he, Dorothea?"

DOROTHEA shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know," she answered. "And I don't think it matters much." Then she gave me one of her sharp, shrewd looks. "I think I am right in saying that all I have to do in order to get my share of the Anglo-Bombays is to become legally married?"

"And all that that implies!" I added quickly.

"But I don't think that it does imply anything more. I don't have to live with him or anything like that."

"Well, Dorothea, as no doubt you realize, marriage ——"

"Now don't fiddle-faddle, Charlie. All I want to know is whether I am correct in what I say or whether I am not."

"I'm afraid you are perfectly correct," I admitted.

"Very well, then, as my solicitor it's your duty to find me a husband, Charlie. Someone who will marry me quite legally and then never see me again."

I needed time to concoct a suitable answer to this and began to fumble with my pen again.

Dorothea then went on impatiently, "Now don't pretend, Charlie, that solicitors haven't done this kind of thing before. They did it during the war so that women could become British subjects and be saved from the Nazis."

"That's true enough, Dorothea, but ——"

"It's also done, I understand, by certain women who don't wish to be deported."

"They aren't very desirable women!"

"I never said they were, Charlie. The point is that it's legal and that a solicitor has to do it. The only thing that really remains to be decided is how much I ought to pay the man. Now I thought fifty pounds would be about the right amount."

At this point I at last managed to weigh in with my views on the matter. I agreed that such things had been done and were still being done. I admitted that it was possible to get the man to sign a declaration that he would never see the woman he married after the ceremony, or molest her in any way. But such a declaration was very little protection to her. He might not keep his promise. He might blackmail her for the rest of her life, and Rose and Janet might dispute the validity of such a marriage, though as far as I could see it would be just valid enough for the purposes of the will. Finally I told her that if she persisted in this odd and dangerous idea, she would have to do two things: go to another solicitor, and pay the man enough to keep him sweet and quiet.

Dorothea was quite unabashed when I had finished. "Perhaps fifty pounds is too little," she admitted. "Do you think a hundred would be too much?"

"My dear Dorothea, I think a thousand would probably be insufficient, but as I have told you, I am not interested in the proposition."

"Do you really mean that, Charlie?" Dorothea was already putting on her gloves.

"Yes, I mean it."

"But you admit there are hundreds of solicitors in London who would do it for me?"

"Hundreds and hundreds, Dorothea, and they would charge you hundreds too."

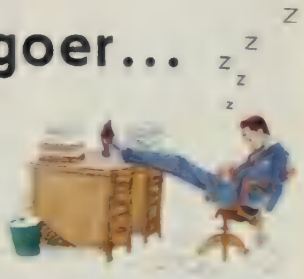
THE DEVIL TO PAY

This is an old phrase in English, which has been known since 1400. The "devil" is a seam in a ship's hull, either on or below the water line. The complete phrase seems to be "Here's the devil to pay and there's no pitch hot." The word *pay* means to smear a seam with hot tar or pitch. It was once a custom to careen a vessel so that as the tide went out the underwater seams would be exposed. Of course the pitch would never be hot and the tide would not wait, so there was the devil to pay and no pitch hot.

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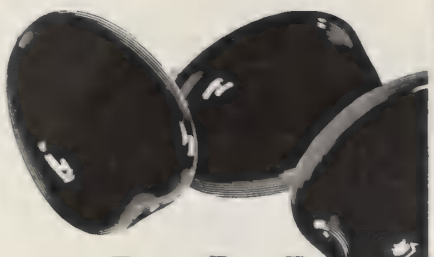
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COSTS SO LITTLE —ADDS SO MUCH!

"I think it's very wrong of you, Charlie. You're a capable lawyer and a tactful one. You shouldn't drive me to going to one of these dubious people."

"I'm not driving you to anything, Dorothea. You're driving yourself, and in my opinion you're a very dangerous driver."

We were now doing our end piece by the door. Dorothea held out her hand with that queer smile of hers.

"Well, I'll give you a fortnight to think it over, Charlie," she ended. "After that I'll go up to London. In the meantime, if you find some nice, hard-working, reliable man who wants to buy his house, for instance, I'll go up to five hundred pounds for him. I'm not mean like Rose and Janet."

I am not going to pretend that my conscience is quite clear over the whole matter; but it would have been quite clear if fate hadn't stepped in. I couldn't prevent Dorothea's going to some shady solicitor, but I could refuse to have anything to do with it myself, and I fully intended to. But then only a week later I had to go up to London myself and ran into Algie Winthrop in St. James's Street.

Algie and I had been at the same college at the university, and although I wasn't in his smart set, I had been very fond of him. He never did a stroke of work, of course. But then if you are descended from a long line of beaus, dandies, spendthrifts and playboys, you can't be expected to take to work in the simple, natural way that the duck takes to water. Algie's university career ended very properly in his being sent down, and his subsequent progress was everything that might be expected. He married two chorus girls and ran through three fortunes. That kind of life is great fun when you are young, but it isn't so good when you begin to get old. And when I saw Algie's shambling figure in St. James's Street and noticed the decay as well as the distinction in his appearance, I realized that in RAF language the poor old boy had had it.

However, that did not come out immediately. We shook hands like two long-lost friends.

"Algie! Why, it must be almost ten years since we met!"

"More than that, Charlie old boy. How nice to see you! How's everything?"

"Fine, fine. What are you doing here? I thought you lived in France now."

"Just over for a short visit, old boy."

"Well, can you lunch with me? I was just going down to my club now."

"No, no, you have lunch with me, old boy."

"I suggested it first, Algie. And my club's nearer than yours."

I didn't know then, of course, that Algie no longer had a club. It was when we had sat down to lunch that things began to come out. We had just ordered what we wanted and I was leaning across, beaming at him.

"This is like old times, Algie. Now tell me really. How's everything? How are you?"

"Top of the world, old boy," he answered mechanically. Then something went wrong with the works and his face lengthened. "Matter of fact, I'm in a bit of a jam."

"Not for the first time, Algie, is it?"

"No, no." He smiled faintly. "But this is rather a bad jam."

"Money, Algie?"

"Yes, a check—three checks, to be exact, old boy. What's worse, they say it's obtaining money by false pretenses."

"Oh!"

"I've always paid my debts, Charlie . . . in the end. I don't think they ought to call it false pretenses when a check bounces."

"One check, Algie?"

"Well, three checks."

"They're not going to prosecute, are they?"

"Unless I raise the money by Friday, that's just what they are going to do."

"How much is it?"

"About seven hundred pounds. Nothing big."

"H'm! And can you raise the money, Algie?"

"Not a hope."

I learned a good deal more about Algie as the lunch progressed. His one remaining asset was a small villa in the South of France which his Aunt Charlotte had left him. There was also a monthly remittance paid him in francs by Aunt Charlotte's trustees. That was so small that he couldn't even afford a servant, and he couldn't possibly convert either the remittance or the villa into pounds in the present state of exchange complications. He had been saving up for three years for this visit to England and had relied on a certain horse to pay his fare back to France again. The horse had failed him, and one thing had followed another until the checks began to bounce. In fact, it was one of the oldest stories in the world. And the future, in so far as Algie was concerned, looked extraordinarily bleak.

I ordered two large glasses of vintage port after lunch. I did it simply to cheer poor Algie up. What I didn't realize was the effect the port was going to have on me myself. The effect it did have was to bring out all my suppressed philanthropic tendencies and make me want to do the old boy a good turn. That explains how my tongue got several paces ahead of my normal good judgment.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

It's Better to be Sorry

By Blanda Bradbury

It's better one should love,
although unwisely.
When the heart is swept and
clean and bare,
Only a mousy creature called
Self-pity
Seeks asylum there.

It's better to be sorry than be
lonely.
So, before the darkness can
begin,
Spread the supper, trim the lamp
whose light
Invites the robber in.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"You're not married at the moment, are you, Algie?" I asked suddenly.

"No," he said rather vaguely. "I don't think so."

"Well, you must be certain about it. We don't want to make a mistake over a thing like that."

"But I am certain, old boy. Marjorie divorced me and I divorced Paula. So I'm certainly not married."

"Very well, then, Algie. I believe we could raise a thousand pounds if you got married again."

Algie stared at me and finally shook his head. "Very decent of you to think of it, old boy," he said. "But really I'd rather go to prison. More restful, you know."

"But you wouldn't have to live with her, Algie."

"What!"

"In fact, you'd have to sign a declaration to the effect that you'd never see her again after the marriage ceremony."

"I'd do that all right, old boy. Wish I'd thought of it with both Marjorie and Paula. . . . But what in the world are you talking about, Charlie?"

"Just that I have a client, a very respectable lady client, who has reasons, good financial reasons, for wishing to be married."

"Without having a husband?"

"Exactly."

"And she'd pay a thousand pounds for me to marry her?"

"Five hundred was what she actually said, Algie. But I think we could get her up to a thousand. . . . Have another glass of port?"

"Thanks, old boy, I will."

That is how it all came about. And of course by the time I had sobered down again it was too late. Algie and I had already given notice of the wedding at the registry office of the district in which he was living.

I had a good deal of trouble over the extra five hundred pounds with Dorothea, and more still with my own conscience over a good many things. However, everything went more or less according to plan. I went surety for Algie's debts until the money was handed over, and I had no difficulty in getting him to sign the required declaration.

It was only a month later that the ceremony took place in a red-brick registrar's office. I was rather torn in my mind whether I ought to be a witness or not. On the one hand, it might make me an accessory both before and after the fact. On the other, I thought I could argue that, as I couldn't stop Dorothea's taking this unusual step, it was right and proper for me as her trustee to see that the proceedings were in every way legal. So I went. To be quite honest, wild horses wouldn't have kept me away.

Needless to say, neither Rose nor Janet was there, and I did not sign the register myself. We pulled in a man and a woman from the street for that purpose and rewarded them with five shillings each for their pains. One of them had a defective tear duct, which did not enliven the proceedings. Otherwise everything went very well. Dorothea wore a tailor-made and a blue toque and Algie was quite distinguished in a well-cut but aged gray suit. The registrar himself did better still and had on a morning coat and pin-stripe trousers. He was a bright, officious little man, and when there was a slight hiatus at the end of the ceremony, he rubbed his hands briskly and exclaimed, "Well, well. That's that. And now, I think, this is the moment when the bridegroom kisses the bride."

Algie, of course, did it superbly. You could always trust Algie on an occasion like that. Dorothea, for the matter of that, played it very well too. She looked almost as though she were grateful, and I found myself wondering whether it was the first time in her life that she had been kissed by a man.

After that there was a good deal of unnecessary handshaking and finally the happy pair drove off in the hired Daimler while the two witnesses waved feebly from the pavement. There was no rice, no confetti and no shoes, and I had no idea what the bride and bridegroom found to say to each other in the car. I do know that Dorothea drove him to the station, and, I believe, actually saw him on to the train on his way to France. Dorothea never left anything to chance. As for myself, I walked briskly along to my club and had two large glasses of sherry in quick succession. The sherry there was as good as the port, and after I had fortified myself with it there was only one little thing that still worried me. There was just one rather important bit of information about Algie which I had withheld.

The next thing was to break the news to Rose and Janet. I preferred to do this by letter, and enclosed a copy of the marriage certificate as well as a copy of the will. The reply also came by letter—solicitor's letter—and the fight was on. I had persuaded Dorothea to go to Bournemouth for a time so as to get her out of the way, but the other solicitors soon found out where she was and pointed out that there wasn't any sign of a husband living with her. What had I got to say to that? I replied that I was unaware of any statute, bylaw or regulation which obliged husbands and wives to live together continuously; that the point at issue was whether the marriage was legal or not; and that unless they could find some flaw in it, I proposed to proceed with the redistribution of the estate funds in accordance with the terms of the will.

The correspondence then increased rapidly both in volume and in violence. I knew that if the opposing solicitors really thought they had a case they would go to law at once. I was relieved when they didn't, and some six weeks later we had reached that point in legal wrangling when they were pretending that they had something important up their

(Continued on Page 160)

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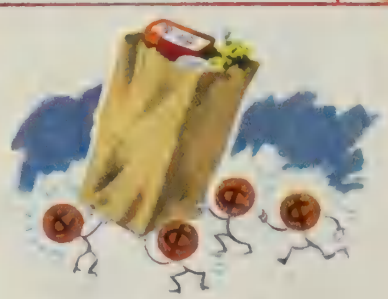
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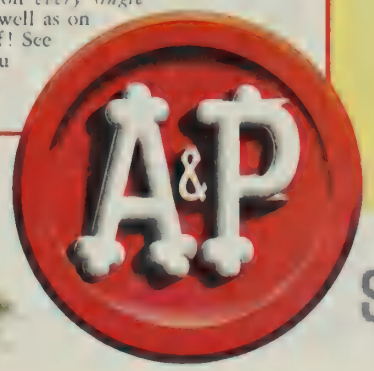
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150 ScotTowels to a roll.
Scott Paper Co., Chester, Pa.

(Continued from Page 158)

sleeves and I was tolerably certain that they hadn't. The next step normally would have been for them to propose some rather shady deal out of court which would save their clients' faces and justify the large fees they were charging them.

As it happened, however, we never got to that stage. Without any warning Dorothea suddenly appeared in my office one morning and began to take off her gloves. I noticed that she was looking unusually brisk and bright-eyed, but didn't at the moment suspect the reason. I said—rather guardedly—that I was glad to see her, and then when we had sat down I went on.

"I thought you were staying another three weeks in Bournemouth, Dorothea?"

"I know. I intended to," she replied. "But I had to come back to see my garden, Charlie. Things happen in a garden, you know, in the spring."

"Yes, I suppose they do. Well, I don't think it matters. There won't be any legal complications now if you do come back."

"Everything all right?"

"I think so. The solicitors are still rumbling, but there's nothing there behind the rumble."

Dorothea smiled contentedly. "As a matter of fact," she went on, "I'm not thinking of coming back just yet."

"You're not?"

"No, I'm taking a little holiday, Charlie. Going abroad, in fact."

"Well, that will be nice for you."

"Very nice, I think. I'm proposing to join my husband—Lord Algernon Winthrop."

The exclamation that now escaped my lips sounded to me extraordinarily like a groan. "Oh! So you've found that out!" I said.

"Yes, I've found it out, Charlie."

"Well, it doesn't matter," I went on quickly. "And, of course, it doesn't make any difference to the agreement you made."

"What agreement, Charlie dear?"

"Why, that you were never going to see each other again."

"BUT I never made any such agreement. He may have promised never to see me, but I certainly never promised anything of the sort. And I needn't keep him to his promise, need I?"

"Dorothea, you can't intend to do this!"

"But of course I do, Charlie." Dorothea gave a little happy giggle. "A real lord for a husband! Not just a distant cousin of one! You couldn't expect me to miss an opportunity like that."

"And supposing Algie just tells you to go to blazes?"

"I don't think he will. He's much too nice-mannered."

"He's a very wicked and dangerous Dorothea."

"Is he! Really, as a trustee, Char don't think you ought to have married a man like that."

"Dorothea, please, please, please!"

"And I don't think that he is wick dangerous. I think he's rather tired and somebody to look after him. I don't b he's ever been properly looked after in a life."

I MADE a fight for it even in this p hopeless situation. I pointed out that the trouble in this troublous world from women thinking that men needed ing after. Dorothea agreed that there something in my view, but insisted that did need looking after when they beg get old. And they needed some money she added.

I then tried the personal approach. was my oldest friend. What was he to think of me if I let him in for some which he had never intended? To Dorothea replied that she had a sweet n although she was my cousin; that sh quite a good cook; and that her hous central heating as well as a charming ga Finally I played my last little card needn't think, I said, that I was going t her Algie's address, because nothing i whole world would drag that from m this she replied that I needn't agitate m She already had the address—and her vations on the Blue Train.

By this time she had got on her again and we were doing our end piece b door. There I told her that I had thought that she could behave in this u brazen fashion. To this she answered she had come to the conclusion that b women got more out of life than the unb sort. She then shook my hand, promis give Algie my fondest love, and went s down the stairs.

I should like to describe Dorothea's a at the Villa Fermot; but I wasn't there can't do it. There are, however, a num strange facts which I can vouch for, either personal observation or a carefu ing of the evidence. These are:

That Algie was alone and running a perature of 102° when Dorothea arriv the villa. She nursed him back to heal

That only three months later they came back to live in Dorothea's hous are, for their age, one of the happiest c I know.

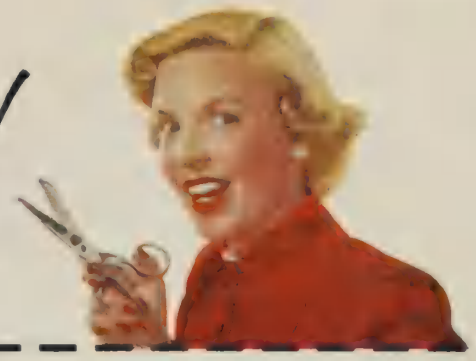
That Dorothea's garden is lovelier ever.

And that Rose and Janet are still gn their teeth. THE



"Remember, dear, slice it thin and give everybody plenty of mashed potatoes."

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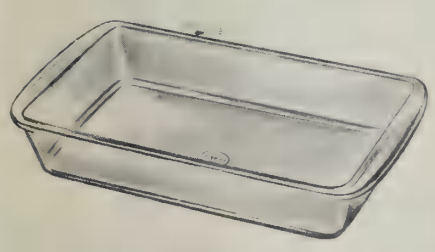
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Conversation Piece

By RUTH MILLS TEAGUE

A CHRISTMAS dinner doesn't make a holiday season. We begin getting in the mood for parties way ahead of the big day, and by the time Christmas week rolls around we're rarin' to go, but we don't want our ambitions to outstrip our energies. So here comes a plan for a dinner party that should leave the hostess as gay as a cricket because it will put so little strain on her—which is as it should be. The holiday season is a busy one, and while we're in a mood to be convivial and entertain our friends, we don't want to knock ourselves out doing it.

The main dish will be tomato-and-mushroom rarebit. This is sometimes called "woodchuck," but to me that means a decidedly unpleasant rodent *(Continued on Page 165)*

Guests enjoy helping with the final assembly of this festive meal—everything that takes time to prepare has been done well in advance.



Holiday rarebit on rounds of rich pastry, handsome chef's salad tossed at the last minute—fun to prepare, and more fun to eat.



STUART

They say a picture is worth a thousand words. That's the reason we put a luscious picture here—so all you ladies (perhaps gents, too) could take a really good look. What do you think? Isn't it downright astonishing that a cake of such delicate texture, such tempting deliciousness can now be made with unbelievable ease?

What do you have to do? You merely add milk to either one of the two new Pillsbury Cake Mixes—White or Chocolate Fudge. Go to your grocer's and get either one—or both. We promise you a cake every bit as attention-getting, as family-thrilling as the one in the picture. See what we mean. Just see.



Just add milk—



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Then there's the smoky fragrance of a half ham, or a picnic, the lean-streaked goodness of bacon, crisply fried salt pork, sizzling sausage links or patties.

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(Continued from Page 162)

with which we have a great deal of trouble on the farm, and I don't like to give the name to anything as delicious as this dish. For good measure, since this is Christmas and we should all be extra generous, I'll include a recipe for crab Mornay which can be substituted for the rarebit or filed away for use at a future party. Both of these dishes can be prepared entirely or partly in a chafing dish, with guests participating in the cooking or just watching the process while they enjoy the aromas that arise and whip up terrific appetites. And of course they can be prepared in the kitchen in a double boiler—after all, what is a chafing dish but a glorified double boiler? When the rarebit—or the crab Mornay—is served, there should be something to spoon it onto; and instead of the usual toast we'll have large rounds of piecrust which are scandalously good and ditto rich, but this is not a heavy meal and we can indulge ourselves to that extent.

The other big production will be chef's salad, and what could be a better accompaniment? A big bowl of crisp salad greens, thinly sliced red radishes, slivers of chicken or leftover turkey, and slivers of smoked



For dessert: cherries, grapefruit, pears.

tongue or ham, all tossed together with French dressing. Beside the salad bowl there will be a small bowl of sour cream to be put at the side or on top of each serving of salad. The bread will be garlic Melba toast, served crisp and hot.

Ice-cold fruit will solve the dessert problem—it almost always will for me because my sweet tooth isn't too insistent and I love fruit as a finale to a good meal. Pie cherries, stewed pears soaked in the cherry juice, candied ginger and sections of grapefruit are involved in the fruit platter, and I'll give you more details later.

These recipes will serve six or eight people.

TOMATO-AND-MUSHROOM RAREBIT

Empty contents of 1 No. 2½ can best quality tomatoes into a saucepan. Add 4 tablespoons finely chopped onion, 1½ tablespoons Worcestershire sauce, ¼ teaspoon dry mustard, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon sugar, ⅛ teaspoon red pepper, and the liquid from 2 small cans button mushrooms. Cook over high heat 5 minutes and mash with a wire potato masher. The tomatoes shouldn't be puréed, but they should be broken up into very small pieces.

In a chafing dish or double boiler melt ¼ pound butter or margarine, blend in 6 tablespoons flour, add tomatoes and cook, stirring most of the time, until mixture begins to thicken. To save time, be sure that the water in lower pan of double boiler or chafing dish is boiling before upper pan is placed over it. Now add 1 pound sharp-tasting American cheese cut into small pieces or coarsely grated and continue to cook and stir until cheese has melted. At the last add the 2 cans of drained mushrooms, cook a little longer to heat mushrooms and the rarebit is ready to serve.

This whole process can be done behind scenes or on the set. However, if you plan to cook the rarebit with audience participation or at least with audience, I suggest that you have the thickened tomatoes in the chafing dish before you begin. This much of the job can be finished early in the day with no harm done, and thus save a lot of time and mess. Serve on rounds of piecrust.

CRAB MORNAY

In a chafing dish or double boiler melt 6 tablespoons butter or margarine and blend in 6 tablespoons flour. Drain liquid from 1 or 2 small cans button mushrooms into a measuring cup and add enough chicken broth or veal stock to make 1½ cups. You can use canned or homemade broth or you can make it with bouillon cubes or powder. Add this to the flour and butter with 1½ cups cream or undiluted evaporated milk, 1 small onion, finely chopped, 3 tablespoons chopped pimiento or green pepper, ⅓ pound grated Gruyère cheese, ¼ pound grated Parmesan cheese and 1 tablespoon mono sodium glutamate. Cook, stirring constantly, until sauce is thick and cheese has melted. Add salt and black and red pepper to taste. At the last add drained mushrooms and 2 seven-ounce cans crab meat. Fresh or frozen crab meat can be used instead of canned. Serve on rounds of piecrust.

CREAM-CHEESE PIECRUST

Sift together 2 cups flour, a small pinch baking powder and 1 scant teaspoon salt. Add 9 ounces cream cheese, ½ cup butter or margarine, and ½ cup vegetable shortening or lard. Cut with knives until thoroughly blended, wrap in aluminum foil or wax paper and store overnight in refrigerator. Roll on a lightly floured board to a little more than ⅛" thickness and cut into fairly large rounds, about 4" in diameter. The first time I made these, I inverted a soup cup on the dough and cut around it with a sharp-pointed knife. Then I discovered that I had some small copper finger bowls with the right dimensions and a sharp edge. One of these made a perfect cutter—and as a last resort I could have cut a cardboard disk and used that as a pattern. I like the rounds to be large, but if you don't agree just use your largest cooky cutter and make more of them. Put the disks on ungreased cooky sheets, prick with a fork, and bake in a hot, 450° F., oven until delicately browned, watching closely after 10 minutes. You don't need to bake these at the last minute, but be sure to give them a little time in a low, 200° F., oven or on a hot tray before serving.

Recently I used the tomato rarebit, without mushrooms, as a hot hors d'oeuvre for a dinner party. I put a small bowl of the rarebit in the center of a large copper casserole, surrounded it with small cream-cheese-piecrust disks about an inch in diameter and kept the whole thing hot over one of those pottery warmers in which candles supply the heat. Success? Well—six people ate all of them, and I had made forty disks.

CHEF'S SALAD

A chef's salad can be a very hearty dish, with strips of several kinds of meat and cheese mixed with whatever greens and vegetables you use. It makes a wonderful main dish for lunch, especially in the summer. But for this menu I think our salad should be only fairly hearty. For the greens I like Boston lettuce and water cress best, but any good salad greens will do. If you use iceberg lettuce, I think it's a good idea to shred it rather coarsely for this salad. Make a *chapon* by rubbing a piece of dry bread crust well with garlic, put it in the salad bowl and add the greens, which should be well drained. (Put them in a double thickness of cheesecloth, secure the four corners in your hand to make a bag and swing it around to remove as much moisture as possible.)

Cut cold cooked chicken or turkey, preferably white meat, into slender strips to make about 1½ cups. (If your turkey has gone the way of all turkeys and you don't want to bother with a whole chicken, perhaps you can get a package of frozen chicken breasts in your grocery store. I say "perhaps" because I don't know how generally available they are, but I can get them in the small towns near our farm—a pretty good index.) Cut cooked smoked tongue or ham into slender strips to make 1½ cups. Slice red radishes into very thin disks to make 1 cup.

To 1 cup sour cream add 1 teaspoon sugar and 1 tablespoon grated onion and stir. Pour

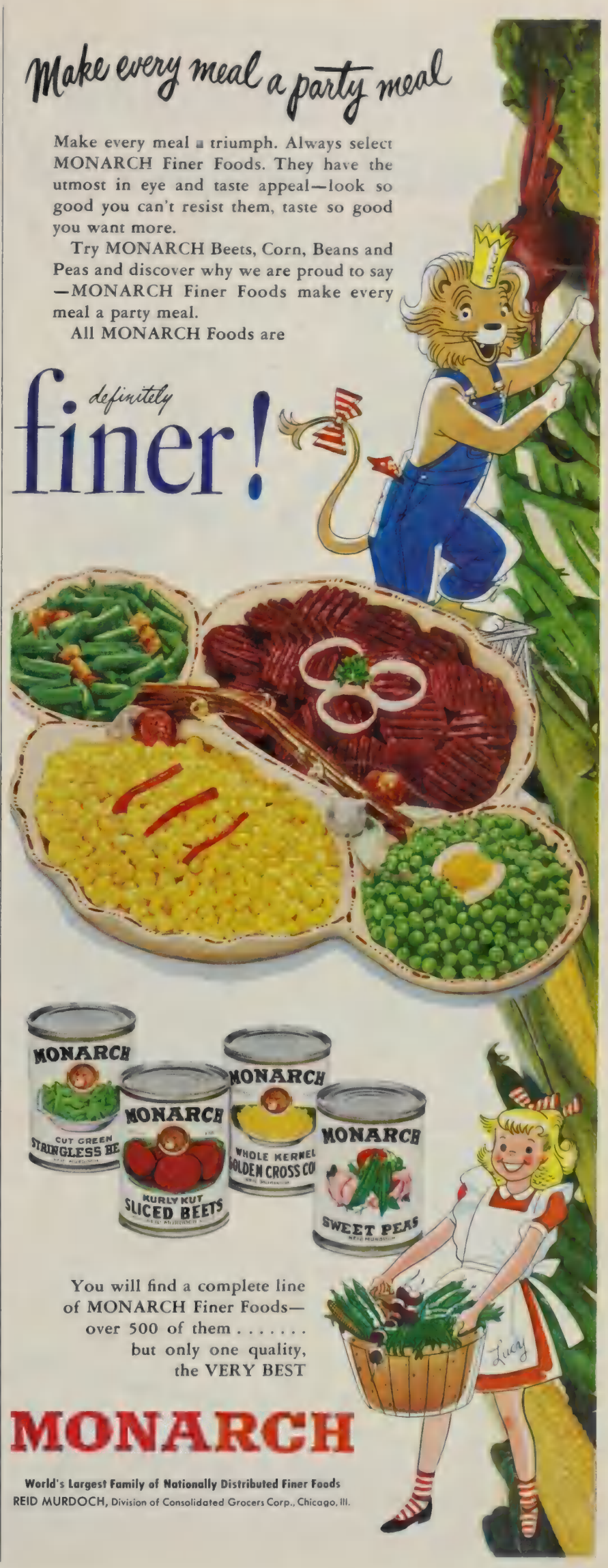
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salad oil over greens and toss well. Add vinegar in usual proportions for French dressing—⅓ vinegar to ⅔ oil—and salt and freshly ground black pepper to taste, and toss again. Remove *chapon* and mix the radishes and meat with the greens, reserving some of the chicken and tongue strips for the top. Serve sour cream in a separate bowl and let people help themselves to it.

GARLIC MELBA TOAST

Remove crust from thinly sliced bread and cut slices into three-cornered or oblong pieces. Toast on both sides. Use packaged Melba toast if you don't want to make it yourself. Rub top side of toast with a clove of garlic. The rough surface of the toast acts as a grater, so go lightly if you don't want a strong garlic flavor. Spread with butter or margarine and heat in a moderate, 325° F., oven before serving. The toast can be made ready for the last heating in the oven at any time during the day

COMPOTE OF CHERRIES, GRAPEFRUIT AND PEARS

The day before, drain the juice from 2 No. 2 cans red sour cherries and in a separate dish drain juice from 1 No. 2½ can Bartlett pears. Of course home-canned pears and cherries can be used instead of store ones. Put pears, cut side up, in a flat-bottomed refrigerator dish and pour cherry juice over them. Set in refrigerator and occasionally turn pears so that they will be a lovely red all over. Some cherry juice is bright red and some has a purplish cast, but it's all pretty and you will find that the pears absorb the color not just on the surface but all the way through. During the afternoon of the party day, melt ⅔ glass red raspberry jelly and add this to the drained cherries with 4 tablespoons candied ginger cut into slender strips. Cut peel from 3 large grapefruit and slice them into sections. When you are ready to arrange your fruit platter, make a mound of cherries in the center and surround it with the grapefruit slices. Around the grapefruit make a border of pears, cut side down, and put a long sliver of candied ginger between the pear halves. If you like, sprinkle some sherry over all the fruit.

As a by-product of this dessert you will have some cherry and pear juice left over. This, with any fruit that may be left, will make a nice gelatin dessert the next day.

Service. Let's assume that you are going to complete the preparation of the food in the living room or wherever you plan to serve and that the main dish will be tomato-and-mushroom rarebit. Have the thickened tomato sauce already in the chafing dish and bring it in with a bowl of diced or grated cheese and another of mushrooms. It takes only a few minutes to complete the cooking of the rarebit. On another tray you might have the salad bowl of greens surrounded by four dishes containing the radishes, the two meats and the sour cream. When the rarebit is ready, someone could mix the salad while you make one quick trip to the kitchen for the piecrust rounds and Melba toast, which will be waiting in a warm oven—and *voilà!* A cooking party with no fuss or bother, and I think everyone might enjoy the food more for having had a small share in its preparation. If the main dish is to be crab Mornay, have the sauce ready for the addition of the crab meat and the mushrooms before it is brought in.

If you plan to complete all preparations in the kitchen, the pattern is simple. The rarebit or crab Mornay can wait for some time in a double boiler over low heat. So, except for the mixing of the salad, no last-minute scurrying around in the kitchen is necessary.

I hope I've lived up to my promise about little strain on the hostess, and I *know* I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL

(Continued from Page 62)

list, lots of lovely substitutes *are*. You'll find those out, and in the meantime let's go.

CAVIAR APPETIZER

Skin small hothouse tomatoes. You do this by pouring boiling water over them, leave them 2 or 3 minutes and the skin comes off like a charm. Cut a slice off the top of each tomato, scoop out the center about halfway down. Chill. Fill with ice-cold caviar to which you've added lemon juice and a little grated onion just before serving. Garnish with cress and serve with Melba toast. If caviar is out, what's wrong with crab meat in mayonnaise, or lobster, diced and dressed with Russian dressing?

You know how. You all know how to stuff and roast a turkey. Here's one stuffing I consider sheer elegance, and this is the receipt:

WILD-RICE STUFFING

Wash 1 pound wild rice and cook in boiling salted water until tender. Meanwhile sauté 2 peeled onions, chopped, 1 pound mushrooms, sliced, and ½ pound bulk pork sausage, breaking sausage up with a fork as it cooks. Drain the rice but do not rinse it. Add sausage mixture and mix well. Add 2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine. Season with 1½ teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon thyme, and 1 teaspoon marjoram. Mix well again and taste. It might need more salt. This quantity will stuff one large turkey.

But chestnuts anyway. You can't leave chestnuts out, not at Christmas. One nice thing about chestnuts is that they will do most anything you ask of them and do it well. Try this and prove it for yourself:

MASHED SWEET POTATOES WITH CHESTNUTS

Cook 2 pounds yams or sweet potatoes, in their skins, in boiling salted water until tender. While potatoes are cooking, wash ¾ pound chestnuts and make a slit in the side of each. Boil about 20 minutes or a little longer in water to cover. Drain and take off the shells and the brown underskin. Mash with 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. There should be about 2 cups. Mash the sweet potatoes. Put them through a ricer first. And be dead sure there aren't any lumps—not *one* teensy, weensy lump even. Watch it. Mix with the chestnuts. Add ¼ cup light brown sugar, a little salt and ½ cup hot milk. Whip all together. And taste it to see how the seasonings are. That's a good rule. Serve with pieces of butter or margarine melting on the top.

One way or another. It has to be onions. I can't imagine a Christmas turkey without onions. To me that would be as unthinkable as a picnic without a sandwich. Onions—Christmas dinner; they go together, don't you see? Well, in order to have onions and another vegetable without having too much to eat, we changed their role from the usual one of boiled or creamed and combined them with the beans. Here is a little hint of a receipt that's good at any time:

GREEN BEANS AND ONIONS

Cook 1–1½ pounds small white onions in boiling salted water until tender. Also cook 2 packages frozen cut string beans, doing what they tell you on the package. Or 2 pounds *fresh* string beans, cut into diagonal pieces, in boiling salted water until tender. Or use canned green beans. Drain both the onions and the beans, and let the *onions* drain a specially long time. Dress them with butter or margarine, salt and pepper. That will do for them. Only one word: see that onions and beans are heated up in the butter or margarine. You don't want them cold—not on Christmas.

RELISHES

Cranberry Relish: Put 1 pound raw cranberries through a food chopper, using the

parser of the two knives. Mix with 1½ cups sugar and half of a 6-ounce can frozen orange-juice concentrate—you use it straight from the can, undiluted. Cover and allow to stand in the refrigerator for two days before serving. The concentrated juice gives this a delicious flavor.

Christmas Pickles: Slice 4 dill pickles crosswise. Drain and slice 1 can of pimiento. Heat to boiling ⅔ cup vinegar, ⅓ cup water and 1 cup sugar. Pour over the pickles and pimiento. Cover and let stand one week before serving. Foresight? I'll say.

Roquefort-Stuffed Olives: Get some bottles of pitted stuffed olives; take out the pimiento (it's unwanted here) and stuff the olives with fresh Roquefort or blue cheese. Mix and work it up to a smoothness too. Stuffs easier.

Celery Curls and Ripe Olives: The perennials—and we'd miss them if someone forgot to provide them.

Those important last things. After the serious business of the day is over, it's well to relax for a little while and contemplate the thought of dessert. You might get up and play train with the kiddies, or shovel a little snow, maybe, if it's a drastic case. Anyway, take it easy, for you are going to get a dessert, and don't think your eyes deceive you—those beautiful white balls are not tennis balls, they are ice-cream snowballs scooped out of vanilla or pistachio ice cream, rolled in shredded coconut and chilled until you're ready. They hanker to be eaten with a wonder-working sauce called Tutti-Frutti. Always seemed a silly name to me, but someone thought it up sometime and it stuck, and so we have with us right this very minute ——

TUTTI-FRUTTI SAUCE

Cut ¼ pound dates into small pieces. Add ½-pint jar maraschino cherries—juice and all—and ½ pint canned white figs (cutting cherries and figs into small pieces first). Let stand overnight or for several hours. Add a pinch of salt and ¼ pound almonds, blanched, halved and toasted. Boil ½ cup sugar and ½ cup water five minutes. Add to the fruit and chill. This may be made several days before Christmas. Makes about 3 cups. And it's better for "settin'" a spell.

One more for luck. Because everybody wants cookies and still more cookies right now, here are two that are new and sure-fire, and more than one receipt of same would seem to be indicated, as the M.D.'s say. But that's up to you and as chief cooky maker, as no doubt you are, you'll do your own figuring and not leave it to a wild guesser like me. Anyway, here's the last of the receipts of the day, and I hope they hit the spot, from toddler to gramp, and I'm sure they will.

ORANGE-ALMOND MACAROONS

Mix ½ cup granulated sugar and ½ cup confectioners' sugar, a little at a time, with 1 cup almond paste. Add ¼ teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Mix in thoroughly 1 unbeaten egg white and then 1 more. Stir in 2½ teaspoons grated orange rind. Drop by spoonfuls on ungreased brown paper laid on cooky sheets. Bake in slow oven, 325° F., about 20 minutes until a light beige in color (like a new saddle, if you ride). When cool, wet underside of paper by placing on damp cloth and peel off cookies. Store them in a covered tin can or covered crock so that they will remain chewy. Makes 4 dozen small macaroons. These do *not* travel well in coat pockets.

APRICOT BUTTONS

Rinse ⅓ cup dried apricots with cold water. Cover with water and cook until very tender. Mash and purée through a coarse sieve and add ⅓ cup sugar. Cook slowly until thick, stirring constantly. Cool. Cream ½ cup butter or margarine and ⅓ cup sugar together thoroughly. Stir in the yolk of 1 egg and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Sift 1 cup flour with ½ teaspoon salt and mix into creamed mixture. Shape into 3 dozen small balls. Dip the balls in 1 unbeaten egg white, then roll in chopped nuts. Place about 2" apart on lightly greased baking sheets. Make a deep dent in the center of each ball. Bake in a slow oven, 300° F., about 30 minutes. Remove with a spatula to wire rack to cool. Fill the centers, while still warm, with cooled apricot mixture. You may keep these—if you can—in tin or glass, well covered and between wax paper. I leave the parking place to you. But they don't belong in grandma's button bag.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Tree in the Cloud

By May Sarton

The black boy with a sore
Lives in Africa next door
And his patient blinding grief
Eats the roots of our belief;
While in lands remote from him,
Naked as the Seraphim,
Children have no shoes to go
To school across the bitter snow.
Hunger knows there is no peace
In China, Italy or Greece;
Hunger is the prison we
Are using to lock up the free.

But wherever we are bound,
Warmly clothed and fed and sound,
We are followed by a fire.
Burning cloud of man's desire;
In the cloud there stands a tree
Rooted in all misery.
We are followed everywhere
And when we sleep the tree is there,
And when we wake the small leaves stir
And tremble in the winds of fear,
And yet we do not look or listen
Where the cloud and the tree glisten.

But he who shares all human grief
Will find the roots of his belief,
And where he steps like Wenceslas
The snow is warmed for those who pass.
While the tree grows and blazes there,
A burning wonder in the air.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The ideal day. The real Christmas Day should be white. If it should snow on that day, wouldn't it be wonderful? To wake up early Christmas morning, knowing the turkey was stuffed and ready, everything done, the fires laid in the grates and the candles waiting to beckon from the windows to all who pass. Wake up and suddenly hear a sleigh, with horse and bells, all complete, go trotting by. And, looking out the window, there it is. Snowed all night, still snowing, heavily, gravely, sedately, no wind, no raucous scraping of shovels, no break in the magnificent cape that has folded the world in its mantle of peace on earth, of good will to men. Yes, it's a wonderful world when it snows. For that is a mantle that hides the scars and heals the wounds and lends an ineffable beauty to a badly beaten up old harridan we call the earth.

Yes, that would be something and maybe it will *be* that way this year. Let's hope, anyway.

Don't forget the sausage and hot buckwheats and the thinnest ham ever, broiled, and pots of strong, fragrant coffee—all for Christmas breakfast. And, as this has made me so hungry I can't stand it another minute, I am on my way, staying only long enough to say it once again from my heart, from me to you—a Merry Christmas. A *very* merry one.

THE END



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Each Christmas brings back memories of all past Christmases: the spicy smell of the tree; the packages wrapped and waiting; the solid, tangible happiness of love and friendship in the house.

Diary of Domesticity

By GLADYS TABER

THE first real snow is a special enchantment. It begins so gently and quietly, just a casual butterfly of a flake, and then the yard gets a silvery tone and the trees look suddenly very black and wet. The sky is flat and all distance diminishes to a blur.

Now we discover that one galosh has no zipper since Jonquil took it off last August, and that there are only three mittens in the closet since Maeve made off with one. And where did I put the old Mackinaws?

Finally I get wrapped up and go down to the pond and watch the snow sliding softly into the black, still water. The pond was vocal with frogs all summer and now it is silent, and I wonder where the tall blue heron who fished so delicately in the upper shallows is.

Two red setters go with me and race around the edge of the water, waving their plumed tails happily. They fly after rabbit tracks, then dash back to give me a snowy greeting. Daphne has grown so much. But she is still a baby at heart and keeps on sitting on my lap by letting the surplus fall over!

The cockers like winter too. The older dogs take a new lease on life and frisk like puppies, and the puppies play pouncing games with the falling snow. Curiously enough, the hot summer seems to be harder on the older dogs, and when we get through August without sickness I look for no more trouble.

Making the Christmas fruitcake is fun, and now that we can buy the fruits all chopped up, it is much faster than it used to be when we sliced and cut up things for hours. We mix it in the dishpan—no other pan is large enough—and then I go into a flutter over whether it is done or not, for fruitcake is a secretive thing and may begin to draw away from the sides of the pan one minute and turn blackish the next.

Jill turns out Christmas cookies as fast as she can. We freeze some batches to have on hand. I like best the crisp, very thin cookies that make a nice crunching sound when eaten.

The turkey is stuffed and frozen in the farm freezer, and the only problem there is where to thaw it without Esmé's help. I like a plain, old-fashioned stuffing for turkey; we roast the bird the day before Christmas.

As usual, Christmas arrives much faster than I thought. This year I really did mean to get all the packages wrapped ahead of time, but Christmas week finds me hunting up the presents I bought for special people during the year. I never, never find them all, but it is rather fun to find them later on under the quilts in the old pine chest or behind the books on the bookshelves.

The problem of the maple bed has finally been solved in time for Christmas. It is an old four-poster, once a rope bed, and like most of those old beds, it was designed for short people. It was only sixty-four inches long and most guests had to sleep slantwise in it to accommodate their whole selves. Our neighbor Steve eyed it thoughtfully after he had spent one night in it. He had put his feet right outside, he said, and it worked fairly well. But why not just lengthen the side rails?

It seemed simple. So two men came and spent half a day trying to get it apart, for it had been bolted together years ago and the bolts fastened with spikes which had rusted.

When they brought the bed back and set it up, it was long all right, and the only trouble was the spring would no longer fit. So I thought one out in the storage house would, and asked the nice men to bring it in, take the other one out.

The spring would not curve itself around our steep pre-Revolutionary stairs, so we had to unnail the door at the foot, the old coffin door (built for the early

(Continued on Page 170)

Lovely Mrs. James E. Adams SAYS:

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Mrs. James E. Adams, STANLEY Party Hostess, with two of her beautiful children, Gerald, five, and Janice, two, in her attractive home, 12709 Mark Twain Street, Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. Adams, popular wife of a well-known Detroit banker, mother of three young children and active in a number of church and civic organizations, is so enthusiastic about STANLEY Products that she frequently entertains groups of friends at her own STANLEY Hostess Parties. "I want others to know as I do," says Mrs. Adams, "how superior STANLEY Products are in saving the busy woman time and effort in practically every one of her housekeeping tasks. Besides, it's such fun and so convenient to invite in your STANLEY Dealer and shop with your guests for these products in the comfort of your own living room."



Stanley Quality Plus Products Are Brought To You By Stanley Dealers At Fun-Filled "In-The-Home" Parties ← Like This

More than 10,000 hospitable women invite groups of friends into their homes each day and act as Hostesses at STANLEY Parties. At these parties, STANLEY Dealers demonstrate STANLEY's time and work-saving products under actual use conditions. All guests get welcome gifts, Hostesses are rewarded with valuable extra "Dividend Gifts," too. Why don't you shop at a STANLEY Party, or better still, be Hostess at your own STANLEY Party soon?

Originators of the Famous Stanley Hostess Party Plan

STANLEY HOME PRODUCTS, Inc.

WESTFIELD, MASS.

Factories in Easthampton, Massachusetts, and London, Ontario

STANLEY HOSTESS PARTIES EASY TO ARRANGE

To arrange for your own STANLEY Hostess Party . . . or to get any information about STANLEY . . . phone or write your STANLEY Dealer, your nearest STANLEY HOME PRODUCTS Branch Office, or write direct to STANLEY's Home Office in Westfield, Massachusetts.

STANLEY LEADS with more than 150 QUALITY PLUS Products to save women time, work, money: (1) Household cleaning preparations (2) Brushes, mops, dusters, etc. (3) Many practical items to improve personal grooming.





STANHOME
A STANLEY HOME PRODUCT



"I took 30 lessons to learn to play this thing and all HE does is get his suit *SANITONE dry cleaned!*"

SUCCESS and good grooming go hand in hand . . . that's why millions have switched to the one dry cleaning that keeps clothes looking like-new longer.

It's called Sanitone. Out goes even rubbed-in grime so colors and patterns come back to life! Stubborn spots vanish! No stale cleaning odors! Original texture restored! Better press lasts longer!

Look for Your Sanitone Dry Cleaner in Your Classified Phone Directory

Emery Industries, Inc. **Cincinnati 2, Ohio**

APPROVED SANITONE SERVICE

Treatment NOW—



near as your purse or pocket!

New DeVilbiss Pocket Atomizer Just The Thing For Cold or Hay Fever Sufferers! Why suffer while you're on the job . . . at school . . . on plane or train? The new, handy DeVilbiss Pocket Atomizer slips right into your purse or pocket. It's leak-proof, sanitary, inconspicuous. And, remember—you may recover *quicker* if you can keep up the regular applications your doctor has recommended. Ask for the DeVilbiss Pocket Atomizer No. 33 at your nearest drug counter. Only $1.50. The DeVilbiss Company, Toledo 1, Ohio and Windsor, Ont., Canada.

DeVILBISS ATOMIZERS

THE NAME YOU KNOW BEST IN ATOMIZERS, NEBULIZERS, VAPORIZERS

(Continued from Page 168)

owners to get coffins down when they had to). The men got the springs exchanged and then discovered the other one would not fit at all, even though they had measured it.

Jill had been away during this and came in as I was nailing the coffin door again. She opined she might put an extra piece of wood inside the rails and nail it on, so the original spring would fit. So the men switched springs again and thankfully departed.

We all went upstairs and rearranged the room. It has a slanting ceiling and is not a big room and has never really looked right with the big maple high chest and one pine blanket chest and the big bed. We moved the bed alongside the slanting wall. The big chest was moved to three different places. The room looked much better, but Olive said it wasn't practical to have the bed there, how could you ever make it? And Jill said it would give her claustrophobia if she ever slept with her nose against that wall. If anyone got up in the night, he might fracture his skull on the ceiling. So we moved the bed again.

Of all the things you wear, your expression is the most important. —ANON.

Company was due on Saturday that week, and Friday Olive had finished a petticoat for the bed by sewing madly all day. The bed took a last small revenge by being longer than she thought so the petticoat was a shade too short, but that was a minor matter.

We lugged home Olive's own cherished washstand on a lend-lease until we could find one, dug up a lamp from the attic and tore around for a white shade and of course couldn't find the right size.

Looking back, I am not at all surprised that just fixing those bedrails led to all this, for that is about the way things happen to us. Now when we get rugs to match the wallpaper, we won't need anything but new curtains!

An old house offers this kind of activity and keeps housekeeping from ever being dull.

My best present this year is Aladdin, who is a very small, very lively, exceedingly gay Abyssinian kitten. This is a rare breed of cat and I had never met one until Aladdin arrived with his basket, his toys, his nursing bottle and a pink doll blanket. He has a small pointed face with big ears and his color is a blend of dark and soft orange.

Esmé still treats him with calm dignity, but he doesn't pay much heed to her, for he is so fascinated by the dogs. He is fearless as a tiger and thinks nothing of leaping at them. He especially loves Sister and likes to pounce on her and bat at her ears. The dogs like him, for they have met few cats that would let them come up and really examine them. His favorite sport is riding on the typewriter carriage when I am writing letters, and then jamming the keys by a swift downward leap.

It seems a pity that Abyssinians are scarce. This kitten is so intelligent, charming and individual that I keep wishing I could share him. He is not at all like the independent, proud Siamese. He purrs like a steam-engine when he is picked up, and when he speaks he has a very delicate, bell-like little voice. He loves to play with water and his dish is upset frequently as he paddles in it. Some Abyssinians wash their food, but he is too hungry to bother — he is an earnest and enthusiastic eater.

The signs in the country were that we might have a hard, long winter. Last winter was so mild and open that possibly Nature may decide to balance it with a few blizzards. If we can keep a path open to the woodpile, we manage very well. The children always hope for a really cold Christmas so they can go skating on the pond.

I think Christmas Eve is my favorite time. The tree is trimmed and smells so spicy and cool. The candles burn in the windows with a clear light. The feverish wrapping is over and the presents are piled neatly under the tree. We can pinch and weigh, but nobody can peek until the morning. We sit around the fire and pop corn and eat Christmas cookies and drink hot chocolate and listen to the old Christmas carols.

As the voices of the home-coming children rise and fall against the background of Silent Night and Good King Wenceslaus, it is thinking time for me. I remember my mother, and how she loved giving gifts; sharing was her greatest delight. And father, who pretended he didn't care about presents, but sneaked around hunting his for days beforehand. And I remember the trips coming home from college with my heart absolutely bursting. Milwaukee—Fond Du Lac—Oshkosh; the train conductor made music with the words. And snow on the little town, snow on the old car, snow on mamma's black seal coat and on the rosy face of my best beau.

I remember the early Christmases at Stillmeadow, when the children were always being stuffed into bunny suits or unstuffed, and Don's wee mittens were invariably sodden with snow and the puppies were always scrambling around among the toys.

The snowy night outside is so beautiful and the feeling of love and friendship is just as strong this Christmas as it has always been. Christmas is a reaffirmation of the good and the true and the lovely in life, and the Christ child seems to be really born again in our hearts.

And so I look out on the silence of the snow and the still beauty of the stars and repeat my favorite words once more—God rest you merry, gentlemen.

PART-TIME JOB

(Continued from Page 60)

"Stimson. Candy Stimson. And it's not short for anything, either—I was named Candy because that was what mother craved inordinately the whole time she was carrying ——" Miss Stimson placed a hand over her mouth and stopped abruptly, but above the hand her eyes were unembarrassed, even amused.

"What is your typing speed?" He had her there, apparently.

"I'm not definitely sure," she said hesitantly. "I haven't exactly been thinking about it lately, you know? Because we've been involved in so many other things. But if you will give me something to copy, I'll copy it and you can see for yourself whether you think I'll do."

She looked at him so trustingly that he was somehow reminded of a baby bird. Unfledged, he thought, and corrected it tentatively to fledgling. In fact, she looked at him so trustingly that even the sure knowledge that if he hired her Vera would get that look around her mouth could not stop him. Nucleus be hanged! He would hire this child just in common humanity, if she could type at all. What he was looking for, after all was merely someone to answer the telephone from nine to twelve, five days a week, while he was out beating the bushes for business; someone who could handle his small correspondence, send out his bills when there were bills to send out—it was obviously an ideal job for this kid, and meanwhile he could be instructing her painlessly in proper office behavior. So that when the time came for her to apply for another job, she would be able to land it. So that she wouldn't be so touchingly, so pathetically naïve. Why, that little white dress was not the thing to wear to impress an employer! And she wasn't even wearing stockings—or was she?

"What would you like me to copy?" she asked, while he was still considering that.

"Why—uh—suppose you just go over there and type whatever comes into your head. Your name and address, or the thing about the quick fox and the lazy dog. To give me an idea."

(Continued on Page 173)

Your daughter's hope chest today is the cradle of her happiness Tomorrow

Christmas Gift SPECIAL

No. 2247—Modern styling at its very best. This stunning Limed Oak chest combines clean design and practical utility. Patented self-rising Lane tray. Similar design in Walnut.

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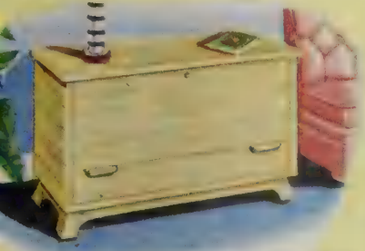
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No. 2221—Beautifully finished 18th Century Mahogany Hepplewhite design, with full length drawer in base. **$79.95.**

For sale at furniture and department stores

Every now and then that daughter of yours slips away to the privacy of her dreams and lives a few precious moments in the future. Whether her real-life future will be filled with genuine and lasting happiness, as you want it to be, depends on how carefully you mold and shape her dreams today.

This Christmas help her start planning the *right* kind of future by giving her a lovely Lane Cedar Hope Chest. In the sweet, protective fragrance of its aromatic red cedar, she can ever so lovingly tuck away those treasures that today are only dreams—but tomorrow become beautiful reality.

Lane is the world's only cedar hope chest actually pressure-tested for aroma-tightness . . . and every Lane is backed by a moth protection guarantee underwritten by one of the world's largest insurance companies. There's a style and finish for any room in the home to harmonize with any type of furniture. THE LANE COMPANY, INC., DEPT. B, ALTAVISTA, VA. *In Canada: Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ontario.*

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So soft, so smooth, so snowy white, these long-wearing Bibb muslin Sheets become more beautiful and more luxurious with each laundering. They are today's smartest buy in sheets.

LADY BALTIMORE, TYPE 140—The heavenly texture of this lovely muslin sheet is combined with extra strength in every square inch for amazing long wear—teeny-weeny cost per year of service.

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74 years leadership in textile craftsmanship attests the superb quality of Bibb Sheets. Whether you prefer the finest combed percales or budget-saving muslins, it will pay you to insist upon Bibb Sheets.

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For discriminating women, **Bibb Combed Percale Sheets,** beautifully wrapped in Du Pont Polythene, make the loveliest of gifts. America's finest combed percale sheets at practical prices.

Bibb Sheets

WITH THAT HEAVENLY FEELING

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(Continued from Page 170)

She walked to the typewriter desk, and in an instant her small brown hands were moving capably over the keys. The bell pinged at impossibly short intervals, the carriage flew back as briskly as if the machine, actually on its last legs, were a modern electric job. She was good. Poor little thing—three jobs! She shouldn't be working; she should be out in the sunshine, picking flowers, playing tennis, happy, carefree, enjoying the springtime of youth. What on earth were her parents thinking of? But perhaps she was an orphan ——

"Do you want me to keep on and *on?*" she asked in a small voice. She sat with her hands folded politely in her lap, looking up at him, waiting for him to tell her what she should do.

"May I see?"

She slid the paper out of the machine and handed it to him. He read. "I am Candy Stimson. I come from a long line of impeccable typists. My sister types better and more quickly than I do, and has more endurance, too, but perhaps less enthusiasm, because dancing is the love of her life. Mother is terrific—she positively never uses an eraser, and I do not mean to imply that she hits one letter over another either. She is a novelist, and has simply had years of experience with typewriters. However, she cannot yet change a ribbon. Nonetheless, the person who is fortunate enough to have mother in his office, even for short periods of time, is indeed a lucky man. As far as that goes, Gram typewrites like a wiz, but that is hardly worth mentioning because we are not, currently, on speaking terms with Gram, and she will therefore not be of any help in this crisis." There were no mistakes.

"Very good," David said in a mystified voice. "Now, as I told you on the phone, this is a part-time job. The hours are from nine in the morning until noon, which gives us a fifteen-hour week. If you feel you want the job, I don't see why this shouldn't work out, Miss Stimson. That is, if a dollar an hour will be satisfactory?"

"Oh, yes," she said sunnily. "Marvelous, really. It will sort of keep us out of the gutter until the tomatoes get ripe. What I mean is, a farm is a perfectly wonderful place to be while mother is between books, which is to a writer what being at liberty is to an actor ——"

"Uh ——" said David.

"—— and on a farm, you can live on almost nothing—but the catch is that word 'almost.' By the time we paid for the tomatoes—Bonnie Best, they are, and wonderful, and a florist grows them, and they come each one in its own little pot, and you buy three thousand stakes as well ——"

"Three thousand steaks?" asked her new employer dazedly. She nodded.

"You can see that a project like that is extremely rough on the cash on hand. Oh, well—I'll be in here pretty regularly at the beginning, anyway, I imagine ——" She broke off and looked at him thoughtfully. "What would you like me to call you?" she inquired.

"Call me?" What was there about this child which made him sound like an echo in the valley?

"Would you like me to call you by your telephone number, which is the way you signed the advertisement in the paper, or should I say just plain Room Two-seventeen, Harkness Building?"

David flushed. "I'm having my name put on the door," he began apologetically. "The man ought to be here today sometime. You see, I'm just starting in business here ——"

"Oh, I see! And you'd like me to wait, and be surprised?"

"No!" David exploded. He stood up and slapped his palms down on the desk, which, because of his height, had the effect of making him look as if he were about to engage in a game of leapfrog. "I am David Brown," he informed her. "I am eastern sales manager for the Fabulex Oil Burner, Sales and Service. You may have heard of the Fabulex? It is"—his voice took on an appropriately reverent tone—"the Oil Burner Which Will Revolutionize the Industry."

"Which *is* revolutionizing the industry," Candy corrected him, speaking in a thoughtful undertone. "Today, I mean, you know—not tomorrow, or next week." She rose and walked over to him. "How do you do, Mr. Brown?" He found himself, ridiculously, shaking hands with her.

"Calluses!" he exclaimed, and turned the small paw over. Either it was unusually brown, or his own hands were too white. "Golf?" he inquired.

"Tomatoes," said Miss Stimson, dismissing the subject. "And come the revolution in the oil-burner industry, Mr. Brown, you will probably need not a part-time typist but a full-time secretary, at a considerable increase in pay?"

"Come the revolution, all sorts of changes will be made," he told her, and was honestly surprised at how gloomy he sounded.

When he had established this branch of Fabulex, and the money was beginning to come in regularly, Vera would come east and marry him. She had said so. A wonderful housekeeper, a wonderful little manager, Vera. He was certainly a lucky man! He sighed, and dropped Candy's hand.

"And what is this you've been saying about being in here pretty regularly at the beginning?" he inquired, thinking that if she had done anything right in this first interview he could not at the moment recall what it was. Gosh, she had a lot to learn! "What I am looking for is some reliable person who will be in here every day, on time, too, and no nonsense. Let's get that clear at the start! I don't understand ——"

Nothing fails like worldly success. My study of twenty-one civilizations has convinced me that cultures are healthy only when they are creative. The civilization that solves its problems and rests on its oars has a sad future if it does not respond to the next challenge with a different answer. —ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE.

"Well," she broke in firmly, "after all—fifteen dollars a week is very nice, and it is going to be the salvation of the Stimsons, but you must admit, Mr. Brown, that it is hardly world-shaking. I mean, people aren't going to revise their whole lives for fifteen dollars a week. I mean, we have a pretty sizable project started right now, with the chickens and three thousand staked tomatoes, and the way I figure this thing out is that when it is practical for me to come in and hold the fort here. I'll certainly do it. And when there is hand hoeing around the tomatoes that simply has to be done, or something of the sort—after all, Mr. Brown, my mother is a writer, and should not be expected to stand out in the broiling sun hoeing weeds in a tomato patch—why, she will come in and take your messages and cope, and that is why I put down the bit about mother on my typing sample ——"

"Uh ——" said David.

"—— and perhaps, although this I do not promise you, perhaps Cynthia—she is my sister, the dancer, and one of the most beautiful girls in the world, only at the moment she is in charge of our chickens—perhaps she will sometimes come in to pinch-hit ——"

"Dear heaven," said David.

The child moved toward the door, and she did have stockings on—seamless nylons. "And thank you," she said feelingly, "for your kindness, and for being so understanding. You will never regret it. You have helped us," she went on, with a touching young dignity, "when we truly did not know which way to turn. I promise you faithfully, Mr. Brown, we Stimsons will never forget it."

Candy appeared on the dot of nine the following morning, and David handed her the list of names he had worked up, and the letter about Fabulex which was, he hoped, going to start the phone ringing in chords with excited inquiries about this easy, clean and superbly economical method of heating homes and office buildings.

"I have a few calls to make," he told her, exaggerating only slightly, as he did have one call to make: he had to get his hair cut. "If I am not back by noon, snap the lock, Miss Stimson, and go your merry way. Leave the list and the letters on my desk. I'll take care of them. And don't worry if you do not get through the list. What you don't do today, you do tomorrow."

She was reading his letter. "You may call me Candy, if you want to," she murmured absently. She tapped the sheet of paper. "This. Do you want me to use my imagination on it a little bit, or do it the way it's written?"

He steeled himself against the hopefulness in her voice. "The way it's written," he said firmly. "To the last comma." He fled.

By exerting his will power to the utmost, he managed to stay away from the office until twelve-ten. She was gone. The door was locked. He unlocked it and went in, to find the letters, completely finished, in a neat stack upon his desk. Even Vera would have to admit that this girl was a fiend for work. He sighed, and began signing his name.

Things went on in this impersonal and businesslike fashion for three days. Candy was indeed a glutton for work, but there was, he thought that third day, something odd about the way she moved, the way she held herself. Rather like a mechanical doll. As she was preparing to go home, he mentioned it.

"Did you ever," she asked—not indignantly, but wearily, and as one seeking information—"tie up three thousand tomato plants?"

"I don't see any point in it," he said. "After all, this is a free country."

"Ha, twice," said Candy with the first trace of bitterness he had noticed in her. "You city slickers, so far from the sources of production that a remark like that seems humorous to you ——" She stopped, and caught her breath. "I'm sorry, David." She flung out her hands in a brief, imploring gesture. "I'm really sorry. I have a backache, like the people on the radio."

It was the first time she had called him by his given name. He had never realized before what a musical name it was. But she declined his invitation to lunch on the grounds that she had pressing business at home.

"At least let me drive you home."

The poor little thing, hardly able to move because of an aching back! Obviously the thing to do was to take the afternoon off and give her a hand. He could justify this procedure readily enough because in return for putting in a couple of hours on her tomatoes, he'd have his typist in far better condition for the next morning's office work. Probably do in a couple of hours of healthful outdoor exercise what it would take the girl the better part of a day too. And a May afternoon like this—people weren't thinking of changing over on their heating plants today. They were just heartily glad to be done with them for a while. July, now, or August, with the days shortening up, the astute David told himself, hit 'em then, and the sales are a pushover.

"You drive me home at your own risk," warned Candy, easing herself gingerly to her feet. "You are a kind person, David, and you've been dreamy to me. So, although it is contrary to my usual policy, I'll give you fair warning. This is what will happen: mother will come out to the car, and charmingly—for she is a charming person—invite you to stay for lunch. Mistake number two: you will stay. You will look at our heating plant, a little number which must have come over on the Mayflower, realizing only belatedly that we could not possibly afford a Fabulex—even a Fabulex Standard—for about ten years. Then—and I think we are up to mistake number four—you will allow yourself to be shown around the farm." She walked rather aimlessly over to the window and stood, staring out. Then she turned back. "David, you are from Cincinnati?"

"Cleveland."

"It's the same thing. You don't know beans about a farm. It is a place where a

(Continued on Page 175)

SAFEST VAPORIZER Ever Made!



The FIRST and ONLY

10 to 24 HOUR* VAPORIZERS

that Triple as Humidifiers and Deodorizers!

Split-second steam action helps give almost instant relief from stuffy misery of nose and chest colds . . . Absolutely safe! Water in "remote reservoir" can't become boiling hot . . . Automatically shuts off when water evaporates. "Insawall" cool base. Detachable Vapo-cup for vaporizing medicaments. AC only.

At better druggists and electric appliance dealers. $5.95

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America's finest! "Insawall" construction keeps side walls cool. Boils baby's egg. Automatic shut off. AC only. $1.99

ELECTRIC STEAM RADIATOR CORP.
1 ELECTRIC AVENUE PARIS, KENTUCKY



Fibs Tampons have rounded ends...the only Tampon "Quilted" for comfort... "Quilted" for safety... Next time try Fibs*

(internal sanitary protection)

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

General Electric Triple-Whip Mixer

You get 3 powerful beaters . . .
a built-in light
. . . and the best juicer ever!

$39.95



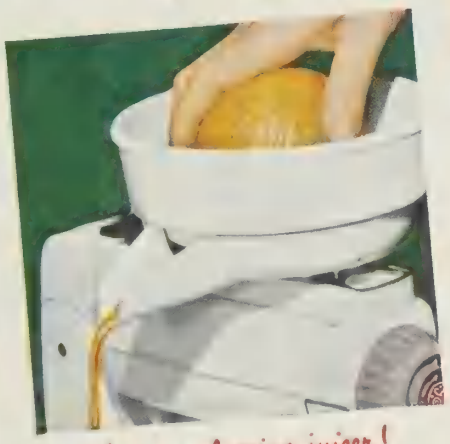
Built-in light!

You'll just love the special light that's built right in the General Electric Triple-Whip Mixer. It shines directly down into bowl so you can clearly see what you're mixing. (A four-quart and a two-quart bowl come with each mixer.)



3 beaters..and so easy to clean!

To give you faster, more thorough mixing, you get *three* powerful beaters. They're so easy to clean, too. No center shaft, *no* hard-to-reach corners get in your way. And beaters are designed to beat *completely* from center to side of bowls.



New, nonclogging juicer!

You'll bless the wonderful new juicer that comes with the 1950 General Electric Triple-Whip Mixer. Even when you juice over a dozen oranges, there's *no* clogging —thanks to the automatic strainer! General Electric Co., Bridgeport 2, Conn.



New, improved speed selector!

It's out in front where it's so easy to read and to set to the just-right speed. You get constant power—and *lots* of it, even at low speeds, even when mixing the *heaviest* batter. And as a portable, it weighs a mere 4 pounds!

See your G-E dealer. **$39.95**
Price subject to change without notice.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 173)

isis is always just around the corner. And ie tricky thing about it is that you, innont and unaware, will feel that we have ompletely overlooked some obvious *angle*, iat nothing is *this* hard'—oh, no! I honestly ean, don't take me home. Let me go in the sual way, by bus."

In just such heart-rending accents, Br'er abbit besought Br'er Fox not to toss him ito the brier patch.

It happened as Candy had predicted. He ccepted Mrs. Stimson's luncheon invitation. he heating plant was held together in spots ith baling wire. The hot-water tank had rips of metal clamped over the places where had started to leak. He met Cynthia, who as packing eggs in crates in the room off the urnace room and was startled to find a girl f such classic beauty, and with the same icky upswing of lashes he had noticed on Candy, too, packing eggs in a farmhouse ellar.

After a delicious lunch, he was shown the hickens—nothing unusual there—and the hree thousand staked tomato plants. They tood in straight rows, thirty straight rows; ne hundred plants, Candy said, to a row. hey looked like the illustration in his old anglewood Tales of the warriors springing p full-armed after Jason had sown the ragon's teeth. At least, the stakes did. The lants were little green blobs huddling pologetically at the base of each stake.

"Who put in all the sticks?" David asked.

"Bill. Bill Soames." Cynthia, standing beside him in a brown-and-yellow dirndl sort of hing and looking as if she were only waiting for her cue to come onstage, answered him. Candy, in a T shirt and faded blue shorts, had already begun work. Crouched beside a shrinking plant, she was tenderly straightening it, coaxing it, tying it. "Bill," Cynthia went on, "has been simply wonderful. A giant of strength to us."

It did not take a giant of strength, David thought, to tie up a tomato. Bill might better spend all that energy elsewhere. Anyone could see that Candy was making a lot of work out of what should be a fairly simple operation.

"Let me give you a hand," he said, bending beside her. "Now, why don't you ——"

Five hours later, he was able to stand up with almost no trouble at all. Just a sharp push with the heels of his hands against his back, on either side of the spinal column, a little above the waist—there was nothing to it.

And Cynthia said enthusiastically, "He's as good as Bill, don't you think, Candy? I wouldn't have *believed* one man could have accomplished so much in a single afternoon."

Candy said, "No. I do not think he is as good as Bill, and neither do you, Cynthia Stimson." Candy looked pale and tired and there was a smudge on her nose. She said, "Go home, boss. You've been took, like I warned you." She walked with him to the car, and unexpectedly produced a bulky object in a used brown paper bag and handed it to him. "Here. It's a heating pad. After a good hot bath, you plug it in and put it where you ache worst. Oh, David!" Her voice broke. "Your kind heart does you credit, but, honestly, my admiration for your judgment knows bounds!"

Vera wrote that his letters did not say much. She also said that she and Raymond Eaves had entered the duplicate-bridge tournament at the town hall, that they had come in tops for the first session, and that he must wish them luck: they had nine sessions of tough going ahead of them. He wrote back that he certainly wished them luck, but that he was surprised she was Ray's partner, because he remembered she had said she couldn't stand Raymond Eaves.

And May became June and tottered upon the brink of July, and the people of Middleville, to a man, were satisfied with the heating plants they had.

David was going out to the farm pretty regularly by this time. There was always something to do there, which made it strikingly different from Fabulex Sales and Service. He met Bill Soames and worked beside that burly youth among the tomatoes, which by now were burgeoning.

Vera wrote a rather acid letter saying that he was entirely mistaken about her feeling in connection with Raymond Eaves, who had just bought a new yellow convertible. She gave the scores of the bridge sessions to date, and some—in fact, quite a number—of the hands in full detail. David saved the letter to read when he could stay awake. One thing about picking staked tomatoes that is really tough is that they are picked as soon as a faint pink blush appears on the blossom end. This is the end farthest from the eye. You practically stand on your head before each plant, to decide whether or not it is time to pick any of the fruit on it, and the little gadget David had dreamed up, rather like the mirror the dentist uses when he is looking at that molar, was no good at all.

But these were pretty impressive tomatoes. They were bringing a nice fat twenty dollars a bushel at wholesale, and although David would have said only a few months earlier that no tomato was worth that much, he felt somewhat differently about the matter now. He felt somewhat differently about a lot of matters. He was a great deal browner and stronger than he had ever been in his life as, clad simply in sneakers and a battered pair of slacks, he strove to keep up with the redoubtable Soames in the various jobs about the Stimson farm. There was little anyone could tell him now about pinching off the sucker growth from a tomato plant, about mulching the ground at the base of each one to inhibit weed growth, about removing the deadly horned green tomato worm—deadly, that is, to tomatoes. He agreed with Bill that it was as good as golf, if you didn't care what you said. And he had put on weight. Mrs. Stimson not only cooked wonderful lunches, but she had a way of appearing, along about the middle of the afternoon, with a faraway look in her eyes, a pitcher of iced tea and a homemade angel cake. Cynthia said the faraway look meant that mom was getting her grappling hooks into another plot, but the angel cake was delicious.

The Fabulex business was dashing ahead with all the proverbial speed of molasses in January, but that was all right, too, because nobody really wanted to make a change-over in his heating plant in the beginning of July, and David, if you took the long view, was doing the right thing by taking it easy, getting to know the people and be known by them, but Vera, although usually a highly intelligent girl, could not be made to understand this. Vera had written an unfathomable letter about sending a boy to do a man's job. Reading Vera's letters, these days, was something less than unalloyed pleasure, he thought, and then grinned, reflecting that Candy would have said, "alloyed pleasure."

As for Candy, she shared with Vera—and it was the single thing she did share with Vera—a concern for the way the Fabulex business was going.

"Look," she said, toward the end of July, "I mean, don't hesitate. We are much better off now, you know, with the tomato checks beginning to come in, and with all the help you two angel idiots—and I refer here to you and Bill—have been giving us, and if you feel that you'd be well advised to save this fifteen bucks a week you're paying me, the least I can do, David, is to come in here for free. I've wanted to say this for ages, but I haven't been able to"—she gave a funny, crooked little smile—"to afford it."

He felt a lump coming in his throat. "Be yourself," he said sternly. "I have to keep up a front, don't I? And for fifteen dollars—forget it."

"Well, look, David. You've skinned outrageously on making your personal follow-up calls. And after all the letters we sent out too! Forget the farm"—she was pounding one small fist into the other palm, and scowling fiercely at him, and the only way he kept from putting his arms around her was by keeping his hands in his pockets—"and put the energy you've been devoting to hoeing, and pruning trees in the orchard, and chopping wood, and everything—put that to work for Fabulex. Please? Pretty please?"

Nothing had ever appealed to him less. "Yeah? And what happens to the alfalfa?"

There were eight acres of alfalfa about ready for the second cutting and he and Bill, talking it over, had decided that the thing to do was to have a farmer with a baler come in and bale it. Then Mrs. Stimson could sell it at her convenience, and get a good price for it, whenever she needed the money. The bales, which ran around seventy-five pounds apiece, they would load, he and Bill, on the flat wagon, and store in the barn, they had figured. They had been looking forward to

★ ★

Ask Any Woman

BY MARCELENE COX

OUR children await Christmas presents like politicians getting in election returns: there's the Uncle Fred precinct and the Aunt Ruth district still to come in.

Politeness creed for the average child: With a quick eye and without seeming to choose, carefully select the largest.

Quaint foods that women dote on,
Husbands invariably bloat on.

A man always chokes the bat on a bouquet of flowers.

Our favorite families always open their presents Christmas morning.

Like the Christmas tree, we should show our best sides.

Most girls go to college to father their nests.

Notice in local paper: "Due to conditions beyond my control . . . wife learning to drive . . . I am no longer responsible for the actions of my car. License No. ——"

Horrified daughter: "Mother, don't call me sensible! Have you ever seen sensible shoes?"

Probably many a teacher wishes that little boys could go to sleep in the winter and hibernate upon the exploits of their summer vacation.

Every woman knows it isn't what you do in a house that shows, but what you don't do.

Daughter thinks for herself: "You didn't tell me which kind of soda to get and the grocer had three: washing, drinking, baking; but I remembered you were at the stove, so I brought *baking*."

Most dogs are watchdogs—when mother is at the kitchen stove.

The opportunist posts his sign:
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
MARRIAGES
REAL ESTATE

Being in the proximity of adolescent daughters expecting to hear from the boy of the moment is as hazardous as being in the company of swarming bees, but eventually you may share the harvest of honey.

As rare as the color black in a child's picture.



"HERB-OX" MAKES THIS HEARTY DISH

High in flavor Low in cost!

BRAISED LAMB SHANKS — Dredge 6 lamb shanks with seasoned flour. Brown in 2 tablespoons fat. Place in baking dish. Rinse out frying pan with 1 cup HERB-OX Bouillon; pour over meat. Cover and bake in a slow oven (300° F.) for 2 hours.

Send for The Money-Saver — recipe and menu booklet showing how HERB-OX flavors up lower cost meats and main dishes, makes delicious soup and gravy base. The Pure Food Co., Inc., Mamaroneck, N. Y. Dept. (LHJ-12). Canadian Agent, C-A Sales Co. Ltd., Montreal.

Herb-Ox
BOUILLON CUBES

Rooms Smell Nice Quick with
VAPAIR
ROOM DEODORANT
Bomb or Wick

VAPAIR BOMB — For instant killing of odors. Just press the button
VAPAIR WICK — For continuous killing of odors. Just pull wick
Now Two Sizes
A CLEAN HOME PRODUCT
$1.59 98¢
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
69¢

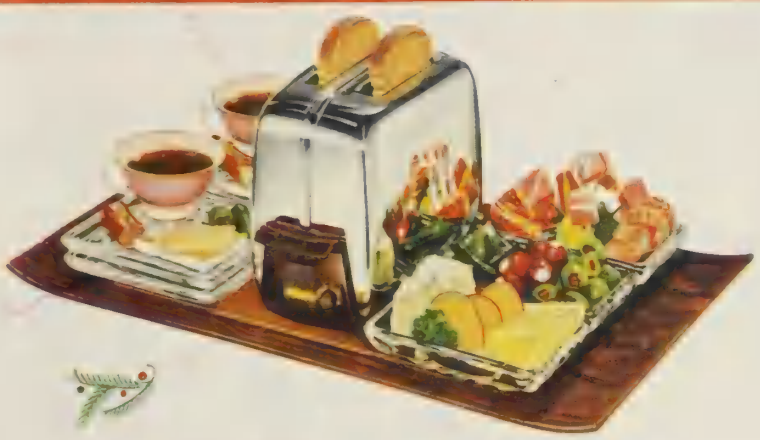
Kahn's
American Beauty
SLICED Bacon

with the old fashioned, unforgettable flavor. *Genuine Hickory Smoked*—sweet and mild . . . Transparent wrappers show the entire slices.

THE E. KAHN'S SONS CO., CINCINNATI, O.
American Beauty Hams, Shortening and Fine Meat Products Since 1882

Toastmaster Gifts

FOR THE ONE WHO MARRIED, MOTHERED, OR JUST MEANS MUCH TO YOU!



SHE'LL HAVE PARTIES that almost give *themselves* with the "Toastmaster" "Hospitality"* Set. Hand-rubbed walnut tray invites self-service, frees the hostess for fun. Four handmade crystal party plates and three matching relish dishes make the simplest snacks exciting. Includes the famous "Toastmaster"* Toaster.



A REAL PARTY-PROMOTER—the "Toastmaster" Waffle Service. Handsome walnut tray has loads of extra uses. So, too, have the batter bowl and syrup pitcher in sprout-green Franciscan Ware. Graceful chromium ladle measures out one waffle—to a drop! Includes the "Toastmaster" Waffle Baker with "Siltect"* non-stick grids.

FOR SNACKS THAT HIT THE SPOT with youngsters after school, oldsters after the show—there's nothing like the new "Toastmaster" "Toast 'n Jam"* Set. A breakfast-brightener, too. Handsome walnut tray, gay colored jars and toast plate of fine Franciscan Ware, and the beautiful "Toastmaster" Toaster.





AMERICA'S MOST-WANTED TOASTER

is the one that'll be found in your own. Pops up perfect toast every time—light, dark, or in-between. Completely automatic, safe to clean, has extra-thick chrome finish for enduring beauty. There are "Toastmaster" Toasters still serving faithfully after 20 years!

TOASTMASTER

Automatic Electric Appliances make heart-warming gifts!

this harvest. It would probably have nearly killed David a few months earlier. Now he rubbed his hands together triumphantly and waited for Candy's answer to that one.

"All right," she said at last. "You show me even two signed sales orders, and I'll graciously permit you to break your back in the alfalfa field." She shook her head, but she smiled at him at the same time.

He felt like an outcast, like the one who has not been invited to the party. He had his car washed, and he went forth, gleaming and spotless, in a white shirt and a necktie and pressed pants and polished shoes—Middlevillage would have thought he was putting on airs if he had worn a jacket, in July—and he talked to people like the cashier of the First National, and Mr. Schultze, who owned an entire business block across from the old post office.

He told them about the Fabulex Standard, which was merely terrific, and about the Fabulex Super, which was out of this world. The cashier of the First National thought a merely terrific one would do him nicely, and Mr. Schultze was a doddering old fool who could not make up his mind, so he had to go on and talk to dozens of other people including the man at the farmers' co-op, and it turned out he had a brother-in-law who was an architect. And one interview led to another.

And all the time he had the picture, somewhere back of his eyeballs, of Candy and Cynthia in T shirts and shorts, and Bill, a bronzed Pan stripped to the waist, with his muscles rippling in the breeze, having a perfectly magnificent time together. In the picture were all the ripe and luscious gold and green of the farm, the demanding heat of its sun, the refreshing cool of its shade. It broke his heart. The Candy who came in every day from nine to twelve and typed his letters and answered his telephone, and sternly refused to allow him to darken her farm until he got that second sales order, was a different order of being from the laughing child who drove a rented tractor across a stubbly hayfield. He felt like an outcast.

("Just operating on averages, if you keep on making calls, you'll make sales," said Candy.)

Maybe it was the thought of the alfalfa which turned the trick. It had been cut, and it was to be baled that afternoon. It had soaked up July sunshine for two amber days, and it was ready to be harvested. And still Candy had not weakened.

"We'll manage without you, David," she said. "We'll manage somehow. I'm not just being a skunk, David. This is your *business!* Do you think I want to come along and ruin your life?"

THERE would be Candy and Bill, the two of them. Cynthia, for some reason, had made it clear from the outset that she was not, thank you, going to involve herself in alfalfa. No toothache had ever hurt as much as the thought of Candy and Bill out there in that hayfield.

Nobody, he thought, aching dully, ever looked less like a professor of romance languages than Bill Soames. He had gone to a lot of trouble to find out about Bill and had discovered that Bill taught in a university in New York City and spent his vacations on the farm next to the one Mrs. Stimson had so impetuously bought. He found out a great deal about Bill. The trouble was, it was all good. And there were other troubles. Did Bill have his eye on Cynthia, or on Candy? And what did Candy really feel about Bill?

For this and other exciting answers, tune in tomorrow, same time, same station, he thought sourly, going out to see Mr. Schultze for the seventeenth time. *The old fool,* he thought, going through the motions of making his seventeenth pitch for dear old Fabulex. *The alfalfa lying in the field* ——

"Listen," snarled Mr. Schultze. "If you can spare me the time to listen to me! Give me one of them contracts. We'll try the super, once!"

Tenderly holding the signed contract of that great public benefactor, that mastermind, Mr. E. Z. Schultze, David floated back to the office, reaching there dangerously close to the noon hour. In fact, he thought at first that she had gone, and had for some reason left the place standing open. And then he heard a pathetic little sniff, and found Candy standing behind the door crying her eyes out.

"Baby!" said David tenderly. She held a small registered package out to him and went right on with what she was doing. He took it and placed it on the desk. "For heaven's sake, what has happened to you?"

"JUST merely everything," wept Candy softly. "Just merely everything, is all. Mother has sold her book, and of course that means she's got to start to write it now ——"

Prudently, he closed the door. "It means what?"

"She sold an outline and a first chapter," sobbed Candy, and her voice went up in the air and out of control, and for a minute she couldn't even speak, but just wept heartbrokenly, and when he would have taken her in his arms she looked up at him out of drowned eyes and shook her head. "That is only the first part," she said. "Cynthia's job has come through. They start rehearsals next week ——"

Hysterical reaction, thought David. Poor, overstrained, overanxious little child! "Why, this is wonderful news," he said, speaking in an encouraging voice.

"Oh, it is just simply dandy," Candy wailed. "What it means is, Cynthia's going to New York, and mother is going to—to Hollywood, and I—I—I am going to Gram's in Rhode Island, and the farm will be going to the dogs, because nobody cares about it any more, and after all we've done ——" She had been fighting back her sobs as long as she could, and here she lapsed into incoherence. He only understood bits of what she said because she was in his arms now, with her voice muffled against his shoulder. "All those chickens, doing their best," wept Candy. And again, "Even if the tomatoes *aren't* worth as much as they were earlier, they're still"—she stopped, accepted his handkerchief, wiped her eyes, and ended in something more like her usual voice—"still very good tomatoes, and a whole lot better than a great many tomatoes I could mention!"

"You bet they are!" soothed David. "What does Bill think of all this?"

"Oh, of course he's enchanted! Why wouldn't he be? He and Cynthia will both be in New York! Oh, it's just wonderful for everybody," Candy went on. "Except us. Your girl called up here, this morning, and said a lot of perfectly horrible things at me over the telephone, and mentioned that she had returned your ring yesterday—I think that's it that I gave you when you came in, David, and I'm so terribly sorry for you—and I'll be leaving for Rhode Island at practically any instant now ——"

"Shut up, angel," David said masterfully. He shifted his weight, flexed his new muscles, tried unsuccessfully to hold back the broad grin that began to cover his face. A change was coming over him: all the blood in his veins was changing to champagne. There was no other way to explain the fizzy feeling of exhilaration which possessed him. "Of course you're not going to do anything of the sort at all," he told her. "Go to Rhode Island!" His scornful voice all but abolished the entire state. "You're going to stay right here and——"

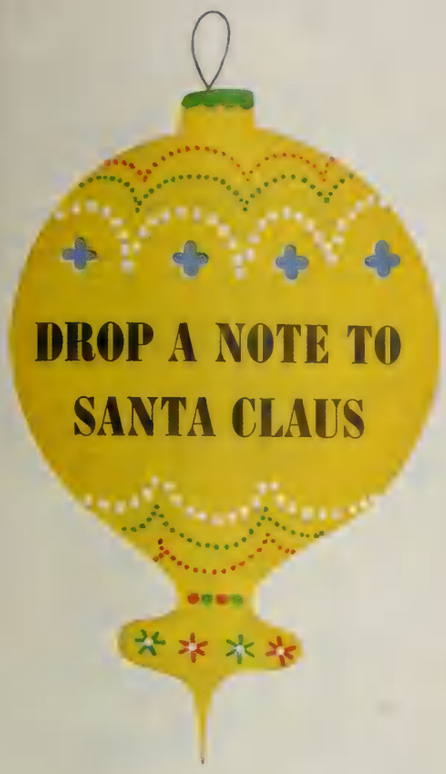
Candy's breath was still coming in those heartbreaking little sobs, but she looked up at him when he stopped speaking, and tilted her head.

"Part time?" she asked.

He kissed the tears which sparkled on those fabulous eyelashes. "Full time, baby," said David. "Until death us do part."

THE END

Cheer up: God is where He was. —RUSSIAN PROVERB.





Coloramic in Hollywood style, about $99.95 with four chairs. Bronze or silver gray legs. Limed oak, chartreuse, gray or green wood-grain Daystromite top. Chairs in red, green, yellow, chartreuse or gray Stardust.*

And ask for Coloramic—a Christmas gift for the whole family—to keep them dining merrily every day! Sleek-lined, sturdy steel legs and frames are sheathed with colorful, satin-smooth plastic that resists cracking, fading and peeling. The Wonder Top shrugs off scratches, stains, scars, heat—yes, even lighted cigarettes! And every bright inch is washable—from the rich upholstery to the Wonder Top! Best of all, Coloramic's at home even in formal décor—yet it's priced for modest purses!



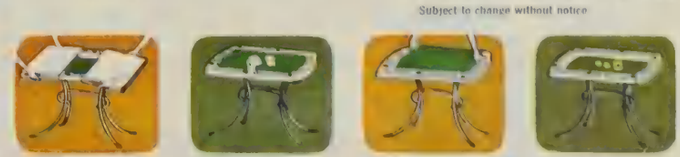
Playdine comes in 2 different sizes, about $124.50 and $144.50* with four chairs. Triple-plated chrome legs. Daystromite top in gray pearl. Chairs in a gay array of colors and patterns.*



Put Playdine on your list, too!

Everyone will love this table with a triple personality! For meals it's a graceful dining table with a handsome Wonder Top. But that's not all! The durable top slides smoothly aside in a jiffy—and you have a versatile game table with two convenient playing levels, both covered with rich, green felt. Safe, secure places for glasses, chips and ash trays, too!

* Prices slightly higher in West, South and Canada
Subject to change without notice



SLIDES OPEN EASILY! | TOP SURFACE FOR CARDS! | TOP SURFACE LIFTS OUT! | LOWER SURFACE FOR DICE!

-it's DAYSTROM furniture!



RECEIVED THE FASHION ACADEMY GOLD MEDAL FOR 1950

THE TABLES WITH THE WONDER TOP

At furniture and department stores in United States and Canada

Daystrom Corporation, Olean, N. Y.; Daystrom-Balboa Corporation, Fullerton, Calif.

NO PLACE LIKE HOME



1. Combination clock-radio

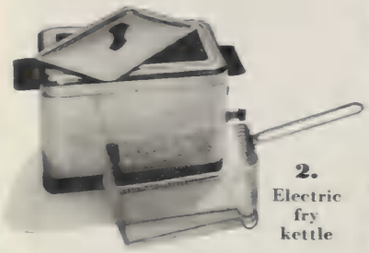
One reason homemaking is always a new adventure, I think, is that something exciting is forever just around the corner. New colors to try, new dishes to invent, new places to move the furniture to, and old friends to sit by the fire with! And wonderful new inventions to make living easy and gay. The JOURNAL staff keeps a handbook in the Journal Home Kitchen where especially good suggestions for homemakers are filed, and these, I know, any woman would love to add to her list of things to have or things to give.

TIME MARCHES ON

There is a new electric **repeater clock** that marks the days pleasantly. You set it once, and then the faithful friend rings every morning thereafter. What's more, a shut-off lever hushes the alarm on mornings when you sleep late.

Or if you feel, as I do, that every day begins too soon, you may have a **selector clock** and wake up to music from a radio which can be plugged into this marvelous clock. It can be set to turn on programs for selected fifteen-minute periods all day long. You can wash or vacuum or mind the baby and still have your favorite programs without madly dashing back and forth.

Another variation is a **radio with a clock built in (1)** which can tune you in on the Breakfast Club and turn off by itself at the end of the hour. What's more, some have extra outlets—put one in the kitchen and use the clock arrangement to make your coffee maker perform with hot steaming coffee when you get back from the movies.



2. Electric fry kettle



3. Griddle set

COOKING IS FUN

In fact, it would be fun even if you still had to rub two sticks together to make a fire. But oh, the lovely aids to perfection that you can add to your menu making now!

I am saving up for an **electric fry kettle (2)**, a home-sized deep fryer with a temperature control so that you can have perfect French-fried onions or potatoes or chicken. As for fried clams—you can have them just golden and crispy and tender. Think of fritters done to a turn when the children get home from skating. Deep-fat frying is such an anxious job, but not with this electrically run fryer.

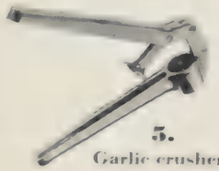
A **griddle set (3)** would be fine for crêpes Suzette or pancakes or clam cakes; it has five pieces. The griddle is aluminum, has indicator to show the right heat for cakes or chops or whatever. A stainless-steel bowl, a ladle and a turner complete the set. It's all so pretty, too, you can serve right from the griddle.

I wish I'd had a doughnut maker when I was making doughnuts by the tons for the children. The new **doughnut maker (4)** is lightweight plastic and operates like a little press. No more rolling and cutting and having a soft one fall off the spatula. You simply push the plunger and the doughnuts drop out!

And maybe if I had a **garlic crusher (5)**, I wouldn't have garlic up to my eyebrows. I don't really mind—I love garlic—but this gadget squeezes drops of juice from the bulb, and there you are!



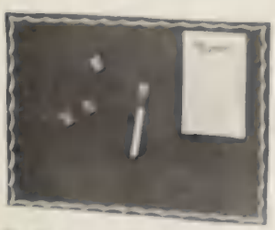
4. Doughnut maker



5. Garlic crusher



6. Electric hot tray



7. Magnetic bulletin board

A LEFT-HANDED COMPLIMENT

Left-handed irons, can openers, saucepans, shears, and for the man of the house—or the little woman—golf clubs! All for the left-handed.

DROP IN ANYTIME

That's easy to say, and easy to mean, too, if you have a **chafing dish.** Mamma had one and then they went out of fashion and now they're here again, and my very favorite of all cooking things. Give me a chafing dish on a desert island and I will cook most happily. Cook with it at the table, and try anything from scrambled eggs with chili to buttered fresh lobster meat.

Then an **electric hot tray (6)** to keep things warm will make hospitality come naturally to your house, and for guests arriving who-knows-when by auto, this is a wonderful help. For eating in bed when you have grippe, this warm friend is the answer to tray meals. A larger version is the **table,** very suave and, like the tray, it never overheats, stays just right.

Individual copper pans to cook and serve in are luxurious and reasonable. I use them for shirred eggs, ham slices or individual servings of creamed shrimp. They add glamour, and also save dishwashing. Pan to table is a good rule.

A **magnetic bulletin board (7)** is fine for recipes while you cook—I keep my corn-bread recipe always on mine. It will also hold notes, calorie charts or bills.

YOU CAN FIX IT YOURSELF

A big help is a **magnetic bar** for tools, which holds small tools right over the work bench or table. The magnet really grabs the tools and holds tight when you put them near it.

And a **screw driver with a battery light in the red plastic handle (8)** is a godsend. You simply turn a knob in the end of the handle and the slot in the screw is lighted. The screw driver has two blades, an extra battery and comes in a zippered case.

A **home repair kit** would be useful for both the handy housewife and her husband. It has hammer, pliers, screw driver, measuring tape, screws and nails.

Another type is **pocket-size (9)** with a jack knife as the basis, and includes a hammer, file, screw driver and can opener.

It's hard to believe, but a **flashlight that shines around a corner (10)** is really possible. Curved Lucite ends bend the beams around corners and curves. No more fumbling in the dark with this type of flashlight.

HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW?

If you have **green-thumb gardening gloves** made of cream-colored latex-treated fabric, your gardening will be a joy. The gloves are washable, have cuffs to protect your arms, and fit loosely for comfort.

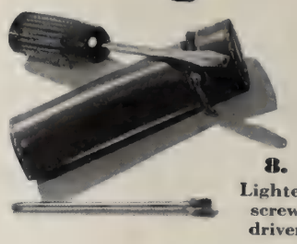
When you gather flowers, you will like the new **garden shears.** They have good cutlery-steel blades, and, after snipping through the stem, a device holds the cut flower until you are ready to drop it.

While it is yet winter, gardeners may water their house plants with a **watering pot that has a built-in pump (11).** A plunger on the handle pumps water up the spout so you can water the ivy on the mantel or the wall-bracketed philodendron with ease.

COME INTO THE KITCHEN

You'll enjoy mixing with a **bowl with a suction base (12)** so it will not slip, no matter what you do. The bowl can be either glass or stainless steel, whichever you like.

(Continued on Page 180)



8. Lighted screw driver



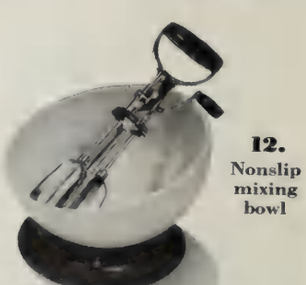
9. Pocket repair kit



10. Light that bends



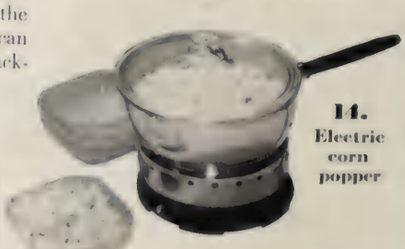
11. To water hard-to-reach plants



12. Nonslip mixing bowl



13. Electric knife sharpener



14. Electric corn popper



"CUT-RITE" REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

...waxed all the way through

You'll get compliments on Monday when you serve the rest of Sunday's roast and vegetables . . . if you wrap what's left in Cut-Rite. Waxed-through Cut-Rite helps to keep out flavor-stealing air—you can be *sure* of saving that fine, fresh flavor for other delicious meals!

...folds, twists without splitting

Cheese or grapefruit, cucumber or melon! They won't dry out and lose their flavor! Just wrap them in *extra-heavy* Cut-Rite! Save space, too. Small things, Cut-Rite protected, can be tucked in icebox corners. Cut-Rite is wonderfully pliable, doesn't tear or split even when you twist it.

... cutting edge – tears easily

Not a speck of waste to Cut-Rite! That famous cutting edge tears evenly . . . always! Keep it within easy reach on your kitchen shelf for saving expensive food, for making fresher-keeping sandwiches. Today—most women choose it . . . love to use it. A Scott Paper Product.

If you want to be sure-wrap it in Cut-Rite



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(Continued from Page 178)

A dull knife is worse than a dull person. An **electric knife sharpener (13)** replaces the old man who used to come around with his little wagon. A motor-driven wheel, with a guide to hold the knife at the right angle, makes your knives as sharp as a new tax bill.

An **electric coffee grinder** was my last-year's Christmas present, and better than a mink coat, I think. Cost less too. Freshly ground coffee when you push the switch is a treat. In the JOURNAL Workshop the coffee is ground just fine enough for the **electric coffee maker**, and these are two of the finest of all new inventions. The coffee maker keeps the coffee hot after it is made, and works entirely on its own through the whole process. You do have to draw water from the faucet and dump in the coffee, but that's all.

MONEY ISN'T EVERYTHING

That's what mamma used to say. And so many new things do cost very little! Teen-agers will love the aprons on soft-drink bottles (and mother will love not having dozens of glasses to wash). They look lovely, and they even have little pockets for the straws!

We pop corn all winter long in a rusty old popper, but the **electric corn popper (14)** is inexpensive and pops beautifully. You can just plug it in any outlet. (Colorful unbreakable popcorn bowls add a lot to the crunching joy. Red, turquoise, citron and green are the colors.)

Matched sets of **paper place mats and napkins, coasters and guest towels** save the washing that company usually involves. We use the paper napkins for company dinners now, for they are so lovely in color and design.

A nice new idea is a **monogrammed burnished brass door key**, which would save frantic sorting of keys to find the right one. I always open a door by hit-and-miss, but this would be Open sesame for anyone!

A **blunt-end stirring spoon** keeps food from sticking in the corners of the pan.

A **pin bin**, which holds pins, needles or bobby pins magnetically in a plastic case, is a very lovely device, and it has a bobby-pin spreader on the lid.

A **Howdy Doody toy chest** helps the children keep their rooms neat. It is inexpensive and gay: a wood-framed box decorated with plasticized wallpaper. It is 29" wide and 14" deep. Matching clothes chests and screens are also available.

Any or all of these exciting new inventions add up to Christmas or any-day-of-the-year pleasant living in the very best place in the world—home.

MAGGIE'S CHRISTMAS TREE

(Continued from Page 40)

from Mathiew once, but he'd tried it only once! Mathiew had tossed him a rude answer. Joe growled back at him, and Mathiew had walloped the daylights out of him. That was eleven years ago, but Mathiew remembered with delight every punch in that fight. Rumor had it that Joe kept a gun handy ever since to kill Mathiew if he set foot on the Ryan ranch, and that made Mathiew laugh again. He was well rid of Joe!

He turned off the country road onto his own land, and now he felt the north wind striking him full in the chest. He liked the feel of it chilling the sweat on his shirt, cooling his hard-worked body. Wind was one of the things Mathiew liked especially. He liked the smooth feel of his mules; the touch of good, taut wire on his fences; the shine on his plow blade; the balance of a hammer; the thick cushions of meat on his cattle, and the rough skin of Temple oranges.

Wind like this was not only good to feel, but it might bring rain, and that was something else that he liked. To Mathiew a drop of rain was a good thing, and a rainstorm was wealth. He needed it too.

Be punctual, and inasmuch as none are punctual, learn to be patient also.
—PERSIAN PROVERB.

He passed his big barn and stopped at the tool shed. There he hung the canvas sack in its place, and popped the great spool of barbed wire over its proper spindle. Then he turned to the house, hungry and wanting dinner.

The lights in the living room seemed strange. Oil lamps have a light, soft glow, and sometimes a flickering when the wicks need trimming. The living room, however, was still too dim for that, and the flickering was too apparent. He couldn't understand until he looked in the window, and then something old and angry stirred in him.

The oil lamps were not lighted. The big living room, with its homemade furniture and calico curtains, was lighted by only the candles that burned on a Christmas tree in the far corner of his own living room!

The tree, being a scrub pine, didn't have much shape to it, but it was decorated with so much colored paper, so many strings of red chokeberries, pictures cut out of old magazines, and candles that the shape wasn't too important.

Mary Ann, his big-boned wife, slumped in the wooden armchair. While the baby nursed at her china-white breast, she watched the other children with a dreamy smile on her face. Her long yellow hair, caught together with a pink ribbon behind her neck, made her seem younger than she was.

Maggie, who was going to be five next month, squatted at the foot of the tree, and her eyes, mouth and mind were wide open with awe. Mathiew knew she was the cause of it all. She'd been talking a lot about candles, trees and reindeer lately. Did she think she could defy his orders?

Georgie, a muscled tub of a boy not yet three years old, was trying furiously to play with the burning candles, and only the constant interference of Witchgrass kept him from them.

Witchgrass looked like an ancient, ebony-colored dwarf. As long as Mathiew had known him, Witchgrass had been an old, old man, and his frail back had always had that strange curve. No one knew how old he was, but right then he looked like an ill-formed child. He danced grotesquely around after Georgie, telling some story that excited him as much as it did the children, and his high-pitched voice and chattering laughter came to Mathiew even stronger than the voice of the wind.

Obviously Mary Ann had joined the plotting against him, and when that occurred to him it made him angrier. They must have planned to get that tree for days! Not telling him . . . whispering behind doors . . . waiting for him to go before they talked! They knew how he felt about Christmas, and yet they had purposely planned to tear away the truth as he knew it!

When he opened the door and closed it behind him, the flames on the candles danced dangerously and happily, and four frightened faces turned to watch him.

"Hello, Mathiew." Mary Ann tried to make her voice casual. "Please don't be angry about the Christmas tree."

He wasn't the kind of man to speak quickly, and for a long moment the only noise was wind scurrying under the door, and the tiny whispers of guttering candles.

Then Witchgrass broke the quiet. "Gotta rack o' pork . . . gotta hungry man! . . . Gotta serve it up!" and he hunched off toward the kitchen.

"What's Witchgrass doin' in the house?" Mathiew asked, and the soft thunder of his voice filled the room.

"Emma wanted to have Christmas with her children; I let her go."

"You, nursin' the baby in front of that dirty little ol' man?"

"He's over a hundred, Mathiew! What difference?"

(Continued on Page 182)



"Your floors are a sight, Jane!" Aunt Sally scolded. "Those shabby spots are warning signs of real wear. Your floors will be ruined if you don't *do* something soon!"



"But what can I do?" Jane cried. "Look how the kids scuff them up; my floors take more punishment than anything else in the house. No wonder they're getting worn!"



"Now don't fret, Jane," Aunt Sally soothed. "It's not too late to save them—just use *real* wax. There's nothing like it to protect floors, because it's the *wax* that takes the wear."



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QUICKER THAN YOU THINK—You just cut the dough to fit the pattern shapes, then bake and use sugar and molasses for "mortar" in assembling. (TOP SECRET: The special blend of Durkee spices gives this recipe a wonderful flavor, and an appetizing aroma.)



How to get this pattern-recipe!

Just send a grocery sales slip for the purchase of a can of Durkee Spice (or the name "Durkee" from any Durkee food package) to DURKEE FAMOUS FOODS, P. O. Box 93, Trenton, N.J., plus 5¢ to cover cost of mailing and handling.

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(Continued from Page 180)

He let it go. "Who brought that tree in here?"

Maggie was turning pale, and her lips were a shade bluer than before he came in, but her lower jaw was sticking out farther and farther. "Witchgrass brought it in!" Her piping voice was filled with defiance. "He brought it in to mamma and me and Georgie and Baby. He said you couldn't do nothin' about it 'cause Christmas Eve was magical!"

Maggie was the strangest thing in Mathiew's life. She was like a secret thought her mother had spoken by accident. So full of words he sometimes couldn't understand that she embarrassed him. Like everyone, Maggie showed fear of his strength, but her little acorn of a nose seemed to be always turned away from him, even when he tried to cuddle her the way other fathers hugged and patted their little girls.

He hadn't given up yet, but he had decided on one thing. Maggie was a little girl and he was the father. They'd live like he said, not like Maggie planned, and he stepped toward her tree.

"Don't you touch our tree!" she screamed. She was standing in front of him, only thirty-nine inches tall, staring ferociously up at his six feet four inches of body.

He tried to step around her, but she rushed to head him off. She was yelling at him again, her child voice high with fright and anxiety.

"Santy Claus is comin' tonight! If you touch our tree, he'll put a haunt on you! Witchgrass said so!"

"Nobody's comin' tonight, Maggie," he said firmly. "Least of all Santy Claus."

Maggie couldn't answer that. Christmas seemed like something that came as surely as a hurricane, or plowing time, or sunshine. It was silly to say, "I don't believe in it," but she couldn't tell him now. Her mind and tongue were jammed with fury.

"Mathiew!" Mary Ann was talking so strangely that it made him listen. As she talked she carefully watched the baby who still suckled so noisily at her breast. She couldn't make herself look at her husband and see into this dark corner of his spirit. "I've given you the things you married me for: my strength . . . my knack with a house . . . my company. Now I'm askin' you for something!" Her voice was rising. "Let the children have Christmas!"

He looked down at his little girl and his jaw was set bitterly. "You're only a little wench, Maggie," he began. "But you're gonna grow up knowin' the truth—knowin' that mighty few folk ever heard of Santy Claus, knowin' that Christmas is an idee for rich folks, knowin' that merchants keep it goin' just so as to keep sellin'! That's all there is to it."

MAGGIE was shaking with the power of her own argument, but her words couldn't form.

"We're lucky," Mathiew went on. "We got money for food, and for clothes. We got money for ranchin'. But we got no money to fool ourselves with. Money comes blood-hard!" He took the chimney off the lamp on the table, and striking a match on the seat of his heavy denim pants, he lighted the wick, and put the chimney back.

Somewhere upstairs the wind slammed a door, and the crashing noise broke the deadlock between Maggie's mind and mouth.

"Santy Claus's got money!"

"He ain't either," Mathiew said firmly. "It's my money!"

He had worked his way as far as the table, and now, as he started once again for the tree, he tried not to be rough when he pushed Maggie aside. He had to, however, because she fought him so hard.

In 1883 it fell to the lot of William Evarts, the great jurist, to conduct a visiting English nobleman on a sight-seeing tour. When they reached the Natural Bridge, in Virginia, Lord Coleridge wanted to know whether there was any truth in the story that George Washington once threw a silver dollar over the bridge from the ground below.

"It's quite probable," Evarts affirmed. "You must remember that a dollar went farther in those days than it does now. And besides, Washington was no novice. You remember that he once threw a sovereign across the Atlantic Ocean!"

—WEBB B. GARRISON.

As he pinched out the candles one by one Maggie gave up her fight, and the tears rushed down her face. Mathiew was simply too big for even Maggie. Strong enough to walk up to a full-grown steer and throw it, he was the last terrifying word of family authority. To them he was the giant in Jack and the Bean Stalk. He was Atlas holding the sky on his shoulders. He was Goliath.

"Santy Claus may be a little fella," Maggie sobbed. "But he kin knock you down and take the money out of your pockets. He's much, much stronger'n you are!"

"He's a delivery boy fer rich people, Maggie," he said. "Why, his deers ain't bigger'n dogs! He'd better not give me any sass!"

"He's stronger'n you are, just the same!" Maggie screamed.

HE was just pinching out one of the last few candles when Mary Ann spoke to him as she had never dared speak to him before.

"Let that tree alone!"

He stopped and turned around. She was standing, and her breast was covered again by her dress. The baby lay in her arms, drunk with her rich milk and his own sleep.

"You're the poorest-raised kid I ever heard of! Growin' up hatin' Christmas 'cause you didn't have any! You were raised like a gopher! But our kids are goin' to have Christmas!" She paused only to get her breath. "Maggie and Georgie and me are gonna sit here and look at that tree! An' we're gonna sing songs too!"

"Tonight's like any other night." His voice was a deep drum roll. "Tomorrow mornin' will come to us like every other. The sun won't be black 'cause we didn't spend our money for gewgaws, and didn't tell each other silly yarns. The ground won't turn to salt 'cause we're richer'n our neighbors that throw money away!"

"Children!" Her call rang with anger. "Get your jackets! We're goin' to the Ryans' for Christmas!"

His temper roared within him. "Nobody's goin' to the Ryans'!"

But the children scurried here and there looking for their coats. Mary Ann was facing him with the sleeping baby in her arms, and the fury on her face was strong enough to match his own.

"Yes, we are, Mathiew!" she said through white teeth. "The Ryans keep Christmas. They have kids. They have a tree—and they'll share it."

The thought of his family going to Joe Ryan's was a kind of insanity. "You're not goin' to the Ryans'!" He shouted and the lamp rattled gently on the table. "You're not goin' now or ever!"

"You can't run a family with nothin' but strength!" she was saying.

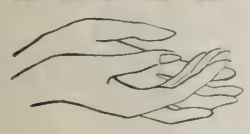
His anger was a raging, savage animal that fought the harness he kept it in, and it made his great voice tremble. "We're gonna live with the truth! We're not gonna waste our lives and time on this!"

Although Maggie's Christmas tree reached to the ceiling, it came up in his hands like a broom. There were only two steps to the door, a second to open it, and he hurled the tree, paper ribbons and pictures, chokeberries and candles, clear over the porch and into the wind. Then he slammed the door and turned around.

He stood close to Mary Ann now, and he held back his huge hand from the slap he wanted to give. He knew how dangerous his hands were, and the words that were forming in his throat were ugly sounds.

When she spoke to him her eyes were as steady as if she were firing a rifle. "You can win for the minute," she said. "But your muscles are nothin' in a long run. Love is the 'gee' and the 'haw' that keeps a family goin' like you want it to."

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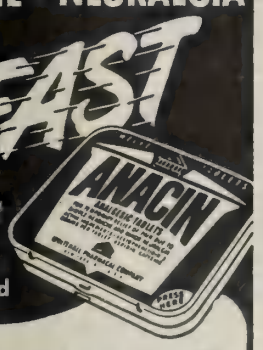
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"I never hit you nor any of the kids yet," he roared. "But don't never let me catch you or them goin' to the Ryans'!"

She was going to say something, but in an instant the expression on her face changed and she screamed with terror. For a moment he didn't understand, and then he saw the glow on the walls. As he spun around to face the window and the door, a dozen thoughts ran through his head.

Fire! Where from? Who started it? How? Where was it?

He threw open the door and every question was answered. The brilliant yellow flames curled up over the porch from the burning Christmas tree. In his fury he had forgotten to pinch out those last few candles. The wind had blown the tree back against the porch, and now the flood of fire was pouring across the good pine floor.

Two long strides carried him over the porch, down the steps and into the yard.

"Water!" he yelled back to her. "Get it from the well! Call Witchgrass! Use every bucket and pan you can get!"

Her words came to him through the smoke that billowed over the porch. "Get it yourself!" she called, and he couldn't believe what she'd said.

"What?" he yelled, and his question sounded stupid even as he asked it.

She came hurrying out through the smoke, with the baby carefully covered in her arms, and hustling Georgie and Maggie ahead of her. The children scrambled down the steps and stood for a second watching the climbing fire with interest and wonder.

"You're goin' to have to start all over again!" she was saying. "Start all over and start alone! This fire burns nothing of ours!"

Now she was herding the children away into the darkness. He started after them furiously, but the wind pounced on the fire and he saw the flames jump across the porch.

"Come back here!" he yelled, and his voice boomed above the crackling of the fire.

"We're goin' to the Ryans' for Christmas!" He heard the words and he saw the fire eating at his house. Ideas whirled through his mind, confusing him, but there wasn't time to sort them and examine them. He'd get his family later.

The wind urged the hungry flame into the wood, and he knew there was no time for carrying water. Breaking the flooring of the porch by smashing his heavy-booted feet against it was the first attack. Then there were only his hands to tear away the flaming, broken boards.

As he smashed at the charring porch, the wind drove the fire deeper into the fresh wood, and he smelled the sharp odor of his own singeing hair. Sweat ran down into his eyes and over his hot face. He swore viciously and went on frantically tearing out the burning wood, trying desperately to catch up with the ever-widening circle of fire. It was only when he was almost exhausted that he realized the fire was winning easily. Goaded by the wind, it had grown to twice its size in spite of his work, and now it had a furnace in its heart that no live flesh could smother.

He staggered away, backing into the yard, his hands and arms trying to shade his sore face, his lungs sucking and blowing at the cool night air. He saw the tower of fire now growing from his front walls, the top of it weaving back and forth with the gusts of wind, and at the very bottom of it the charcoal body of Maggie's Christmas tree.

This was Christmas! The fire, the destruction, his disaster were only part of the waste and the madness!

Now the cypress shingles of his roof were catching, and he watched with new dread as they curled and broke off. Like hell birds trailing plumes of fire they circled beautifully in the Christmas night wind, soared briefly and floated down . . . down . . . down . . . toward the roof of his barn!

He thought of the barn itself and the thousand-and-one things in it. Three hundred dollars' worth of feed . . . harness . . . saddles . . . the manure spreader . . . rope . . . tools . . . a hundred and fifty dollars' worth of fertilizer . . . and a team of mules worth every nickel of four hundred dollars! He



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raced around the corner of his burning house, his mind trying to single out the best attack that might save the barn. He saw a little bush of fire already growing exquisitely on the barn roof. He heard the wild kicking and half screams of the mules. They'd get out by themselves. Mules were smart. He'd race up through the loft . . . maybe get to the roof in time to stamp out the seedlings of fire.

He hauled open the big door and started to run down the narrow passageway behind the stalls. The ladder was only ten or fifteen feet ahead of him in the dark when he saw the first mule coming at him. There wasn't much to see. There was just enough orange reflection of light so that he saw the bulk of the animal, and a few details like the ears laid back and the flash of its big, dirty teeth.

He knew for an instant that he was in trouble. The mules had already pulled their halter chains free, and, frantic with the smell of smoke and the sight of the nearby fire, they were thundering toward him. Sarah, cussed and smart, was probably the mule he saw. She was always the first to do anything.

He bellowed at her, but her fear of smoke and fire was even greater than her fear of Mathiew. Her foreleg crashed against his chest, and as he went down another blow caught him on his temple. He bounced back to his feet, feeling stunned and sick. The second mule was hysterically following the leader and, floundering wildly for the open door, he collided with Mathiew.

How long he lay there Mathiew would never find out, because Witchgrass never talked in terms of a clock. All Witchgrass ever said was that he'd looked for him "quite a spell" before he'd found him, and then he saw him because the burning roof of the barn lighted up the inside like a hotel. Mathiew only knew that suddenly there was the feeling of cold water on his face, the sound of words and the touch of hands.

"Please! Please! Oh, Mr. Matt! Please, git on yore feet and git out of here! Yore whole world's afire! Wake up, Mr. Matt! I cain't lift you! Oh, Mr. Matt!"

Mathiew fought his way up through the aching darkness and opened his eyes. He saw the bright fire above him, but he couldn't move. He tried to speak, but he only groaned.

Witchgrass redoubled his efforts and his talk. "Thank You, Lawd! He's livin'! Now git to crawlin', Mr. Matt! Crawl fo' yore life! Lawd, if he only have one muscle show him how to use it!"

A beam gave way in the great ceiling, a shower of sparks fell and a hundred tiny fires started in the straw around them.

Matt lurched to his feet, stumbled and fell back to his knees. Witchgrass grabbed him by the hair and led him like a dog alon passageway to the back yard. When reached the door, Mathiew hitched hi back onto his feet. This time, althou weaved drunkenly, he tottered forward they stood in the middle of his barnyar stared around them at the nightmare o

His home and his barn were leapin ange walls that careened in the wind. B spreading light he could see cattle huddl the far corner of his nearest pasture. He the sparks falling around them even as f the lake, and he saw the blood leaking over his chest and stomach from a w someplace on his head.

A geyser of yellow flame exploded thr the children's upstairs bedroom, an thought of their things that were burnin lumpy cotton mattress . . . a closet filled patched overalls . . . and within him he h Mary Ann's voice again, saying, "This burns nothing of ours!"

Slowly and dumbly he made an invent of what they owned to prove to himself t she was wrong. But a added up the list her v grew stronger and stro inside him . . . "This burns nothing of ours!

"Everything you got's gone!" Witchg cackled.

So that's the kind woman she was! hadn't given her enough, so she let his h burn without turning a hand!

He tried to be disgusted with her, but thoughts wobbled and suddenly he was membering her when they had been married. She was a beautiful, strong girl had looked at him without lust, and with fear. He remembered how she had stud with him almost every night those f years . . . how embarrassed he had been learning the alphabet from his wife . . . h gently and persistently she had taught h arithmetic. He remembered her having t children up there in that room with just Emma to help. He wanted to hate her, but stood there like the last man on earth watc ing the final desolation and remembering h Her yellow hair, sweet body and sly jok were gone. There wasn't any more hous There wouldn't be any more kids and dinn waiting. He'd live as he did before they we married, alone, tired and dirty. He had to g her out of his mind.

"Why didn't somebody get here to he me?" he asked.

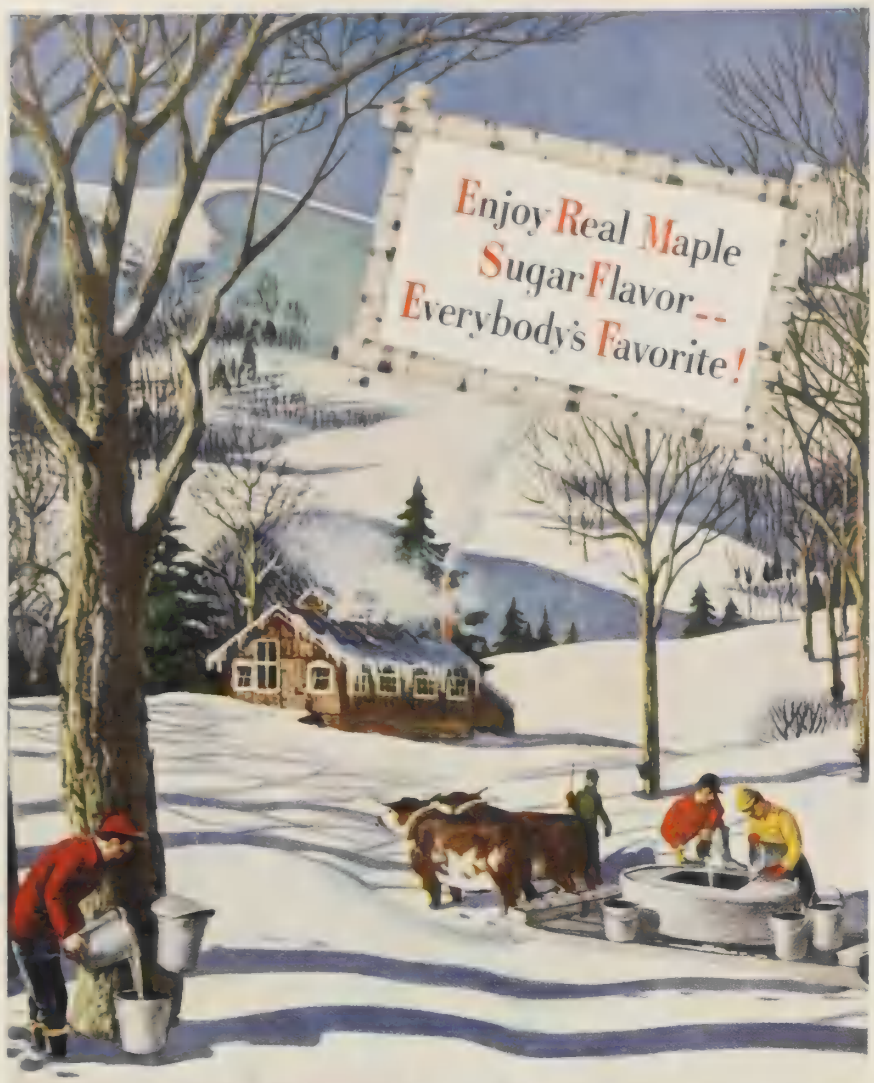
Witchgrass turned his head on one si and looked up at Mathiew in surprise. "Don you know the ansa to that yo'self?"

Before Mathiew's slow words came, Witc grass went on and there was a gentle, hal amused laughter in his voice.

(Continued on Page 186)

Conscience is a stick which everyone takes up to beat his neighbor and not for application to his own back.

—BALZAC.



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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC.,

Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946, of LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, published monthly at Philadelphia, Pa., for October 1, 1950.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA } ss
COUNTY OF PHILADELPHIA }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Beatrice Blackmar Gould, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Editor of the Ladies' Home Journal and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

Editors, Bruce Gould and Beatrice Blackmar Gould, Hopewell, New Jersey.

Managing Editor, Laura Lou Brookman, Philadelphia, Pa.

Business Manager, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock.)

The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

Cary W. Bok, Camden, Maine.
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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

BEATRICE BLACKMAR GOULD, Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of August, 1950.

W. C. ZIMMERMAN, Notary Public

[SEAL]

(My commission expires February 3, 1953)



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with plenty of syrup, butter and bacon!



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MORE WOMEN PREFER AUNT JEMIMAS
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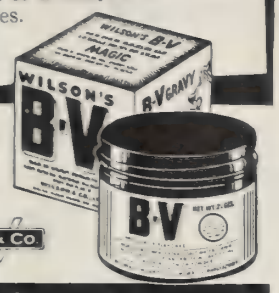


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Pancakes, Buckwheats & Waffles

Delicious Nutritious
BEEF BROTH
Every single time with B-V

B-V BROTH

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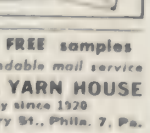
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(Continued from Page 184)

"Th' ain't nobody here! That's why. All my folks gone away befo' dark. They know th' ain't no Christmas at Mathiew Dekker's. They gone walkin' out to find their friends and look for happiness."

He laughed to himself, and then he cocked his head on one side again.

"This is yo comeuppance, Mr. Matt! I been 'spectin' it fo' a long time!"

"What are you talking about?" The power was coming back into his voice, but it didn't frighten the old man.

"You been strong enough to work fo' pennies and save to buy a hondred acres of good land. I seen you tear de jungle off'n it with yo' bare hands, and plant de pastures. I seen you knock de trees down, slice up de trunks, and build you a house! Dat's true, but still you comes terrible close to bein' de meanest white man I ever know'd!"

"You got a lickin' comin' to you!" Mathiew growled.

"Dat's just like I was thinkin'!" Witchgrass went on. "On a night when every man in de whole world is bein' friends with every other man, I'm de only creature come to help you. You'd be burnin' like a roast pig right now if I didn't drug in de water an' wake you up, an' git you out . . . and you talkin' mean to me! Shame on you, Mr. Matt!"

Then he laughed happily.

"But you ain't gonna lay yo' hands on me, 'cause this is Christmas! Even de air is magical!"

His body ached so painfully, Mathiew wanted to lie down. Only the beauty of the fire kept him standing there.

"You throwed out a chile's Christmas tree!" Witchgrass crooned. "Dat's as mean as a man kin get, and look what it done for you!"

Blood was dripping into his left eye, and when he wiped it away he remembered Maggie saying, "Santy Claus is much, much stronger'n you!" Behind his eyes he pictured her saucy nose and the way it was habitually turned away from him.

A whining noise rose into the night as the nails began to pull from what wood there was left. With a crash that spewed a golden cloud of sparks into the black sky, the fire brought the house down to the ground where it could gnaw at its skeleton.

As if that were the signal for utter destruction, the massive ridgepole of the barn gave way, and thundered down through the wild flame. Where his buildings had been there were now only orange-yellow lakes of flame. Even the stone chimney had cracked and gone down with its house.

He felt sick with heat, pain and the certain knowledge of his own destitution. He turned away, walking into the darkness with the cool north wind at his back.

When he got to Joe Ryan's he half expected to see someone standing in the yard watching his fire across the pastures. But maybe they, too, were tired of looking.

As he opened the gate and walked up to the lighted house, he heard the put-put of the gas engine in the back yard, and he thought of the gun he knew Joe Ryan had kept loaded for years. He'd never heard it called anything but the "gun," and now he wondered dully what kind it was, and whether Joe would shoot the minute he saw him. He didn't know.

He stood before the door for a long minute, listening to the soft music inside, and the excited whisper of voices. Those people in there—the Ryans, his own family—didn't want him, and suddenly it hurt him more than his burns and wounds to know that.

When Witchgrass spoke to him, his voice had the patience and understanding of an enormous lifetime. "Straighten up yo' heart, Mr. Matt, and go in. You got to."

Mathiew rapped twice, then opened the door to Joe Ryan's house, and the Christmas party was turned into a breathless, silent group of statues. Only the fire moved, and it popped merrily in the fireplace. Joe Ryan stood tall on the hearth with his right arm resting on the mantel. Not two inches beyond the tips of his fingers lay the gun. It was a heavy-looking forty-five-caliber revolver and his fingers stayed by it.

Mary Ann sat in a rocker by one corner of the hearth, her face gray with worry. Her hands were empty and Mathiew knew she had put the baby to bed somewhere in the Ryans' house.

Jane Ryan, her hair surprisingly gray while her husband's was still dark, had been helping Georgie to work a mechanical train whose little track ran all the way around the Christmas tree. Still on her knees, with the engine in her hands, she watched him from the floor.

Three of the Ryans' children, two boys and a girl not older than Maggie, and his two made five. It seemed like more, however.

Maggie and the Ryans' little girl had been pretending to put a doll to sleep. It was a rag doll with careful home stitching, and he knew Jane had made it.

The Ryan boys had been scrambling on the floor like house cats, making strange, playful noises, and playing with a red wagon—a red wagon made of a fruit picker's sturdy field box. Mathiew wondered why he hadn't made Georgie one like it.

The purpose of wise reading is to bring sunshine into our hearts and to drive moonshine out of our heads. —JOHN MORLEY.

The silence in the gaily decked living room would have been complete except that the voices coming from the radio went on singing, ". . . The world in solemn stillness lay to hear the a-angels sing. Peace on the earth! Good will to men! . . ."

"Kin I come in?" Mathiew asked, and his voice was deep in his throat.

Joe Ryan watched him quietly for a long minute. "It's Christmas, ain't it?" he said levelly. "Come on in."

Mathiew walked in and crossed to stand by Mary Ann's chair. "It was good of you to take my family in," he said. "I owe you for that, Joe."

"Mathiew!" Mary Ann's voice was tight. "You're hurt! It looks terrible!"

He took his eyes away from Joe's, and, when he looked down at her, joy began to rise inside him. She wasn't gone! She'd come back to him! Everything would be as it was before—only better, much better!

"Don't worry about it," he said. "Don't worry none about that house either. Pick out the next one—one that don't burn. I'll see it's built for you . . . with things in it you want."

She was holding his hand against her face, and he could feel her tears on his hot skin. There were important things to say, but he couldn't think of how to say them. She was soft . . . forgiving . . . easygoing . . . kind of like the Ryans. And suddenly he was glad she was! He was glad they were all there! He was glad he knew them! He wished he could tell them so! If only he had a little something to give each of them, but his hands were empty.

He saw Jane studying him. There was a frown on her face, but a gentle smile around the corners of her mouth was only barely hidden.

"Jane." Her name sounded strange in his voice. "Would you have a place for Witchgrass to sleep?"

"We sure enough do," she said pleasantly.

He gently took his hand away from Mary Ann and stepped over to Maggie.

She was sitting in a small rocking chair, holding the doll, and he noticed for the first time that she had on a pink nightgown, a prettier one than she had ever owned. When he knelt in front of her, her big blue eyes watched him owlishly and quietly.

"You're only a little wench, Maggie," he said softly. "But you know an awful lot about Santy Claus. He jest beat the hell out of me!"

The clear high voices from the radio sang, "Noel! Noel! Noel! Noel!"

Jane Ryan was saying, "Come in, Witchgrass, and have Christmas!"

Mathiew looked incredibly awkward, kneeling there, still so huge, his clothes half burned, his skin roasted red, his face dirty with soot, the dried blood on his head, and the tears in his eyes.

"I—I got a lot to learn, Maggie," he stammered. "You—you gotta help me!"

Maggie smiled and, with the queenliness of a little girl, her small hand reached up in wonder to touch the wound on his temple. "Merry Christmas, daddy!" she whispered.

COMMUNITY BEGINS AT HOME

(Continued from Page 12)

plenty of time, since her afternoons were free, for rest, recreation or personal tasks. The house had a modern laundry, washing machine, constant hot water, a mangle and electric irons. But at the end of the first week she handed me a bundle of clothes as I was driving into the village, and asked me to deliver it to her mother to wash.

"My clothes," she said innocently.

Now Mary's mother, the wife of a workman, had no washing machine, and depended for hot water on a tank over a wood stove. She had three other children and a husband for whom to cook, sew, clean and wash, and a garden and small flock of chickens to care for. I was flabbergasted that Mary should add this burden to her mother and said so.

"But mamma *always* did it," said Mary. "I don't know *how* to wash and iron!"

I took Mary and the clothes into the laundry, and said, "Right now you are going to learn. What will you do when you marry one day? Still send the clothes to mamma?" Later I helped her iron a nightgown, a blouse, an apron. She was awkward at first, particularly with sleeves, but after an hour she was beaming.

"It's not really hard," she cried.

There was no difficulty with Mary. She was, by nature, a kind girl. But later when I called on her mother to pass the time of day the latter asked anxiously, "Why hasn't Mary sent her clothes?" I told her and she burst into tears! "I had to work *so* hard when I was Mary's age," she said. "I was so glad when she got a job with you—no cooking over hot stoves, no laundry, nice light work."

I had to persuade Mary's mother that she was making an inconsiderate and selfish young woman out of a naturally fine daughter, by making a slave of herself. Mary, it was apparent, had no clear notion of what her father earned or how her mother toiled. In high school, boarding in a neighboring village, she was away in winter, and in summer spent her days swimming or boating on the lake, going to picnics and having a "vacation"—until a nice light job turned up. She was keeping her good wages for future "good times." Never a present for the devoted mother, no contribution to the family who sacrificed to send her to school, no thought of her younger sisters!

Mary's mother was also making a snob of her daughter. "I suppose the other help showed her how to launder," she said.

Amazement registered on her face when I said, "No. *I* showed her."

"Can *you* wash and iron?" she asked.

"Why, of course I can. *How do you think I was brought up?*" I heard myself replying indignantly. "I can iron beautifully," I bragged, "French pleats—everything. I don't do it," I confessed, "except now and then. I have too much other work to do. But I'd hate not to be able to do anything required in my own home. I'd feel . . . inferior."

These reminiscences and comments are inspired by young Betty Boeger's rather wistful plea: "We want to be considered old enough to share in the secrets and responsibilities of the family."

Betty had some other cogent things to say, as well. But they all amounted to the same thing: "We want to be responsible members of a community." And community begins at home. THE END

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ESTHER F. BUBLEY

Sound teeth must first be built—the food he eats is the most important factor in his dental health.

Nutrition—Still the Key to Good Teeth

By Dr. Herman N. Bundesen

President, Chicago Board of Health

IT is an odd fact that every new medical discovery brings some risk of increasing as well as of diminishing the disease or condition it is supposed to combat. This is because the new "miracle" techniques are so likely to be accepted as the final answer that all other methods, and often needed precautions, are discarded.

In recent years, I have seen this happen in connection with the care of children's teeth. Many new dental products and methods, such as the ammoniated dentifrices and fluoride-treated water, are available now to help prevent the development of tooth decay. With all these new aids, mothers are inclined to forget that sound teeth must still be built from the inside out, instead of the other way round. Proper nutrition is still the solid foundation on which sound teeth must be built.

This has been demonstrated many times, and particularly well in an interesting experiment that I like to tell about when mothers come to me for advice about their children's teeth. Doctors and dentists today know that heredity plays an important part in dental health. Children of parents with "poor teeth"—teeth soft in structure and easily susceptible to decay—are often likely to have similarly troublesome teeth.

The experiment in question concerns a young bride who had always had trouble with her teeth. Her husband also had poor teeth, so it seemed likely that their children would suffer from the same condition. The wife, knowing that their bad dental heredity would be a handicap to their children, asked her doctor for advice. Together they planned a nutritional war against future tooth decay—in her yet unborn children—and established the regimen to be followed after the babies were conceived.

Subsequently, she became the mother of two children, both boys. When I last heard of them the boys were 15 and 17 years old. The 17-year-old had never shown a sign of tooth decay, and the mother and doctor were disappointed when, during a checkup, the dentist discovered that the younger boy had one tiny cavity!

How did they do it? The odds against the boys were heavy, as we have seen, and their triumph was correspondingly spectacular.

Most important among the controllable conditions was the matter of nutrition. The

(Continued on Page 191)

GRATEFUL young mothers from Maine to California tell us that Doctor Bundesen's baby booklets have been of the greatest help to them in caring for their own babies. The first eight booklets cover your baby's first eight months. They sell for 50 cents. The second series of booklets covers the baby's health from nine months to two years—seven booklets for 50 cents. A complete book on the care of the baby, a necessary supplement to the monthly booklets, OUR BABIES, No. 1345, is 50 cents. A booklet on breast feeding, A DOCTOR'S FIRST DUTY TO THE MOTHER, No. 1346, sells for 6 cents. Information on prenatal care is given in BEFORE THE BABY COMES, No. 2383, which is priced at 50 cents. Address all requests to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia 5, Pennsylvania.



PEEK OVER MY SHOULDER at this enthusiastic letter:

Dear Mrs. Gerber,

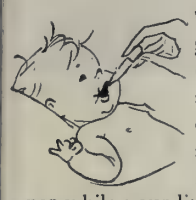
I can't begin to tell you how interested and pleased I was to see some of the foods my baby likes so much being prepared at Gerber's Oakland plant recently. One of the most exciting and reassuring parts of my "tour" was watching the white-uniformed girl at the Quality Control Table. She looked as neat and efficient (and busy) as a nurse in a doctor's office. In fact, watching her check every batch of food was almost like taking my little Alan to the doctor for a check-up. The food was weighed, had its temperature taken, was tested for texture—oh, just everything. I do wish more mothers could see for themselves how every bit of Baby's good-tasting Gerber's is carefully "nursed" every step of the way.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Alice Herman



YOU'RE ALL WELCOME. Any time any of you mothers (or daddies) find yourself near Fremont, Mich. or Oakland, Cal., do come in and see what makes Gerber's as good as doctors and babies say they are.



WORK-SAVER. If Baby's getting Vitamin D drops, you can easily avoid oily spots on clothing. Give the sunshine vitamin right from the dropper while your little he or she is in the bath.



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Ask that other important man (your doctor) when to start feeding Baby Gerber's True-Flavor Meats, Fruits, Vegetables and Desserts. For variety helps increase Baby's appetite. And Gerber's offer more foods babies like and need—from Starting Cereals through Junior Foods. That's because we spend *all* our time preparing Baby Foods!

Always something new, too! Have Daddy or you had the fun of feeding your tot Gerber's new Orange Pudding? Such a tasty and nutritious dessert or between-meal snack. Get some—soon.



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Surgical dressings...high in quality...low in price... Johnson & Johnson

(Continued from Page 188)

other was painstaking in seeing that her t was well balanced during her pregnancies. om early infancy on, minerals and vita- ns were emphasized in the diets chosen for e boys. Plenty of milk, fresh vegetables, its and whole-grain cereals were always luded. Hard, solid foods that had to be ewed thoroughly were given whenever ssible, for, like other body structures, e teeth must work to be healthy. Starchy ds and sweets were provided sparingly.

The other "controllable conditions" that re important for these youngsters, and e equally important for all, have to do th daily care of the teeth. All my own chil- en and grandchildren have been trained to ush their teeth every morning and evening. ong with a proper diet, I believe this prac- e contributes importantly to good dental alth. Another rule which has been enforced my own family, and which I think is still sential if the child's teeth are to be safe- arded, is this: Make it a habit to visit the ntist at least once a year.

Many mothers make the mistake of neg- cting the small child's teeth, with the idea at the baby teeth will soon be replaced by rmanent ones anyway, so it doesn't matter cavities are permitted to develop. This is wrong notion. The condition of the baby, or deciduous, teeth is an important deter- mining factor in the condition of the per- manent teeth.

Ammoniated dentifrices and fluoride- treated water are all right as further precau- tions. But they cannot take the place of the right foods and the right care which build good, hard teeth from within.

If you use these new techniques—and I have no objection to them in themselves—please do so in addition to a proper diet regi- men and tooth care, backed by regular trips to the dentist. Otherwise, I fear, we shall find ourselves treating a symptom, and letting the underlying cause go unchecked.

NEWS ABOUT CHILDREN

By Irma Simonton Black

THE fact that a normal dose of vitamin A is good for a growing child does not im- ply that a double dose would be doubly good. Such well-intentioned but misguided logic may do serious harm. Dr. John Caffey (Pedi- atrics, Vol. 5, No. 3) describes the effects of vitamin-A poisoning—tender swellings on bones, pain, lack of appetite, hyperirritability. With such potent vitamins as the concen- trated fish oils, it is particularly important to measure the dosage accurately, and to follow directions carefully. The unaccountable ap- petite of some youngsters for the stuff is no reason to feed it to them indiscriminately, ei- ther. Few people are aware of the very real physical dangers involved in consistent ove dosing over a long period of time.

A comprehensive survey of recent studies of nail biting by Drs. Maury Massler and Anthony J. Malone (American Journal of Orthodontics, Vol. 36, No. 5) brings out the fact that it is one of the most common habits among children and young adults—including over 40 per cent of school children. Nail biting is likely to begin between the ages of 4 and 6, with another high point at puberty.

Simple occasional nail biting merely indi- cates some temporary internal tension and needs no treatment, say the authors. Constant nail biting is a symptom of more seri- ous difficulty. Much nail biting, they say, stems from condemned thumb sucking, and it is intensified by condemnation. Treatment should include the co-operation of the child, and should be aimed at reducing emotional stress and increasing his security. There is, incidentally, no evidence that nail biting af- fects the teeth in any way.

WHY CAN'T OUR MOTHERS BREAST-FEED?

(Continued from Page 43)

f the deaths that occurred in the group, 6.7 er cent were among the breast-fed, 27.2 per ent among the partially breast-fed, and 66.1 er cent among the artificially fed.

However, it is in the epidemics that occa- ionally sweep hospital nurseries, with hor- ifying cost in newborn lives, that the uperiority of mother's milk over formulas is roved most dramatically. The American ournal of Obstetrics and Gynecology reports hat in a diarrhea epidemic in an American ospital, 18 of the 25 bottle babies died. There were no deaths either among the 8 who were entirely breast-fed, or among the getting breast milk in addition to formulas.

The Lancet, Britain's leading medical ournal, states that in a diarrhea epidemic in large English hospital 10 out of the 30 babies on cow's milk died, as against 6 of the 51 breast-fed. While in an outbreak of gastro- enteritis in another English nursery 15 of the 18 artificially fed babies died, the breast- fed escaped entirely.

Yet the physical reasons for breast feed- ng, important as they are when the living or dying of a treasured infant is concerned, are outweighed by the psychological. For after all, most babies survive on bottle feedings, and do quite nicely too. But to what extent the bottle era has robbed mothers and babies alike of the tender, loving bond that should exist between them, it is impossible to esti- mate. Psychiatrists, concerned about the number of rejected, antagonistic children in our culture, have come to believe that suckling and contact with a warm, human skin is one of the baby's primary love needs. If this is denied where a mother is able to supply it, harmful frustrations are thought to result. Assuredly it is hard for any woman to reject a child she has suckled at her breast. Mothers who perform this function success- fully proclaim it one of the great joys of a woman's life. The mutual love it engenders helps to weather later strains.

"It is not our viewpoint that all babies who are breast-fed will grow up to be happy adults, or vice versa," say Drs. Samuel Stone and Harry Bakwin in the Journal of Pediatrics. "We do feel it is one step, and an important one, in establishing proper inter- relationships between mother and child, and in providing suitable outlets for the young baby's budding emotional needs."

It is for all these reasons that American pediatricians today as a body, joined by many obstetricians, general physicians and nurses, are working earnestly to bring breast feeding back. But the principal reason is to restore to women the essential motherliness that a number of leading psychiatrists feel we are in some danger of losing, as a people.

If you were to visit St. Mary's Hospital in Rochester, Minnesota, conducted under the auspices of the Mayo Clinic, or the Grace- New Haven Hospital, conducted by the Yale Medical School, you would find male pedia- tricians and obstetricians gravely showing new mothers how to hold and fondle their babies, the first step in successful breast feeding. You would find nurses employing every art to increase breast milk. To these people, the decline of breast feeding is not an academic question. It is a real and vital one, going to the root of our present jangled mother-child relationships.

Why can't our mothers breast-feed? A number of medical authorities are laying the major share of the blame squarely on the doorstep of their own profession.

Says Dr. Frank Howard Richardson in the lead article of a recent Journal of the Amer- ican Medical Association, "Most formidable of all obstacles to breast feeding is the indif- ference, and at times the actual opposition, of a large segment of the medical profession. Next comes the attitude of the personnel in so many institutions [hospitals], especially the nurses and supervisors, who naturally take their cue from those above them."

Doctors Stone and Bakwin, writing in the Journal of Pediatrics, state that in many hos- pitals breast feeding is actually discouraged,

Intimate talks leave us few friends.
—CHINESE PROVERB.

"because it interferes with the 'routine' of the nursery."

In the soul searching about breast feeding now going on, even childbirth anesthesia, long considered one of womankind's greatest boons, has come in for re-examination. This is not because the doctors concerned about breast feeding think women ought to suffer. It is because unconsciousness at the time of the baby's birth is believed by some author- ities to inhibit motherliness, and hence to interfere with a woman's natural desire to nurse her baby.

According to Dr. Helene Deutsch, a prom- inent psychoanalyst and author of the monu- mental Psychology of Women, genuine motherliness, as opposed to the dreams and fantasies of pregnancy, begins with the last moment of delivery. The very second the baby emerges into the world, the mother has an influx of ecstatic feelings about it.

But few women delivered in hospitals realize this first full ecstasy today. Says Doc- tor Deutsch, "In women who have been de- livered under narcosis, this reaction is post- poned and can never be as intense and gratifi- fying as when the child is immediately wel- comed after the birth task."

A much more serious deterrent to breast feeding, however, is the practice in many hospitals of starting bottles soon after the baby's birth. The purpose is to maintain the baby's weight through the first week. But Dr. Herman N. Bundesen, Chicago's world- famous health commissioner, tells us that the weight loss, which is normal and natural, usually takes place just the same, and the only result, as a rule, is to defeat breast feeding.

"The baby given bottles is not hungry, does not try to nurse vigorously, and hence the breast does not get the stimulation needed to keep up the milk supply," says Doctor Bundesen. "The milk secreted grad- ually diminishes. It is only a few weeks before the quantity is so small that the breast feed- ing is stopped entirely."

Most hospitals skip the 2 A.M. nursing, giving a bottle instead. This has an adverse effect on the mother's milk supply. During the day, babies are brought to the mothers according to hospital schedules, instead of according to the babies' own hunger pains. In all too few places are new mothers in- structed in the techniques of nursing, and helped to carry them out. Only natural nursers can produce copiously under so formidable an array of obstacles. The rest are told after a few days that they "haven't enough milk."

Anne Sylvester's case would seem to fall into the category of mothers defeated by doc- tors and hospitals. Says Dr. Frank Howard Richardson, "An unsolved medical mystery has always been the willingness of so many physicians to abandon breast feeding with- out a serious effort to conserve it."

But there's a lot of psychology mixed up in this too. Mental conflicts and emotional maladjustments to which women are prone in our culture, and to which Marynia Farn- ham called attention in Modern Woman: The Lost Sex, and Margaret Mead in Male and Female, are believed by some authorities to interfere with breast feeding.

Doctor Deutsch states that motherliness has three components: tenderness, specifi- cally colored activity—that is, activity cen- tered about the offspring—and altruism. This last is defined in maternal terms as "based on the fact that with regard to the child, the mother is completely selfless and willing to sacrifice everything, including her life."

Have American mothers lost the will to sacrifice for their children? For there is that computed 50 per cent of mothers who refuse

By Welsh
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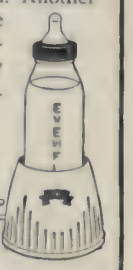
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to try to nurse their babies. Following are the reasons they give, as reported by a number of doctors and nurses:

1. Fear of impairing the figure. (Though the fact is that whether or not a woman nurses her baby has nothing to do with the return of shapely outlines. This is dependent upon weight control through proper diet, and support of the breasts by well-fitted bras during the entire period that they are enlarged.)

2. Revulsion against breast feeding as "an animal process."

3. Unwillingness to "give up my freedom."

In the past there has been a tendency on the part of many doctors to accept such objections. One obstetrician confessed to me, "When a mother doesn't want to nurse her baby, I tell her she is unable to, because of inferior milk or some such pretext. Otherwise if the baby were to get sick or to die, she might have guilt feelings."

But where doctors and hospitals have the courage to fight for their convictions, talk straightforwardly to the mothers and adjust hospital routines to the babies' welfare, all these various obstacles to breast feeding are being overcome. Explains Miss Kate Hyder, head obstetrical nurse at Grace-New Haven Hospital, "Intelligent mothers want to give their babies the best. What is needed is to make them realize that breast feeding is a big part of it and that accepting this respo sibility makes them better suited for moth hood and for life."

Hospitals where the nurses use all th skill and wisdom to help mothers nurse th babies are reporting success with anywh from 70 to 80 per cent. There are commu ties—Des Moines, Iowa, is one—wh breast feeding has become the style amo the younger social set, which in many pla disdains it. This is the result of long hamm ing by leading doctors and hospitals. "Su cessful breast feeding is a matter of son body's paying attention," says Dr. Herm N. Bundesen.

Probably the most complete program i bringing back motherliness in all its phas is that of the Grace-New Haven Hospit under the direction of the Yale Obstetric Department.

The mothers who plan to be delivered he are indoctrinated in breast feeding first, by pediatrician they meet when they regist at the clinic. (Fathers, too, are included the prenatal courses, allowed in the lab room, and invited to watch their babies nurs privileges denied in many hospitals. Grac New Haven believes these things foster fathe liness and thus contribute to a mother's pea of mind and happiness in her role.)

Next, the expectant mothers are train for childbirth through exercises, and throu

BRINGING UP PARENTS

DR. BARBARA BIBER, Consultant
Child Psychologist, Bank Street Schools, New York

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD asks, "How much is eighteen elevens and twenty tens?" Parents are constantly faced with such questions. The *form* of the question makes sense, but the *content* is obviously beyond the comprehension of the child. Why, then, does he ask the question? It may be that he is trying to compete with an older child; or he is trying to keep a contact with a grownup; or he is playfully elaborating something he does understand, like two ones and two twos. How should we answer the child's question? First of all, we should try to sense the motive behind it—just as we do with all behavior. Rejecting the question entirely by saying that it is "silly" or that the child is "too young to know" is the same as rejecting the child. It's better to go along with the *form* of the question and switch the child to something he can understand. For example, you might say, "That's a hard question—but I can tell you what three and three is." Such an answer helps his self-respect, maintains his contact with you, and aids his learning.



"Don't bother to finish it, daddy—I just wanted to see you fill your fountain pen."

information about the birth mechanism. This robs the process of much of its terrors and makes it possible to cut down the use of anesthetics at delivery. It should be noted that anesthetics are never withheld, and are given if the patient wishes them. But out of the first 1100 women delivered at the Yale Clinic under this program, 948 were fully conscious when their babies were born, 25 per cent dispensed with anesthetics altogether. This was by the mothers' own wish. Their reward—the ecstatic thrill of welcoming their infants into the world, with its attendant outpouring of motherliness.

A rest period follows the baby's birth. Then the whole obstetrical department swings into a carefully worked out program for helping each mother get well started on breast feeding. "We do *anything* to get our mothers through that important first week," says Miss Hyder.

No bottles are given in the nursery unless the doctors feel they are absolutely necessary. Instead, babies clamoring for food are brought in to their mothers at regular intervals, including the 2 A.M. one when in so many hospitals a bottle is given. On the sixth and seventh days, when there is usually a hunger spurt, the baby may be brought in every two hours.

The regular stimulation of a really hungry infant, tugging ravenously at the breast, is all many women need to start their milk flowing freely. Glen Cove Memorial Hospital on Long Island sent its breast-feeding record up merely by taking the babies to the mothers for every feeding, including the 2 A.M. But Grace-New Haven does not stop with this.

The nurses stay with the new mothers until they are sure that suckling is proceeding satisfactorily. They show how to get the nipple into the baby's mouth, and how to extract it without damage by gently forcing the baby's jaws apart. Further to protect the nipple—for sore nipples are another important cause of failure—nursing at first is permitted for only five minutes on each side.

"We watch those nipples like hawks," says Miss Hyder, "and work with the mother to keep them from getting sore. If they do become sore, we stop the nursing temporarily and express the milk. That keeps it flowing until the nipples heal."

The mothers also are taught how to express the remaining milk when the baby does not empty the breasts, another expedient for keeping the milk glands working.

The period of leaving the baby with the mother is gradually extended. She is taught how to hold it in all positions, and how to sit and rock it. For nursing, however, a semi-reclining position is preferred at Grace-New Haven.

Meanwhile, every possible psychological aid is given. Dr. Herbert Thoms, head of the Yale Obstetrical Department, believes that a main reason for refusal to try breast feeding is a secret fear of failing. Given confidence and encouragement, most mothers will do their best, he finds. If there is a mental conflict or emotional block that interferes, doctors and nurses "talk it out" with the mother, and often are able to help.

UNDER this system, by the end of the vital first week most mothers are well launched on breast feeding. The usual experience is that the milk supply increases gradually thereafter, and by the end of six weeks is firmly established. The mother who takes plenty of rest, follows her doctor's dietary suggestions and is willing to dedicate six months to giving her baby the best possible start, has little trouble in keeping it going.

Doctor Thoms thinks that the trend is changing, and in a healthy way. "Young women today want babies—one of the few realities of life in this uncertain age. I believe that a group of what you might call professional mothers is developing; that is, mothers who put their babies and children first in their lives, instead of second to other interests. I think they're wonderful!"

It has been thoroughly proved that when doctors and hospitals devotedly help mothers to nurse their babies, instead of defeating them in the beginning with formulas and sacrosanct routines, the great majority of women are successful. The number of doctors and hospitals who pay attention to breast feeding is growing. There is justification for feeling that in the future fewer mothers will be cheated, as Anne Sylvester was, of an anticipated joy and privilege.

Helps for Successful Breast Feeding

The average hospital today is crowded and understaffed. Nevertheless, mothers tactful in their approach in most cases can secure the small extra attention needed to accomplish breast feeding. The following measures are helpful:

1. Prepare the nipples during pregnancy. Clean gently every day with soap and warm water, then dash cold water on them to toughen. Brushing them gently daily with a camel's-hair brush is believed by some doctors to encourage the growth of epithelium, which protects the tenderer tissue.

2. If you plan to have a pediatrician for your baby, engage him before the baby is born and ask him to take over the supervision of the baby in the nursery, with special regard to breast feeding. If your obstetrician will care for the baby as well, tell him you want very much to nurse your baby, and ask him to order no bottles unless they are absolutely needed.

3. The first few times the nurse brings your baby to you, ask her to help you get started with nursing—show you how to draw out an inverted nipple, if you have one; how to insert it into the baby's mouth, getting all of it in, including the brown circle at the base; how to stimulate the baby's interest by softly stroking its cheek; how to disengage the nipple by gently pressing baby's jaws open.

4. Be careful not to nurse more than five minutes on each side for the first few days. Extend the period gradually thereafter. If the nipples begin to be sore, report this immediately to nurse or doctor. If nipples become too painful or cracked, ask to be shown how to express the milk from the breast yourself, while they heal. This milk may then be fed to the baby, and expressing the milk will keep the milk glands working.

5. Don't worry at failure in the beginning. The first fluid that comes is not milk, but colostrum. The hungrier the baby gets, the harder it will try. Regard these first experiences as a practice period, against the time when the milk comes in on the fourth or fifth day.

6. Be sure the breasts are emptied at each feeding. If the baby does not do this, express the milk yourself. Milk remaining in the breasts interferes with producing more.

7. Don't worry if your baby loses weight. An infant strong and well nourished at birth can lose a pound and even more under some circumstances, without giving cause for anxiety. Doctors now are satisfied if birth weight is regained by the end of three weeks. The doctor will be watching, and will start complementary feedings if they are necessary. A serene, untroubled mind is one of the first requisites for successful nursing.

8. Ask to have your baby brought to you for the 2 A.M. feeding.

9. When you get home, do nothing at first except to care for your baby—overdoing cuts down milk. Feed your baby when it seems to be hungry, without regard to the clock. Babies may go to sleep at the breast, then wake and cry shortly after, hunting around as though for food. It is proper to put the baby to the breast again—perhaps it had not finished. In these early days, give the baby the benefit of every doubt.

10. Follow the same diet regimen your doctor gave you during pregnancy—plenty of meat, eggs, vegetables and fruit—and drink lots of fluid, including a quart of milk a day. (It may be skim milk for those who must watch weight.) If your milk declines, consult your doctor and also cut down your activity. In low periods of milk production, some mothers find that beer is helpful, perhaps for its relaxing effect.

11. Don't give up! The great majority of mothers fail because they become discouraged too soon. Keep in close touch with your doctor; don't hesitate to ask his help with this important phase of your baby's well-being.

THE END



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TELL ME DOCTOR

(Continued from Page 31)

the bladder attachments. Now, about your breasts?"

"We-ell, they seem to feel heavier I've had to get a bigger and more substantial brassière."

"Suppose you let me see them. . . . Ah, yes, I imagine they are larger than when I examined you last. Yes, and here you can see a slight ring of pigmentation around the nipple. There'll be more there later, as well as some in other parts of the body—the middle line of the lower abdomen, in particular, and possibly even some on the face. And here you can see about a dozen follicles, like exaggerated goose flesh, in the pigmented area. Now, I will take this breast and press from the outside border toward the nipple, gently but firmly. So. There, you see a tiny drop of colorless serum exudes from the nipple."

"Is that a sign of pregnancy?"

"It could be. At least it's significant, I'd say. Now I'm going to have you put on the examining table, in order to make an internal examination. . . . Yes, there are definite changes here," the doctor continued. "The neck of the womb is soft, and the uterine body is larger and softer."

"What do you mean by *soft*, Doctor?"

"Touch your finger to the tip of your nose. You will find that that has just about the degree of hardness of a normal, unpregnant cervix. Now touch it to your lip. Note the difference? That just about indicates the degree of change that has taken place."

"It's pretty soft, isn't it?"

"The cervix isn't the softest part, however. The greatest change has taken place where the neck of the womb joins the body. It is so soft here that my examining fingers scarcely have the tactile sense to feel anything at all. That is considered a very significant sign. Yes, and here is something else. The lining of the vaginal canal is distinctly purplish in color, rather than the normal pink."

To know how to be silent is more difficult, and more profitable, than to know how to speak. —FÉE.

"Then there's no doubt about my being pregnant?"

"I couldn't go so far as to say that. These symptoms I have pointed out are only the early, so-called *presumptive signs* of pregnancy. Personally, I am entirely satisfied that you are pregnant—two and a half months, I would estimate. I couldn't go before a court of law and swear to that as a fact, however. There are other conditions besides pregnancy which could conceivably produce any one—or every one—of these symptoms. Certain types of inflammation, or certain tumor formations, for instance."

"But there is a way you could tell *positively*, isn't there?"

"If you're thinking of the A-Z test, you're right. It is one early finding that I believe is accepted as positive, even in a court of law. It derives its name from the two physicians who discovered it, Doctors Aschheim and Zondek. It is more commonly known as the *rabbit test*."

"Could I have it done?"

"Certainly you could, if it's worth the trouble and expense to you. You realize that a little more time will establish our diagnosis beyond any possibility of doubt, don't you?"

"YES, but I'd like to know for certain right now. How do we go about obtaining this rabbit test?"

"Well, it depends upon the fact that there are present in the blood of every pregnant woman certain hormones that are created by her pregnant condition. A person's blood is being pumped constantly through the kidneys for the purpose of separating out certain waste materials, among which are found excessive quantities of these hormones. Therefore it is a fact that these specific hormones will be found in the urine of any woman who is pregnant.

"For the A-Z test we take a small amount of urine and inject it with a hypodermic needle into the blood stream of a virgin rabbit—there's a nice little vein in the animal's ear which is easy to enter. We wait forty-eight hours and then kill the rabbit, open her abdomen and examine her ovaries. If there was no pregnancy hormone in the urine which we injected, nothing unusual will be apparent and the test is negative. If the hormone was present, however, it will be noted that it has so profoundly stimulated the ovarian tissue of that little rabbit as to cause small hemorrhages. They appear as little black spots that always look to me like tiny globules of caviar."

"And that's a *positive* test, Doctor?"

"YES, and you can rely upon it if it is positive. If negative, I'm not so sure. I've known a number of outstanding errors on the negative side. I think it makes a lot of difference who does the injecting and the autopsy on the rabbits. And rabbits are expensive, these days. The test can be done on mice or rats also, however."

"I think I'd like it done, Doctor."

"All right, we'll go right ahead with it tomorrow."

"Why not today?"

"Because I want a morning specimen of urine. You must be very careful about taking it too—have a very clean bottle, preferably a new one. A slight contamination with medication might kill the rabbit."

"The poor thing! I wouldn't want to do that."

"But she has to die anyhow."

"I forgot that. Couldn't you use a rat?"

"You'd better leave that to me."

"Of course."

"They do a similar test using a female giant African frog. The injection stimulates her ovaries to extrude ova within a very short time, and she doesn't have to be killed to read the result—in fact, she can be used over and over again for the same purpose."

"I should think that would be the best way."

"It is—at least, it's the quickest. The only handicap is that these frogs are hard to get and a nuisance to keep. So we usually rely on rabbits."

"I wish you'd tell me what other positive signs there are, the ones which come later, I mean."

"I will, gladly. The *positive* signs of pregnancy are the presence of life, as denoted by fetal movements and a fetal heart, and verification by X ray."

"About how soon should I notice life, Doctor? Oh, you've already told me—about the eighteenth week."

"That's right, provided your senses are very acute, as I believe they will be," the doctor told her. "Call it the twentieth week. I would likely be able to hear a fetal heart by the eighteenth, I imagine. I would also be able to hear fetal movements about that time, as well as the *souffle* or swish of the blood being pumped out of the afterbirth into the cord."

"Could you? Just imagine all that going on inside me. How soon could you take an X-ray picture of my baby?"

"At about the time you notice life—say four and a half months of pregnancy."

"I'd like that too. What a thought—having a picture of one's baby before it was born! I'm *so* interested in all this."

"I see that you are and I approve of it."

"*Now* what do we do, Doctor?"

"For the present you'll be coming here once a month, and more often later on. However, don't forget that you are coming in tomorrow with that urine for the A-Z. I'll finish your examination then—and there are still a number of points to check, as well as some instructions I have to give you. You see, I am going ahead on the predication that you are pregnant."

(To Be Continued)

ROOM IN THE INN

(Continued from Page 35)

we came at last to the immense Christmas tree, surely bigger every year than the last.

When everybody was there the party began. Games and music and surprises followed one another at Mrs. Tamplin's imperious and kind command until the hour grew late. Then we heard the tinkling of bells and Mrs. Tamplin held up her finger.

"Hush—Santa's come!"

And there he was, miraculously behind the tree exactly as though he had come down the chimney, fat, red-cheeked, clothed in scarlet and sprinkled with snow, and his pack as big as himself. We knew, of course, he was really good, stout Mr. Tamplin, but we wouldn't believe it. And what toys came out of the pack: beautiful expensive things our parents could not buy for us, wonderful dolls and paintboxes and engines and books, toys we had never heard of and certainly never dreamed of possessing! And after that, the wonderful cakes and candies and ices which Santa insisted must all be eaten up! Dear Mrs. Tamplin, wherever you are lying now, your soul is in heaven forever because once you made heaven come true for little alien children growing up in a foreign land.

Our own Big Party is a modest affair in comparison, held in the barn and without any luxury at all. But the same joy attends. We begin inviting people the day after Thanksgiving and go on inviting until the last minute. The barn is a place for rough play, but we dress it up with pine boughs touched with a silvered brush, and we go into our own woods and cut a big pine tree to stand beside the fireplace. The children hang the bright balls and tinsel and the lights, and between the great beams we hang the mistletoe. We heap red apples in a wooden trough and pile the fireplace with logs, and wait for our guests at dusk. By some Christmas magic it almost always snows that night and our guests arrive red-cheeked and powdered with snowflakes.

THE Big Party is a reckless affair. Everybody has invited everybody and we never know or even try to know how many people are coming. People begin to gather upon the hour and they stay late. Babies who cannot last out the evening—for everybody brings the babies—can sleep on cushions on the floor. The fun begins when there is a crowd. It always used to be marionettes when our children were little, but now they feel too grown up for the miniature plays. Sometimes we have a full-size play, put on by the high-school children; sometimes we invite guests from abroad to entertain us; and perhaps there is a motion picture and certainly there is music. The formal entertainment must not last too long. When it is over we have the first installment of food—chicken sandwiches, homemade cake and cookies, nuts and punch and coffee—and then the dancers take the middle of the floor and everybody else sits in a circle around to watch.

THE floor was made for roller skating on rainy winter days and for basketball and volleyball or just ordinary roughhousing. On this night of The Big Party, though, we have polished it up for dancing. The band plays more and more frantically as the night goes on, and young people tend to forget that parents sit in the circle. In the corners of the big barn, behind the backs of parents, small fry entertain themselves happily with wrestling and roughhousing, and the babies sleep peacefully on.

It has to end sometime. The band remembers that it is long past midnight, mountains of sandwiches have sunk down and the punch bowls are low. Outside, the snow is piling deep. Sleepy babies are lifted from their pillows and small children sticky with lollipops are forced into warm coats and only the young men and women linger. Yet even they must part, for tomorrow is here and it is already Christmas Eve. The hubbub dies down and finally only the family is left. We put out the lights and cross the snowy lawn, and once more The Big Party takes its place in tradition and in memory.

Most of the year our house is a quiet place, though we have many children and grandchildren, and they have many playmates and schoolfellows. We live in the country in the middle of land enough so that we hear no noise except from an occasional airplane, soaring near the sun. Woods divide us from the distant road, and it is not a noisy road at that. The house is sprawling enough to provide everyone with his own room, and the television, against which the elders are still rebellious, is relegated to a small tuck-away place in the ell under the big walnut tree. The

Back views, sizes and prices of Vogue Patterns on Pages 52 & 53

Vogue Design No. 7168. Weskit or blouse; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 50c.
Vogue Design No. 7225. "Easy-to-Make" blouse; 12 to 18, 30 to 36. 50c.
Vogue Design No. 6231. Skirt; 24 to 32 waist. 50c.
Vogue Design No. 7223. Blouse; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 50c.
Vogue Design No. 6440. Skirt; 24 to 32 waist. 40c.
Vogue Design No. 6822. Slacks; 24 to 32 waist. 50c.
Vogue Design No. 6910. "Easy-to-Make" skirt; 24 to 32 waist. 50c.
Vogue Design No. 7082. "Easy-to-Make" blouse; 12 to 20, 30 to 38. 50c.
Vogue Design No. 6914. Cape stole; sizes Small (30–32), Medium (34–36), Large (38–40). 60c.
Vogue Design No. 7101. "Easy-to-Make" one-piece dress; 12 to 20, 30 to 38 bust. 60c.
Vogue Design No. 7102. "Easy-to-Make" aprons. Waist sizes Small (22–24), Medium (26–28), Large (30–32). 40c.





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barn is the place for noisy games and the record player. There is no law against laughter and children's voices anywhere, and these are loudest at croquet and tennis or in the small swimming pool. The baseball field is beyond the barn and the 4-H teams from neighboring villages make merry there without disturbing the peace of the house.

In winter the outdoor silence deepens. The barn may be full of noise on a Saturday, but the windows are shut against the cold. In the house itself, except at evening, everybody pursues his own interest. The library chairs are draped with lanky legs and tousled heads. Somebody is making cookies in the kitchen. An artist works at his desk in his own room. Even the visiting babies busy themselves with the toy cabinet in the living room, maintained especially for them. We meet and share meals or games, but we are a busy family, with many interests, some shared, some solitary, all engrossing. I am sometimes surprised, myself, in the midst of my work at my desk, to listen and hear not a sound. I get up and go out in search of children and find them absorbed with pets or play or books or music or gardening. One tall boy is always to be found at the dairy barn, another is likely to be in the play barn with the records. A young daughter has a couple of the babies in tow. Even when there is no school, everybody is busy at something he wants to do.

As Christmas comes near, everything changes. We believe in Christmas, every one of us. We cherish every custom of world and family. Ever since our present teen-agers had their first winter, we have done exactly the same things every Christmas, and yet each year we have always added something new. For us Christmas is far more than a day or two. It begins weeks ahead, privately even before that. But we have agreed not to let it emerge full-fledged until the day after Thanksgiving.

To be fair, we decided years ago that we must give Thanksgiving Day its due as a day especially for America, our own country, and we devote ourselves to the day heartily enough. Grown-up children bring their little children, and together we sit down to a table stretched to its limit and beyond, so that we have to add the Pembroke at one end. The turkey raised upon our farm makes his appearance, inferior only infinitesimally to his brother, whom we are saving for Christmas, and mince pies take his place in the oven. A family football game follows dinner; for being country folk, we dine at midday and sup at night.

. . . Whenever I think of it, I realize again that Christmas in our house really began decades ago in that far-off other land of mine in China. We seldom thought or spoke of being American and we did not feel solitary. I especially did not feel so, because then I had known no other country and had no other people. Only at Christmas did I feel, through my parents, the reality of my own land across the sea and another people, unseen and yet also mine. The rest of the year I came and went among the Chinese farm families who lived at the foot of the low hill upon which our house was built, played happily with little Chinese girls, and always spoke Chinese except to my parents.

At Christmas there was a difference even beyond the party at Mrs. Tamplin's house. My Chinese playmates knew nothing about Christmas except that it was a foreign festival. They were polite and accepted small gifts of love which we made to them, but still they did not know what Christmas was. True, the people in my father's church celebrated in their courteous fashion the birth of an unknown god-man some two thousand years ago. Rather awkwardly they added this day to the other good days in the year. The Christmas story was not entirely strange to them, for Chinese history is full of god-men, born of virgin mothers who, performing their daily duties in home or field or by the clothes-washing pond, were visited in solitary moments by a god. Their sons, thus conceived, were always men of genius and valor and righteousness with all the power that flows from that invincible combination.

True, we Americans thought our God-man was different and even better. My father taught us so. In spite of all, the god-men of the Chinese were, he said, heathen, and not the beloved and only begotten Son, Who bore upon Himself the sins of the world. It was a long time before I understood that god-men always bear upon themselves the sins of the world. It was Confucius who said, five hundred years before Jesus was born, "The inferior man blames others, but the superior man ever blames himself." Here in my American home, I have brought my children up on that profound truth until now when I begin to speak it they join in and chant it with me. I suppose they grow weary of it. I used to grow weary of the precepts of my own youth, yet I have remembered them.

It is strange how at Christmastime the old memories of life now gone come flooding back to me. It is more than a life gone—it is a world gone. The world we live in this Christmas is not like any other we have ever known. How many mothers and fathers weep, as we do in our hearts, when we watch our tall boys reaching up the Christmas tree to hang the tinsel and the silver balls! Another Christmas and where will they be? What is this world which we have made where the young can no longer count upon their future? God forgive us all, how have we let it come to this?

. . . Yes, the children trim the Christmas tree now. We parents used to do it, waiting until night and the last excited child was in bed, and then, shutting all doors, we wrought in secret, as all parents do on Christmas Eve, the eternal magic of Christmas morning. Long past midnight we worked, once until nearly dawn when four scooters bought and hidden away weeks before turned out to be not ready to ride, as we had supposed, but knocked down and to be assembled. We assembled them somehow and they stood scarlet bright beneath the tree before we slept. That last moment, when the tree is finished, and we stand to see what we have made, each year more beautiful to us, is a sacred one, consecrating a new love and home. We feel the house alive in every stone and beam and threshold.

The Christmas tree itself is an object sacred in every home. Even in China we always had a tree, a tree of some sort, sometimes a bamboo when pines were lacking. A bamboo makes a delicate, fairy sort of Christmas tree. Its slender branches will not bear much weight. They do not break, but they bend low under the smallest gifts. The leaves, too, curl very soon, and turn a silver gray. But the skeleton is beautiful, the branches symmetrical and the jointed trunk is strong. One thing America has given to China, as Germany gave it to America, is the Christmas tree. There are many Chinese children who love the brightly lighted tree as well as American children do, and in many homes, even where the Birthday is not known, the tree is placed, surrounded with sweets and colored fruits.

Every year my parents raised the tree in our little church on a Chinese street and invited the people to come in. That was pleasant enough and there was a plenty of peanuts and candy and oranges for the children. But for me the heart of Christmas was not there. It was always in our own home, on Christmas morning, with no one but our small family gathered about our little tree. The gifts were few and it did not take long to see them all. But we lingered and then the talk began about America, the country I did not know, but to which I belonged. It was on Christmas morning that I knew my parents could be sick with longing for their own country and their own kind. I did not suspect it at other times, when they were busy and often gay. But on Christmas the glow of the tree shed its light across the sea, and in that glory I saw the beloved land and the people who were my own. It was a magic land and of course it did not really exist. There never exists such a land as the exile remembers on Christmas morning. It is dream country, and its citizens are angels. I am here now, in the land of my ancestors, and yet on Christmas mornings even yet, especially when the snow falls over our rolling countryside and we wake to a white Christmas, I am homesick for the magic land I used to think America was, a land where all is peace and men are truly brothers. Surely sometime? O Christmas, come, when our tall sons need not face the darkening future and life cut off! O Christ Child, show us that such things need not be! We are so skilled in war, so fumbling in the ways of making peace. We choose the easy way, and for this we shall not be forgiven. Of those to whom much is given, much is expected. At Christmastime I know again what I have always known. In the midst of joy, in the safety of our home, among our living children, I feel the anger of the world descend upon us, who have been given much, and yet have not found the ways of peace. The old wise words come back to me again, "The inferior man blames others, but the superior man ever blames himself."

I blame myself, my own, and the bitter taste of a Christmas long gone comes back again into my mouth, a year when I was only twelve.

. . . We lived then in a part of China where the land was rich, and near a great and thriving city at the crossroads of the Yangtze River and the Grand Canal. Because of our plenty, there came from time to time into our region hordes of famine-stricken people from the north, where the Yellow River often overflowed its banks, as it has done again this year. That year the people came south a few weeks before Christmas. Thousands and tens of thousands swelled into hundreds of thousands. They built miserable huts, no larger than coffins, for winter shelter and they begged in swarms upon the streets and they poured through the city gates into the fertile valleys outside the walls and begged at farmhouse doors. Our house, like every other, was surrounded by a protecting wall, and front and back there were the stout gates, usually left unlocked in the daytime though always barred at night. Now we had to keep them barred by day as well, for though my parents worked night and day with the relief forces in the city, with the Buddhists and the Taoists and the Catholics and the other Protestants, and all such good people, to relieve the starvation that killed many hundreds every day, it was not enough. The people had waited too long. They had clung too desperately to their land and only when the

(Continued on Page 199)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Winter Evening

By Eleanor Alletta Chaffee

Quiet a moment, with the storybook
Upon his knees, he lifts a shining face.
His eyes are brimmed with dreams, and he must look
More closely to discern the darkening space
Between him and the night.
O traveler, wait;
Turn not the page, but let the dragon lie
Unwakened in his cave: the hour is late
And Mars is red against a lowering sky.

Let sleep round out the story, and no sound
Of outward strife knit real to the unreal.
The knight, victorious, with the laurel crowned,
Wears at his side the sharp and conquering steel.
May all you learn of war be written here
Where virtue triumphs and the end is clear!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



Rosalind thought her face was clean



...until *she took the "tissue test"!*

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We handed her a tissue to take it off.

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penetrates deeper because it contains ***Penaten***



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(Continued from Page 196)

children were dying did they set out on foot for the south. We forgot Christmas that year and all its plans and hopes. I saw my mother working all day at great caldrons of rice, and at night she and my father put on ragged Chinese garments and went out among the huts to put a silver dollar into each doorway, hiding their faces so that none would know they were Americans, lest in their despair the hordes of starving break into our gates and destroy us by day. We scarcely slept and we ate the same food we prepared for the hungry.

Yet every morning the dead were lifted from our gates as they were lifted from every gate every day. They came to beg, to beat upon the locked gate with their last strength and then to die there. We dared not open to them, no one dared to open the gate of a house, for the starving would fall upon the house as locusts fall upon a field of wheat. I have tried sometimes to tell Americans how human beings behave when they are starved, but I cannot get them to understand. One has to see to know. And bitter above all is the needlessness of such suffering. China never starves entire. She has riches of food. But she has never in modern times had a government which carries food from one place to another for the people. When will we learn that there need be no starving anywhere in the world? In one country food is thrown away, in another the people die, today, as then. May we be forgiven for not seeking out the ways of peace!

That Christmas when I was twelve the blessed day drew near in spite of the agony of the people. A week before Christmas, I remember, I asked my mother, "Shall we not have the Tree this year?"

My mother was exhausted and she did not look up. She stood beside the big earthen stove in the outside kitchen where the caldrons were steaming with hot rice gruel.

"What tree?" she asked. Her eyes were blank.

I could not answer. It was the final proof of the frightfulness of the days. My mother had forgotten Christmas.

I went away and wept. Never again was the world the same. I had seen suffering and it had changed life for me. I understood from that day, I think, that suffering and starvation anywhere in the world affect everybody upon the earth. Sooner or later, and I pray not too late, we shall all know it.

I said no more about Christmas, I remember. Instead I plunged into helping my parents with all my twelve-year-old strength. Our utmost could not meet the dreadful need, but we did what we could.

On Christmas Eve my mother remembered and said, "You see, children, that we cannot have Christmas this year. Instead of the nice things we usually eat, we must share the food of the poor, and instead of gifts to each other we will give what we have to buy more rice."

So there was no tree that year, no gifts, no Christmas feast. Christmas Day was spent like the other days before and after it, and yet it was a day different, too, from any of them. Among the starving who lay at our gates a little baby was born. As it was with that other Child of Bethlehem Whose mother "laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn," my mother took the young woman into our gate and the baby was born in our house. The baby was dead a few minutes after he was born. Neither did the young mother live. Where the father was we did not know. We did not know their names. We buried them in the Christian cemetery, nameless, and the dust of these two, the unknown mother and child, lay mingled with the dust of Christians. Somehow that gave comfort to my mother for she had wept terribly when the baby died. He was just a little handful of bones. There was nothing with which to begin life.

"One simply cannot think of such things," people have said sometimes when I have tried to tell this story. But I have not learned how not to think of them. I cannot forget. Today in my own country, at this Christmas time of joy and wonder, I think of them. For the mother and child were not beggars. They were not thieves or wastrels. They were simply people who had nowhere to lay their heads. While others ate they starved, through no fault of their own. They could have been fed, and all like them can be fed. The earth has riches of food not yet tapped and the sea has untouched stores. We have never really tried to feed the hungry.

Now, every Christmas at the hour when the tree is trimmed and the children are asleep, when our house stands waiting and at peace, I remember the mother and the child and I dedicate myself anew. They are not dead but living, alive in the haunted and hungry peoples of the earth, who die upon the doorsteps.

I have told our children about the mother and child. In a way the story has become part of the Christmas spirit in our house, so that Christmas here has become more than a festival of merriment. It has become, too, a time of sacrament, a remembrance of things yet to be done.

. . . I suppose that it was the nameless mother and child who made us receive, one Christmastime, two little children who had no home, for whom in this vast and beautiful country of ours there was no room in the inn. From time to time, during the fifteen years I have lived in this farmhouse which more than any other spot in the world has become for me my home, I have received letters from unknown persons asking me to find somehow a place for a certain little homeless child. There is always the same reason why no home has been found and they appeal to me as a last resort, "hoping,"

If you say "There is no God" I can only ask how a speck of a mortal, living for a moment on an atom of an earth in plain sight of an infinite universe full of beauty, wonder and design, can confidently hold so improbable a view.

—DR. CHARLES W. ELIOT:
Charles W. Eliot, Volume II,
by Henry James
(Houghton Mifflin Company).

the letter always reads, "that you can perhaps find some Asian family who might be willing to adopt the child."

This means that the child has the blood of Asia in him. But it is not pure blood. It is half American. Before he was conceived, somewhere a young man and a young woman met and mingled their blood, through love which knows neither East nor West, and then there was born the child, and both East and West reject him.

"We do not want to adopt a child with any white blood in him," a Negro woman whose husband is Chinese once wrote me. "The white blood always predominates."

"We do not want any child with Asian blood," the white woman writes. "Oriental blood always predominates."

The predominating blood, I have learned, always means the blood that bears the weight of prejudice, the color that is despised. And so the little child that is not wanted at the inn is homeless among the millions of homes in the world, the millions of families who close the door.

I think what happened in our house began on that earlier Christmas of the mother and child who died in China. At any rate, one particular letter came to us one Christmas season telling of a child whose father was Asian and whose mother was American a little boy only fifteen months old, with brown skin and great black eyes and curling black hair.

We had thought our family was finished. Our children were growing up and our house was full, or so we thought. I know now that the house is never as full as one thinks.

I read the letter aloud to the children. It said quite clearly that unless we could find an adoptive home for the child, he would be put in a Negro orphanage. Now an orphanage is bad enough, but a Negro orphanage is worst of all for a little boy who is not a Negro. For me all human creatures are valuable alike and a black skin, a brown, a white are the same in beauty. But there is a curse here in our land, a shameful prejudice against some, and our little boy, because of his lovely gold-brown skin, might be forced, if he were thought a Negro, to grow up under that burden of prejudice which no child should have to bear, and certainly not a little boy who is not a Negro at all. He was, the letter said, a child of unusual heritage and intelligence, else they would not have bothered to write to me.

"What shall we do?" I asked the children.

They answered with silence and thoughtful eyes.

"What shall we do?" I asked the father of the family.

"It doesn't seem right to let him go to that orphanage," he said.

The house was already full of Christmas. We had cut the Christmas trees ourselves from little trees planted years ago, one big tree for the barn party and a slender and graceful one for the house where the ceilings are low. Under the beds and in closets there were the piles of Christmas presents ready and wrapped. On the dining-room mantel the holly made a background for the little straw angels and reindeer and Santa Claus in his sleigh that we had once brought home from Sweden when the children were babies. The four-colored paper birds hung swinging below from the beams, and straw-and-tinsel stars shone there, all made by farm folk in Sweden for their own homes at Christmas.

We hurried home from Sweden that earlier year to get back in time for Christmas. We were not travelers when the children were small, believing that parents belong at home, but we were once compelled to make one hasty journey across the Atlantic. During the brief busy days in Stockholm we took time to buy gifts for everybody and especially we bought the little straw angels and Santa in his sleigh with his reindeer, and yes, some straw pigs to trot behind the angels on the mantel, and the straw-and-tinsel stars. They have become part of our American Christmas now.

. . . Could we take another child? . . . We had cut the holly from our own holly trees and at the big front door the huge wreath with the red ribbon hung from the brass knocker. The wreaths are always hung at all the windows the day before The Big Party, so that the lights shine through them to welcome our guests. The red candles were in the silver candlesticks and the turkey was stuffed and the plum pudding made and the Christmas music waiting to be sung and sung again.

We begin singing Christmas carols after Thanksgiving. Someone hums a tune, there is a catch of music from upstairs, and, listening, I hear O Little Town of Bethlehem. The music swells as the days pass and long before Christmas we gather at the piano at night before we go to bed and we sing the Christmas songs. Long ago in China I had learned to love Christmas carols sung under our windows by Chinese schoolboys, the children of those who had forsaken their own gods to follow the God-man of other lands and white-faced strangers. I first heard O Little Town of Bethlehem in Chinese, and from Chinese children the song rose out of the night, "Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus, there is room in my heart for Thee." That made Christmas belong to everybody in the world.

. . . "We must do whatever we think right," the father of the family said. Our smallest child, a blue-eyed, brown-haired daughter, crept into my room one night. "Mother, we will have to take that baby or I won't have a good time this Christmas," she said.

So with the approval of all I wrote the letter that brought him to us, a tiny dark child in the middle of the night, given to us by kindly strangers who went away again and left him, a little silent bundle of woe, his eyes enormous, and he sucking desperately on a small thumb that seemed permanent in his mouth. I took off his coat and cap and held him close for a long time. He did not cry or speak. He was like a little animal, stricken to stone with fear. I have seen a

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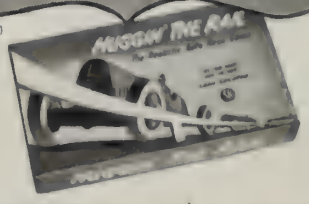
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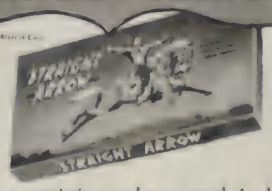

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baby rabbit stop like that in the field when the dogs came by.

I carried him upstairs and we undressed him and washed him and put him into the crib we had brought down from the attic, and laid him there. Still there was not a word and still the thumb was in the mouth and great dark eyes stared at one face and then another. One by one the family went to bed and I sat there alone with the baby. I let the light burn low so that there would not be darkness and so that he might see me, and I sang a little to him now and again. Once or twice he began to sob softly, and then he put out his other hand, the one he could spare, and I took it and held it and after a long time he slept. Some of the pain of that Chinese mother and child, now so long dust, was taken away from me that night.

The baby is a little boy now, his fears are gone, and he is happy and hearty. Life will not be easy for him and he will have to be strong enough to meet in other ways the burden which he escaped when he did not go to the Negro orphanage. But perhaps the world will be better by the time he grows up. It must be better, or we shall destroy one another with hate before that day.

Once the door opens, it is never closed again, of course. That is true of hearts as well as houses. The very same Christmas season a baby was born in a hospital not far from our house, and again he was one of those who belong to both sides of the world, his father Asian, his mother American. We did not hesitate this time. We sent for him at once and he was given to us because there was no place for him to go. We even had to send clothes for him, for he had none of his own, just the cotton shirt that hospital babies wear. It was fun to buy a layette again, and to have a tiny baby in the house who looked at me with Chinese eyes. I realized suddenly that, happy as I had been, I had missed my other people, too, and I was glad to have my Chinese-American baby. Today he runs everywhere, and talks incessantly, a child of gaiety and darting mischief, daring everything and fearing nothing.

Man does not need much, but he cannot do without love and the constancy of those he has chosen and who are pledged to him. —GOETHE.

Our new babies stayed in our house for three and a half months while we planned how to keep them always. Had we been younger, my husband and I, we would have become their adoptive parents. But parents must be young enough to see babies through to the years when they are grown and can take care of themselves, and we were not young. Good grandparents we could be, and so we decided that we would find younger parents for them near us, where we could still be one family. A fine old farmhouse stood empty in the middle of our farm and next our own house. It had belonged to other people now gone and was for sale. If we could find parents and they would live there, it would be almost like keeping the babies in our own house.

We thought of all our young friends. The parents must be kind, and wide of heart so that these little children would not seem strange to them. They must belong to this region, deeply rooted, so that the children could put down roots too. Here where we live we are surrounded by Quakers and Mennonites of both the old and new variety. We thought of them and the thought began to center upon a certain two whom we had known for years enough to know them well. If they were willing, they were the ones.

We talked with them long one night and they held the babies while we talked. They did not decide at once, for they are careful people, steadfast when they have made up their minds. But one day a few weeks later they came back. "We have long wanted to do something more as our share in the world's life," they said. "We think this is it."

And so it came to pass. Friends everywhere in the community helped to buy the house and furnish it simply. The parents brought their things, too, and one day in the spring we took the babies up the field path to their own home and their parents. We named it Welcome House. The babies can run across the field themselves now to Gran and Granddaddy's house, and they spend every Sunday here, and Christmas joy repeats itself every day and especially on Sundays when they come to spend the day and the dining-room table stretches its full length for all the growing children.

Stanch friends stand by to make Welcome House secure. What the house needs someone finds for it. The children live a natural family life, brothers and sisters from everywhere, but all Americans, for in America all were born.

THE doors which Christmas opens never close. Five more times the doors of Welcome House and of our hearts have opened for other children: a darling little Japanese-American girl, three more sturdy Chinese-Americans, and now within the last month, our tiny Korean boy. American though the children are, nurtured in the good ways of American life, we teach them, too, of their other lands, the great and ancient civilizations of Asia, the mother lands of the earth.

They give as they receive. They bring gifts to our community, to our homes and school and the church where their parents take them on Sundays, and these gifts are the lively intelligence of India shining through our first child's dark eyes, the gaiety of China in the mischief and fun which make the nature of our second child, the dainty grace of Japan in our tiny girl, the health and heartiness of China, too, in the older three, and all the dignity of Korea, the Land of Morning Calm, is in our baby's noble head. It is our hope, our dream, brightened by every Christmas together, that our world-children, as we call them, will be the sort of people the world so sorely needs, the ones who understand both East and West, who belong to both, and who therefore can bring the two hemispheres together in peace. We believe that when children are brought up so to be, they will so continue.

. . . This is our Christmas faith. In a way it is already being fulfilled. I have spent the last hour holding our little Korean boy in my arms and thinking across the years. Here into this quiet American countryside, where a handful of years ago no one ever thought of Asia, the world is beginning to penetrate. The war really began it, I suppose. From here as elsewhere the farm boys, the village sons went to China and the Philippines, to India and Japan and Korea, and some of them came back again.

The son of my neighbor said, "I hate to think of our men fighting in Korea. The folks over there were mighty nice to me. Wonderful they were, really, so gentle and sort of cultivated, if you know what I mean."

"I do know," I said.

Yes, I know. I have watched the magic of our Korean baby. He looks very Oriental, his skin is a dark cream, his large eyes are almond shaped, and he has a great dignity. He looks like a young Buddha. My friend who has never seen such a baby seems a little afraid of him. She thinks he looks strange, perhaps, not like the babies she knows.

But that lasts only a few minutes. He smiles, he reaches for her necklace, her brooch, he coos and answers her baby talk, and she says with surprise, "He's really like any other baby, isn't he?"

"Yes, he really is," I answer.

I know that the alchemy of human brotherhood is beginning to work in her. It always does if we do but meet face-to-face. We soon cease to see the shape of eye or the color of the skin. The love that Christmas stirs in the heart lives beyond the day and becomes a part of life. That is the purpose and meaning of Christmas, and Christmas is fulfilled only when love lives on into life, the good love, the world love.

. . . Christmas morning has become more for us, then, than just the day when we as a family among families rejoice. It has changed,

(Continued on Page 202)

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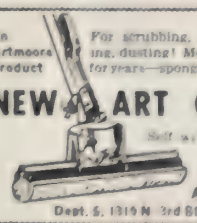


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JOLLY TIME
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(Continued from Page 200)

of course, through the years. When our children were little, the day began strenuously. There were then four little ones and the middle-sized one, and the little ones woke at dawn. We learned through experience that the temper of the day lasted better if we had breakfast before we opened the big door to disclose the tree. The compromise was and still is that we have the stockings first, and then we all hurry through breakfast together. The stockings hang under the living-room chimney piece, a nice long line of them, very slack when they are hung on Christmas Eve after the carols are sung and just before the good nights are said. They are very full on Christmas morning. The stockings are sacred to Santa Claus. The middle-sized child, who is now full-sized and gets home for only a day or so from her job, helps us to fill them. The teen-agers are still children at Christmas and are sent early to bed. In the stockings are the small things, the tiny toys, the unusual sweet, the candy cane, the doll, the precious bit of jewelry that might be lost in the profusion of the tree. It was in the toe of my own stocking that I once found my gold thimble, and another year my string of pearls. In the toe of her Christmas stocking the blue-eyed child found the ring she wanted, and there the boys found their first watches.

Christmas breakfast is a hasty affair of scrambled eggs and bacon and toast and coffee with orange juice gulped down between and never mind washing the dishes. We have no helper in the kitchen or anywhere around the place on Christmas Day. We believe everybody ought to be at home that day and so we serve ourselves. It is an uneasy feeling to have lonely souls in the house longing for their own homes and families, while they are compelled to service. It clouds the pure joy of the house. Let each serve himself on Christmas Day.

The turkey is ready, stuffed the day before. I put him in the oven after breakfast and set the temperature for a long quiet baking for the solitary bird. Then we crowd through the living room together and the father slips in first to light the tree and to push back the sliding doors into the library where the tree stands. It was not always a library. In the days of small children it was the playroom, but the years went by and toys became games and so we moved the playroom to the barn and lined the old room with bookshelves and made it the family library. Such now it is, and the tree stands between the two French windows that look into the court. For a moment no one moves. The sight is so old, as old as my childhood in China, and yet it holds for us all the magic it has for the youngest, for whom it is the First Christmas.

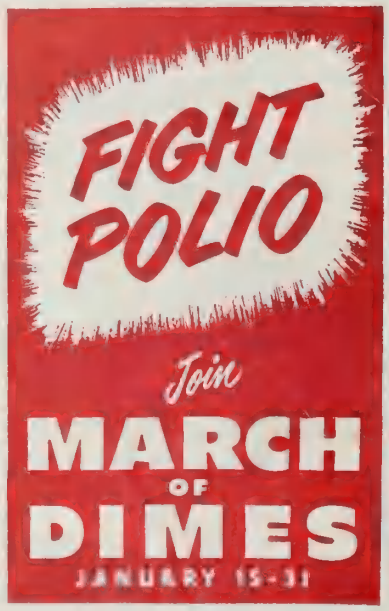
The children trim the Christmas tree nowadays and the trimmings are as familiar as the house itself. We have the blue angel that we have always had and the colored balls, renewed only when one falls to the floor in silvery shatters, and we never try any new or modernistic trimmings. We want the tree to look exactly the same every Christmas, exactly as the oldest child remembers it looked the first time she saw it, and that is the way it is. Under the tree among the heaped gifts is the tiny crèche, the manger lighted by a star, and our children, from the oldest to the youngest, kneel before it to look in wonder and tenderness. It makes the old story come alive again more than words can do. Yet even so it would only be a pictured scene did we not have the experience of our world-children. When another world-baby finds us somehow and is laid in my arms and our children gather around to see the newly born, we live the Christmas story in our own house.

"Aren't you afraid?" Someone is always asking that.

"Afraid of what?" I ask in reply.

The answer is always something different and yet it is always the same. Afraid of taking in strangers, afraid of responsibility, afraid of your "own" children marrying or wanting to marry one of the "others" someday, afraid of the trouble, the worry, the care of them all. The answer is that I am afraid of nothing of the sort. I might be afraid if it weren't that I have found so many people who feel just as we do and who welcome the world-children with us. If you cannot believe it, then you do not know our community.

The spirit of good William Penn still lives among us, he who would not war against the dark-skinned Indians because he took them for his brothers. Here in our community there live those who still so believe that all men are brothers, and to our world-children they stand as kinfolk and friends, and to us as helpers. Quietly a small but strangely steady stream of money flows into the bank. Long ago those who followed the Star brought gifts of silver and gold to the Child, and He was the first world-child of all. They bring gifts today to our world-children: precious myrrh of friendship with its comfort for sorrow, for these children of the world must meet their own sorrows and they need friends as well as family; and fragrant frankincense for joy, for the world-children, if they are loved enough, are joyful children. Around our tree gathers all the world family, father and mother and children, and we are the grandparents and our children are the near and younger kinfolk.



It is an all-day affair, this Christmas Day, and we stop for the dinner as usual in the middle of it. The turkey has done his duty in the oven, submitting with the best possible grace to being roasted tender and crisply brown, and the stuffing is made from our own Chinese chestnuts, gathered from our trees in the autumn.

Christmas perhaps starts as far back as that, when the first frosts fall and chestnut burrs split open and the whole family takes baskets and puts on thick gloves and goes across the creek to the opposite hillside to gather the nuts. They are so sweet that all they need is to be partially boiled, their shells slit to let out steam, and then, peeled and crumbled and mixed with half a cup of melted butter, a little salt dashed in, their richness permeates the bird. We do not bother with soups or other filling foods before the turkey appears. It would be an insult to his highness. While the last basting is done, the children fly about and set the long table in the dining room again. We have to add a table at the end, for we number twenty or so when we sit down.

As the turkey proves his tender worth, we venture hopes that his relatives do as well on other tables. For three days ago we packed and sent boxes for our grown-up children and their families, for an uncle's house and an aunt's Christmas dinner. Each box held another turkey from our farm. The best gifts come, we think, from farm and garden, and tucked in around the turkeys are our own scrapple, a pound or two of our own sausage, a jar of cranberry sauce, some honey in the comb from our hives under the pear trees in the orchard, and a jar of our special horseradish-and-beet relish. We like thus to share our Christmas dinner.

Whatever we are elsewhere in life, in Christmas dinners we are conservatives and fundamentalists. We eat the orthodox food with turkey, American food. On other days our shelf of cookbooks from every country may provide us Chinese meals or Indian dishes or foods from France and Spain, but we are all-American on Christmas Day. No, wait—the dessert is plum pudding, which I make myself after an English recipe as old as the Christmas carol. With complete lack of originality, somebody always says every Christmas at the dinner table, "There never *was* such a goose—pudding!" The turkey legs, whittled down as to meat, always go to keep the youngest quiet, a family tradition, for our earliest home movies show our two tall sons, on their first Christmas and then in rompers, chewing on the huge drumsticks. Pudding must be tasted by everyone unless he is too young for teeth. Then he only gets a taste of hard sauce.

Glazed sweet potatoes and a salad flank the turkey, green peas, perhaps—we allow ourselves some latitude on vegetables—and coffee for all afterward, with cocoa for the tinies, for all are equal on Christmas Day, and the feast is over. Many hands of many sizes clear the table and wash the dishes and we talk awhile and Grandfather smokes a pipe and Grandmother steals a moment to look into some new books, and then the children can wait no longer. We go back to the blessed tree.

It is always night before we are done, and the last moments are drawn out as long as possible. The spreading branches are searched again and again for some lingering tiny parcel. We cannot bear to let the day end, and when all is over a child or two will feel the tree too dear to stand forlorn and stripped. He puts some boxes back, piles up some brightly colored books, rescues the prettiest ribbons, and kneels down before the crèche to live over again the precious day. I watch the face, absorbed in wonder, lit by the tree lights, dreaming. I do not ask what thoughts are shaping in that child mind. I know, for I myself have dreamed.

On Christmas night there is a special joy, no longer of anticipation, but now realized and satisfied. We know what we have been given and each one sits down to enjoy afresh the pleasure of the gift received and given.

"How did you know that was what I wanted?" the child asks the parent and the parent asks the child, and each replies, "I remember you said so long ago—oh, weeks—and I wrote it down."

There are gifts so good that they were not imagined possible, and then it is sweet to have it said, "I thought it looked like you."

We have no costly gifts. There are too many of us for that. Shoes have to be bought for many feet. Clothes are worn out quickly by healthy children and they eat prodigiously every day. We live plainly and we give simple gifts, made at home if possible. But there is always one special gift for each upon the tree.

It is not too late even in the darkness to try new skis if there is snow, or skates upon the pond, and to go to the barn to hear new records and dance awhile, or play basketball, table tennis or volleyball, or roller skate. Christmas night is the night for everything, the fulfillment, the night of peace. Our world-babies fall asleep, clutching dolls and Teddy bears, and the little ones hold horns and mouth organs and toy trucks and engines and our middle-sized daughters try on new frocks and our boys their knitted gloves and woolen socks. Candies and cakes are tasted and cookies fill the bowl and nobody can think of supper, they declare—until, after the little ones are asleep, they appear in the kitchen, young appetites in search of cold turkey.

We are all in bed by midnight. Christmas is over, the children sigh. And yet we know it is never over. As soon as one is gone, another one is born in hope and faith for yet another year. Across the field in Welcome House our world-babies sleep, each in his bed or crib. We are one family, gathered here from over all the globe, in love. There is always room in Our Inn. THE END

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*ALL-PLASTIC MATERIAL

(Continued from Page 104)

metal legs sawed down and painted dull black, two inner-spring mattresses and five back cushions, with the upholstering thrown in free of charge. The rug, a 9′ x 12′ Indian drugget, costs a fraction of the usual fortune. Lay a flush door from a builders' supply firm on a cut-down kitchen-drawer unit from a mail-order house, add a support at the other end, and you have a desk that is roomier than any to be found at a comparable price. A kitchen unit, painted at home, was used because its drawers are 24″ deep. A top resistant to moisture, acid and burns was added to the coffee table, not to mention eye appeal, by setting white kitchen or bathroom tiles in a wooden frame filled with rubber cement. For the price of a wad of cheesecloth, some white paint and oiled stencil paper, the walls of the dining space were dressed up in a decorator-done effect. (Outline cutout wallpaper figures on the stencil paper as a guide for your razor blade when you cut your pattern. The cheesecloth wad is better than a dripping brush, and the paint should be thick and patted on as you repeat the pattern horizontally.) The draw curtains across the picture window are heavy enough to shut out heat and glare when the weather is warm, and to hold in warmth when the weather is cold. And yet they're nothing more costly than unbleached muslin dyed dark blue at the cleaner's. The cement floor, originally pigmented another color, was painted a turquoise-blue and waxed.

Though the foregoing are the high spots in this room, when it comes to good-looking dollar stretchers, it's just as well to keep in mind that Italian imports, now coming into this country, are often inexpensive, considering their excellent design and honest workmanship. The two chairs with the rush seats and backs are points in case. The pottery lamp base is Italian, too, a jar wired and fitted at an electrical shop. All the materials of the grass family, from the West Indies and t Pacific islands, are perfect for a modern i terior and are also easy on the bank balanc For instance: the bamboo blinds, the ratt coffee table, the collapsible rattan side tabl the China-matting panel that brings the fro of the free-standing closet up to ceiling heig beside the dining space, and the grass-fabr lamp shade. (The grass fabric was fitted ov a plain translucent shade. The collapsible t ble has a secondhand top.) And Mexican i ports are frequently the greatest bargains them all.

In the photographs, the lantern over t dining table, the blue-glass water j wired and fitted as a lamp base, and t secondhand wrought-iron lamp base are fro Mexico. The birch desk chair and the bir radio-and-storage cabinet are parts of a mo ern set now available the country over. T extension dining table, of maple, and the di ing chairs, of cord and metal, are also mode American. Italian, West Indian, Polynesia Mexican, American and East Indian (cour ing the drugget rug)—they all add up to smooth blend on a moderate budget.

We keep on talking about dress goods a felt for upholstery materials. In fact, can't remind you often enough how practi and inexpensive they are. Felt is 72″ wi so that it took only two yards to make t cushions of the hassock, of violet and gre respectively. The cushions are tightly stuff with cotton, but sawdust filling would crease their weight. The other cushions a pillows are covered in a heavy cotton dr goods. And if you're wondering what t fascinating object is we've put the peanu in, it's a wire lettuce basket. You know: y hold the handle and whirl the basket arou to get the lettuce dry enough for salad. B why shouldn't you use it to pass the peanu in? Or potato chips or corn chips or shri chips or crackers or popcorn or pretzels?

BUDGET

1 Dining table	$ 29.95
2 Corded black iron chairs @ $28.00	56.00
1 Mexican tin lantern	15.00
2 Open armchairs @ $30.00	60.00
2 Sets bedsprings on legs @ $13.95	27.90
2 Inner-spring mattresses @ $24.95	49.90
4 36″ back cushions @ $7.50	30.00
1 24″ back cushion	5.00
1 Natural-birch bench for cabinet units	13.95
1 Natural-birch 2-drawer unit	37.50
1 Natural-birch 2-door cabinet	32.50
1 Natural-birch slat-back side chair	17.95
1 Drawer unit for desk (unassembled)	21.45
1 Birch-veneer wood door for desk top	15.00
1 Rug	37.50
1 Folding rattan side table	13.50
1 Round wood top for above	5.00
1 Rattan coffee table	29.50
49 White tiles for coffee table @ 8¢	3.92
1 Black iron lamp and grass shade	17.00
1 Italian pottery lamp and pleated shade	17.89
1 Mexican glass lamp and white shade	23.29
15 Yards fabric for day beds @ $2.49	37.35
2 Yards felt for hassocks @ $4.98	9.96
7 Yards striped cotton for pillows and chair pads @ $1.19	8.33
24 Yards unbleached muslin for curtains and pillows @ 29¢	6.96
2½ Yards red canvas for bench cushion @ $1.50	3.75
12 Feet curtain track @ 16¢	1.92
2 Dozen curtain carriers @ 30¢	.60
20 Pounds cotton for seat pads, pillows, bench cushion and hassock cushions @ 35¢	7.00
2 Bamboo blinds @ $7.20	14.40
1 Bench	4.00
1½ Yards chain for lantern @ 40¢	.60
3 Yards China matting for panel @ $1.00	3.00
Total	$657.57



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